

Easyriders

40p

February, 1976
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Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Easyriders

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FTW

Number 34

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 Photog:** 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.

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This Christmas gift has class!

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.

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and mugs will
be mailed in
time for
Christmas!**



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California 90740

Here's an out if you're tired of kissin' that skag you're tied down to: Medical researchers say that because of the excitement involved, you take a minute off your life each time you kiss. (They didn't say what you're kissin'—or is that called lickin'?)

Off-the-wall file: A 78-year-old woman went to a doctor complaining about a gut ache. Upon examination—are you ready?—she was found to be pregnant. Big deal you say? Well, dig. This broad had been pregnant for 40 years—yes, f-o-r-t-y years. For some reason the baby was born dead—in fact, it was mummified.

Another example of our fucked-up laws: Ocean City, Maryland, passed an anti-nudity law forbidding persons to bare their chests at the beach. They wanted the beach to maintain "its family image." Well, recently two teenage boys were arrested for having "naked chests." (No comment.)

Pot patch to end all pot patches: Government soldiers recently stumbled onto a huge marijuana plantation in Colombia. It was—now get this—20 miles long in a hidden valley surrounded by a five-mile-deep forest! It employed 40 (very happy) peasants to tend it.

High Times magazine claims that California drug researchers have been able to manufacture opium out of heads of lettuce. The magazine insists that 10 pounds of store-bought lettuce is sufficient to produce about eight ounces of opium. According to the report, the method followed is to peel off all the leaves of the lettuce heads until just the white hearts remain. They are pulverized or "juiced" in a blender, and the resulting ooze is cooked in a

double boiler. Once a gummy substance is produced in the boiler, it can be heated in the oven and converted into a brown residue, seemingly identical to opium.

Whatta way to go: Two dudes escaping from a prison in Pittsburgh jumped into a garbage truck and hid under the garbage. Everything was fine until the truck made another stop inside the prison for more garbage. To make room for the load, the driver (not knowing the dudes were in there) pressed the button to compact the garbage to make more room. The poor dudes were crushed to death in the compactor.

Little-known fact: In Little Rock, Arkansas, the constitution does not require that a prosecuting attorney be a licensed attorney. (I didn't think any of them, anywhere, had to be.)

Talk about overkill: Did you know that Bonnie, of Bonnie and Clyde, had 50 bullet holes ventilating her bod after the police ambush? Clyde got ripped with 54 bullets.

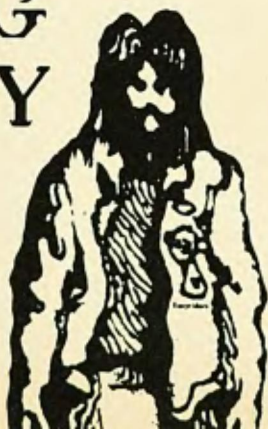
Man, they're tough on pot in North Carolina: A judge in Rocky Mount just sentenced a 73-year-old woman to four years in the can for having "several bags" of killer weed in her pad.

Even your piss isn't safe: It has just been disclosed that the CIA has been secretly analyzing the urine and shit of world leaders to determine their physical and mental health. And if they're doin' that to "world leaders," you can bet your ass that the local fuzz are doing their number on civilians. (I pity the dude who analyzes Mutha's shit.)

You won't believe it—but they now have chest wigs for the dude, or whatever, who wants a hairy chest. The promoters claim that they're "the ultimate in removable masculinity." (Even over a giant strap-on dildo, I suppose.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Cop Speaks Out

☐ I usually do not write to a letter column, but I feel I must answer a letter that appeared in your mag (May 1975). To D. R. of Hibbing, Minn.—get your head out of your ass and stop wearing your shield on your drawers!

There is no reason why you cannot go on runs and/or meets unless you are the type of cop who says, "Dig me, I'm a cop."

I am an officer in New York and I have no trouble going on runs or meets. I do not do all that the other bikers do for the simple reason that it is not my bag. All I ask is respect for my job. If someone wants to smoke and asks me to join in, I decline because it's not my bag. If it is yours, fine. I ask that you don't do it in my tent. As the man said, "You do your thing and I will do mine." I will give any man the respect he gives me, and I find most bikers will give you respect as a fellow biker and human being until you show that you do not deserve it.

Please do not judge all police officers by a few assholes. Just as you ask us not to judge all of you by a few,

M. Chaplin
New York, N.Y.

Doesn't Lie

☐ Getting your rag in here isn't easy. I mean we can't exactly run down to the corner store. Your ad doesn't lie; it is delivered by a dude in uniform, but does he have to have that badge?

B.M. "Bear" Farrand
Salem, Oregon

Helluva Protest

☐ 100,000 bikers sure would make for one hell of a helmet protest at Daytona in March. How about it?

Mike Beaugh
Mandarin, Fla.

RETRACTION

On Page 37 of the July 1975 issue, we published a picture of Mr. Herman S. Langer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which was taken in 1932. As a young man, Mr. Langer was photographed on a Harley-Davidson side-hack. Through his attorney, Mr. Langer and Walter S. Langer, Inc., his employer, have advised us that they have been extremely embarrassed, humiliated and exposed to public ridicule by the picture in *Easyriders* magazine. If we have done any injustice to Mr. Langer, or Walter S. Langer, Inc., we regret causing them any worry, embarrassment or distress.

Old Harley

☐ This is to the dude from Bozeman who was up here a while ago looking for old Harleys. Well, I was in Oregon and couldn't sell you my 1941 "45" servicar. But I'm back now and if your offer is still good, call (406) 265-9251.

Rick McPherson
Havre, Montana

Hip Chef

☐ I've been sitting in this fucking hospital for three weeks getting more miserable as the days go on. I've been grabbing every *Easyriders* I've been able to get my hands on. Besides being out of *Easyriders*, I wasn't getting fed too well either, so they sent the chef up to me. They just couldn't understand why I kept ordering cheeseburgers for breakfast, lunch, and supper. Anyway, the chef turns out to be a biker and tells me he'll fix me up. So this

morning the nurse comes into my room with the chow. By now I didn't want to hear anything anyway, but she says that there's a surprise on my tray. So just for ha-ha's, I get up. There, sitting on my tray, is the prettiest sight I've seen in a long time—a copy of your latest rag.

Rock Ape
N.B., Conn.

Wars Have No Winners

☐ Get it together, brothers, and stop warring among yourselves. Every time you waste some fucker just because he is wearing a different set of colors, you're helping to waste yourself and your own club. What happens when you blow somebody away? Great, maybe you get another set of rags to wear on your party pants (that's if you get time to rip them off; sometimes you have to split pretty quick). But then what? Most of the time you either have to keep on the run or else you will be sitting on your ass in a jail for the rest of your life. Although maybe you will luck out and only have to do 5, 10, or 20 years.

Now, how much good are you doing yourself or your brothers? Not a hell of a lot—unless you're a freak for head games. But it takes one hell of a freak to enjoy sitting in a jail cell, wondering what year you will hit the streets, or if you will ever ride again. That's a fucked-up head game, bro. I know 'cause I have to play it every night when my cell door gets slammed shut, and it just isn't making it.

Donald Trefitz
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Digs Spider

☐ My chick and I get off mainly on Spider's "Taking It Easy" for the righteous info. Lately some of the in-

formation Spider's been laying down has been hard to believe. Just the same, I heard the same story about the dog biting the shit out of The Man, only after the biting, the dog rolled over and died. Even if the cop did shoot the dog, it had to be a mercy killing.

Space Gypsy
Coral Gables, Fla.

Give Us Some Slack

☐ I have been buying *Easyriders* for some time now and my only complaint is that you only publish it eight times a year. Why is it that you can't be like most other magazines and come out with an issue every month? It's not easy finding magazines like yours, and I'm sure most of your readers have the same complaint, so why not turn out on the shelves twelve times a year instead of eight? Thank you.

Clarence Reed
Lafayette, La.

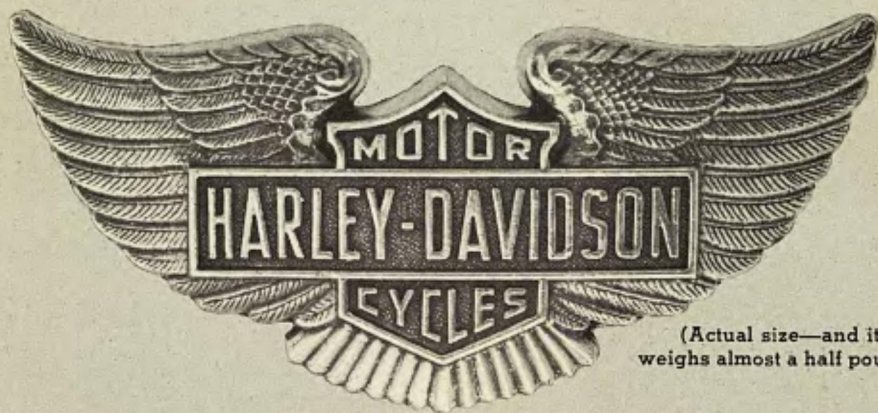
Big Happenin' In Canada

☐ I am writing you this letter to let you know what is going on up here in Canada. I am also writing to ask you if you would be interested in covering a spectacular cycle feat. You see, I am a stunt driver and in the early part of next year (February to be exact) I am going to do an aerial cycle stunt of great importance. I intend to drive my cycle across a canyon. Not fly across or jump it, but drive across on a 2" cable. There are only two things left to do. The first is to be sure that when it comes about, I will have some publicity. For this reason I am offering you all coverage on it exclusively. This includes any cash from anyone else who wishes to cover it. Also, all closed-circuit TV rights. All I want is to do it and have good publicity for it.

I am to be released from the federal pen in Saskatch-

Don't give a cheap copy for Christmas, give the original—not a hack copy!

Give 'em the Righteous buckle



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

—absolutely the very best! Ask the man who owns one.

They say that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation—well bullshit. An imitation is just that—an imitation. Copies have been reproduced from our buckle, but in doing so they lost all the fine, crisp detail contained in our buckle. The imitations are also produced more cheaply and show it—but the only way you'll know is by comparing the copy with an original.

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

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

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

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

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

Now you can get a universal buckle. It will fit any 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide belt. All you gotta do is say that's the one you want when ordering. No extra cost.



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The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more. They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only \$8.00 each or \$15.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scoot folk.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.



ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



ewan soon and upon my release I will immediately start to make the machine I shall use.

Joe "The God of Hell's Fire" Goodwill
Saskatchewan, Canada

■ That raisinjack is gettin' to ya.

Women's Rights

□ Did you ever think about this? A woman has the "right to control her own body" and have an unborn child killed simply because it would inconvenience her to have a baby. But the same woman and her ol' man don't have the right to decide whether or not to wear helmets on their own heads. Is the head maybe not considered a part of your own body?

Carol Ivlow
Kansas City, Mo.

Piss and Moan

□ I have come across your magazine several times in the past few years either at a motorcycle shop or at a guy's house. Being a female biker for the past five years and a fairly regular reader of some other motorcycle magazines which are interesting and educational, I'm really disappointed and often disgusted with your **Easyriders**. Your literature is so incredibly sexist, chauvinistic, and often perverted that I really feel ashamed and let down that you guys represent my generation and also represent motorcyclists. Your magazine is good from the aspects of mechanical ingenuity, artistic creativity in designing bikes, and some stuff on what's happening. But you also incorporate an immense amount of trash in the form of (1) trashy language, which sometimes sounds like you're from some moron, ignorant subculture; (2) trashy articles which insinuate that the only way you get high is by owning machinery that can go fast or by reiterating over and over again that the male reigns supreme over the piece-of-shit sex called the chick; (3) egomaniacal pictures where you try to depict the male biker as some kind of god continually fucking some imaginary chick who really is supposed to be his bike under

him; or (4) by having the scuziest looking females in your photographs who look like they fulfill what seems to be your dream of a chick, which is to bare their flabby breasts when asked to or spread their legs for you or your motorcycle on demand, or follow you around on your bikes like puppy dogs. All your women look and act like empty-headed broads who can only summon up enough intelligence to take their clothes off. Hopefully they are not reproducing with you.

Marti Brand
Dyke, Virginia

■ Is that the real name of your city, or was it a Freudian mistake?

Wants Letters

□ There are a few things I want to say about tattoos on chicks. Well, over here the straights think you're a fuckin' nutcase if you get a tattoo. But I'll tell you, I'm bloody well proud of mine. I would like to write to someone over there who wants to write to a fiery redhead, blue eyes, 5 ft. 6 in., slim, and dying to write to someone who likes hard bikes and freedom like I do.

Krls Davis
Flat 22/6 Everton Rd.
Strathfield 2190
N.S.W. Australia

Bugs In His Teeth

□ I'm 28, and, I think, a little old to start riding bikes, but nonetheless I've got my permit and dig the shit out of it.

All I have to ride is a buddy's 125 Honda trail, and that's only once in a while. All my life I've envied those guys zipping down the highway as free as birds, two things alive—they and their bikes. Now, even on that little puddlejumper, I know the feeling, freedom. There's no one else alive, just me and that machine.

Rodney Shultis
Hudson, N.Y.

Bad Rag

□ Did you know that seeing a bit of tit shakin' on the back of a scooter is detrimental to a prisoner's good solid rehab? Our friendly jailer has just informed us of that. Well, fuck him. Keep up the good work.

Frenchy and Snake
Covington, La.

So Long AMF

□ On June 20, 1974, I purchased a new FXE; now it's up for sale. After more than a year of non-existent service, no parts, and piss-poor workmanship, I'm selling out. Fuck you, AMF, you have screwed me long enough.

As an example, the wiring harness has burned out three times, the starter once. This has cost me a great deal of time, money, and several headaches.

The overall quality of Harley-Davidson has declined since joining (selling out) with AMF. The Big "#1" is sliding down fast and I am not going to blindly follow them to the bottom.

R. Reid
Detroit, Mich.

Mail Restrictions

□ Not too long ago I sent some scribes to this dude doing time in McNaughton State Camp, and we really had a nice thing going (thanks to your Mail Call). Then, just last week I got this letter from a social worker asking me all these strange questions about him, me, etc. This week the same dude writes back telling me my biker friend has "falsified information to this department regarding you, and on the basis of this, a decision was made to deny him further correspondence with you".

This has probably happened to a lot of us chicks, and let me tell you—it burns my ass! Bikers doing time haven't got any freedom as it is, but you'd think they'd have freedom to write a goddam letter!

Be-Bop
Montreal, Canada

Right to Write

□ Listen, man, we're sick and tired of the fuckin' pigs in the joint keeping the mail from our brothers. We checked with the Civil Liberties Union and the U.S. Postal Department about the pigs keeping the mail from inmates, and the guards in the joint will be going to Federal prisons if they are caught. We were told that the best way to send a letter to our brothers in the joint is to send it "Certified" or "Registered," and make sure you also get a return receipt so the pig

Give a mindblower for Christmas!



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
— and in time for Christmas.

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.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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A
Chopper
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On
Your
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leather band. Full color
dial with red, white, and
blue chopper, speeding
ticket, and M.P.H. speed design.

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_____ watch(es) price: \$31.50 each.
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Enclosed find ☐ Money Order
☐ Check for \$_____. Please,
No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

will be hung if no answer is
received.

Fuzzy
New York, N.Y.

Down On Farts

☐ I don't want to be critical
about the best rag on the
market so I'll be light on the
subject. I have been read-
ing *Easyriders* ever since it
first came out, and I've read
every copy at least a dozen
times. I dig the efforts that
you people are putting out.
But yesterday I received the
November issue. I've been
waiting for two months for
this, and then got slapped in
the face with a sorry
fuckin' story about farts.
Hey, that is really fucked,
but thanks to Bandit's get-
ting hooked, Rabbit's story,
and the centerfold, it made
up for the fucked fart story.

Dave Crusher Heaston
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

No Farts

☐ All right, you fuckin' as-
sholes. Me and Dick are sit-
tin' here gettin' loaded and
we remembered a couple of
years ago when you guys
said you wouldn't let your
shit get fucked up. Well, if
you're gonna have a motor-
cycle book, far out. But
what the fuck is how to fart
doing in a motorcycle
book? Ya coulda had a
couple more bikes in the
space ya used up for that
shit.

Bill and Dick
Bay Area, Calif.

Fart Recipe

☐ If you would like to try
it, this is a guaranteed fart
recipe: 6 red peppers, 2 raw
onions, 15 7½-grain desic-
cated liver pills (available
in any health food store)
and wash it down with your
favorite beer or diet cola.
After eating this you will be
able to root 'n' toot the Star
Spangled Banner. It's great.
No shit. I do it twice a week
or whenever my ol' lady tries
to feed me a TV dinner.

Bob "Gas
Chamber" Lutes
Denver, Colorado

A Snitch

☐ My ol' man and I just
read the story "The Snitch."
Man, talk about timely!
About three weeks ago a
bastard did the snitching on
my ol' man. Said he broke
into his house and ripped
off some parts. The stupid

asshole didn't have sense
enough to realize a lie de-
tector would show him up.
Well, anyway, things turned
out all right for us, and the
charges were dropped
against my man.

I would just like to ask
why is it that the very
people you help the most
and do the most for end up
screwing you?

Vicki
Somewhere

No Chicks

☐ I dig the Hogs in your
magazine, but stop puttin'
them chicks in front of them.
It ruins it, I ain't gonna hang
up some broad on my wall.

Cheat'ah
Tiburon, Calif.

Pissed Off

☐ I just want to say that the
judges at the Texas 300 are
blind in one eye and can't
see out of the other. When
they give the trophy to a
stocker instead of a righte-
ous custom street chop in
the custom bike class,
something is screwy. Maybe
because the three judges,
two old farts and a porker,
were from the same town as
the winner, or could it be
because they don't like any-
one that is an outlaw biker?
Let it be known that the
judges can eat my shorts,
wash my ass, and drink the
water.

Moon
San Antonio, Tex.

Needs To Know

☐ My friend and I want to
know what you fuckers
think about an all-girl bike
club in the near future, like
in about three years. That's
how long we think it'll take
to get this thing together.

We're going to put together
our own bikes, using Harley
parts. My sister wants to
know if all girls who ride
bikes are into balling, or
expected to be.

Crazy
Lakeland, Fla.

Why not?

Spider's Sled

☐ I thought my Sporty was
ratty, but after seein' Spi-
der's, I shit green slime and
Harley oil for a week.

Randy (Snake) Patton
Trinity, N.C.

☐ Spider's rat was the worst
piece of shit I've ever seen.

Robert Gumm
Milwaukee, Wis.

☐ I got off on Spider's
scooter. One heavy ma-
chine he's got. Ask him if
he wants to sell it. I could
dig profilin' on that sonuva-
bitch!

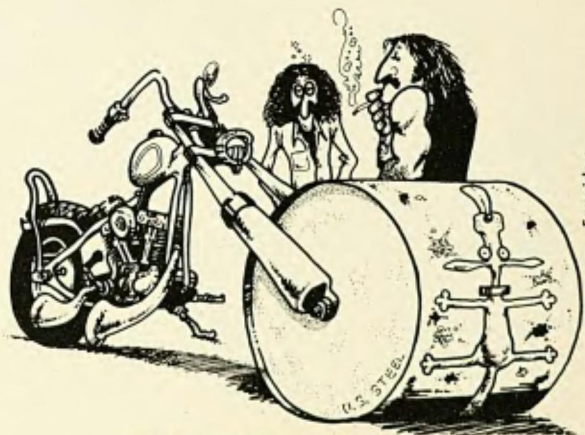
Ben Diaz
Phoenix, Ariz.

Digs Poster

☐ Just a line to let you
know how much I dug the
engineering drawing of the
Harley panhead engine. This
poster was much more than
I expected, and I am more
than completely satisfied.

J. Spotts
Somewhere

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.



"It's great for mean dogs!"

Easyriders

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Cycle Airbags?

According to an item in *Traffic Safety*, a publication of the National Safety Council, researchers say serious injuries in motorcycle accidents could be reduced if cycles were equipped with airbags like those being tested on autos.

Dr. Harry Peterson and Dr. R. Edward Knight, of the Denver Research Institute, have been studying cycle accidents for six years under a DOT grant. They also recommend improved cycle training programs and a ban on fiberglass gas tanks, which they found often burst in accidents.

Peterson found that 19- and 20-year-old men comprise the group most frequently killed in cycle accidents.

—Cycle Age

Such problems . . .

Touring on a cycle is a unique event, unknown to those who travel in the protective anonymity of cars. For the cyclist must contend with the reactions to an ingrained and inescapable outlaw image which, almost needless to add, rarely enhances his acceptance. Although riding alone obviates any gang-like association, using two wheels in a land so stubbornly attached to automobiles will always be a partially defiant act. This may sometimes be understood by non-bikers or resented in a vague and chilling way. At times, then, just the sight—or even sound—of the motorcycle prejudiced my arrival, undermining my efforts to successfully interact with various people. As a consequence I was often uneasy, burdened by the onus of sincerity, struggling to prove myself human and not a once sensational, now threadbare image a few expected.

—Bruce Makie
AMA News

Moto-delinquents . . .

Question: would anybody hacksaw his silencer if there

were no one else to hear it? Would your average 16-year-old moto-delinquent subject himself to the din of an unmuffled exhaust if he couldn't piss off the entire neighborhood? Probably not; 16-year-olds of all ages aren't that stupid. The thrill of making noise, after all, is not so much the hearing of it as it is the awareness of other people hearing it.

I realize fully that most motorcyclists have learned to respect a touchy off-road situation, that the industry is making it more and more difficult to alter exhaust systems and that the after-market pipe people have finally begun to familiarize themselves with a small device called the decibel meter. I realize all that. But one nitwit has always been able to do more harm than a thousand thinkers, and the public will always find the nitwit.

—Cook Neilson
Cycle Magazine



Helmets and Autos . . .

Actually, if we're talking about injuries to the head—and death due to injury to the head—I'd say we have very nearly as high a percentage of them in automobile accidents, and so you could draw exactly the same parallel. Let's make it mandatory for them to wear helmets in cars, and see what sort of reaction you get from the majority!

We are talking about 2.5 million registered motorcycle owners in the U.S. But there

are more than 82 million registered automobiles.

You would have it fought by the drivers themselves because they don't want to wear a helmet. Comparing the use of helmets by motorcyclists and automobile drivers is a good parallel, because most of the people killed in automobiles are killed due to head injuries.

The main problem we all face is that the consumer is really at the mercy of the manufacturer. Unless a standard is followed, the consumer has no way of being sure that what he is wearing isn't just something to keep the rain off his head.

—Frank Heacox
Cycle World

Helmet Protest

This helmet protest was so widely publicized that literally millions of bikers joined in force to demonstrate that bikers should have the choice to ride with or without the helmets.

"Let those who ride decide" could be heard loud and clear at just about all of the capitols of all of the states on that day. That day marked the first time that all bikers joined force for a common cause, and it wasn't a run held in one city, it was happening all over the country at the same time! That is incredible, but true. Just imagine if these bikers could all get together and meet in one place and talk to the legislators about the laws pertaining to bikes! Wow!

The two main organizations who were mostly responsible for these national rallies are ABATE and the Modified Motorcycle Association. They definitely did a very good job of making the bikers of America aware of the event and stimulated them to participate. Much credit must go to these organizations and the others who joined to make this a successful event, and most of all . . . nationwide.

—Street Chopper

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.





Missus Vicious

Breathin' hard from all the fuckin' exertion I climbed outa the shallow gully where I'd carefully stashed the scooter. Standin' there, critically studyin' the place it was hidden and waitin' to get my breath again, I decided it was safe enough. From the way I'd piled wood and brush over it, anybody would hafta *know* there was a nice shovelhead worth four grand lurkin' down there, abandoned by an owner who seemed to be makin' a goddam career of runnin' outa gas in the fuckin' middle of nowhere. This was the third time in a month it'd happened.

Now all I hadda do was thumb a ride to the nearest gas station, rent a can, buy a coupla gallons of go-juice, get another ride back here, and I would be on my fuckin' way again. Sure, it woulda been one hell of a lot easier to have just stopped for gas in that last town I went puttin' through but my intuition has never been worth shit. If I remember correctly, my goddam mind was on that doll with the big smile and even bigger tits who passed me in that little sportycar. It sure as fuck wasn't on gas, oil, or the pressure in the skins. Not just then.

Amblin' to the highway I memorized the distinctive pile of crumblin' bricks and boards that had been some kinda cafe, probably when God was a nosepicker. It made a good landmark, being right next to that important gully where my pride an' joy would cool off until I boogied back with the fuckin' fuel. Assumin' no gully-looters had seen me.

Standin' on the pavement's edge in the warm night air, waitin' for the next pair of headlights to hit me, I dipped a probing set of fingers into my pockets, one at a time. "Goddam!" I said aloud. No tokes. No reds. No whites. Not even the usual crumpled pack of butts with three or four near-

ly mangled cancer-sticks. "I'm gettin' behind in my fuckin' *shoppin'!*" A quick check of my wallet showed forty-seven dollars plus the neatly folded twenty I keep tucked out of sight behind all the thick wad of useless shit like photos of broads who never wanna see me again, and business cards of people I never wanna see again and who are never gonna get a call from me.

Headlights appeared distantly. Smilin' like a cheery dipshit, I hoisted my best thumb. The car passed at full speed. I sighed, knowin' it was gonna take a *real* human fuckin' being to stop for me. Especially after dark an' all. I look exactly like what I am—a skinny, six-six, bearded longhaired bike tramp wearin' greasy, dirty clothes. With or without the beard I got a face that could win a gargoyle contest. *Shit*, I thought, *I just might stand out here until I'm old enough for social security unless some van people or a broadless biker comes along*. It's shitty thoughts like that that make me a 24-year-old, unrecognized philosopher and contented dropout.

Two more cageloads of wary citizens zoomed by, followed by a 1970 Buick which musta been carryin' a group of genuine *masochists*, judgin' from the fuckin' way they slowed down to thrill at the fierce, threatenin' sight of fuckin' rotten me before resummin' speed.

I blessed their departure with the sign of the rod.

The next car slowed . . . and stopped. An ancient, '59 Ford. I clambered swiftly into the front seat, makin' sounds of gratitude before the driver could change—*What the sweaty old fuck is this?*

She was tiny, well built, lookin' nervous and, maybe, just *maybe*, fifteen years old.

"You sure ya got a driver's license, kid?" I asked.

She grinned wanly, nodded without lookin' at me, and busily got the old Ford movin' again.

"Well, thanks for pickin' me up."

"It's—it's okay." Her voice trembled. That's when I looked harder and saw her arms and everything else was tremblin' too. Shit, even her full lips were quiverin'.

I cleared my throat. "Hey . . . uh . . . look, is anything *wrong?* I mean, like ya got nothin' to *worry* about."

"I'm okay." Her expression denied her words.

Let the goddam kid drive, I told myself. *Stop tryin' to reassure her or you'll have her so fuckin' nervous she'll go right off the fuckin' road, asshole.*

There was a long moment of silence during which I pretended to be watchin' the road ahead but was really watchin' her from the corner of my eye. She kept lickin' her pouty lips. She really had the jitters.

"I'm Tex Smith," I lied pleasantly. Actually I'm no such dude at all, but piss on givin' jailbait a real name. Especially *nervous* jailbait.

"Pleased to meetcha," she mumbled.

"And you?"

"*Huh?*" The car swerved as she reacted, jogglin' the fuckin' steering wheel. This was one goddam shook kid. I began wishin' the masochists had picked me up, instead.

"*Relax*, honey. Thought you might have a name. Just being polite. Forget it." I was talkin' too fuckin' fast and I knew it, but now I was uneasy. There was sumpin' real wrong here. I could *feel* it.

"Oh . . . uh," that pink tongue took another swipe at those luscious lips, "I'm Theda Jo Vishness."

"Great name, Theda."

"Th-Thanks."

By Garbage

—Continued on page 72

Merry Chistmas



At tremendous effort and expense we have started featuring some table stuff in every issue. We started in the last issue with our scooter tramp fashion feature. (She *was* nice, wasn't she?)

This issue, after laboriously combing the back streets of Hollywood, we found another gonad rumblor for your enjoyment.

But we had one slight problem. We needed some sort of a hook—a reason to present a nude chick feature. (Christ, we don't want to be called a girly mag.) Something to justify a nude feature being in a biker magazine.

You know, and we know, that we don't need a reason other than all of us diggin' far-out chicks, but we do like to show a *little* bit of class—even if we have to fake it.

So at our weekly juice and smoke editorial session, we decided to make the following pages serve as Christmas cards that you could send to your bro in the slammer, Aunt Matilda, or whomever (or cut the damned border off and hang it in your own pad).

Anyway, it may seem like a dumb idea—but so what—the chick is far fuckin' out! Her name is Sandy Carey (35-24-34).

Now don't *ever* say we don't take care of our bros. ■

Photos by Pete Chiodo













Hey, Lady!

*We're supposed to be shootin'
a bike feature here!*

"Hey, whatta ya doin', lady?" I was just beginning to center this nice shovel in the camera when this chick plugged her mug into my foggy lens.

"Is it okay if I get in the photos, sir?" I saw her long legs first, but when I reached her eyes, well, hell, I couldn't run her off.

I turned to the owner of the bike. "Dan, is she your ol' lady, man?"

He shrugged. "Nope."

"Well, do ya mind if she stretches her bod into these flicks?"

"Nope, suppose not," Dan said while he checked out her chest through the H-D halter top.

"All right, lady, but I got to shoot all the technical, sharp, detail stuff on the scooter first." I went back to staring through my viewer at the disc brake on

his front wheel. I backed up a taste to get the whole wheel centered in the lens and eyed this honey hangin' on to the front rubber. What the hell, shot it anyway. Then I straightened out my spine—stood up, and refocused my vision, "Listen, miss—"

"Where do you want me now?" She either had bedroom eyes or she was mighty hungry. Again I couldn't shut her down.

"Well, what's your label?" Thought I better find out the chick's name, before I ran the lady business into the ground.

"Sue." She took up another pose behind the tank.

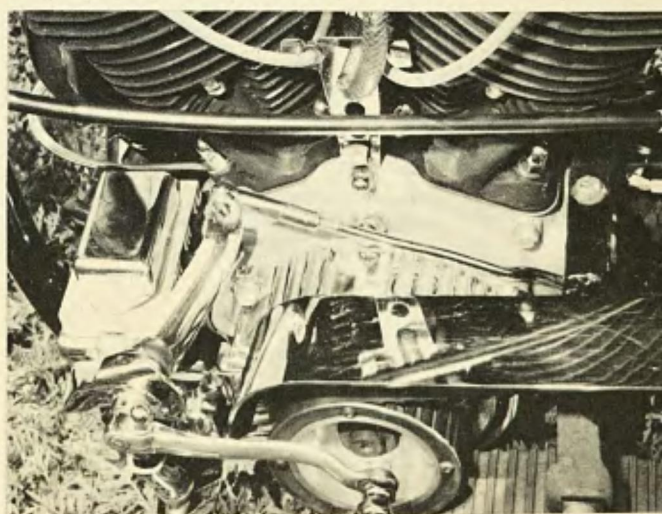
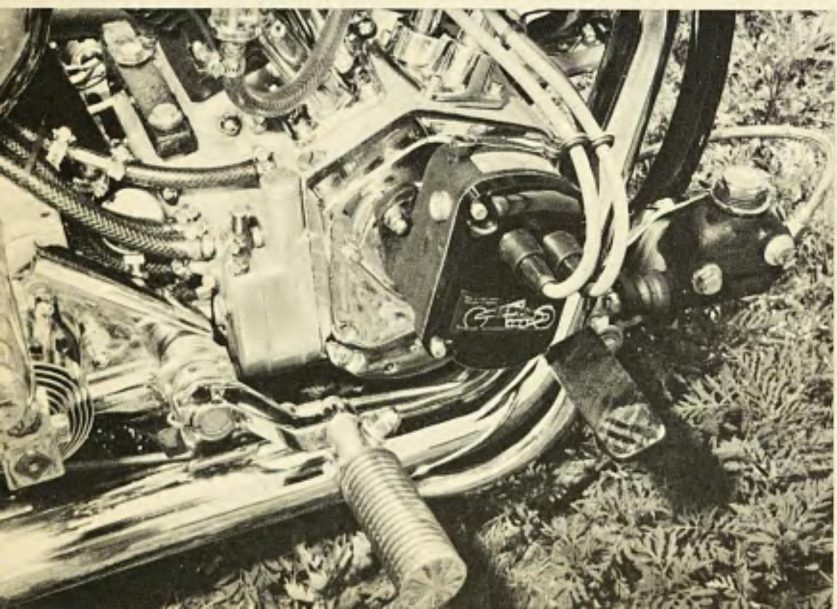
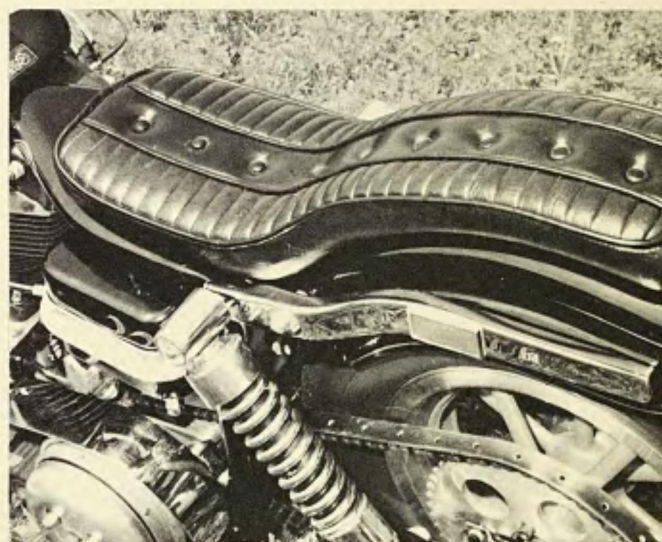
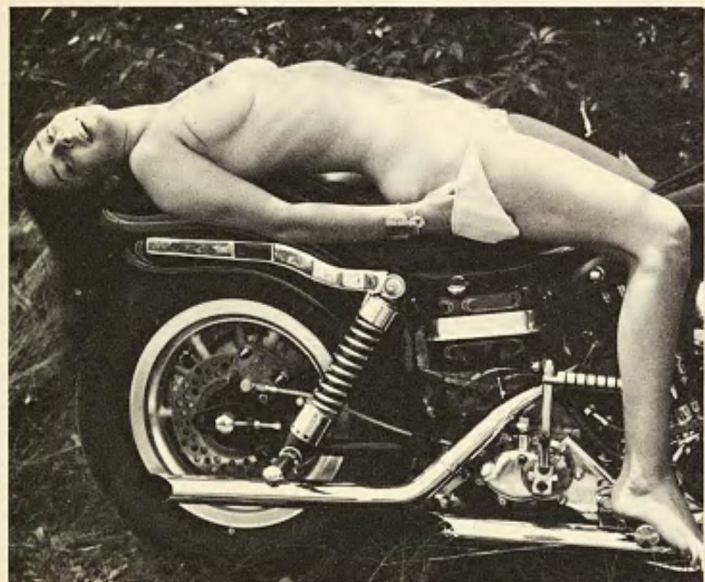
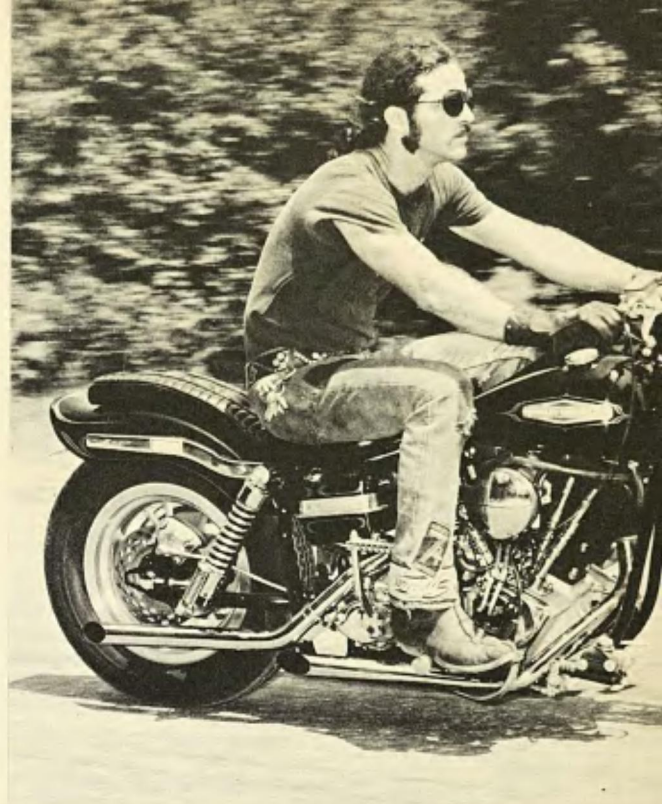
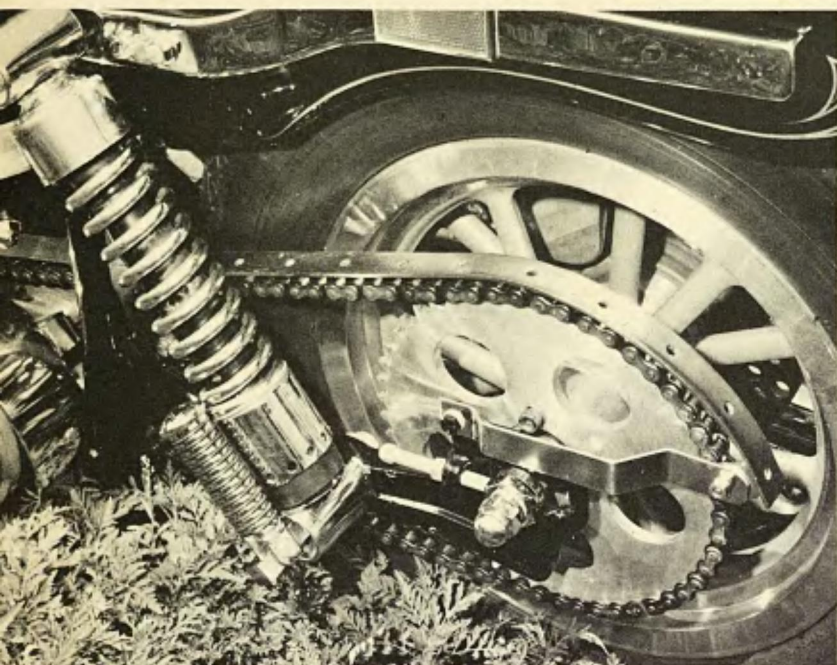
"Okay, Sue, I'll let the shutter snap a couple more times, but—"

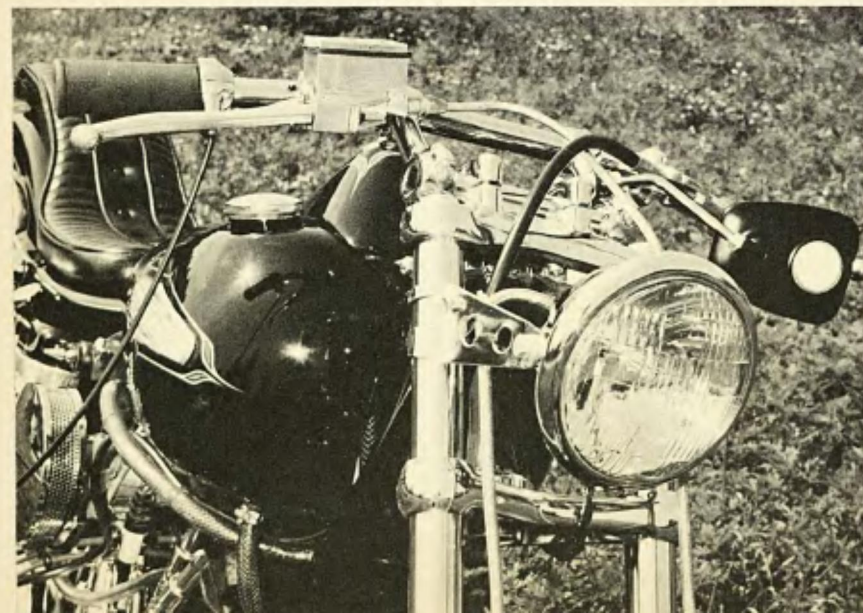
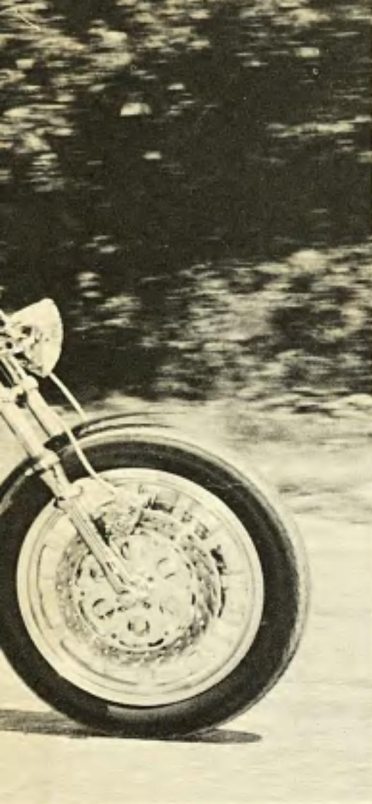
"I'll take my top off then, if you want." Her mousy voice went ping in my ear. And I had almost got the tank in focus again. I started to look up but decided to keep shooting. "Far-out, Sue."

Well, I knew I had to get the detail shots, but what the hell. I thought I might as well get a little tit first. After a few



EASYRIDERS photography by Jake





more flicks, I took a break to change film.

"Okay, Sue, you can take off your top, slow like, so I can get a shot or two of it comin' off."

"Oh boy" was all she squeaked, and yanked her top off.

"Susy," I said slowly, "I ain't runnin' a motion picture." I couldn't decide whether to check this out through the tunnel vision of the camera or to shine it on and get a cinerama view.

As you can imagine, I took quite a few shots of this production of taking the halter top off. Thoroughly frustrated, I changed the film again. "Hey, thanks, Sue." I got back to the technical shots.

"Can I take my pants off now?" Another squeaky interruption; I was wondering why she was just standing there naked to the waist all this time.

I dropped the film but immediately snapped up another roll. "Of course, babe, but do it slow, will ya?"

We were back in motion again. Except when she got 'em off and I had to stare through the clammy viewer at her bod, my hands started to sweat. Sweat even started beading up on my forehead. Crap, I wasn't ready for this and my bod was beginnin' to show it.

After taking several thousand shots of her pants slitherin' up and down her legs, then down permanently, I was starting to feel bummed about the thought of ever having to take the tech shots of the bike by itself.

I ran out of film again and went to reload. "Well, Susy, I guess, uh, I've taken all the shots I can—thanks." She just stood there while I changed the film. But when I turned to get the detail stuff out of the way, there she was again. This time she lay sprawled out on a blanket in front of the shovel, still naked.

"Can't a girl get a little attention around here?"

My hands immediately quit sweating, my eyebrows went halfway up my forehead, and I stood up real straight, "Sure—"

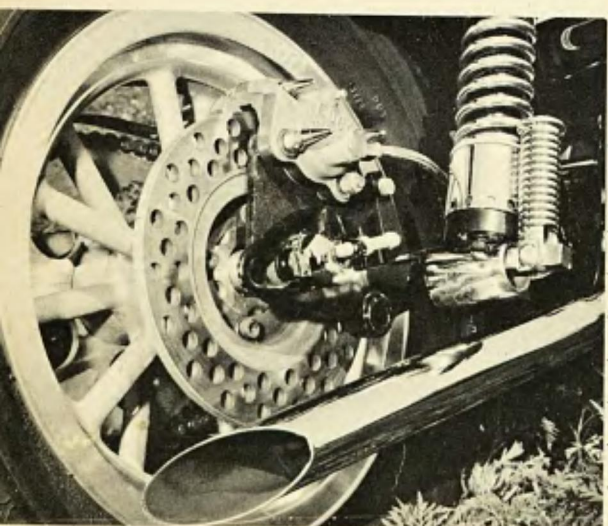
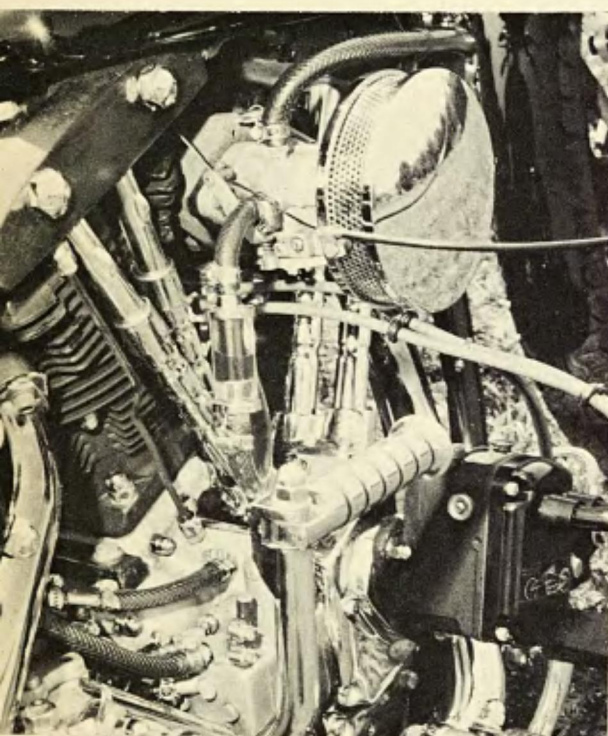
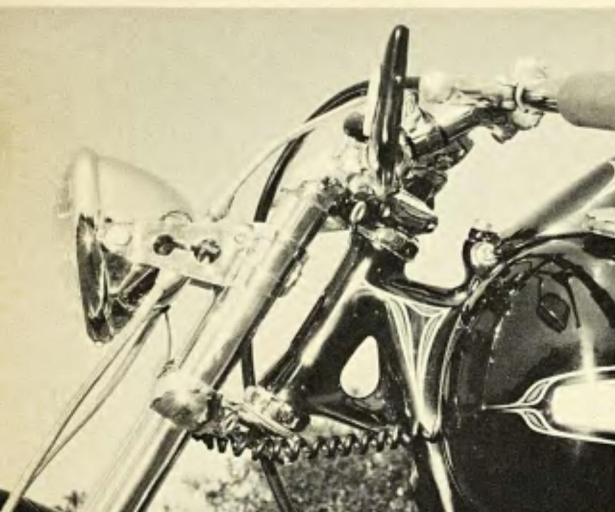
"Thanks, partner." Dan smacked me on the back. "Getting my bike shot by you people was a good trip." He was with the chick before I could take the camera from around my neck.

Susy looked up at me with those eyes again, as I was about to stomp my film machine into the weeds. "Got any more film?"

I stomped it anyway.

—Shotgun

—Continued on next page



Owner: Daniel Spurr

City: Rockland, Mass.

General

Frame

Fab. by: Cycle Tricks, Norwell

Year: 1971

Year and make: 1971 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FX

Type: Swing arm

Value: \$5,000

Rake: 3/8 in.

Assembly by: Cycle Tricks

Stretch: none

Time: 4 years since stock

Other alterations: tabs removed

Chroming: Snooky

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag

Year: 1971

Risers: dogbone

Model: Shovelhead

Fender(s): Dick's Cycle West

Rebuilder: Cycle Tricks

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto

Taillight: G.E.

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: Drag Specialties

Lower end: 1973 H-D

Front pegs: ribbed, Drag Spec.

Balancing: Champ

Rear pegs: same

Pistons: 10:1, Motor Shop

Electrics: owner, batt. elimin.

Cases: glass beaded

Gas tank: H-D

Heads: ported & polished

Oil tank: 7 quart, Cycle Tricks

Cam: Sifton 412

Oil system: 73 H-D oil pump

Lifters: Sifton solids

Primary cover: open

Carb(s): Andrews super 45mm

Seat: Cycle Tricks, custom

Air cleaner: Dragtron

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Drag Specialties

Height:

Mufflers: baffles in pipes

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews gears

Type: double damp glide

Year: 1971

Extension: none

Shifting: foot/rat. top

Builder: Ceriani

Engine sprocket: Phase III

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Kosman m/s, Frisco

Wheel sprocket: 49

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 18 in.

Size: 15 in.

Molding: Cycle Tricks

Hub: Kosman

Hub: Kosman

Painter: owner

Rim width: 3 1/2 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: black

Tire: K-87 Dunlop

Tire: 165 Gdyl. radi

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: double discs

Brake: Kosman disc

Special paint: striping by Eric Kirby

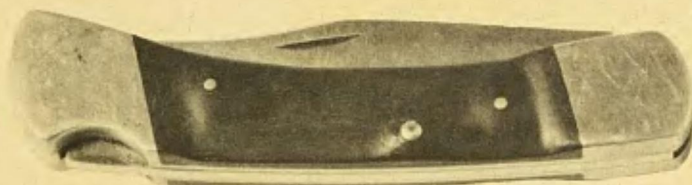
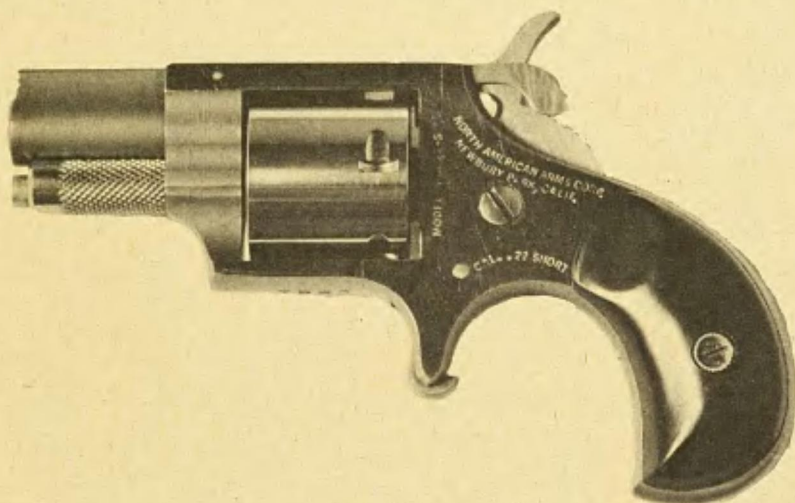
Other special modifications: Phase III belt drive with special idler,

tank-top dash by Cycle Tricks, rubber mounted oil tank, special

stainless chain guard, hi-flo gas tap, wire loom between jugs,

cast aluminum wheels

Only 3½ inches
long—you
might call this a **Stash Gun**



Most super-small pistols are either single- or double-shot derringers. Well, this mini-mutha is just as small as a derringer, but it fires five rounds of .22 shorts.

It's only 3½ inches long and ¾ inches wide at its widest point (the cylinder). Why, your ol' lady could carry it in her snatch. (Mutha could stash a half dozen in hers.)

They're made entirely of stainless steel by the North American Arms Corp., 3303 Old Conejo Road, Newbury Park, California 91370. Ask for their 5-shot mini-revolver #NAA-A225. ■

The (Helmet) Shell Game Exposed

By Ed Armstrong

Ever play the shell game at the small village fair where the hustler makes you think something is under the shell? But in the end when you put your money down, there isn't ever anything there at all?

Motorcycle riders are playing the shell (helmet) game with the master hustlers—the federal and state bureaucrats—and we are losing. But we can win. A few examples are presented below where the hustlers make you believe something is there but a closer look shows there isn't. Like the shell man with small magnets in the top inside of the shells, and when you play with money he substitutes a pea with iron in it and it ain't never on the table when he picks up the shell. The first "now you see it, now you don't" game discussed is in regard to the little Snell stickie found on the inside of some helmets.

If by chance you read other motorcycle magazines than *Easyriders*, you may have read an editorial titled "On the Snell Memorial Foundation Helmet Test." This in effect was a full-page advertisement for helmets in general and for Snell in particular. It starts out with an introductory editorial telling us that the new test is the toughest and most beneficial to consumers. It also says the purpose of the helmet is to save our lives! That may be the purpose of a helmet, but in that, it fails miserably. The rest of the article is a long quote from the new helmet test standard to be effective 1 Dec. 1975. The sorry part is that without some remembrance of high school science, you could easily be fooled by the language in the new stand-

ard. The editor should have paid someone to tell what the standard really says hidden behind its facade of deliberately misleading, overly scientific language. By looking up some elementary science, we can analyze the new Snell standard.

The first part of the material the editor quotes deals with the environmental conditions under which the tests are conducted. For example, helmets are subjected to cold (minus 10°C), to heat (50°C), and to water. (I thought we still used °F in this country.) Each of these tests are for no less than 4 hours and no more than 24 hours! One good thing comes out of this part: helmets make good rain hats for at least 4 hours. But don't get any oil or gas on many of them; they won't take it! Of course that isn't part of the test; helmets aren't subjected to conditions where they might fail. You'll see this also in the impact test, discussed below, that is rigged to be just "tough" enough so that some helmets can pass.

The standard goes on to explain that the chin strap is tested to a 136-kilogram "tension," which of course assures that your neck will be broken in some cases. The next test explained is the "penetration" test. The impacting penetration point shall have a point of 0.5mm radius. This, I suppose, shows that the helmet protects your head against the sharp, hard bodies of flying insects. But the "shock absorption" test explained in the new standard is the one I want to analyze because that is the test that is supposed to really protect you. I will show you what is behind the tricky language used, and just how

tough, or untough, the test really is.

I was at first completely misled by this paragraph: "For each helmet, the calculated total impact energy shall be 1000 J as established utilizing the basic drop test mass of head form and supporting arm without helmet, and as confirmed by measured impact velocity." First, let's get rid of that "J" unit (I was going to say crap, but that isn't in keeping with this highly scientific analysis). A "J" is a Joule, defined by the scientists as 10,000,000 ergs. An erg, as you all know, is a dyne-centimeter. Aren't you glad that the DOT and Snell are protecting you to a total of 10,000,000,000 dyne-centimeters? But in case you don't know what all this is, I looked up the J unit and put it in terms we can understand. 1000 Joules can be converted into 738 foot-pounds. One foot-pound is the energy of one pound dropped one foot. Or 10 foot-pounds is 10 pounds dropped one foot or 1 pound dropped 10 feet, etc. So now we know that a helmet is subjected to 738 foot-pounds of "total" energy—but is it? When I learned that the test was 1000 Joules or 738 foot-pounds, I was really surprised. A year ago the test was for about 66 foot-pounds; that is, the 11-pound head and helmet was dropped about 6 feet. But now the test is 738 foot-pounds! Was there a big engineering breakthrough in helmet construction? If there was, that proves my article in November *Easyriders* to be all wrong. The work in that article was based on the fact that the test was for 66 foot-pounds—not 738! I went on from that test result to show that with a 160-

pound body on the 8-pound test head the helmet would have to be 6 inches thick to withstand a 25 mph impact! And that the test at 66 foot-pounds was the equivalent of a 3.5 mph impact when the body was put on the test head. If indeed the helmet now can be tested to 738 foot-pounds and pass, I'd have to admit to an 11 mph impact protection instead of 3.5!

But alas, helmets are the same old helmets. And it's nearly the same old test but put into language designed to hide the frightening helmet safety limitations. The 1000 J total energy means absolutely nothing. The trick is in the word total. Reading from the quoted standard, we find that each test helmet is tested by 8 separate drops in 4 locations, 2 drops in each location. The 1000 J total energy is gotten as follows: At each location, the 2 drops are 140 J and then 110 J. That's 250 J. There are 4 locations so 4 times 250 is 1000 J total. But riders, a bunch of little bangs isn't the same as one great big one! For example, you can drop a half-pound pair of pliers from about 2 feet onto your foot (with shoes on of course) about 100 times. That's about 100 foot-pounds "total" energy. It'll hurt, but it won't break you up too bad. I know, I tried it. But try one drop of 50 pounds dropped 2 feet on your foot. That's 100 foot-pounds too, but it ain't the same. And I ain't gonna try it. So you see the trick in the 1000 J total. We are nearly back to where we started. But instead of 66 foot-pounds, we now have 103 foot-pounds (that's the 140 J of one drop) in the new test. But there has been no change in helmets, and some of the helmets failed the old test. Now, more will fail.

The calculation in November *Easyriders* showed that in the old test we have protection with a helmet for a 3.5 mph impact considering that our body is attached to our head when we leave the bike. The new "tough" test raises this 3.5 to about 4.2 mph. But remember, helmets haven't changed. I guess I am still safe in saying that a 25 mph impact will require a 6-inch helmet of carefully designed crushable material that weighs 12 to 14 pounds. If you think the present helmet is uncomfortable and restricts vision and hearing, try that 6-inch, 12-pound helmet! (Say, maybe I should go into business on the other side. Open up a helmet manufacturing shop and push a law through that says everyone has to wear my "safe" helmet! Ummmm . . .)

A side comment on the Snell stickie in the helmet. By now we all know that the DOT had 43 helmets tested this year, and that 42 failed (by the old test standard of course). However, the report was suppressed by the DOT so that we cannot rush out and buy the one safe helmet! Dr. Gregory of DOT was pressed to make that report public. He is reported to have said the details would be misleading because many of the failures were "minor," such as the fact that the little Snell stickie could be peeled off, which was against the regulations! Ahhh—could it be that the little stickie is what makes the helmet safe? Maybe. But don't you bikers think you can make your old banged-up, cracked helmet safe by pasting a little stickie in there with your ordinary spit. The manufacturer has to do the sticking with his special glue that I've heard contains a certain percentage holy water that he must buy from the DOT!

Now for a couple examples of playing the shell game with statistics. First, a report from the State of Illinois, Department of Transportation, titled, *The Motorcycle in Traffic Accidents in Illinois—1970*, dated March, 1972. The following chart on the very front page is as far as we need go in the 21-page report:

DEATHS IN MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENTS—1968-70

Period	HELMET LAW IN FORCE		NO HELMET LAW IN FORCE	
	Fatalities	Months	Fatalities	Months
January-May 1968	19	5	—	—
June-December 1968	58	7	—	—
January-May 1969	16	5	—	—
June-December 1969	—	—	95	7
January-May 1970	—	—	36	5
June-December 1970	—	—	77	7
TOTALS	93	17	208	19

So thar ya go, men. With the law, only 93 brothers died in 17 months, and without the law, 208 died in 19 months. That's a 123% difference! Very convincing. Not even the fact that the number of registered motorcycles increased from 91,000 in 1968 to 116,000 in 1970 (12% increase) and the two extra months (12% increase) saves us. However, we are saved by the trickery involved. Remember that if a congressman hears that 93 died with the law, 208 without the law, he's all for the law. But look again at the time period breakdowns. The big riding season here in Illinois, land of snowy winters and long, wet, cold springs, starts in about

May or June. Very few bikes are out during that period January to June. Now look at the chart. The period with the law in force includes only one riding season and two non-riding seasons. The period with no law includes two big riding seasons, and only one non-riding season. Add to that the 12% extra months in the period with no law, and the increase in the number of bikes, and those bare totals are now terribly biased in favor of the helmet hawkers.

Inside the report, we get another dose of bad medicine in which the whole story isn't told. In a chart on page 5, we find that in 1967, the year before the law, there were 97 deaths on motorcycles. In 1968, the year of the law, there were 73! But the number of motorcycles dropped from about 94,000 to about 91,000! (Dealers, you are always strangely silent regarding helmet laws. Consider this: The small profit on a few helmets can't make up for lost motorcycle sales!) The percentage decrease in deaths is greater than the percentage decrease in motorcycles, but that hides a very important factor no one ever mentions. The great majority of killing accidents are with new riders. When new motorcycle sales drop off, that cuts way back on the category of new motorcycle riders, the very group that contri-

nois constitutions! So today we have no law, while Don stagnates in a Texas jail. Ain't no justice nowhere.

Here is a last example of supreme bamboozling contained in the presentations of the data from the State of Michigan. As late as July, 1975, I heard Dr. Gregory of the DOT testifying before the Surface Transportation Sub-committee. He referred to the great benefit of the helmet law in Michigan.

Take a look at the following table, which shows some of the data I received from Michigan:

Year	Total MC Accidents	% Change
1966	2,723	
1967	2,272	-16
1968	3,614	15
1969	3,963	10
1970	4,947	25
1971	7,079	43
1972	8,500	6
1973	10,696	25
1974	9,426	-12

During 1967 to 1969, Michigan was on and off and on again with the helmet law, due to court actions. Now I know that helmets can cause accidents but I didn't think the accidents should increase as dramatically as they did with the law in 1970 and 1971. I wrote to the Safety and Traffic Division of the State Police of Michigan to ask why the jump in accidents.

A very polite reply was received from the Captain of this section. He explained that prior to 1970 they recorded data for motorcycle accidents only in areas under 25,000 population and fatal accidents only for populated areas over 25,000. In 1971, data were compiled from all areas except Detroit, and by 1972 the totals were for the complete state. So thar ya go again—there can be no claims about the holy grail characteristics of helmets in Michigan when Michigan itself doesn't know the number of accidents or deaths on motorcycles before, during, and for a year after the law. The analysts paid by the US DOT can "analyze" the data (that is, put magnets inside the shells) and come up with the amazing result that helmets saved the state! It's something like what Mark Twain said once: the scientists find 2 small bones and with 3 tons of plaster of paris they build a dinosaur!

There is another study analyzing Michigan (with a law) and Illinois (with no law) data. That study comes up with 63% in favor of helmets. That's all fantasy world too; we have only to look at the

real world to see that fatality rates do not go down 63% with the law; some go up, even! In addition, *Roadrider* magazine, in November 1974, published Nephew's "Twisting Statistics," a devastating annihilation of the twisty methods used in the Illinois-Michigan analysis.

We can go on blasting holes like this into the reports of the "fact factories" (a la 1984) of the DOT, but in itself it doesn't do any good. The federal and state bureaucracy doesn't read our reports, and lawmakers don't either. But some riders do. So the purpose of presenting the above is to help you understand the lies being told in trying to force helmets on us. Hopefully you will get mad enough to spend a buck on stamps and send off the badly needed letters. Lawmakers do count letters.

We have bills now in both the U.S. House of Representatives and the Senate to strip the DOT of their authority to bribe states into passing helmet laws. Write to: James J. Howard, Chairman, Surface Transportation Sub-Committee, House of Representatives, Wash., D.C. 20515 (where the House bills are being considered); Mr. Stewart McKinney, U.S. Representative, House of Representatives, Wash., D.C. 20515 (author of one of the House bills); Senator James Abourezk, 1105 Senate Office Building, Wash., D.C. 25105 (author of the Senate Bill to restrict DOT's power in helmet bribes); your own U.S. Senators and Representatives in Washington.

Send a copy of at least one of your letters to the President. If one of the bills ever gets through Congress, he'll have to sign it! Keep your letters to the point; say you don't want to wear a helmet and why. Avoid form letters sometimes available.

The fight in Congress is our next to last hope. We've been "peaceable" for nine years. Straight and outlaw clubs and individuals have been playing the government shell game according to the ever-shifting government rules, and we're losing so far. If the fight in Congress falls through, we have one more opportunity to win that's available to all free people. It's a right no one can take away from us, the right of massive disobedience combined with unflinching courage to meet our "saviors" head-on with as much violence as necessary to achieve our freedom. I am now in the process of studying documents and books that show that engaging in violent encounters, as necessary, does achieve political results. I hope to report on this later. ■

Animal Sex Life

Cross-country bikers who travel countless usually discover that to leave one nagging problem behind simply leaves a throbbing one in front. Fortunately, America's farmlands provide an abundance of domestic livestock that can be exploited to reduce the swelling. The biker who uses such means may know he is practicing a tradition sufficiently ancient to have been denounced by Moses.

Unfortunately, sex manuals neglect this dimension of sexual practice. They tell how it's done in a dozen countries, of acrobatic positions, of how to use cunt juice as a sauce for roast squab, but tell nothing of shagging animals. The following treatise may well be the first of its kind. Hopefully, this pioneer work will stimulate public discussion of animal-fucking. Perhaps someone will initiate a monthly journal devoted thereto, complete with centerfolds, advertisements for helpful apparatus, and a question-answer column (which the author hereof, being the only one qualified, volunteers to write). Further, the author hereof swears on a greasy chop manual that the lore presented herein has been gathered from years of attendance to the discourse of plowboys, mule-skinners, swineherds, chicken-thieves and others of like ilk, well qualified to instruct. Henceforth, no biker should begin a cross-country run without taking this copy of *Easyriders* along for guidance.

Given the brevity of this guide, only the rudimentary procedures appropriate to common domestic livestock can be outlined. Exotic foreign species such as the yak or alpaca and wildlife such as bears and moose are excluded, as are dogs, these topics deserving treatises to themselves.

To consider cows first. Cows are basically nervous. They're like the prick-teasers of the '50s who would bat their eyelashes, lean over to show their boobs, flounce their skirts to show a beaver, and then shriek like hell if some bothered dude tweaked a tit. Cows can be attracted by a handful of cottonseed meal, a piece of bread (preferably whole wheat), even a bunch of grass. They will hang around, switching their tails to show off their cunts, then get jumpy and run off as soon as the cow-screwdriver gets serious.

Therefore, to fuck a cow requires that it be immobilized, a fact long

recognized in rural architecture. As long as milkmaids did the milking, it was done in the open, the cow being kept in place by a bucket of eating goodies. With the development of large dairies, men took over and the barns built to shelter milking were cleverly contrived to assist cow-screwing.

The cow was headed into a stall, its head locked in a stanchion, and hobbles added according to the disposition of the cow and the agility of the cow-shagger. Posts ran up to support the roof at the cow-ass end of the stall, these posts being connected by horizontal 2x4s. The 2x4 presumably provided a place from which to hang milk buckets, stools, hobbles, and so on, but was, of course, carefully placed for cow-shagging, its height indicating the favored technique. If about a foot above a man's reach, the cow-fucker leapt up, hung from the 2x4, and swung in to hook his heels in the cow's flanks, from which position he could achieve suitable intromission, regulating the stroke with his legs.

Were the 2x4 only slightly above head-high, the screwer clambered over and hung by the armpits. He poked the cow in the ass with a toe and when the cow switched her tail, he grabbed it in both hands, placed feet athwart hamstrings, and by pulling on the tail and heaving with the feet, could effectively achieve his purpose. This latter method lacks the passionate violence of the former, but suggests the method for the itinerant biker who must make do without the niceties of dairy barns.

Having found a cow, enticed it into grabbing range, and tethered it to a fence post, the biker goes behind, removes his boots, and gets his in-her tube out. He grasps the tail, catches one hamstring between big toe and the next (like a shower thong), heaves up, catches the other hamstring, and begins to ream properly.

Unfortunately, cows have two serious faults. First, they'll shit all over you. You can't even fool them into dumping first by giggling them with a ratchet handle. The cow waits till the humper starts driving in to finish, then lets out about a gallon of slurpy, green cowshit. The poor, fucking bastard will splash it all up his shirt and get his pants full, and be grateful that he took his boots off.

Second, a cow is an indifferent piece, somewhat like thigh-fucking

a flabby, lard-loaded, ass-drooping fat woman; that is, hopelessly loose, ill-defined, and unresponsive, like screwing a plastic bag of warm Jello. Calves are some improvement, but their common diarrhea-like ailment known as "scours" renders them totally unfit. Yearlings are best, like median-age women, less full of shit but not yet become vindictive. As a final note, the beef breeds, Angus and Hereford, are most tractable. Of dairy breeds, Shorthorn and Brown Swiss are preferred to Holsteins, which are especially likely to shit, and to Jerseys, which are just too damn nervous.

Horses are better than cows. Like some women, if you can get close enough to talk to them, you can probably screw them. Also, like women who must be taken to dinner or who get hot giving head, they can be seduced by edibles, preferably raisins. Sugar cubes are used only in kids' stories. A horse will stand still to be fucked, but won't tolerate any messing with its tail or feet. Hence, cow technique will not work, and a horse-fucker must have something to stand on. Traditionally, horses were "stump broke"; that is, trained to back up to a stump, presumably to aid a bareback rider to mount and dismount, but, in fact, to assure cooperation when the plowboy wanted a piece. If biking in a group, members can support each other in turn. Else, the horse can be backed up to a parked scooter, provided it has cooled. Horses don't like hot, greasy metal smells.

A horse gives a good fuck, if a frustrating one. The big ass interferes with getting in deep, and while it's warm, firm, and confining, the horse fucker senses a tremendous amount of unused cunt that he simply can't reach. Guys uptight about their bore and stroke shouldn't screw horses.

Hasty fuckers will prefer goats, the most convenient of all animals to screw. An adult nanny stands just high enough for a bent-kneed fuck and the tail flips up as soon as the goat feels something poking at its snatch. A nanny gives a good fit and puts up no objections. In fact, that's what's wrong with goats. They just don't care. A goat can take on a whole bike club and chew its cud the whole time. A cow gets nervous like something wild is happening; a horse gets comfortable, like it digs what's happening; but a goat, like a

—Continued on page 69

By Don Sharp

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We're All Bros



Man, it's getting really late. I gotta get the fuck outta here. Look at Jinks in the corner, so fuckin' drunk he can't walk. Bro Boots has been tryin' to score with that dancin' broad all goddam night. The lucky bastard'll end up gettin' laid while I get to go home with a hard cock and a sore ass. Well, what the hell, one more brew an' I'll get it on . . .

How many times have all of us been in or known about a situation like the one just described? Pretty fuckin' often. But the story has an ending that happens all over the country every weekend and maybe more often than that.

Somewhere between the beginning and the end of that last brew, a shot rings out. At once, every bro in the joint is straight. Panic takes the place of blood as it races through the veins of every outlaw in the building. A quick head count shows a bro is missing, and a search finds him face-down in the alley next to the building. One of his brothers moves to help him. "I'm okay. Get them muthafuckers!" A pickup is seen and heard leaving rubber all over the street. Too late to chase them, he goes back to help his bro. The guy—Boots—is dead.

Who did it? No one ever found out. The chick had set Boots up with two dudes who told her that they were old friends of his and wanted to surprise him. Tough surprise.

But why did it happen? At the time of this shooting, this particular club was at war with a rival club. What about? If you were to ask any one of them, not one could give a good reason. Chances are that the whole thing comes down to a difference in patches. It rattles the fuck out of my head every time I try to figure out why outlaws refuse to live together with their own kind. Notice that I didn't say why they **can't** live together, because if the motherfuckers gave it an honest effort, they could. They refuse to.

Why not sit down some time and burn a little brain matter over

the subject? All of us have the same hassle as the rest. All of us live the same life. We're **all** bros. Do you have any idea of what we could accomplish if all of us pulled together and worked on solving the shit that's put on us by non-scooter people? The helmet laws could be wiped off the books in no time! We wouldn't have to ride around with our headlights on all damn day! And best of all, when outlaws had a legitimate bitch against each other, it could be settled without burning bikes, or worse, killing people of our own kind.

It's common knowledge to just about all bikers that the outlaw thing started around the end of WWII. At that time outlaws were few and far between. They were just what the AMA dubbed them: 1% of the motorcycle population. Today the whole story has changed. I don't know the exact figures, but we are at least 25% of that same population.

You don't have to belong to a club to qualify as an outlaw. There are many who ride alone but live the outlaw life. And what the hell, exactly, is this "outlaw life"? Mine is only one opinion, but I think it fits pretty well: The outlaw of today doesn't go around robbing banks and all that other Jesse James shit. He's a biker who lives outside of society's rut. Most have long hair, wear an earring, dress in dirty jeans, consume large amounts of alcoholic beverages, use four-letter words often, and last but not least, ride machines that are not accepted as "the safest vehicles around." Now don't get too tense if you don't fit any or all of the description I've just given. Many don't, and yet live and think like outlaws.

To get back to the many who ride alone but live the outlaw life: Why don't they join clubs and ride with people they can relate to? Well, I've been with three clubs as a full member and am now prez of my own club, so I know that I'm suited for club

life. But I also know that there are many who are leery about joining, for a number of reasons. There are always the rumors of the things a prospect must do to "prove" himself. Many of them are true. A lot of clubs are guilty of going overboard in the "raising" of a prospect. When word gets out about how a prospect was treated, it will discourage any new members who might have been thinking about joining. Of course you have to be sure about who you let in, but there's no reason to humiliate another biker or make a fool out of him in front of his woman.

Then there are club wars. Such a war is probably the biggest single reason for a dude not joining any club. Not because he's gutless, necessarily, either. We all know at least one non-clubber who has a whole shitload of heart. Maybe one of you has tried to get him to join your club and couldn't figure out why he always backed away from your invitation. To most of us, our scooters mean our freedom. When we ride, we ride to party, have a good time, or raise a little hell with our bros. How the fuck can anyone have any kind of a good time if he has to keep a constant watch over his shoulder, look at every stranger as if the dude were about to stab him in the back, or remember not to get too drunk in case of a fight? It can't be done.

The outlaw world is growing every day and changing, and we, the members of this world, will have to grow and change with it or wipe each other out. Everyone will agree that it's not one of the best ways to spend a Saturday, at a bro's funeral, or helping to rebuild a burnt scooter.

The next time you run across another biker, look past the patch. Look at the man. He's your brother too.

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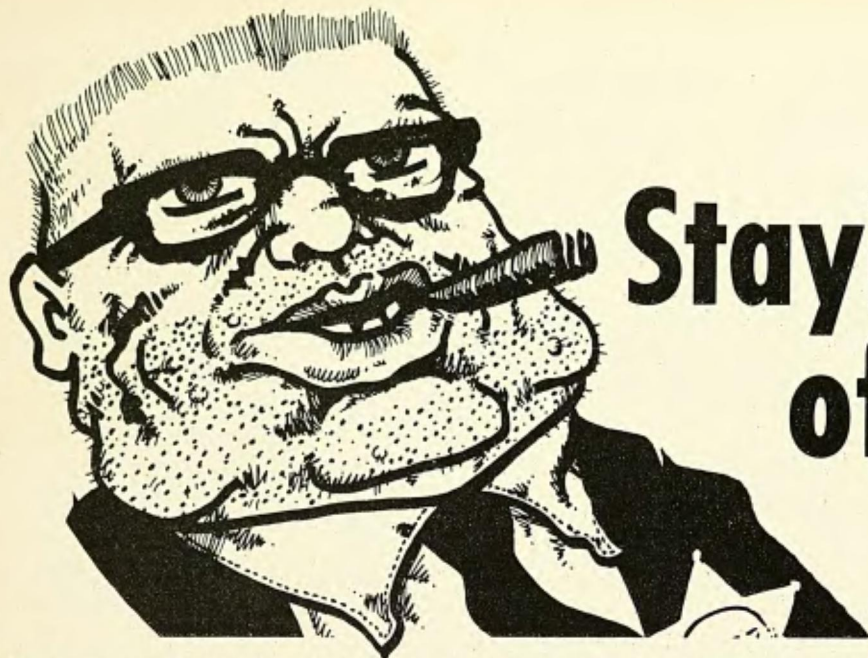
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Bug All Your Friends! Bug 'em all year 'round!



Stayin' Ahead of the D.A.

By Bob Collins

If you are one of those (of us) who gets into trouble with the law, and then gets in deeper after you are arrested, here are some things that you should know.

I am not necessarily saying that you won't go to prison or jail.

I am not necessarily saying that you will be acquitted if you go to trial.

But you can make it a damn sight harder for a district attorney and the police to nail you down.

We are not concerned here with innocence or guilt. (Neither is the district attorney.) What we are concerned with here is what happens after your arrest! The Do's and the Don'ts; what the police and the district attorney do that is legal and what they do that is illegal.

First off, let's take a locality, say a typical small county in southern California. In this county, it is standard procedure for the prosecution to monitor visits, even between man and wife. The visits are held by monitored phones, the visitors looking through one-inch bulletproof glass. Illegal? Only to an extent.

Monitoring conversations between you and anybody is legal, in the name of security, and can be used in a court of law, except conversations between man and wife. These conversations are traditionally held to be as sacred as those between pastor and layman, doctor and patient, client and attorney. Even here, we have exceptions. Bear in mind that although some conversations cannot be used in a court of law, the information gathered from conversations can be utilized to narrow the scope of investigation. If you know that your conversations are being monitored, and you let the authorities know that you are aware of that fact, then yours is no longer "privileged communication."

You don't have to say, "Hey, I

know you are doing this or that" in order to lose that privilege. You can always slip and say, while talking on the phone, "Honey, I know they are bugging our visits and photocopying our mail." That innocent comment would be sufficient for the district attorney to show a judge that you did not expect "absolutely private communication." Too many people have, in innocence, spilled the beans. How? By being under the false impression that even if the authorities do bug visits and mail, the information gained cannot be used in a court of law. So, to be safe, even if you know about being bugged, don't let the police know that you are aware.

You ask yourself, "Well, how do I let my wife know about this?" The simplest way is to write her a note and hold it up to the window. Make it a practice to take along paper and pencil when you visit. Or learn sign language.

A common prosecution tactic is to put a co-defendant in a cell next to you, or across from you, in hopes of hearing something. Watch the air vents too. You might not be able to see the microphone, but it could very well be there.

When you are first put into a cell, and a guy in there starts giving you cigarettes and trying to start a conversation, be nice to him. Talk about the Rams, talk about horse racing, talk about Harley-Davidson. But don't talk about the charges against you. Not under any circumstances. That turkey could be a vice cop, or a police informer, or just a damned scared square john with charges pending, who has made a deal to get those charges dropped for soliciting information from you.

The one single thing that gets you in deeper and deeper is your own mouth.

When first arrested, most people

shout and proclaim their innocence. Instead of shouting your innocence, shout for a lawyer. Ask to be taken before a judge immediately for arraignment. These are your rights, and if you don't exercise them, no one will do it for you; especially not the police. Remember, you don't have to say a damn thing to them—not even give your right name if you don't want to. They, however, must inform you of your rights. Don't give the police a phony alibi, for it gives them two advantages over you: 1. at trial, the phony alibi can be used as a "previous inconsistent statement" to impeach your testimony if you take the stand; 2. if you don't take the stand, the prosecution can mention it to the jury as showing a "consciousness of guilt."

Look out for the friendly cop who wants to "help" you. It usually comes across like this: "I can't help you if you don't tell me the truth." Tell him that you hope he will be as co-operative when you bring a false arrest suit against the department, and would he please leave you alone.

Few people, as a rule, unless they are among the super-rich, have a criminal lawyer standing in the wings waiting to hear the phone ring. As a general rule, the average person never needs the services of a criminal lawyer. The chances are that you will not have a lawyer when you are first arrested. Call a local Legal Aid Society, and they in turn will refer you to an attorney. You then call this attorney, and explain very briefly what the problem is and ask him to come to the jail and talk to you about the case and about his fee. You might want this attorney just to get bail set for you; then again, if you are impressed with him, you might want him to handle the entire case.

On the subject of attorneys, bear

in mind that it is very important that you do not lie to him, or omit any pertinent information. That applies to a public defender as well as to an attorney chosen by you. You cannot withhold information or lie to him and expect to get the defense that you have paid him for. Too many things can happen in the course of a criminal trial, and nothing throws a defense off more than a surprise in court by the opposition. Remember: The state has unlimited funds, and all the investigative offices of the state are at the prosecutor's fingertips. Your funds, however, are limited, and your investigative resources are likewise limited. Make it easy on yourself and tell the lawyer all there is to know. He can't say a word of it to anyone. If he does, you can have his license to practice law.

A ploy not often used by the accused (you) is that of angering the trial district attorney. How? You know that he is bugging your mail and visits. Without letting him know that you know that, you make remarks in your letters and during visits about his proficiency; you make remarks about his ancestry; about his abnormal sexual habits; about his incestuous relationships with his mother; about the way his mother dresses him funny. What does this accomplish? Well, if it doesn't backfire, it gets him personally involved in the matter. It is no longer just a case to him. It is now a personality clash. In wanting to convict you, he might stray from the facts of the case; he might introduce evidence not relevant to the case; he might make comments not related to the case; he might even go so far as to try to manufacture evidence. These and many other things can eventually be used in an appeal if you are convicted. Either way, appeal or acquittal, you will accomplish your purpose.

Although you are fighting a man well versed in the law, he is still a man and will react, and hopefully, over-react, to your comments.

Public defenders are the most maligned attorneys. Sometimes justly. Sometimes unjustly. It has been said that public defenders and district attorneys eat, drink, and sleep together; that public defenders are not to be trusted any more than the district attorneys. This is all too true in many instances, and if it could be proven, there would be a lot of former public defenders pumping gas and digging ditches. You cannot, and must not, judge a public defender because of the lemon that you had the last time. You have to judge him by what you feel. The gut feeling.

Some public defenders work sixteen hours a day, including nights and week-ends. Then again, some do not even have a sketchy idea of what their cases are all about. These are the ones who tell you: "Look, I can get you a deal." Some public defenders have quit private practice to go to work for the county or state. This way, they get paid a salary, and do not have to rely on client fees to make a living. A lot of lawyers fresh out of law school go right to work

with the public defender's office, and after a while transfer to the district attorney's office for a look on the other side. This also works in reverse.

Bear in mind, that although public defenders are state paid, their budget is much smaller than that of the district attorneys. Their investigative facilities are also limited. While district attorneys have the complete co-operation of local police, county sheriffs, and the state investigative offices, public defenders often have to obtain court orders to get police reports and other evidence. Doors and files open to district attorneys are often closed to public defenders. It is an unfortunate fact of life, but that is the system.

A great American concept has always been that a man is innocent until proven guilty. That is not the case. All one has to do is to follow a trial from arrest, and he will see the fallacy in the great American concept. The simplest example of that would be to ask, "Why, then, if a man is innocent (until proven guilty) does he have to stay in jail while proving that innocence?" Should it not be the other way around? Well, he can always post bail. Sure he can, if he has the money to post. But

why should an accused make a bondsman rich? Let's say that the bail is set at \$5,000. The accused gets hold of a bondsman and gives him \$500 (10%) to get out of jail. He will never see that money again. And yet this "innocent" man has paid a ransom. If he can't post bail, he might have to sit in jail for months, waiting to be proven guilty. In this period of time, he will lose his job, and his family will have to go on welfare. Yet he has been "presumed" innocent. Then he goes to trial, is acquitted, and has to start all over again. This is a gross contradiction to the whole concept of "presumed innocence."

To sum up, the most important things to remember are:

1. Don't try to convince the police that you are innocent. If they thought you were innocent, you would not be under arrest and in jail.
2. Don't talk to the police at all. Just ask for a lawyer.
3. Be sure that you understand all your rights and elect to exercise them.
4. Be honest with your lawyer.
5. Watch what you say on the phones and in your letters.
6. Don't ever confide in anyone in jail. They can be used against you

in court.

7. Take the objectivity out of the district attorney's case and make it personal.

8. Don't ever develop a defeatist attitude. A jury can sense it.

9. Don't ever plead guilty. You might be guilty as sin. You might even have gotten caught in the act. But there are legal loopholes for appeal (bad search, insufficient evidence, prosecution misconduct, bad arrest, failure of the district attorney to reveal certain evidence or information.)

10. Keep all avenues of appeal open. Be sure that your appeal is filed on time (on the day that you are sentenced, or as soon as possible thereafter). There are time limits on appeals, and you should always follow up with your appeal attorney.

11. Be cautious with probation officers. Oftentimes they are extensions of the district attorney, and over-zealousness on their part can make them more harmful than helpful.

All this may not keep you out of jail, nor be foolproof. But if you follow this advice, guilty or not, it will improve your chances of winning your case and cause. ■

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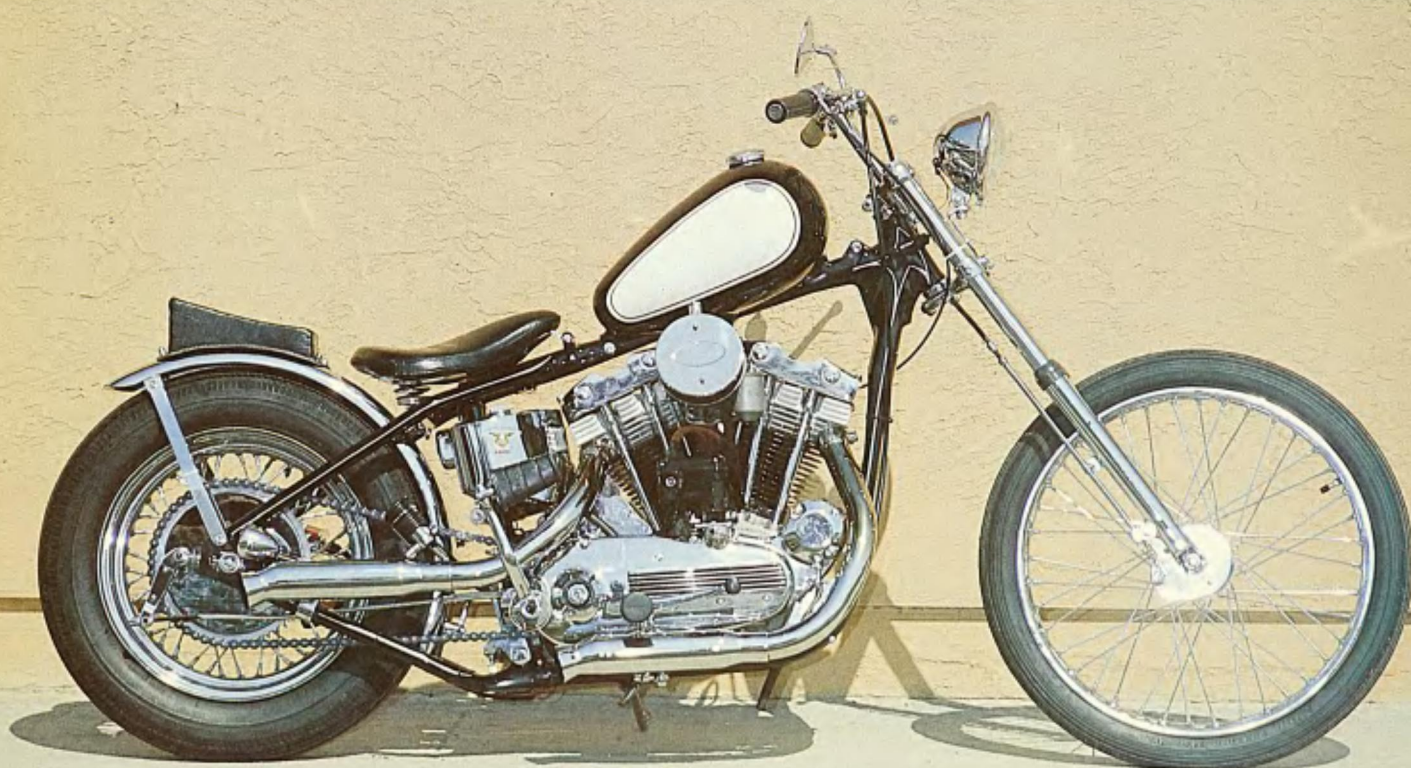
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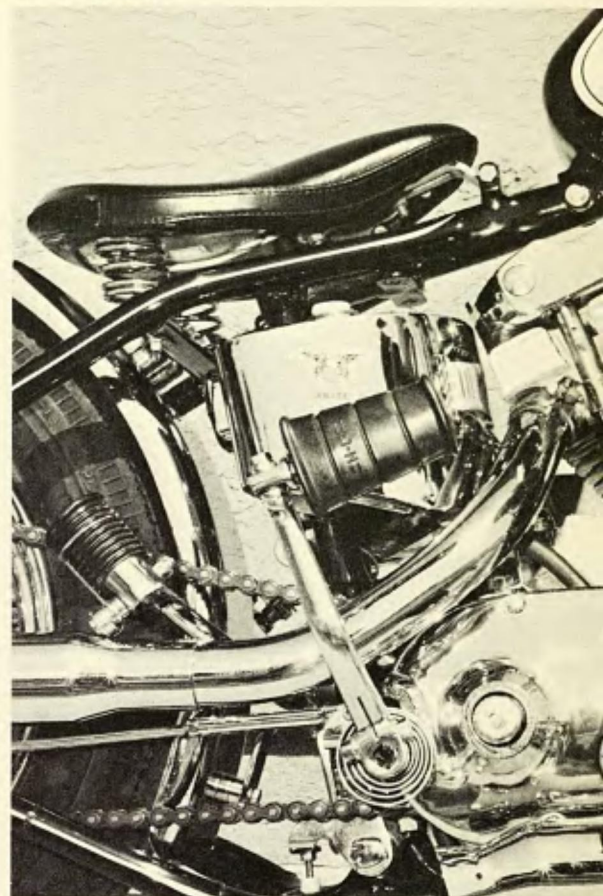
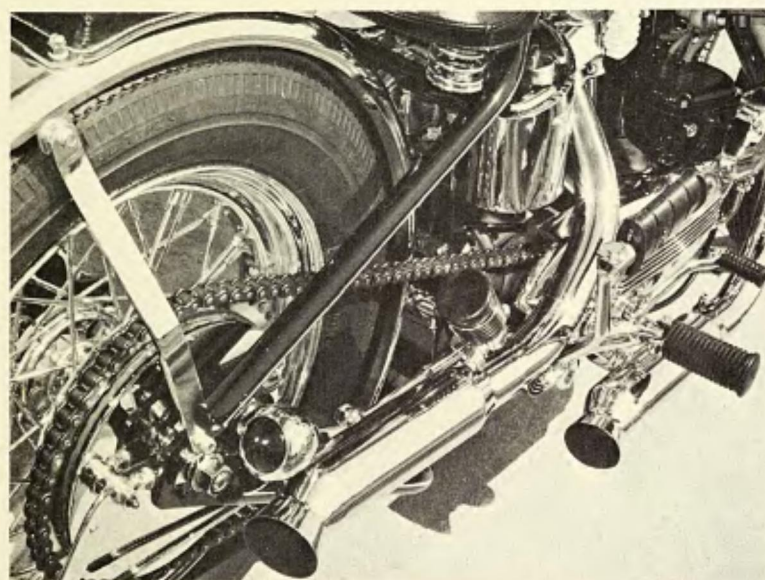
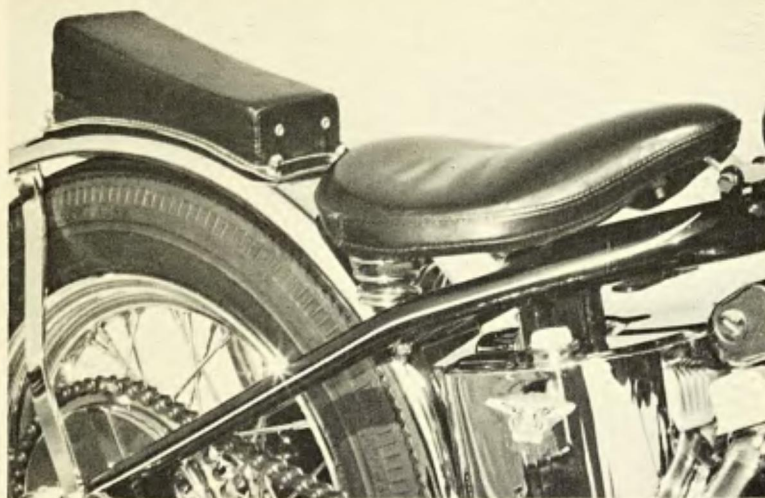


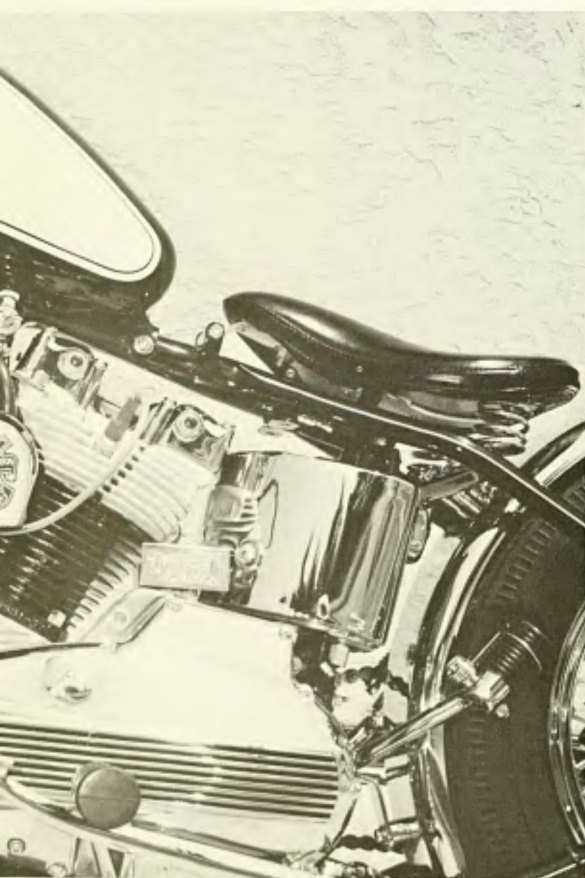
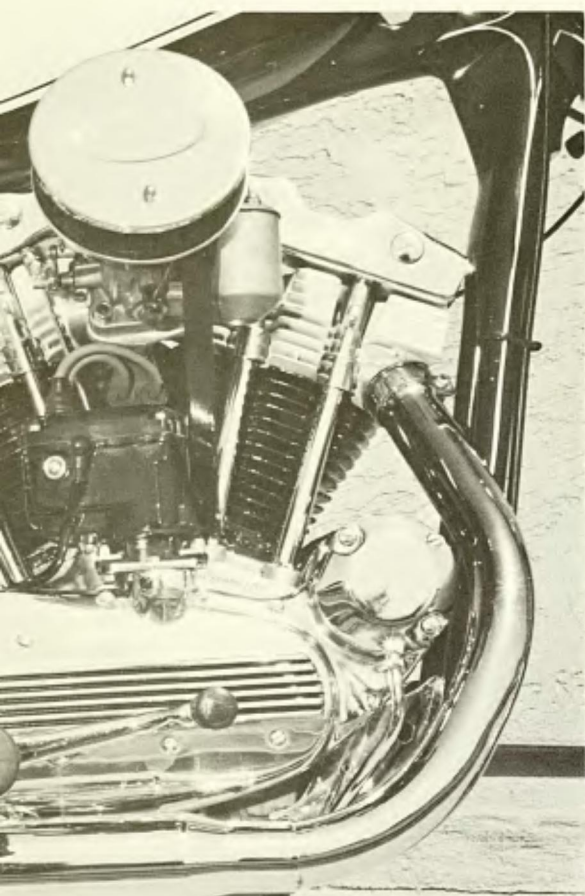
“I Just Kept Playin’ With It”

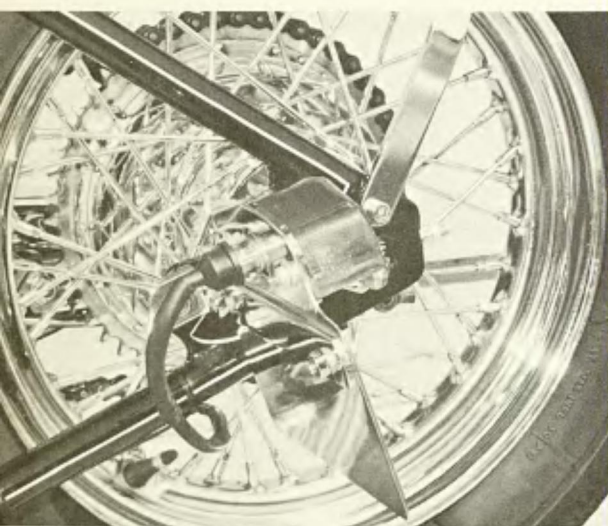
Most of the scoots that park outside this overstuffed lean-to have been through a few serious changes (usually 'cause the mill's been screamed so tight that the whole top end blew off, or maybe the frame busted in six places after too much partyin'). But even with all our changes, we ain't near the number of trips that Dave has laid on the putt shown here. Since scoring it new, he's added a four, an eight, and a twelve inch over front end on the thing, plus cut-

—Continued after two pages of photos

Photos by Jake







Owner: Dave Breyer		City: Northern California	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1970 H-D		Builder: owner/H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid, AEE hardtail	
Value: arm and a leg		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: continual struggle		Other alterations: beefed center tube	
Chroming by: Saginaw		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1970		Risers: 7 in., by Chuck	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): 5 in. flat, chromed	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Bomar Magneto		Taillight: Lucas side mount	
Displacement: 55 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: stock specs		Rear pegs: stock, modified	
Pistons: .010 in. over		Electrics: wiring thru bars	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: 4 gal. Paughco	
Heads: metal sprayed		Oil tank: early Sportster horseshoe	
Cam: Pinlets, Sifton exhausts		Oil system: vinyl lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: aluminum H-D	
Carb(s): 1 3/4 in. S.U.		Seat: Bates leather solo & pad	
Air cleaner: Bap-geon		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: XLR, modified		Height:	
Muffler(s): glasspacks		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Barnett clutch		Type: Sportster glide	
Year: 1970		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: XLR triple clamps	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Big Den (J. Ewing)		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: The Rev (Tony)		Rim width: 2-1/9 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black and white		Tire: Avon 2.75	Tire: Uniroyal 5.1
Type: epoxy		Brake: Hallcraft	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: striping by Frog			
Other special modifications: Arlen Ness rear brake plate, ported and polished heads by Dan Beurer, needle bearing primary chain idler by Walt Arfons, shaved lower fork legs			



down rear shocks, a four-inch frame stretch, and two different front wheels at one time or another. The engine's deafened the locals through three muffler trips plus drag pipes; it's spun the tread off a three sets of tires, gone through three trans sprockets, and it's sucked gas and oil from a total combination of eight or nine tanks, which in turn were covered in three separate squirts of lacquer.

Ya must think (if you're still functionin' at all after that trip) that this bro is some kinda mean-ass cog screecher to go through that much machinery, but actually it's just a matter of tryin' and playin' out different set-ups until the right one made the scene—not breakin' stuff like the gorillas around here do. Fer instance, Dave's held onto the early seats he started with—with a little black shoe polish it looks gooder'n new. And he's got a far-out idea for mounting the taillight and license plate bracket. They're attached to a couple of bolts that run through a pair of replaceable split sleeves bored through the frame. If he crunches the side mounter splittin' lane or goin' through a gate, the sleeves just collapse and distort (and come out for new ones) instead of wasting the more expensive stuff.

Oh yeah, one other thing—in the course of this sled's history, Dave's gone through a few changes in the ol' lady department too, namely, Sue, Michelle, Mary, Connie, Judy, and Pam. Whew, if they all looked like Pam, that musta been a better trip than Disneyland on yellow sunshine.

—Br'er Foxe

Can't Stand Smell

My ol' lady says I fart too much, and that when I do, it makes her want to puke. But you know, the strange thing is, I don't smell a thing. What should I do?

Hog
Milwaukee, Wis.

- Be a gentleman—give her a bag to puke in.

Substitute Ol' Lady

We're in a situation where there's no women around and we're wondering if you could tell us how to construct a fake pussy.

The IOIC
USS J.F. Kennedy

- There are several. 1. You could take turns in the time-honored barrel. 2. Convince a boot to become a queen. 3. Put some hair around the end of a gun barrel—one that's your size. 4. Go to Mrs. Thumb and her four daughters.

Beaver Shots

Why don't you shoot some beaver shots and print them in your magazine? Sure would help us poor bastards in the slammer.

Jack Lee Stolle
Shelton, Wash.

- The tramps around here are always shooting beaver shots of me but all I get is promises.

Digs Trees

You'll probably put me down, too. Everybody else has ever since I made the goddam mistake of mentionin' a little quirk I've got. Ordinarily I dig bikes, beer and broads in exactly that order the most, or in any other order if necessary. But once

in a while—not all the time, see?—I really enjoy long-dongin' a tree. That's right, a tree. Any kind or size. If ya know what you're doing, it's all pleasure and no pain. And it sure as hell doesn't harm the tree. Does this really make me some kinda pervert like others insist?

G.T.L.
Muleshoe, Tex.

- Not in my book. Different pranks for adventurous cranks, right?

Trade Secrets

If you are really as rank as you make yourself out to be, why would anyone want to ball you? Is there something you do while ballin' or givin' head? If so, what is it?

Jim DeAngelo
Erie, Pa.

- It's my healthy, highly trained, educated wart that knocks 'em dead.

Fast Wind

I dig on a foxy lady right now, but I have a slight hang-up. Before I can get a hard-on I've got to have my face farted on. How do I ask her to do this?

The Greek
Springfield, Mass.

- Get yourself a big mangy dog. Forget those high-class chicks.

Catshit

The details are a drag and you probably won't believe me but I've gradually gotten hung up on the fine aroma and rich flavor of catshit. Kittenshit is even better. Both bring out the goodness of properly aged beef like no steak sauce ever could. I'm doomed to eating lonely

meals because my unorthodox taste might startle others, and I can't hack being laughed at. Well, Mutha?

Big Fred
Brooklyn, Mich.

- Different bungs for different tongues is what I always say, sweetie! But be sure ya brush after every meal!

I'm In Love

I can flip a dime over inside a quart bottle with my tongue—are you interested?

Half-Breed
Mansfield, Ohio

- Let's get married.

Clit Question

Is it true that you walk around with a ten-pound weight tied to your clit in order to train it to hang down?

Harry Scrotum
Waukegan, Ill.

- No. I prefer the suction method—and I never seem to have any trouble finding dudes to help me out.

Math Major

I'm a math major, and I was wondering if my square root will fit in your box.

O. U. 8, 1, 2.
Laconia, N. H.

- Square roots are a groove, but knobby roots are better.

Questions

Are you married? Do you have a steady ol' man? Do you have hair on your jugs? Will you sit on my face? Are you really a sex freak?

Harold
Draper, Utah

- I'll answer your questions in order. 1. Married? Hell,

no. 2. Steady ol' man? Wish I did, but make that men. 3. Yes. 4. Anytime, anywhere. 5. You name it—I'm game.

New Bike Club

We've started a new bike club and we're lookin' for a mama. Between us we have 202 inches of meat—so she'd be well taken care of. Would you put our plea in your mag?

Horny
Rock Hill, S.C.

- I would have printed your address, but I wanted to keep all that meat for myself.

Wants Photo

Send me a good, clear photo of yourself, ya old creep. I don't waste time or money or good beer on any broad when I can whip my gun off as often as I like. But it might give pud-pullin' a new depth to do it while your ugly face is pinned to the wall for added kicks. Don't bother thankin' me for the honor!

Handflinger
Orlando, Fla.

- Bet ya yanked at that poor damn thing so much it won't even stand up unless the clit's got a hangnail!

Rippling Nips

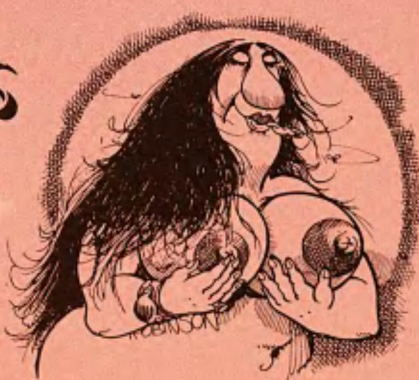
Did they use ice cubes on your nipples to make them stand erect?

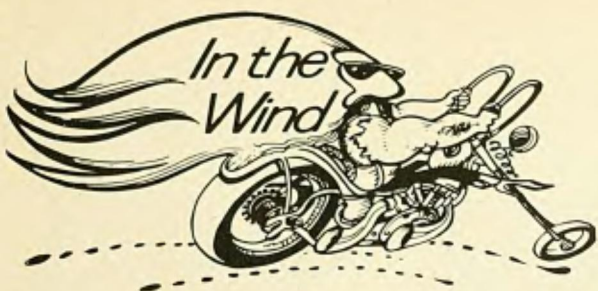
Covell
APO, N.Y.

- Spider had just finished an ice cold Ripple.

—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



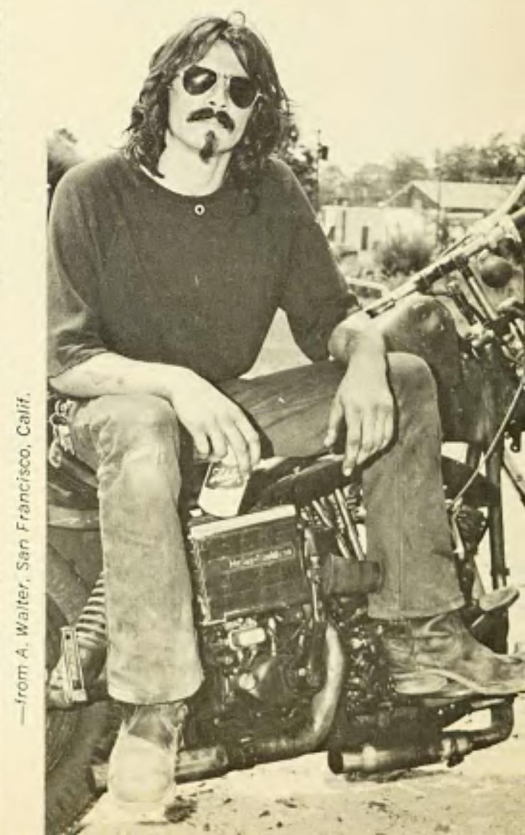


As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

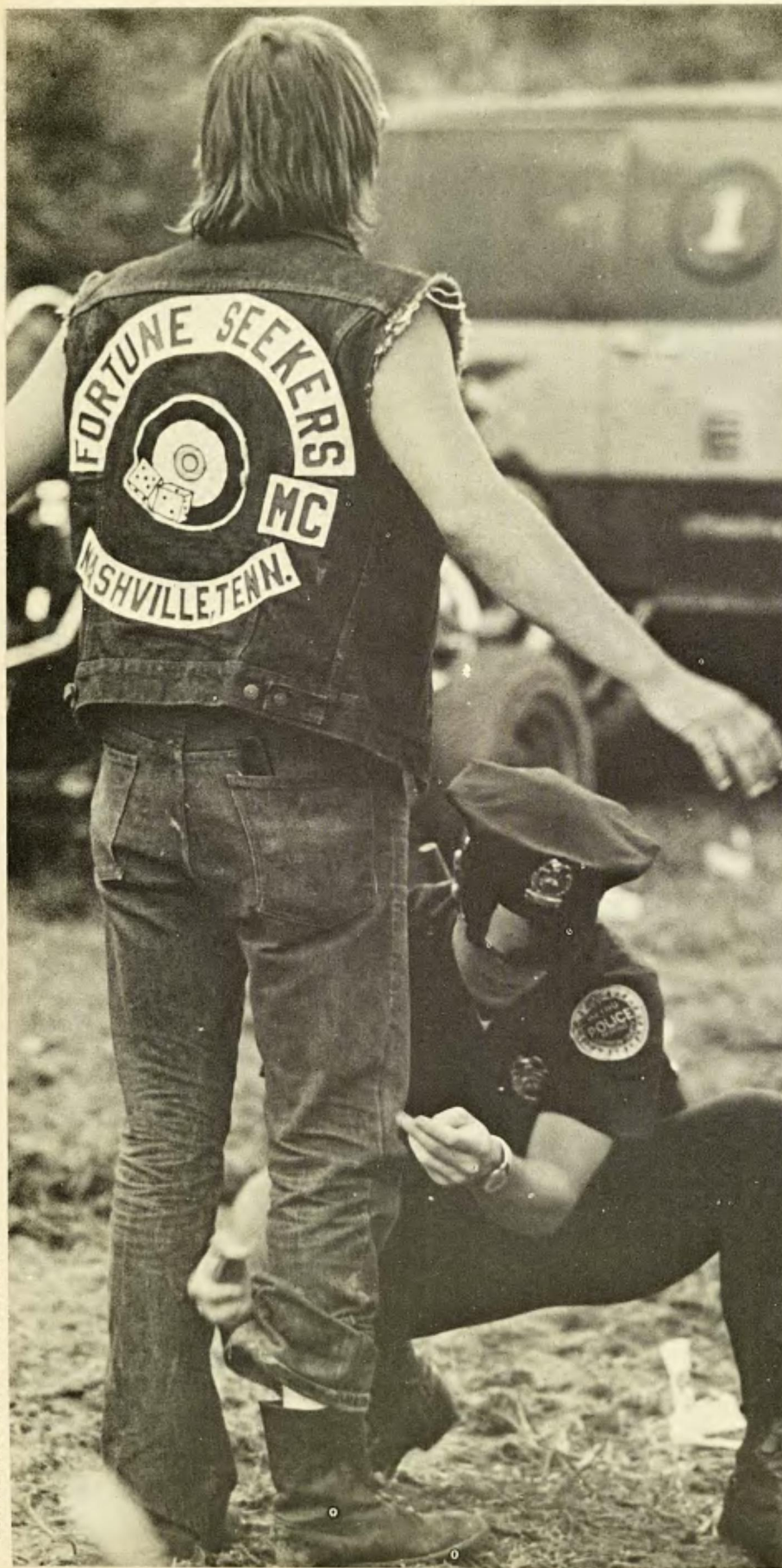
As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—

This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, eet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.





—from A. Walter, San Francisco, Calif.

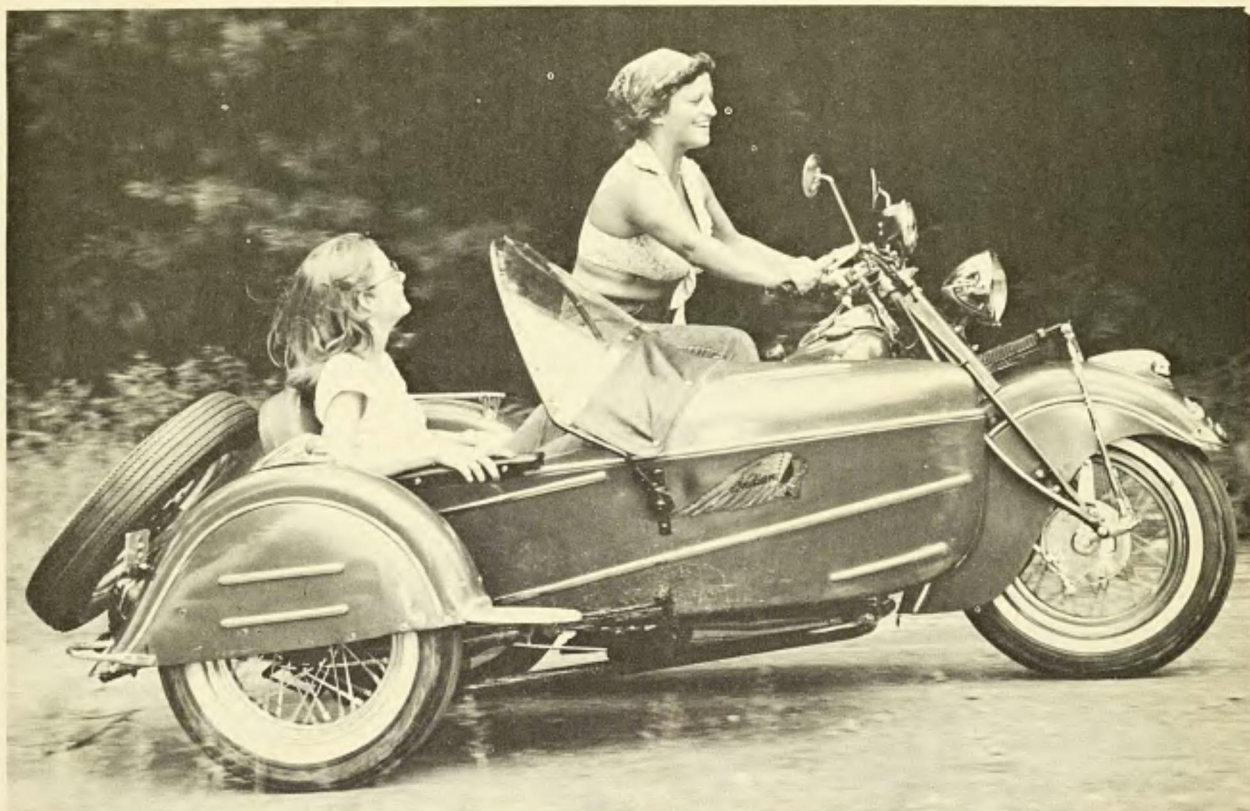


—from Gerry Lyons, Blackwood, New Jersey



—from Johnny Geven, N.Y., N.Y.





—from Debbie Head, Fremont, California



—from Robert Thomson, Tucson, Arizona



—from Stephen Cobar, Wrightwood, Calif.



—from Roque, Bridgeport, Conn.



—from Allen Roberts, Billings, Montana

—from Dan's Chop Shop, Charlotte, N.C.



—from Dave Fitzgerald, Po'keepsie, N.Y.



Confession of a Traitor



I was hefting my new Ducati 750 back onto its center stand in the Dunkin' Donuts parking lot when a gaggle of riding buddies reined up and thundered alongside me on their Sportsters. They clambered out of their saddles; then, arms akimbo, they began to encircle the Duke, performing an insolent visual autopsy.

"Dookotty? What'n the fuck is a Dookotty?" one of them heckled, lip-reading the chrome lettering on the tank.

"Er, it's an Italian bike," I responded in an apologetic tone. "Nice road bike. I just picked it up this morning."

"Man, you mean you got rid of your Sporty—for *that*?" demanded another. His puss was twisted like

he was assaying a 428-pound turd. "Man, no wonder they call you *Weird Willie*."

"Yeah, man," echoed another. "*Weird* is right. What'n the hell'd you do a thing like that for?"

"Uh, my ol' lady wanted something more comfortable for touring," I mumbled. "Something smoother and less vibratory."

"Less *vibratory*?" repeated another. "Look—my Sporty might ride like a Barber-Green and handle like a Hyster fork truck, but no ol' lady of mine is gonna make *me* trade it off. Dig? You ain't nothin' but a fuckin' *turncoat*!"

"Yeah, *turncoat*!" parroted the others, drifting back toward their bikes. With that, they spurned my

invitation to herd inside for coffee; then, leaping up and down on their starter cranks like a chorus of frenzied kangaroos, they lit up their Sporties and abandoned me *and* my Duke in a cloud of molten rubber.

What I told *them*, and what I'm going to tell *you* literate cats who dig this rag, are two different things. I got rid of my Sportster, although reluctantly, simply because it had become highest on the rip-off priority list hereabouts. On my very *first* ride, I began to feel like I was putting around with the Kohinoor diamond tucked vulnerably between my legs....

Not long ago, I embarked upon the giddiest head trip of my life. Sashaying three blocks to my local

dealer one spring day with a fistful of In-God-We-Trust and a sheaf of blank checks, I took delivery on my first bike: a 1972 XLCH (Xtra Large Conceited Head.) I was soon transported into the image of The Wild One, Easy Rider, The Lord God Almighty astraddle one mind-altering, woozying machine. I was a Clydesdale amongst Shetlands. I soared Where Egos Dare Fly. And I soon descended with a disappointing thump.

I had no complaints about my Sportster's torque, which rated second-best to Massey Ferguson alone. Nor did I condemn its relatively easy maintenance. Nor was vibration all that bad. The price was quite modest, too, considering the high I was getting for my money at \$2,368.10 for 528 pounds. (It would have cost me \$74,000 had I contracted for an equal weight of topgrade reefer to achieve a comparable buzz.) Like I said—my ultimate complaint was the soon-to-be-found-out fact that enterprising scooter rustlers can make a virgin Harley owner an incurable paranoid.

My first ride was with that same gang of cavaliers who initially convinced me that the CH was the first bike to own. We were straggling southward to Kankakee, Illinois. I suggested that we stop there at the Redwood Inn to eat. They serve a dynamite smorgasbord for \$3.25, and they permit you to put sideboards on your plate. For me it would have been a free feast, a birthday present on the house.

"Hey, Willie, we can't scarf up here," one of them cautioned me when we rallied at the Redwood's lot.

"W-why not?" I asked, drooling at the mouth.

"They ain't got no windows where we can keep an eye on these tractors!" they all caroled.

Fifteen minutes later, I dropped \$5.75 at a nearby Gag'n Puke, retching over a stingy serving of hogwash that would have gagged a shit-eating tumblebug, while my co-sufferers enacted the most paranoid rendition of musical chairs I had ever witnessed. Stuffing their jowls, they would alternately clamber to the window, eyeball their bikes, swallow, then dive like pelicans back into their grunts. It was like a theater in the round. For dessert they regaled me with horror stories, disclosing the various shenanigans that black-hearted scooter rustlers employ in their gig: of highway buccaneers

who shanghai the lone rider on deserted highways and rip his mount right from under him; of hit and run wizards who mow you down with hopped-up vans, then winch your putt inside while you flounder semi-conscious in a drainage ditch; of crack teams immune to vicious dogs and lead poisoning, who can quietly pink the stoutest chromium locks and case-hardened chains with a single bite of their extended bolt cutters or portable acetylene rigs; and of deft virtuosos who can gleep a Sportster right from under your pillow and your teddy bear, while you're dreaming of Gina Lovely-britches. Yeah. As I say, it was a most enlightening first ride.

The following Monday, I scurried down to my dealer. He seemed so anti-social and aloof since my checks had cleared. I reminded him who I was, then rekindled the flames of friendship when I fanned eighty skins out on the counter and told him I wanted the new-fangled Cycle-Gard installed on my Sporty. Unfortunately (for him), he didn't have the Cycle-Gard II, the transmitter/receiver device that snitches from your pocket. And I wasn't impressed by Cycle-Gard I, the device that sounds a single warning from your license plate bracket. A couple of rogues the size of Vasili Alexeev could easily tote your putt away while you sit behind the brick wall of a restaurant, distracted by the clatter of false teeth. Furthermore, since people refuse to "get involved" when they witness an old lady being raped by a pack of fiends at a busy intersection, who's going to fuck with a pair of behemoths spiriting away your bike as Cycle-Gard I bleats "Cheap, Cheap, Cheap?"

I galloped out to Harry Millenar's Harley-Davidson in nearby Hammond, Indiana. Harry sold me a cable/lock device and advised me to loop it through my downtubes and around something like a parking meter or a pole—up off the ground where four-foot bolt cutters couldn't get leverage. That following Friday, the same gang and I putted out to the Redwood Inn again. Everybody was pacified. Out on the back lot our bikes were parked in a semi-circle, my cable weaved through all the front rims. Throughout the entire meal, I was haunted by the specter of stepping outside to find a solitary wreath of six Sportster front rims and tires arrayed neatly on the asphalt. That night, when we dispersed to head home, a sinister-looking trio

on choppers sidled alongside me about a mile from my pad. They nodded, gave me a fisted salute, then panned their craven eyes up and down my Sporty as they tagged along like a real sociable bunch. I skirted my pad, ducked down an alley, then spent a bleary, sleepless night propped over my garage window sill with a loaded musket cradled in my arms.

Several nights later, I answered a knock at the front door. There stood this dude with an icky headband and a hairdo like Medusa's—snakes and all—and a Fu Manchu mustache that ran back down into his mouth and tickled his gizzard. He sported a nasty denim vest, on the front of which was sewn a big red, white, and blue numeral 1.

"Uh-er-uh, is Moe here?" he mumbled, the roach burns on his lips impeding his speech.

"Look, Mac," I intoned slowly, "there ain't no Moe living here. Just us Smiths and Wessons. You dig?" As I reached stealthily for the Model 39 lying on my stereo top, he shuffled on up the street and boarded a ragtail and unmarked van skulking curbside. Two days later, I laid out \$960 for a five-foot chain link fence, a yard light and an intricate alarm system for my Sportster's garage cubicle, including window foil, door and window switches, and a section of 'O' rail embedded in the concrete floor to thread my cable through.

Two weeks later, I was rolling up the countryside southbound on the frontage road off Interstate 57. Suddenly, the three steel balls supporting the clutch release ramp behind the left side cover flew helter-skelter. The Sportster balked and died out there in the boondocks. No tools! It was getting dark! I began to envision the Bogey Man leering at me from the lengthening shadows; maybe he wanted my Sporty!

"Mommy!" I bawled aloud.

No reply.

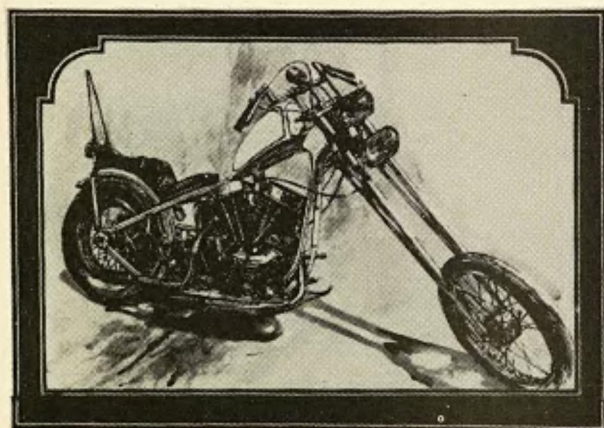
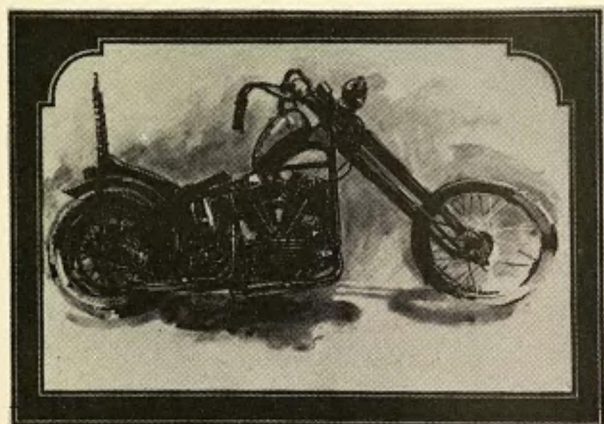
Pop-eyed bullfrogs lurking in a nearby swamp ogled my Sporty, croaking, "Rip-it, rip-it!"

I thought about my Model 39 lying useless on the stereo top, of the wife and kids, and next week's obituaries. Suddenly, through my tear-filled eyes, an approaching car rippled from out of the gloom. *It had a pair of Mars lights mounted on its roof, and the beautiful letters ILLINOIS STATE POLICE painted on its doors!* (And just yesterday they were pigs.)

I declined the trooper's offer to call

—Continued on page 62

RIGHTeous



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Three incredible drawings of the **Harley Davidson 74** by Nationally famous artist Robert Price. Great for Museums, Dens or your one room shack. Three bright spots in a weird universe.

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**DYNAMITE
CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

**SHIPPED IN
HEAVY MAILING
TUBES**



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.*

Two bikers pulled up to a cafe, went in, and took a couple of seats at a table. The waitress came over and asked them if they would like to order.

The first biker said, "I'll have a big fuckin' hamburger, a order of hot fuckin' fries, and a super-cold fuckin' coke."

The second biker saw that the waitress was embarrassed. He felt bad and said, "You'll have to pardon my buddy, he's not used to rappin' with a cunt."

—Rudie Landis
Pueblo, Colo.

One bro said to another, "I'm getting a new boobtube for my ol' lady."

"Man, are you ever lucky," said the other patchholder. "Where can I get a trade like that?"

—Nick Huff
Reidsville, Ga.

Two of the local clan were out at the local firing range poppin' off caps. After a while one of the dudes got wild with his piece.

"Hey, blood, watch what the hell you're doin'," complained another sharpshooter. "You damn near put a slug into my ol' lady."

"Shit, sorry 'bout that," said the wild one. "Take a shot at mine."

—Bob Canford
Shawnee, Okla.

Have you heard about the biker who went into the bar and asked the bartender if he heard the one about the—

But the bartender interrupted him. "Watch it, buddy, I'm Polish."

"All right," said the bike freak, "I'll tell it slowly."

—T.J.
Ashtabula, Ohio

Two dudes were sittin' at a bar when one turned to the other, "Have you seen those new ice cubes with holes in 'em?"

"Yeah," said the other, "I married one."

—Randy Shereda
Oqueoc, Mich.

After his bike broke down, the biker was forced to ride a bus to a shop. While he waited for the bus along with several citizens, he cut a loud fart. Turning quickly to a dignified-looking, middle-aged woman, he spoke just loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Look innocent, lady, and they'll think I did it."

—R.L. Powell
Menard, Ill.

A dude came home one night and caught his wife balling the next-door neighbor. He got his gun and forced the neighbor, stark naked, to go out to the garage, where he put the neighbor's cock in the vise. He welded the vise shut and then started sharpening a knife.

"My god," the neighbor said, "you're not going to cut my dick off, are you?"

"No," the dude answered. "You are. I'm gonna set the garage on fire."

—Dan
Buena Park, Calif.

A guy was sittin' at a bar braggin' that he could ball twenty chicks in an hour. Well, several guys wanted to see it, so they started betting large sums of money. The next evening at the "ball-in," the dude collapsed in sheer exhaustion after only twelve broads. Several bummed losers asked him what happened.

"I don't know. I did just fine at rehearsal this afternoon."

—Randy Shereda
Oqueoc, Mich.

Two dudes were trapped in a cave for three days.

The first one said, "We have got to eat somethin' or we will die of starvation."

The second made a suggestion: "Why don't one of us shit and the other can eat it, and vice-versa. We could at least survive." The first guy agreed, so the second trapped dude shit. The first cat could hardly hack it, but he managed to get it down. However, he got so sick he ended up puking it up. Then, to his surprise, his partner jumped in and scarfed it down.

With his belly full, the dude looked up at his astonished buddy and said, "Jesus, I thought I'd never get another warm meal."

—Roger Watson
Cisne, Ill.

A biker walked into the clip joint and parked his ass.

As the chick came on stage, he hollered at the top of his voice, "Get 'em off!"

At that the straight dude in front of him turned around and told him to shut up. To this, the bro apologized and said that it was his biker's enthusiasm.

Later the bird's dress and tights came off and the biker again hollered, "Get 'em off!"

At that the straight dude turned around and told him to shut up or he'd call the manager.

The biker apologized and said, "It's just my biker's enthusiasm." This went on all through the show. Every time the biker got told to belt up he replied, "I'm sorry, it's my biker's enthusiasm." When the chick got down to nothin', totally naked, the crowd went mad—all except the biker.

That confused the straight in front of him and he turned around to the scooter bum and said, "Where's your biker's enthusiasm?"

The bro replied, "All over your back, buddy."

—S. Dennis
Yorks, England

Two clubbers stopped at this funeral home to see a bro who had recently deceased.

As they were admiring the corpse one brother said to the other, "He looks real good, huh?"

His bro answered, "Well, he ought to, he just got out of the hospital!"

—Dog
Flint, Mich.

Little Johnny had two ways to walk from school, either through the park or by the prison. If he went by the pen, he would stand outside and listen to the cons talk trash to one another.

One day he came home and his mother asked, "How was school today?"

"Fuck you!"

"What did I tell you about walking by the prison on your way home? If you do it again I'm going to tell your father!"

The very next day when little Johnny came home his mother asked, "How was school today?"

"Ah, kiss my ass!"

"I warned you," his mother scolded, "about walking by the prison. Now I'm going to tell your father!"

"Snitch, bitch, and I'll shank ya!"

—The Soy

San Diego, Calif.

What do you get when you cross a prostitute with an elephant?

A four-hundred-pound whore who goes down for peanuts.

—Randy Shereda
Oqueoc, Mich.

A dude at the market asked the man, "Hey, what's those there?"

The butcher replied, "Them's dog brains."

"How much they cost?"

"Thirty-five cents."

"What's these here?" asked the dude.

"Them's cat brains."

"How much?"

"About fifty cents an ounce," the butcher said.

"And what's these?"

"Them's cop brains, sonny."

"How much?"

"They cost five bucks a pound."

"How come they cost so fuckin' much?" the curious dude asked.

"Brother, you just don't know how much shit we have to go through to run enough cops down to get a pound of brains."

—Orlando Wright
Represa, Calif.

A biker was jammin' along a desert road in Texas when he saw this really stacked chick hitchhiking. Naturally the biker stopped, but he said to the fox, "What's in it for me if I pick you up?"

"Dust," the chick replied. "I've been walking in this damn desert all day."

—Dallas Larned
Greenville, Mich.

Gross is: Throwing your underwear at the wall and having them stick.

Gross is: Kissing your grandmother and having her slip you her tongue.

—Quigg Fenn
Slater, Missouri

This dude got killed on the job. After a lot of discussion it was decided that Marvin should be the one to inform the dude's wife about his death. Before he left, everyone cautioned him to break it to her gently—to make the blow as soft as possible.

Marvin nodded agreement and went to the late dude's house. He knocked on the door and a lady appeared.

"May I help you?" she asked.

"Yes, m," answered Marvin. "Does Widow Jones live here?"

"Well, I'm Mrs. Jones, but I'm not a widow."

"The fuck you ain't!"

—Gregory Soucie
Bradley, Ill.

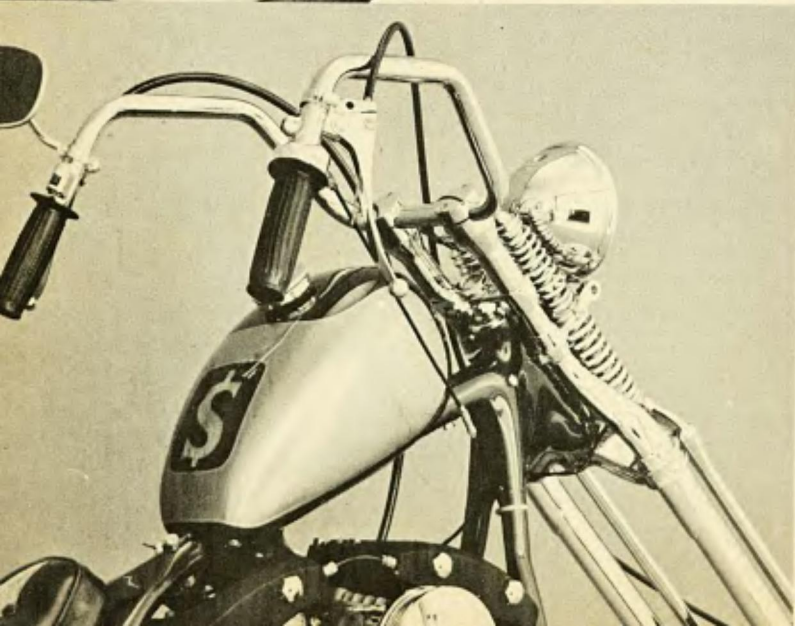
The Catholic asked his buddy why he never sees him at confession anymore.

"Well," his buddy replied, "I'd go to confession more often if the priest would quit saying 'No shit!'"

—Gregory Soucie
Bradley, Ill.



Two Rides From Florida



Not too many scooter people have the time, money, and/or the together scooter to putt up, down, and around all the highways and potholes in this country—including myself (jealous). But not too long ago these two bros showed up from way over in Florida someplace. And to focus a set of pinhead pupils on their bikes, you'd pick up the vibes that they've never been out of a pile of angel hair at the local cyclorama. These people put a lot of pride and work into their scooters. The bikes look exactly the way they want them, and they keep them just as nice as the day they first hit the pavement. But in this case, these riders have taken all that art and machinery and continued to use it for what it was

—Continued after two pages of photos



Photography by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Dave "Dog" Clemons **City:** Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1968 H-D

Model: 74

Value: \$4,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 1 1/2 years

Chroming by: London

Frame

Year: 1957

Builder: H-D

Type: rigid, straight-bar

Rake: none

Stretch: none

Other alterations: neck cut down

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks

Risers: H-D glide

Fender(s): front, Sportster, rear modified

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: H-D

Speedo: VDO

Front pegs: Limey

Rear pegs: Limey

Electrics: wiring by owner

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: Cycle Shack (3 qt.)

Oil system: stock

Primary cover: stock

Seat: naugahyde

Sissy bar:

Height: 30 inches above fenders

Material: 1/2 inch square

Engine

Year: 1968

Model: FLH

Rebuilder: none

Ignition: stock

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end: stock

Balancing: stock

Pistons: stock

Cases: stock

Heads: stock

Cam: stock

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): Bendix

Air cleaner: H-D

Pipes: drag

Muffler(s): shorty

Transmission

Modifications: none

Year: 1968

Shifting: foot

Engine sprocket: 22

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheel sprocket: 52

Forks

Type: Sportster

Extension: 10 inches over

Builder: H-D

Special features:

Wheels

Front

Size: 21

Hub: Sportster

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Tire: Avon

Brake: Sportster

Rear

Size: 16

Hub: stock

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Goodyear

Brake: stock

Painting

Molding: owner

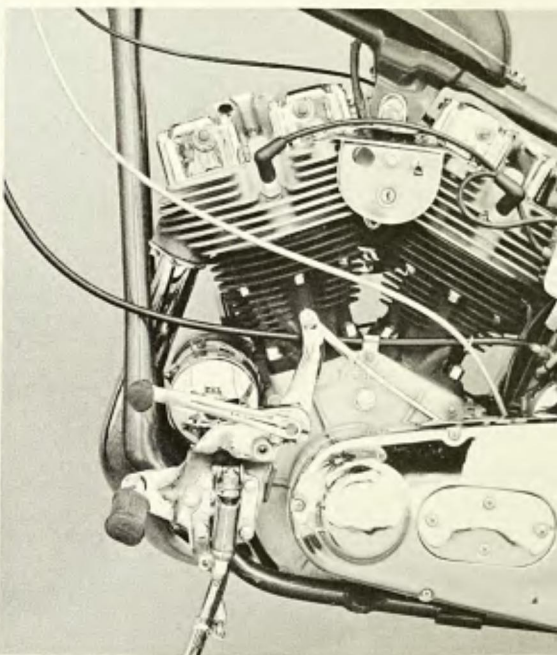
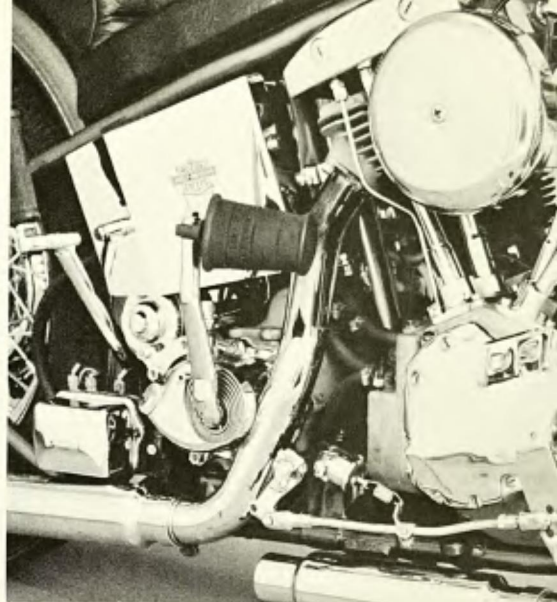
Painter: owner

Color: red/blue & purple murano

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: art work and gold leaf by Sam Duke

Other special modifications: rear fender narrowed and shortened, owner fabricated switch plate, battery cover, sissy bar, extended brake pedal.





Owner: George Hoyt		City: Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1954	
Year and make: 1962 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: \$3,000		Rake: 1/2 inch	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: London		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: 6 bend pullbacks	
Year: 1962		Risers: 4 inch	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 5 inch flat	
Rebuilder: Cycle Deli		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: chrome square	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: short	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: 6 volt	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: peanut	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: stock	
Cam: FLH		Oil system: braided steel	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Tillotson		Seat: 2-piece	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissy bar: Corbin Gentry	
Pipes: Drag Specialties		Height: 14 inches	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1 in - 5/16 in. flat	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: H-D springer	
Year: 1962		Extension: 12 inches over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 22		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 26		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: Dog		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dog		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: Green (no shit)		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: stock	Brake: stock
Special paint: Duke did the dollar sign			
Other special modifications:			

originally intended—travelin'.

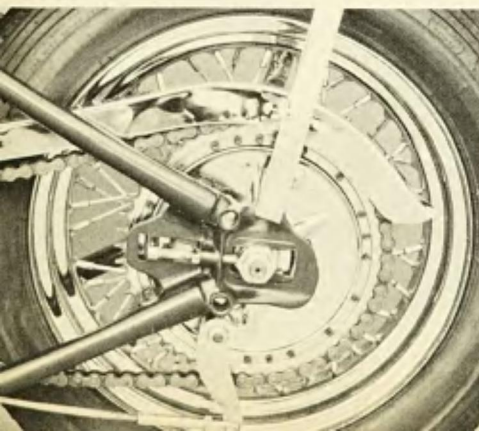
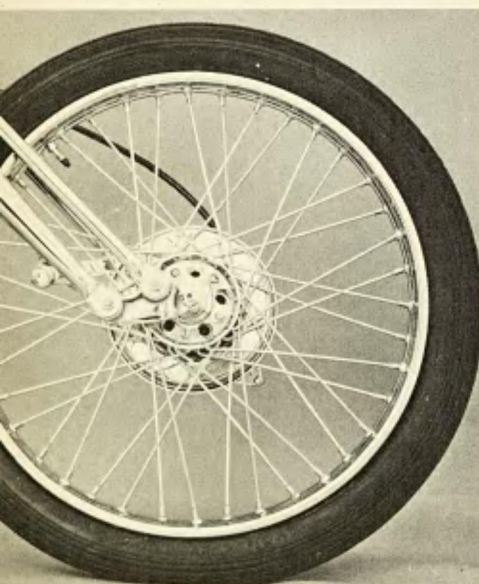
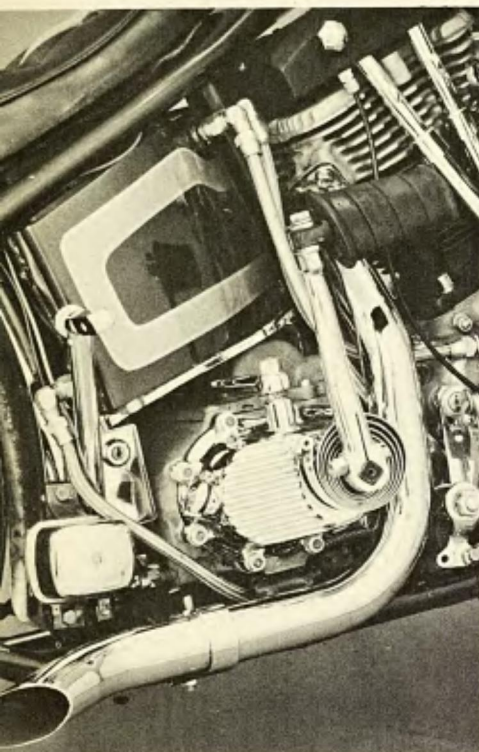
The red shovel over there has been on the road like that for a calendar and a half. And Dave, the owner, put it through 20 states in the last couple of sets of working days. 'Course 14 years bouncing from one H-D to another gave him a good notion of how to build a together scooter. Dave started out with a pan in the beginning. And now, along with his current shovel he keeps a sporty around as a spare. He is the paint, molding and bodywork man for his people.

George put his scooter back in one piece in three days. He couldn't leave without the bucks insignia on his tank. And the cat must have put together the green monster on the G.I. Bill. He's a student someplace in Florida, studying how to get through college.

I don't want to swell their heads, so I'll lighten up. But you've got to admit they are a couple of white-glove scooters for the miles.

—Tank





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 _____

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!

DIRTY CHRISTMAS CARDS



**Outrageous Cards to
be given only to your
closest friends!**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Christmas Cards

Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Price includes postage
and handling costs.

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.

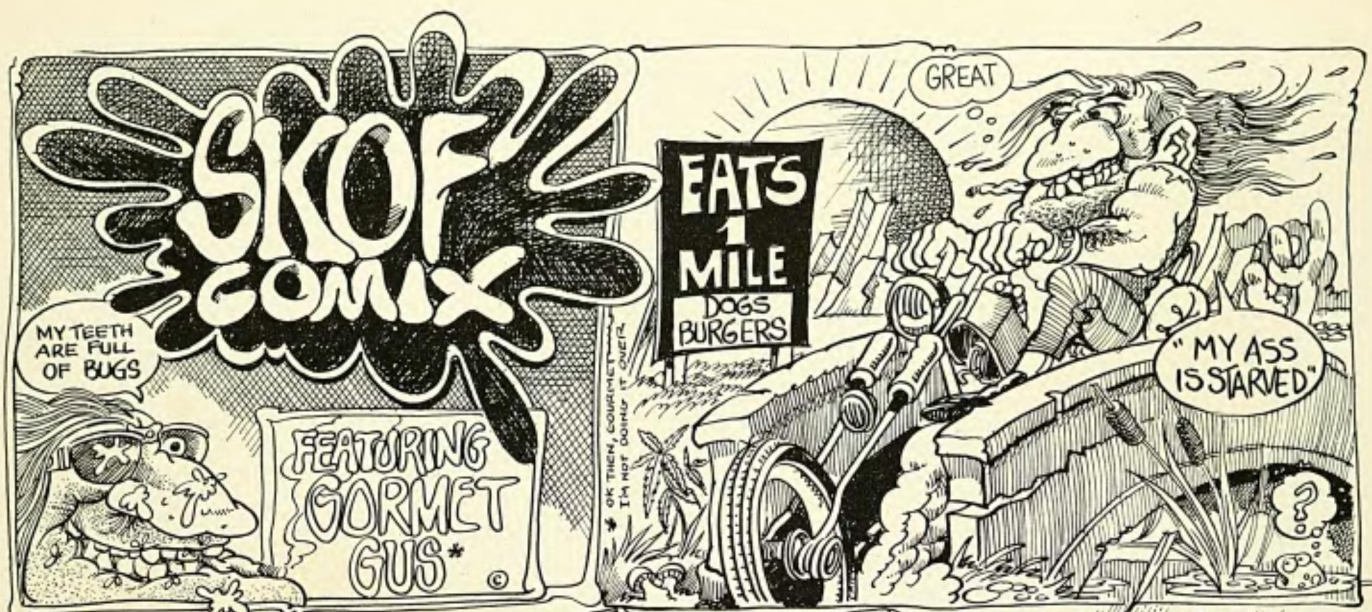
Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me _____ sets of Set A (six different cards
and envelopes per set).

Please send me _____ sets of Set B (six different cards
and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age
is _____. (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



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



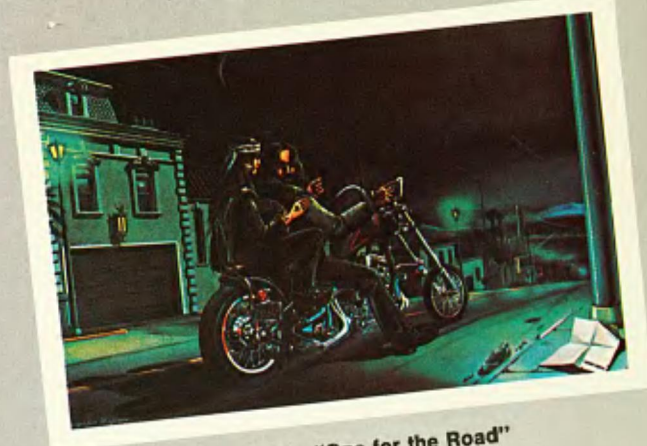
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



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 _____

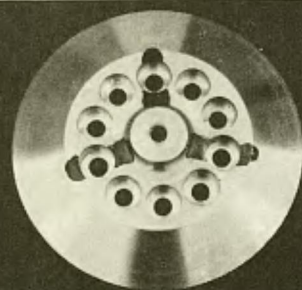
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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.



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.

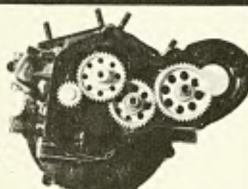
Complete with instructions, installs in 1/2 hour... \$19.95 (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost). For immediate delivery, send certified check or M.O., personal checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S Performance Products

Box 2794 • Culver City, California 90230
Dept. C

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These heat treated gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and push-rod, these are a must to insure that entire train is light and responsive.

2. When you receive your lightened gears, they will be rehardened and new bushings installed. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed by H.E.S. to fit standard size shafts, unless otherwise requested.

3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.

4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright send for price list. The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling. 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Dealers inquiries invited.

Christmas Special: Free H.E.S. T-shirt with any order for a pressure plate or timing gears. Indicate size, small, medium, large or extra-large. 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

Confession of a Traitor

—Continued from page 51

a tow truck for me. It being a Saturday night, there would be no dealership open until Monday, and I wasn't about to bivouac on their doorstep with my crippled Sportster until then. My own dealer's home number was unlisted, and I began to understand *why*. So, I begged the trooper to call long distance to my kid brother-in-law, David, from the nearest phone and to inform him of my predicament and location. Pocketing my dollar and David's number, the trooper faded southward. I was staying with my Sporty.

Three spooky hours passed with no contact from anyone. I began to picture the Vermillion County Sheriff's Police dragging the Vermillion River for my corpse, while my Sportster was being dismantled by some murderous country bumpkins. Then, from behind me, a van approached. I stooped and clutched hold of a big rock. They can gleep it, I vowed silently, but *not* without their lumps. As I reared back like Catfish Hunter, the beautiful, zit-faced images of David and my 17-year-old son beamed down at me from the cab.

It cost me \$40.00 for van rental.

That following Monday, my dealer claimed a saboteur in Milwaukee had crimped the clutch release ramp improperly in the case boss. Very minor, *he* said. His mechanic would crimp it properly, *he* said. That very next Saturday evening, it happened again, out in the boonies!...

Do I miss my Sporty, with its masculine appeal, its diesel-like torque, its elegant appearance?

Does a cow have an ass?

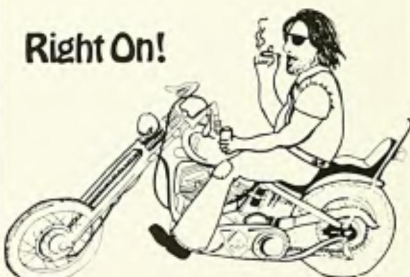
Is a snake in the grass a *low* mother-fucker?

Shit yeah!

Ah well, I've got me one *hell* of a scooter, now. Sure, maybe there's only three dealers across the whole fucking United States, and maybe it won't burn the quarter in the low 12s or soar over anybody's canyon, but—shit—I don't have to lock the ugly motherfucker up in a vault every night or pack a sidearm while on it, either. And I ain't *seen* another "Dookotty" around here. In fact, nobody will even come near mine anymore, except out of sheer curiosity or insolence. And that's what I call *real* security.

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!



BOOKS

Complete Cannabis Cultivator — Explains in detail how to plant, grow, harvest and cure, with sections on plant diseases, soil problems, etc. B1 \$1.00

Super Grass Growers Guide — The modern method of growing supergrass with information on hydroponics, lighting, special nutrients, how to produce more females, and other information. B2 \$1.00

Marijuana Consumers and Dealers Guide — Tells how to extract hash from marijuana, LSD from morning glory, mescaline from peyote and other discoveries, clearly explained. B3 \$1.00

D.M.T. Guide — Drug manufacturing for fun and profit. Tells how to make the powerful smokeable psychedelic D.M.T. and much more. B4 \$1.00

The Pot Book — The story of pot, history, cultivation, and preparation, many useful facts. B5 \$1.00

Herbal Highs — A guide to natural and legal narcotics, psychedelics and stimulants, includes illustrations. Over 60 plants discussed. B6 \$1.00

Supermother's Cooking With Grass — 15 recipes designed for the sensual culinary connoisseur. These recipes are guaranteed to produce inspired dinner conversation. B7 \$1.00

Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana — This extensive 45-page guide contains complete information about growing marijuana, step by step, from the first stages of selecting seeds, soil information, germination, selection of best indoor and outdoor sites, transplanting, care of the plant through to harvesting and curing. B8 \$1.00

Herbal Aphrodisiacs — A fascinating guide on natural and mostly legal substances which excite erotic desire, also includes a section on nutrition for sexual potency. B9 \$1.00

Home Grown Highs — A wonderful new guide on growing organic highs at home including information on psychedelic mushrooms, peyote and other cacti, morning glories, woodruff and more. B11 \$1.00

Polytechnic Mushroom Field Guide — This field guide contains drawings and color photographs, plus everything you need to know about hunting the magic mushroom, includes thorough identification procedures, etc. B12 \$1.25

The Peyote Story — This book explains the peyote experience and all aspects of this drug including information on the age-old Indian rituals surrounding peyote. Perfect bound, 90 pages. B13 \$2.00

CLIPS

Uniquely roach clip earrings fashioned in brass with gold earwires and a brightly colored bead slide. Approx. 2" H1 \$1.00 pair

A silver mini-unicorn on a silver chain necklace, spoon is attached to the chain by a natural earth-colored bead. Pretty & handy. H2 \$1.50

A mini-roach clip in brass, attached to a gold-colored chain to be worn as an attractive necklace. H3 \$1.50

A maxi-clip necklace, same style as the mini-clip necklace only with a full-size roach clip on the gold-colored chain. H4 \$2.50

The spoon and stash, a silver spoon attached by a small silver chain to a pocket-size sturdy little screw-cap stash jar that will hold up to one gram of your favorite stuff. H5 \$2.50

The Kaleidoscope is a well-made roach clip in brass with a detachable brass slide. When removed the square slide doubles as a kaleidoscope. Approx. 2" H6 \$1.50

The Cosmic Clip, also a brass clip with a round slide that doubles as a kaleidoscope. This clip is beautifully made. Approx. 2" H7 \$1.50

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

FLASH MAIL ORDER DEPT. E5
P.O. Box 240, San Rafael, California 94902

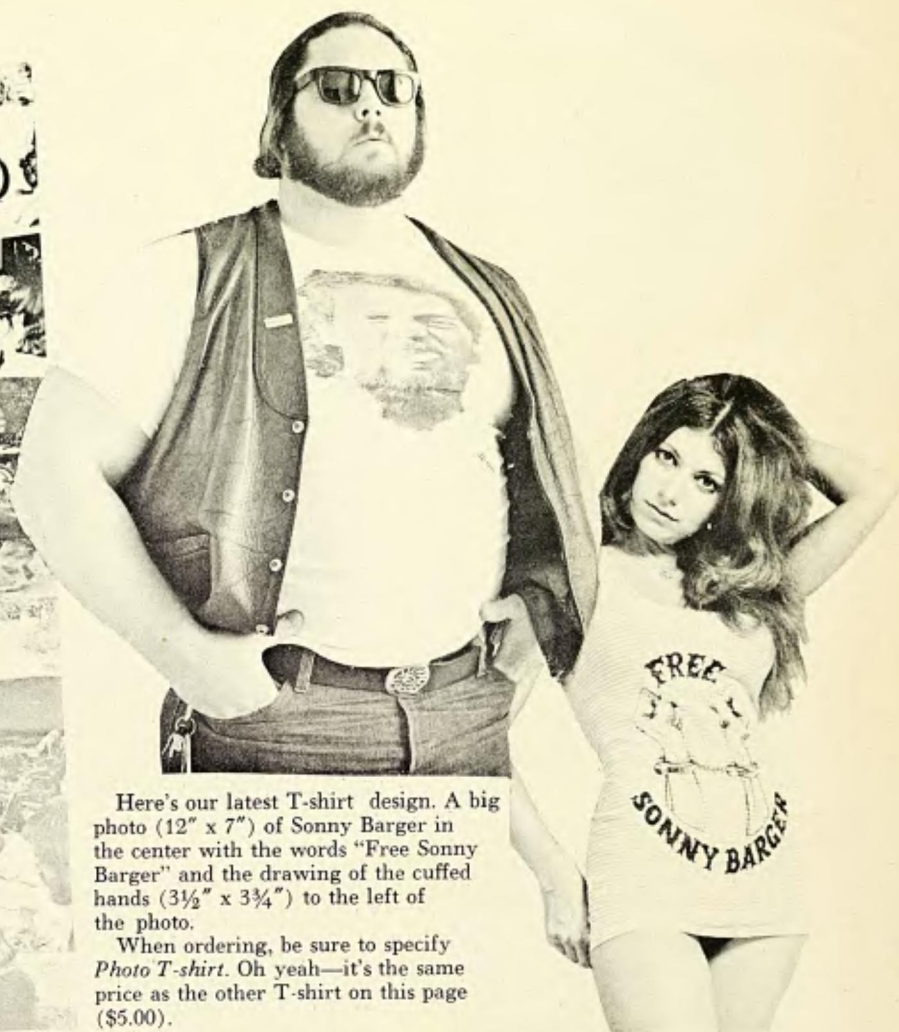
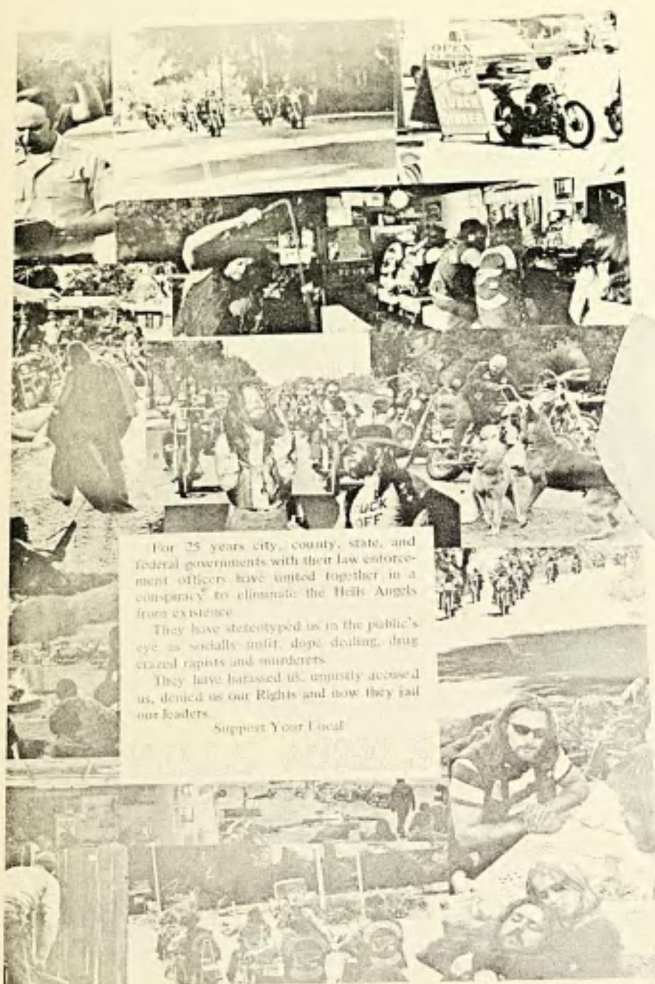
Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

Am. enclosed \$ _____ *50¢ incl.

Also available: dynamic coloring, send 25¢ for free with order. Please allow 21 days for hand. CA res. please include 5% sales tax. Stay high.



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 3¼") 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.

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★ **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
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Please send me the following items:

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



18. Born To Ride (8 3/8" 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 3/8")



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 3/8")



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



4. El Forestaro 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 3/8")



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 3/8")



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

Xmas Special!
Any 5 posters only
\$2.00 each!



12. Bike Zodiac (8 3/8" 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.

A perfect gift! Mailed in sturdy 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

Send me special offer of 5 posters for \$2.00 each (add 50¢ postage to total order). Must order 5 posters to get this low price. Single posters cost \$3.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

Please send me posters numbered _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Legislation news from state to state

Connecticut: With the mounting sentiment against the mandatory helmet law, the legislature was forced to act. The law (helmet) cannot be repealed due to the blackmail threat of the DOT. Compelled to do something, the legislature announced that the state police would be instructed to stop enforcing the hassle helmet law.

We can congratulate the Connecticut Motorcycle Association. They have kept up a constant vigil against the law and it has paid off. In fact the massive protests laid out by the CMA have caused the local Man a number of congested headaches, while they have tried futilely to harass and stop the packs from reaching the protest sites. But the Connecticut bikers wouldn't knuckle under. So the heat backed off and even designated a toll booth lane specifically for scooter people. The special lane allows large packs of bikes to pass through the many New England toll gates without hindering the flow of traffic or breaking up the pack.

New Jersey: It seems the heavy hand that has held back bikers from riding on the New Jersey Turnpike for 14 years has now had a couple of fingers twisted. A trial riding period has been authorized, which was awful nice of them after all this time.

After dozens of bills to repeal the ban, bikers have just now received a break in the form of a try-out period. But scooter people will have to maintain on the citizens' yellow brick road. A \$20,000 grant has been requested by the state's DOT from the Federal Highway Administration to study the scooters puttin' on their (our taxes) precious highway. We all know the conclusion these people will be lookin' for.

Chicago: Not long ago TV-WGN, Chicago, put on a pro-helmet editorial several times. I called up and made a rebuttal on TV. The Federal Communications Commission has what is called the Fairness Doctrine. This means that a TV or radio station that uses the airways to put out their own propaganda must allow approximately

the same time period for qualified organizations or individuals to answer. So we're taking advantage of this. A few days ago another TV station put out a series of pro-helmet editorials and I am arranging to put on rebuttals.

This might be of interest in case other brothers around the country have to listen to this shit and don't know what to do about it. Just call up the TV station. Get a copy of the talk, and tell them you want to answer. Then go in and tape it, and it's on. I'm having some trouble with the TV stations because they try to put the answer on after midnight while they put out their views at 8 o'clock in the evening. But that isn't in accordance with the Fairness Doctrine. The TV station will pay sharp attention to you if you talk about filing a complaint with the FCC. —Ed Armstrong, Coordinator, ABATE of Chicago.

Illinois: Now brothers, you should know that the helmet bill is still around, and in the fall session of the legislature it will come up again. Let's get started. Write to your Representatives and Senators now. Let them know that you are against mandatory helmet laws as well as lights-on laws, and if they want statistics to prove your side, the statistics are available. Let them know you are a voter. That weighs a lot when they read a letter. If you don't know who your legislator is call us at 312-398-2856. We'll let you know.

—ABATE of Illinois News Letter.

Idaho: The Brother Speed of Boise has contributed a bunch to the fight to hold onto the freedom of the road. Right now they are working to keep an eye on the legislature through the winter. The Highwaymen of Lewiston are working with the Lewiston paper on an anti-helmet article. If anybody else can use info on accident statistics, we've got it. We can furnish copies, but would appreciate a buck or so with the request as duplicating and postage can drain the cash box—Grease, Coordinator, ABATE of Idaho, 208 S. Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Michigan: A judge in the 13th District Court, Jackson, Michigan, handed down a two-page written report concerning the state's helmet ordinance. District Judge Robert C. Cray found the law to be

null and void after hearing Tom Gibson's testimony at his no-helmet trial.

"Obviously, the legislature is avoiding difficulty with federal funding of the highways by keeping the statute on the books," Judge Cray stated in his written opinion.

Texas: Texans are supposed to do their thing in a big way. But anti-helmet law action in that vast state hasn't been any big thing. However, recently one tramp decided to head into this controversy all the way. Paul Hendly is suing the state of Texas on the constitutionality of the helmet law. He plans to wrap up a bushel of his cash in this fight. If it means he will have to part with his scooter, he says he'll do it.

Texas brothers, here's a Texan to support. Write Ted Hendley at 125 W. Dobbs, Tyler, Texas 75701.

Oregon: ABATE of Oregon is under way. They have appointed a board of directors and have planned and organized their first protest putt. Oregon bros should contact their ABATE chapter. You will find not only good people and excellent parties, but you'll find some dedicated bikers working hard to retain your right to the road.

Luke Metcalfe, Chairman, ABATE of Oregon, and his brothers of the Brother Speed MC have begun a motorcycle education course for the inmates of the Oregon State Pen. The project is labeled Kick Start. It is designed to give training and education in small motorcycle repair. At the conclusion of the course a student will have obtained enough knowledge and lab experience to apply as a motorcycle mechanic upon release. Primarily, the program will be offered to the Screaming Eagles MC inside the Oregon penitentiary and hopefully expand to the general population.

Luke is in need of support and assistance with his project. They will need tools, manuals, suggestions, funds, and time from concerned scooter people. Contact Luke or ABATE at 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201, or phone (503) 223-0428.

Rhode Island: Through the efforts of the Rhode Island Motorcycle Association and ABATE of RI, the Rhode Island Registry of Motor Vehicles is presently reviewing and

updating their motorcycle inspection regulations.

This process was brought about thanks to the ABATE engineering reports by Bill Otto (published in earlier *Easyriders*), a great deal of help from Mike Corbin of Corbin-Gentry Inc., of Connecticut, and use of the guidelines established by the Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission, a non-profit committee made up of registry officials and former registrars from various states who only suggest ideas for the states to follow.

On August 5th a meeting of registry officials, local police, members of the RI Dealers Association, the RIMA and ABATE, local custom shop owners, and Mike Corbin took place at the State House in Providence. The committee had a total of 10 members.

Al Massarone, registry inspection chief, chaired the committee and also selected 5 of the members, while the RIMA selected the other 5 representing street and custom bike interests largely.

The area of greatest concern was front-end geometry. The specifications we settled upon tentatively were for rakes between 25° and 45° combined with trail between +2" and +14". Convincing the dealers took a while but they finally were able to understand our material.

One more meeting was scheduled for September 16 to finalize the language; then a public hearing must be held to make the recommendations regulations.

Many other areas of inspection were covered also and changes were made which RIMA and ABATE both consider quite fair.

Any persons or groups interested in the RI inspection regulations can write to: RIMA, 69 Service Rd., West Warwick, R.I. 02893 or ABATE of R.I., 90 Rosemary Drive, North Kingstown, R.I. 02852.—Walt Boober, Coordinator, ABATE of Rhode Island.

Georgia: There is one bro in that Down South state that is beginnin' to raise a stink about the bum laws. George "Loner" Purdy is printing petitions. Then when his scooter is finished he plans to putt around Georgia collecting John Hancocks to send to The Man at the Capitol.

Maine: The Blue Knights, Inc., Motorcycle Club, comprised of law enforcement personnel, with chapters in 13 states (at this writing) has officially gone on record as opposing mandatory helmet requirements.

The group also would like to have the 15" handlebar requirement removed, the light-on bills killed and are also opposed to "state-regulated" eye protection.

In summary, the Blue Knights Motorcycle Club unanimously agrees that common sense cannot be legislated.—Motorcyclists' Post.

Nebraska: Gene Hart and the Ne-

braska Motorcyclists for Personal Rights, successfully got an injunction against the newly passed helmet law.

Gene said he is 32 and the only time he had a need for a helmet was while in the bedroom. But he doesn't mess with married chicks in their homes anymore. So he has no use for a helmet law. If you reside in Nebraska and find that new helmet gig a bummer, contact Gene at Hart's Cycle, 1009½ "S" St., Bridgeport, Neb. 69336.

California: If the motorcycle education bill by Assemblyman Paul Carpenter passes, it will require the Department of Education to develop a curriculum for motorcycle rider training. The courses will then be made available and required in high schools and adult schools.

Write your Assemblyman and ask him to support AB1809. Address your letter to your Assemblyman with the following address: Assembly, California Legislature, State Capitol, Sacramento, California 95814.

Kansas: Ted Oakes, Coordinator, ABATE of Kansas, was back in court again in September. During his pre-trial scuffle with the DA and judge, he asked if one of them would wear a helmet as a demonstration. Ted was trying to make a point about the hearing ability lost while sporting a bucket. Neither of the officials would don a helmet in the interest of understanding and justice. But Ted won't back down, and soon he will face another jury trial.

This is your brother of the street. Support him! Write ABATE of Kansas, 2530 S. 37th St., Kansas City, Kans. 66720.

Nevada: Bikers in Nevada now have a voice. A bro by the title of Arrow has seen the need for biker representation. Consequently he has taken on the job of establishing an ABATE chapter in the gamblin' state.

He will need help from active-minded bros and the support of all the state's motorcyclists that are tired of misguided legislation. Contact "Arrow," M. L. Siegel, 1201 Pyramid Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada 89108, and get your people and your state together.

South Dakota: We have just been told that our Senator from South Dakota, James Abourezk, has introduced legislation in the United States Senate for a total repeal of the mandatory helmet law. The bill number is Senate Bill 2252. This, people, is what we have been waiting for. Senator Abourezk's field office in Rapid City has asked STOP's help in getting the names of all the people in South Dakota and the surrounding states who are interested in getting this bill passed. It is time to get out the pen and paper and start spreading the word to anyone you know in the U.S. and tell them to write their senators.—STOP News Letter,

Rt. 2, Box 654-M, Rapid City, S.D. 57701.

S.2252, introduced by South Dakota Senator James Abourezk, is identical to H.R. 3869, H.R. 6211, and H.R. 6918. It was referred to the Committee on Public Works and assigned to Transportation Sub-Committee.

Public Works Committee

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*Quentin N. Burdick, N. Dakota

*James L. Buckley, New York

*Pete V. Domenici, New Mexico

Gary W. Hart, Colorado

Address for all Senators:

Senator John J. Doe

Senate Office Bldg.

Washington, D.C. 20510

Wisconsin: Two proposed laws, now in the Wisconsin legislature, will require all bikers to purchase and wear, at all times, a day-glo red vest!

And, all motorcycles will be restricted to **day time operation only!**

So, the next time your buddy says you are paranoid about the helmet law—tell him to stick this in his bowl and take it! Yeah! It's for real! And some states require crash bars and some have no-modification laws and some bimbo proposed a seatbelt law for motorcycles in California a while back. Luckily he changed his mind after someone showed him how to ride a bike.—ABATE of Wisconsin, 374 W. Main Street, Waukesha, Wis. 53186.

Washington: Brother Jack Zektzer, Chairman of the Committee on Traffic Law Modernization, 6308½ 18th N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98115, is taking the helmet law to the U.S. Supreme Court. Jack informs me the paperwork was just sent to the court. This case could abolish helmet laws forever! So let's wish him luck and give him all the support we can. Write to the U.S. Supreme Court, 11th Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, Attention: Clerk of the Court.

K.J.ryland: The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety is preparing an article for their magazine, Status Report, on the organized battle against the helmet law. Gary "Zeke" Zager, ABATE of Maryland coordinator, spent most of one day discussing helmets and the helmet law with Ralph Hoar, editor of Status Report. Hopefully we will get unbiased coverage of the facts

and figures. Status Report is widely distributed among legislators and bureaucrats and the truth in this magazine will be of great value to bikers.—ABATE of Maryland, c/o Gary Zager, 12307 Windbrook Drive, Clinton, Md. 20735.

England: A group of concerned bros have started a bike organization in England. The name of the association is the Motorcycle Action Group, and they are committed solely to the preservation of motorcycling freedom. MAG intends to eliminate all oppressive and discriminatory legislation aimed at motorcycling. For more info contact MAG, 27 Nelson Road, London, N8, 9RX.

Write—for Nationwide Helmet Repeal

On the very positive end of the scale, another national helmet repeal has been introduced. H.R. 6918 would drop the brain basket law for every bro over 18. The bill is sponsored by 11 reps and has been referred to the Committee on Public Works and Transportation. This bill needs your letters and support. Illinois bros oil up a pen and write Rep. John Anderson (a sponsor of the bill), 1101 Longworth Building, Wash., D.C. 20515.

Helmets: Help or Hindrance?

(The article below, furnished by the R.I. Hospital, Department of Orthopedic Surgery and Fractures, was part of a report presented by Drs. A. A. Savastano and Daniel N. Kulund.)

A helmet not fastened properly can lead to more problems than it prevents. One of our victims was traveling 40 mph, made a turn and skidded into a sign. He flew into the air and landed hands first, fracturing both wrists in almost identically bad fashion such that pins had to be used to fix them. He had snapped his helmet on improperly and the cinch strap was loose. The helmet went off his head and tugged at his neck cutting off his breathing. Fortunately a passerby loosened it.

One of our neurosurgeons has commented that he has never before seen such severe head trauma without evidence of external injury as in recent motorcycle accidents. At times a fractured skull is of benefit in a head injury since it permits the brain to swell. If the brain is severely concussed and swells and the skull does not allow for the swelling, tremendous pressure can develop and the victim can die.

A recent case demonstrated this problem. The boy had no external signs of head injury other than fixed, dilated pupils, no reflexes and an electroencephalogram test

that showed a flat line. There were no marks on his head to show that he had been injured, yet he had received the severest of brain injuries.

Though the helmet protects against abrasions and other open wounds and absorbs shocks at low speeds, at higher speeds it may actually contribute to the severity of the injury. The headgear in fact can limit visibility and, worse, give the operator a false sense of security on his motorcycle.—Motorcyclists' Post.

Utah studies the effectiveness of helmets

During the months of April thru September the Utah Highway Safety Program Office conducted an investigation into motorcycle crashes. The purpose of this study was to:

1. Ascertain the effectiveness of helmets in reducing injuries
2. Pinpoint areas where actions could be taken by state and local agencies to reduce motorcycle crashes and injuries

As a result of the study Utah has requested a two-year waiver from complying with Standard 303 of the National Highway Safety Standards promulgated by the Secretary of Transportation. The part of this law Utah is not in compliance with is the section requiring headgear to be worn at all times while riding a motorcycle.

The study found that impact speed is highly correlated with head injury severity, but that comparisons between head injury severity and helmet usage at various levels of impact gave no evidence that helmets reduced head injury severity. It was based upon this finding that Utah requested the two-year waiver.

Other conclusions of the study are as follows:

1. Motorcycle use increasing faster than other vehicle use (294% in last 7 years)
2. 6% of fatal crashes involve motorcyclists
3. 4% of injuries involve motorcyclists
4. 9% of drivers licenses issued are motorcycle licenses
5. 6% of registrations are motorcycles
6. Helmets do not significantly affect head injury severity
7. Impact speed is highly correlated to head injury severity in motorcycle crashes. At speeds of 35 or less, 4% received severe head injuries; at more than 35, 16% received severe head injuries
8. Helmets were not found to be effective at the various levels of impact speed
9. While 5 of 6 motorcyclists favor some type of headgear legislation, only 1 in 3 favor mandatory usage at all times
10. The maximum attainable level of helmet use is 90%. The present use rate in speeds

above 35 is 85 to 90%; at 35 and less, it is 60 to 70%

11. 70% of motorcycle crashes involving 2 vehicles are side angle crashes; for all crashes, 68% are right angle crashes
12. Young and inexperienced drivers are over involved in motorcycle crashes. 63% of sampled motorcycle crashes involve drivers under 24 years old; 57% involve drivers with less than 2 years motorcycle experience. 43% of licensed motorcyclists are less than 24 years old. It was also found from interviewing that exposure is greatest for drivers older than 24
13. 14% of those involved in motorcycle crashes do not have motorcycle licenses
14. 33% of the motorcycles involved in crashes are not inspected
15. Motorcycle crash injuries involving severe head injuries are also likely to involve severe injuries to other parts of the body (trunk, legs, arms, etc.). 56% of motorcycle crashes involve trunk injury; 34% involve head injuries
16. If all head injuries were eliminated in motorcycle crashes, this would reduce injuries due to all crashes by at most 1%
17. 90% of motorcycle crashes involve injury; 36% of all other crashes involve injury

—From the Department of Public Safety, Utah Highway Safety Division.

Cross-country protest

The next time the alarm starts screamin' in your ear, and your woman reminds you that it's time to get your ass out of bed to get to a helmet protest—don't snivel. And don't bitch 'cause you have to ride twenty miles to the protest site. On Labor Day this summer 400 riders staged another protest on the Capitol steps in D.C. Except this time they didn't get up that morning to putt to the big dome.

Some of these bros started out over a fortnight before. They came as far away as California.

Teach, Road Captain for the Barons MC and Utah Coordinator for ABATE, started planning the protest even before the summer. So when it came about, scooter people rumbled in from California, Arizona, Indiana, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Maryland, Ohio, Virginia, D.C., and God knows where else!

Heavy rains through the weekend kept many more lightweights at home. But the people who showed dug it, and rode a 10-mile gauntlet around the Capitol. Teach was interviewed by TV and newspaper reporters. The protest was another good trip for all bikers and a far-out run for our brothers who attended.—ABATE of Utah, c/o W. C. Wheelz, 462 S. 2nd W., Salt Lake City, Utah 84100. ■

Safety—Or Submission?

ABATE Rep Attends Dot Hearings

The all-wise, and therefore all-powerful, Department of Transportation held sanction hearings for the states of Utah and California on Sept. 4th and 11th respectively. Illinois' "day in court" was postponed from the 9th to the 30th of September. These states are threatened with the loss of considerable sums of money (Federal Highway Safety Funds) for noncompliance with the DOT's demand for a mandatory helmet law. Utah's helmet law requires the wearing of "protective headgear" only on roads where the posted speed limit is over 35 mph. In California, there is no helmet law of any kind; consequently, California is threatened with the loss of 47 million dollars.

The hearings were well attended by political luminaries from the states concerned and various rider's organizations such as ABATE, MMA, MORE, and the AMA. At the outset of the hearings, Mr. Herbert Kaiser, Jr., chairman of the three-judge panel, stated that the proceedings would be informal. They would just receive evidence and opinions from the states; there would be no cross-examinations or rebuttals. A determination would be made by the full DOT Sanction Board much later in the year.

The arguments put forth against the sanctioning of these states is that they have adopted alternate highway safety programs, some aspects of which are more stringent than the DOT's program; *except* for the mandatory helmet law. These states, without a helmet law, have a better motorcycle safety record than most other states that do have helmet laws. Any reduction of Federal Highway Safety Funds at this time could only impair and reduce the effectiveness of safety programs already functioning in these progressive states.

Let us compare a few state motorcycle death rates (per 10,000 bikes) just to get a proper perspective of their safety program's effectiveness—other than just selling helmets.

The national average is '8.16

per 10,000 motorcycles. California, with its dense motorcycle population, a very comprehensive training program for new riders, and no helmet law, has a ratio of 7.78—better than the national average. Utah with its modified helmet law has a ratio of 5.03. New York, where the riders have had everything but the kitchen sink thrown at them, has a death rate of 13.73. South Carolina with its warm climate and full helmet law has the worst death rate in the country—14.30. Georgia, which has the oldest helmet law in the country (3/31/66), has a death rate of 11.48. I leave the

receiving millions of dollars in Federal Highway Funds are spending less than one-third (1/3) of one percent on motorcycle safety.

The DOT is threatening California with the loss of highway safety funds in the name of safety. This must be the consummate irony. With inflation and the even higher cost of graft, the 47 million dollars in question amounts to little more than 47 miles of freeway.

The Utah study reveals that if all head injuries were eliminated in motorcycle crashes, this would reduce injuries due to all crashes by at most 1%.



reader to draw his own conclusions.

Rob Rasor, legislative analyst for the AMA, brought out several good points in his address to the hearing committee. He pointed out that 13 states do not require eye protection, 8 do not require special motorcycle licenses, 5 do not require passenger seats, 19 have no inspection laws, and 7 others do not require mirrors or passenger foot rests. Only three states that haven't complied fully with the DOT's helmet law "suggestion" are currently being threatened with sanctions and the loss of 402 Funds. All of the states, with helmet laws, that are currently

The judgment of the sanction board will inevitably be contingent on the outcome of the McKinney Bill, HS3869, currently before the U.S. Congress. The success of HS3869 is equally contingent on the fact that failure to pass the House could bring about the sale of 20 million dollars worth of helmets in California in a short space of time.

The DOT's modus operandi clearly indicates that proven alternate highway safety programs are not given any consideration. The bureaucracy's primary criterion is not safety—but obedient submission by the states and all the citizenry.

—Charles V. Simon

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Animal Sex Life

—Continued from page 28

Tijuana whore paid in advance, doesn't care whether anything is happening.

Sheep, though, are one of the choice pieces among quadrupeds, a fact long known (and kept suppressed) by shepherds. Like the girl next door, sheep want the fucker to be friendly, kind, and just aggressive enough to do the job, and they give back a fair fuck in return.

A cartoon in *Easyriders* (January '75, page 50) illustrates a pair of bikers screwing some sheep by a method that would work only with an over-sized Ramboulett ewe or with very short bikers. Also, anyone who used the naive technique illustrated would spend most of his time chasing the sheep around the pasture. To properly screw a sheep, pull your pants legs up above your boot tops, hoist the sheep by the tail, and drop its hind feet into your boots. With the sheep thus elevated and secured, the trousers can be lowered and m-lady enjoyed.

The sheep will look over its shoulder a lot; hence, the idea that one must kiss a sheep, a notion that has led some authorities to urge a sheep-superior position, i.e., biker supine, sheep's forelegs astraddle his chest, etc. The idea is just plain silly. A sheep doesn't give a rat's ass whether you kiss it or not. Sheep do groove on sniffing each other's asses, so a foul-breathed sheep-fucker can blow some her way. However, it's hardly a necessary gesture; sheep certainly don't insist on it.

Now, while a sheep is a good piece, it may, unfortunately, have VD, either clap or syph. Indeed, some medical historians believe VD came to people from sheep. Sheep-fuckers should avoid any that are obviously dripping foul stuff, and should carry protection for others. Rubbers, "sold only for the prevention of disease," are readily available, and if not, a prophylactic buffer of grease can be applied to the moving part. Vaseline is a virtual standard, but wheel bearing grease will do as well. Some users report gratifying results with coarse fibre grease, while others say a rapid stroke requires a proper high-speed lithium-base grease with molybdenum additives, and yet others insist on vegetable-base lubricants, since petroleum-base lubricants form carbon under heat and pressure, wherefore the sheep-fucker may withdraw his pushrod to find it coated with black, carbonized grease that requires repeated applications of Gunk or, worse yet, steam cleaning to remove. Given the potential difficulties, a sheep-fucker should carry rubbers.

Though easy to screw, sheep are

C.C.D.

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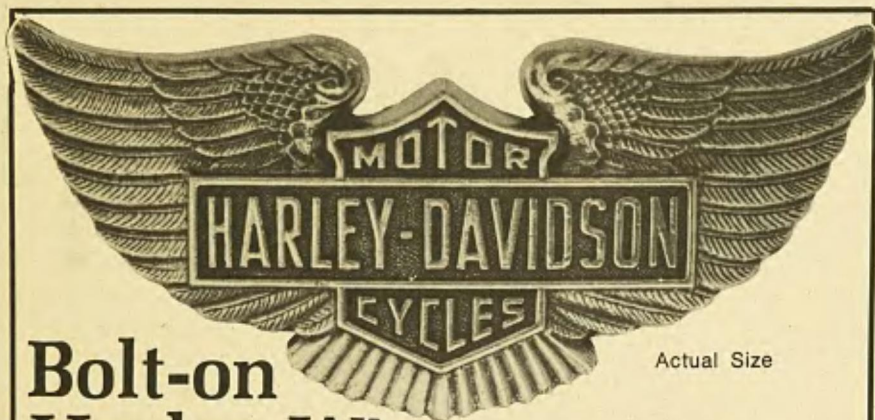
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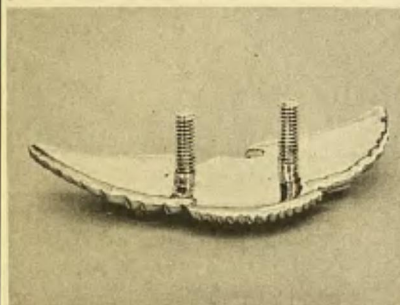
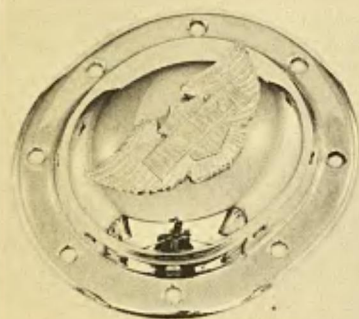
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stupid. You can't develop a meaningful relationship with a sheep; hence, the notorious promiscuity of shepherds. The animal that demands personalized cuddling and which returns affection with an excellent fuck is a pig.

The pig-fucker must enter the sty casually, like cruising at a party, as if getting laid were the last thing on his mind. He must greet each sow and give each a scratch or two. Once he has chosen one, he must devote full attention to her. He kneels on one side and scratches behind ears and down the snout with one hand while the other hand scratches along the back and sides until reaching the tail, at which point the first hand works back and sides while the other hand goes under the tail to rim the cunt. Thorough courtship involves finger-fucking to assure the sow is ready.

Meanwhile, the pig-screwdriver must gently ease the sow into a corner of the pen, thus to inhibit her lateral movement. Any movements she can make will be agreeable fore-and-aft motions. Once she is cornered and finger-fucked into readiness, the biker inserts his rod. However, he must not slacken his caresses. If the sow thinks she's being taken for granted, she will sit down. And if the other sows see that, you'll never get screwed in that pigsty. A pig will not cooperate with a fucker who thinks she's too easy.

A pig is an even better piece than a sheep, and a well-fucked sow will grunt appreciatively. Opinions differ, though, on whether a pig is best of all. One ancient declared wistfully, in his impotent dotage, that "I've fucked just about everything, but I always liked pussy best." Asked about "second best," he replied at once: "A chicken."

The old man knew his fucking. If a pig isn't second best, a chicken is. A hen doesn't need much petting, but she does need to be talked to. Some authorities view this talk as like that used on those women who will be divested of garments and shagged in every position as long as the word "sex" is never uttered. Others view it as the "sweet nothings" that add their own dimension to getting laid. Either way, you've got to talk to a chicken.

The approach begins with the chicken-fucker getting down on all fours to establish eye contact (while avoiding inadvertent hand contact with chickenshit), and saying "kuh-kuh-kuh." That's the basic line, but it can be varied to "keh-keh-keh" or "kee-kee-kee," if uttered in tones of sincere passion and devotion. Don't, however, say "chickey-chickey-chickey" for that's how farmers call chickens. To a chicken, it sounds like an order, which is a turn-off.

Once a chicken comes close and

Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,5,6,8,9,11,14,15,16,17,18,23, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 13. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wetting early issues.

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BACK ISSUES

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begins to respond to the small talk, a hand goes under its breast and belly and the hen is lifted up. Once its feet lose purchase, a chicken will sit still. However, the chicken-fucker must keep talking as he gets cock into place. Don't be offended by the thought that a chicken's asshole and its cunt are functionally the same aperture, of which only one is provided. The chicken isn't going to apologize for it, and certainly, among humankind, the former has been taken for the latter often enough and the fucker never the wiser.

As with a porcupine, a chicken must be screwed carefully. Even allowing for the exaggerations of bike-club boasting, your average Rhode Island Red can't accommodate more than half the average biker's cock, a Leghorn no more than a third. However, as anyone who has watched an egg being laid knows, that half or third can enjoy some extraordinary hospitality.

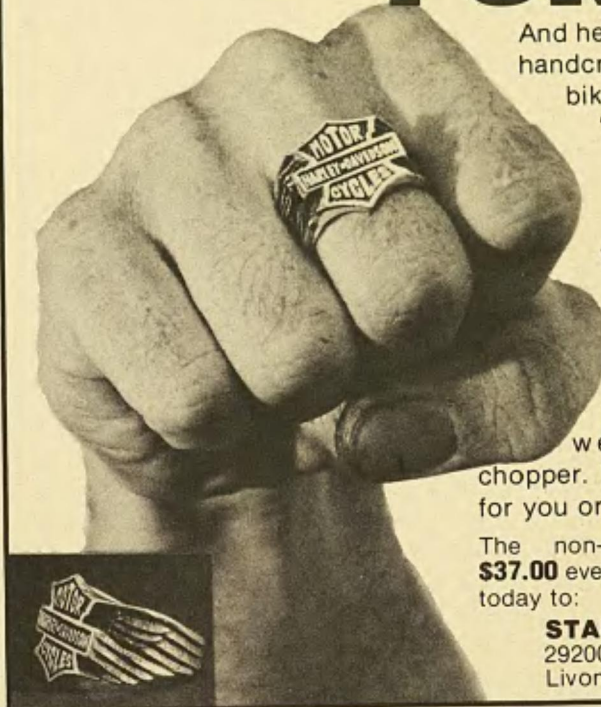
The old fucker quoted earlier added a note on how chicken-screwing could be elevated to the sublime. "Just as you go off," said he, "you cut its throat. That last, dying quiver . . ." This refinement presents the biker with a dismaying choice. To cut the throat of the chicken he has spoken to so intimately, the hen he has cultivated so carefully, seems to border on murder; to kill for mere lust seems gross beyond mention. Yet, one has not properly fucked a chicken unless one goes all the way.

Rural tradition did not view the matter as morally reprehensible. Usually, when the family got home from church, the farmwife sent a twelvish son to fetch a chicken for Sunday dinner. Son fucked the chicken before killing it, and enjoyed the dying quiver as a concomitant to obeying his mother's orders. The biker, then, can resolve the moral dilemma simply by taking the chicken along for roasting over the campfire. Any further doubts can be obviated by recalling that to spare the chicken may only mean its ultimate delivery into the fatal custody of Colonel Sanders.

In cutting the chicken's throat, the knife should be placed behind the neck and directed forward and down. To cut from under and upward may result in a faceful of chicken blood that severely distracts from that exquisite dying quiver. If buddies help, they can see to the cutting while the fucker concentrates on the quiver.

More could be said, of course, but as most readers hereof will be novices at animal-fucking, they should concentrate on mastering the fundamentals outlined here before attempting creative variations. Even the elementary level of animal-fucking will provide the cuntless biker's rigid stroker with solace superior to that available from a grimy hand.

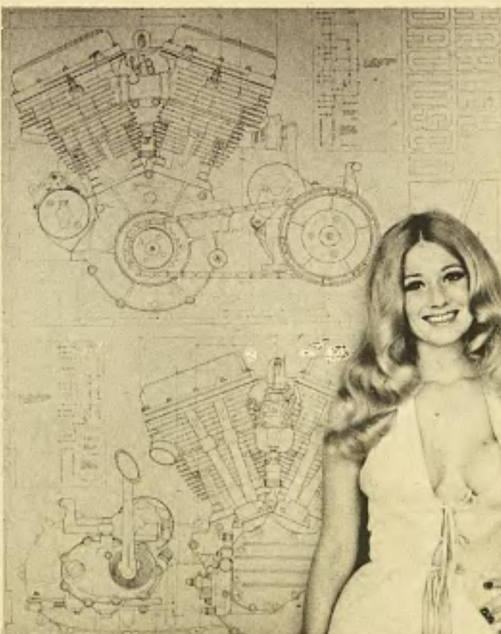
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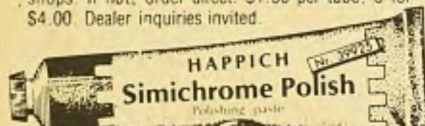
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Missus Vicious

—Continued from page 13

"Listen, I think you better let me out." I gave her my sincere smile. "I'm makin' you awful nervous an' I sure don't wanna cause no accident. So why don'tcha just let me out *anywhere* along here."

Theda shot a glance of pure panic into the rearview mirror and at the same time I felt the cold steel jab into the nape of my neck.

"*Stay real put or you're real dead!*" hissed the nastiest voice I ever heard. "Theda, you just keep on driving. We'll do this just like always. Drive right on home, dear." The thin, cold voice was a woman's. There was a screwy quality to it but she sounded like she meant business—and the gun's coldness pressed harder into my neck, so I froze, silently damning my shitty lack of intuition which mighta warned me about somebody maybe hiding on the floor behind the front seat when I opened the car door.

"Lady, I only got forty-seven bucks," I lied.

"Sit very still and be careful how you hand it over," she ordered. "One stupid wrong motion and your corner of the car is very messy!"

I hesitated, digestin' *that fuckin'* news.

"*Pl-Please!*" begged Theda. "*Do what she says!*"

"Be quiet, Theda!" rasped the voice.

"She's got a *shotgun!*" Theda wailed.

"Relax, lady! I never argue with shotguns." Moving slowly, I eased the fuckin' wallet out of my hip pocket and slowly handed it over my shoulder. The pressure of the shotgun barrel lifted slightly. I exhaled a long, shuddering breath.

"Theda, be *quiet!* Mother won't harm this sorry trash unless he tries something dumb. You know that, dear. I can't understand your concern for filth like him. After all, he's not the first miserable hippy we've made help pay the price for our sorrow and shame."

That little speech did bad fuckin' things to my morale. If the old cunt hated hippies, what was she gonna do if she ever found out I was a biker, for chrissakes? I pushed the question outa my alleged mind.

"Ya got my money," I said evenly. "Can'tcha just let me go now, lady?"

"*Oh, mamma—*" Theda sounded weepy.

"*Shut up, Theda, or I'll kill him right now!*"

I flinched at the violence in that voice. And shot a please-shut-up look at Theda. Theda could babble in high gear the rest of her goddam life if only she'd shut up this one time. Her

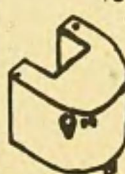
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face twisted with anguish, Theda gave driving her full attention.

We left the highway and went bumpin' and thumpin' over a washboard road for quite a while. Then we swung down through a dry wash and up over a rise, the headlights showin' the house—one of those two-story, old-fashioned places rich fuckin' ranchers built for their dolls about a hundred years ago. The car stopped beside it.

The gun barrel left my neck.

"Out—very carefully!"

I damn well did as she ordered, wonderin' what the fuck was comin' next.

"Turn around, you dirty nogood!"

I stared down the deadly end of a double-barrel shotgun. Holding it was this grim-faced old bat with mean little eyes glaring up at me from beneath a frowzy wig of phony black hair. A fat, shapeless old cunt whose ugly features could barely be seen under all the glop smeared over them. *Missus Vishness*, I thought. *Missus Vicious is more like it. She don't look too right in the fuckin' head.*

"I've never done anything to you, lady," I said.

The mean little eyes narrowed. "Yes, you did! You're the one! You didn't think I'd remember you, but I do! And you're gonna pay for what you did!"

"I've never even seen ya before, no shit!"

"You shut that filthy, dirty mouth, you filthy dirty hippie!" Instant rage contorted her hag's face. The gun's barrel lifted—pointing right into my eyes. Vaguely I wondered if the recoil could possibly pull it higher, missing me and giving me time to jump the old bitch, get the goddamn thing away from her. Then I looked at those eyes and scratched the hope. "You better just talk nice or I'll blow your terrible, hairy face right off your head!"

I glanced at Theda, standing nearby with a tense look slathered all over her baby-doll face. She met my eyes, then lowered hers.

"Okay, lady," I sighed, feeling beat to shit and gone. It had been a long fuckin' day's ride up from L.A. Now here I was in this crazy, goddam mess. Unreal. But an evil, fuckin' situation anyway. "I won't give ya any trouble. Whatever you say."

Nodding, the old twat herded me around to the rear of the house. Stumblin' over all kinds of scrap lumber and other crap in the dark, I damn near walked right into the huge tree before I saw it.

"Stop there," shrilled Missus Vicious. "Now you hold still and don't so much as twitch a muscle—or you'll be very, very sorry!"

I stood, holdin' my fuckin' breath so *nothin'* would upset the old cuckoo. By now I was sure of one thing: She

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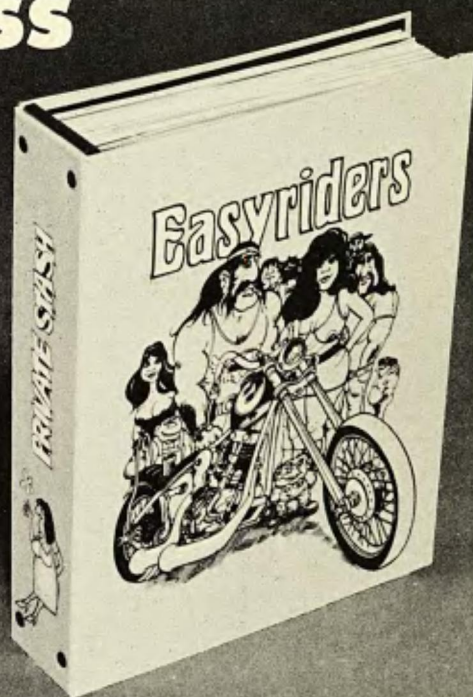
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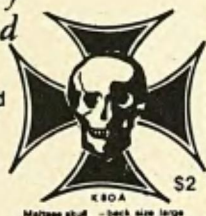
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was a real fuckin' dingaling. Theda
was puttin' somethin' cold and metal-
lic around my right ankle. In all the
goddam movies and books, this was
my chance to grab Theda, use her
as a shield, and force the old bitch-
ass biddy to hand over the fuckin'
artillery. Yeah, sure. Not on any-
body's smelly-assed life! TV, movies
and gung-ho books are one thing. A
mean old cunt armed with a for-real
shotgun is sumpin' else again. I just
continued standin' nice and still so
I could go on breathin' for a while
but the idea kept sneakin' back into
my head that—unless I got awful
motherfuckin' lucky—this loony-
goony old broad was gonna waste
me, sooner or later.

Click! The sound of the lock clos-
ing gave me a jolt.

Theda stood up. "I'm sorry, Tex,"
she whispered fast. "I'll—I'll be back
when I can sneak out here!"

"Give mother the key, dear."

"Can't I bring him some food or
something to drink?" Theda asked
meekly. "It's not right to just—"

"Now Theda! This man ruined
your poor sister! He's the monster
who led her astray—with his sweet
talk and feeding her dope until he
had... uh... used her and was tired
of her. Don't ever forget that, little
girl. Evil men like him don't deserve
humane treatment." She stepped
right up to my startled fuckin' face.
"I hate your guts, you degenerate!
You're never going to harm any other
innocent young girl!"

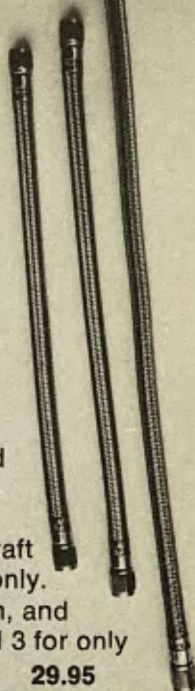
My teeth clamped down on my
fuckin' tongue until I was nearly
bitin' the damn thing in two. I knew
there was *nothin'* I could say that
would ever convince this batty fuck-
in' old dingshit that I was not the
dude who messed up her precious
daughter.

"Come along, dear," she trilled
happily, striding toward the house.
"We'll have some nice hot chocolate
before beddy-bye time!"

The back door closed and lights
came on.

Dropping to my knees, I examined
the gizmo clamped around my ankle.
A solid steel cuff, padlocked. And a
heavy steel-link chain leading from
the cuff to an iron or steel eye-bolt
driven deep into the trunk of the
big tree. Probably a goddam oak, at
that. Only a few minutes foolin'
around with the whole rig fuckin'
well convinced me there was *no way*
of gettin' loose short of that key open-
in' the padlock. I slumped to a sittin'
position, wishin' to God I had a cig-
arette. Then I spent some more time
wishin' I was the fuck back in that
gully with my chop. I recalled all
the goddam times I'd been busted
and jailed. Even the slammer was
heaven compared with *this* shitass
scene. I'd been in some bad fuckin'
hassles and had known some really
dangerous action before I hung up

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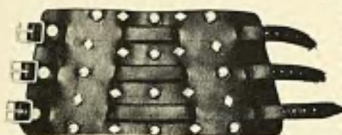
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my colors and started ridin' alone; but *never* had I felt so fuckin' *helpless*. I sat starin' numbly into the darkness and had just begun to doze off despite the chilly air when I heard soft footsteps. I went tense, figurin' it might be mutha meanass and her handy hippy-waster—and then I was shakin' like a fuckin' one-man earthquake.

"Tex!" whispered Theda.

I sagged against the tree with relief. "Sweet sudsquzzlin' God! Baby, you scared the stinkin' shit outa me!"

"Oh, I'm sorry! I brought you this."

"Ya got the fuckin' key?"

She cuddled up next to me, shiverin'. "No, she went to bed, taking it with her like she always does. But I brought you some coffee. And cigarettes. She doesn't know I smoke. She'd go crazy with rage if she did."

While we gulped hot coffee from the thermos and smoked her butts, Theda clued me to her scene. When the governor released a lotta the mental cases, her momma had come home, certified as emotionally unstable but harmless. Then Theda's older sister—a real swingin' chick who had been turned on by a boyfriend long before the old lady had lost her hubby and most of her sanity at the same time—started doin' smack, finally got around to peddlin' her ass to feed the habit and ended goin' out the long, hard, messy way in the county hospital after a lotta newspaper publicity detailin' the addicts and crimes connected with her trip. The whole bummer tilted the momma's already warpy mind, and she started snatchin' any longhaired dude she found hitch-hikin'—forcin' Theda to help her—with the delusion that she was punishin' the creeps she thought had led her darlin', pure daughter astray. It wasn't until she actually *wasted* one, about a week before I came along, that Theda finally bought the fact that her momma was a fuckin' menace. Not until she watched the murderous old loony blast an innocent longhair did she decide to stop bein' dominated by Missus Vicious—so the demented witch had promptly threatened to use the gun if Theda didn't cooperate.

Theda was sobbin' softly now. "Her moods change so damned fast. She'll be just like her old self one minute and like a terrifying maniac the next. I'm—I'm *afraid*, Tex! She's always awed me. And—and I guess I still *love* her, even if she is crazy!"

"Nothin' wrong with that, honey. But ya can't just go on lettin' her kipe dudes and blow 'em off. Why didn't ya call the cops? Or the mental hospital?"

"I was afraid she'd *hear* me—and *kill* me! Lately, she never lets me get very far from her."

"Well, I gotta have that fuckin' key. Can you dig that? Or ya gonna

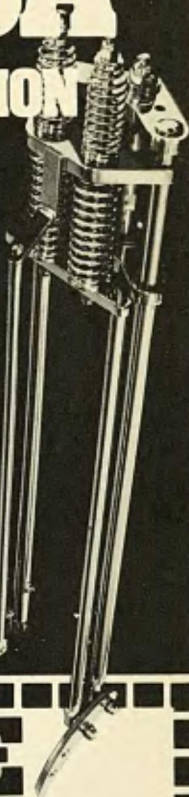
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Or call Buzz at 1-813-531-3551.
Dealers: Please inquire on your letterhead.



WRIST/WATCH BAND

It's a **hand-made**, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side, with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather. **\$8.50** plus 50c for postage and handling.

SCOOTER WALLET



A rugged wallet, **hand-made** from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem into the tough leather—no charge. Only **\$10.00** plus 75c postage and handling.

HARLEY WATCH



A watch with some class. The antique Harley emblem is traditional, orange and red, with a black background. It is a guaranteed 1-jewel watch with a simulated gold body, and it comes with a black leather strap.

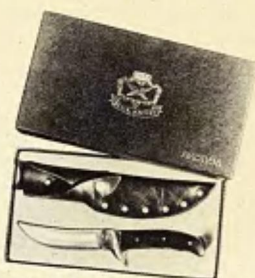
It's a classic and it's yours for only **\$19.95** plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



BUCK KNIVES

Model #110, the traditional biker's knife. Blade (4-inch) has positive lock in open position. Handle of golden-grain Macassar ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. **\$22.00** plus \$1.50 for postage and handling, includes leather sheath.



Model #402, **Akonua**, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **\$45.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.



Model #103, **Skinner**—wide 4-inch blade heavy, fine edge. Weight, size and design of this knife make the toughest job simple. **\$20.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes tough leather sheath.



Model #119, a practical Bowie-styled knife with a 6-inch blade and blood groove. Beautifully balanced and shaped. Designed for heavy all-around knife work. **\$22.00** plus \$2.00 postage and handling, includes black leather sheath.

Famous for holding an edge

Please allow at least 6 weeks for delivery
California residents add 6% for The Man

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Box 275, Port Hueneme, California 93041



just stand there bawlin' yer fuckin' head off while she wastes me?"

A rustlin' sound in the dark jerked my face up to see guess-fuckin'-who standin' there. She musta heard every goddam word I'd said. My guts squeezed together in a sickenin' spasm of fear. Shit, it was all over now. Bye-bye puttin' freely. Bye-bye cold beer and hot broads. I sucked in a long breath of night air, tastin' the delicious edge of it in my constricted throat.

"*Talking filthy to my poor little Theda. Now you've ruined her, too, you—you dirty beast!*" She raised the shotgun. It gleamed faintly in the starlight. "Move away from him, dear. You can have a nice hot bath after I shut his filthy mouth forever!"

"Hold it, lady," I said as a desperate idea dribbled into my head. It probably wasn't worth shit but it might keep her from pullin' that goddam trigger for a few more minutes. "You don't wanna let me have it while I'm still chained. They might find my carcass, see? And haul ya back to that loonybin."

"What are you *talking* about?"

"I'll dig my own grave. Save you and the kid all that trouble. If you'll let me."

The bluff confused her clouded mind. She stood there, clutchin' the fuckin' gun, sayin' nothin'.

"He's *right*, momma. Remember all the trouble we had with—with the *other* one?"

"Theda, go get the shovel and a flashlight."

"All right, momma." The kid left quickly.

"No tricks now, you piece of trash."

"Right, lady." I leaned against the tree, hopin' to fuck Theda-baby had gotten the idea and was phonin' for help. If she *did*, an' the old psycho-ass didn't suddenly change her mind, I might fuckin' well taste another beer yet in my lifetime. All I could do was huddle there an' hope the kid saw the opportunity. If she didn't, only bringin' back the goddam shovel and flashlight, I was probably one dead fuckin' dude.

Sometime later I was dully workin' on the shallow hole I had begun, Theda holdin' the flashlight's beam on it as I shoveled the hard-packed dirt into a pile. Missus Vicious stood nearby, the shotgun leveled at my belly.

"*Hurry up!*" she snapped. "*Dig faster!*"

"I'm goin' as fast as I *can*," I grunted. "This stuff's harder than yer heart, lady."

"Don't be insulting. If you had any decency left in you, you'd be begging your maker to forgive you for all the rotten, horrible things you did to my poor little girl instead of smarting off to me!"

Then I spotted the headlights—

jogglin' up and down as the car came tearin' across that washboard road—and I gripped the shovel handle harder, ready to swing at that shotgun and the hands holdin' it.

Missus Vicious whipped her head sideways, glancin' toward the sound of the car's engine. "Wh-who could possibly be—"

Theda stepped forward, yankin' the shotgun outa the old broad's fuckin' hands like takin' candy away from a curtain-climber. I dropped the shovel, jumpin' outa the shallow hole and grabbin' the lardy old bitch with both hands. She didn't struggle. Just stood there, shakin' up a fuckin' storm and startin' to shrill a stream of gibberish that was a hell of a lot more like the noise an animal would make than a human cry. But I hung onto her until the cops were outa the car and runnin' toward us. In fact, my fuckin' knees were suddenly so weak, I was leanin' on the screwy old doll.

Afterward—when all the goddam questions had been asked and answered, when all the fuckin' papers had been signed an' they carted the silent, stony-eyed old cunt away in the ambulance—Theda drove us back from the hospital, stoppin' where I told her and waitin' while I got the scoot outa the gully, siphonin' gas from the Ford into the peanut tank. I screwed the cap on, tossin' the short length of hose into the car.

"I—I don't wanna go home alone." Her big brown eyes pleaded with me. She was breathin' fast.

I hesitated. Common sense urged me to park my happy, livin' ass on the bike and split the fuck outa there now that the whole leg-wettin' trip was over.

"How old are ya, Theda-baby?" I asked.

"Old enough to be taught how. Anyway, you're supposed to hang around until the hearing. You don't want them looking for you, do you?"

"That's a fuckin' fact."
"There's cold beer in the fridge, Tex." Her naughty smirk widened. "And I haven't smoked up all the stuff my sister left stashed in her room!"

"No shit?"
She stuck the tip of her tongue out between those ripe lips, dartin' the damn thing back and forth at me. Hell, I'm only flesh and blood wrapped around a strong fuckin' hunger for all the goddam good things in life. An' the close call that night reminded me that livin' ain't always guaranteed by the fuckin' rules.

"Still wanna ride away on that old bike?" she teased.

I decided common sense could be overdone.

I laughed. "Only as far as your pad, baby."



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.

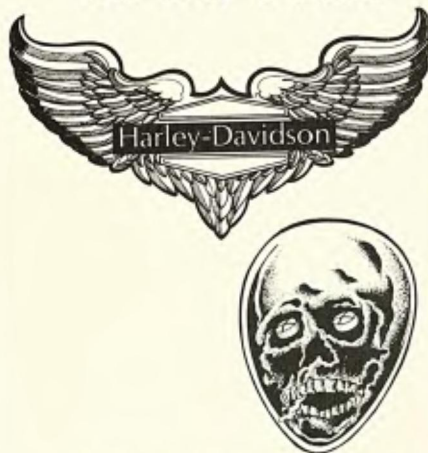
It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

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

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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 wettin' 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

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Road Rider

The only motorcycle magazine published solely for the touring rider. \$10.00 for 12 issues, or send \$1.00 for a sample copy to: P.O. Box 678, Dept. E, South Laguna, CA 92677



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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.

Dealer liquidating Harley parts 1909 to date tools & equipment. Value \$200,000.00 buyer takes everything for \$54,000.00. L. J. Stehberger, 131 Island Ave., West Bend, Wisconsin 53095. (414) 338-0407. (35)

Motorcycle Watch Fobs in colored porcelain. Beautiful. \$2.50. Large colored buckles \$5.00—Patches 75¢—Stamp for free list. Dealers write: Hoover's, 120C Fruit, Peru, Illinois 61354. (36)

CONDOMS — BY MAIL. All top brands. Trojans, Sultana, Conform and lots more. Three assorted samples \$1.00, ten for \$3.00. FREE catalog. 24-hour service/plain package. F.S.P., Box 874-BA, Radford, Virginia 24141. (34)

BOB—Happy belated birthday, you asshole. Miss you, love you and am concerned. Let me know where you are, huh? Dee. (34)

In New Jersey it's **BIKEWORK ORANGE**, parts, accessories, paint, triple chrome, leathers. 327 Hudson Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07601. (201) 342-3830. (34)

Looking for right chick to live with and ride on my Sportster. Need girl in Illinois or any state. Please enclose photo. Chuck Caesario, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Illinois 60160. (34)

One buck gets you a righteous full-color Ride To Live—Live To Ride Chopper-window decal and free illustrated T-shirt info. Gemini T-shirts, P.O. Box 2707, Rocky Mount, N.C. 27801. (35)

HELP WANTED: Go-Go girls, North Jersey area. Top pay. Contact Connie's Girls (201) 743-0188. (34)

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-12, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (34)

Danny Mellott—please contact Sandy at apartment address in Memphis. (34)

WANTED: Biker or biker chick to voluntarily organize other bikers around Libertarian principles and to work with Libertarian candidate towards 1977 Los Angeles City elections. P.O. Box 391, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91604 (213) 762-7812. (34)

Nazi T-shirts, eagle clutching swastika on front \$3.75 each. 3/\$10.00. All sizes. Haverstock, Box 2700, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. (34)

Triumph, Norton service. Speed work and parts. Amal carburetors. Campbell Cycle, 2313 West 7th, Joplin, Missouri 64801. (417) 781-3032. (34)

1961 Triumph Bonneville. Cover of Choppers Magazine Oct. 1974. Completely rebuilt. Set up nice for chick. \$2,000. (408) 255-4363 or (213) 466-0491. (34)

Cash for best photo, slide, black & white neg developed or undeveloped of best looking chick in Bikini, topless, sexiest, but no hard core stuff. Dig motorcycle and outside shots. Scope Studio, Box 14844, Orlando, Florida 32807. (34)

Improvised Munitions Handbook—TEN BUCKS? FUCK THAT! \$5.00. If you're into White Power, drop us a line. National Socialist Liberation Front, P.O. Box 4717, Panorama City, Calif. 91412. (34)

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-7, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (34)

Marijuana jewelry. Actual marijuana embedded in clear resins to make righteous key chains, chokers, and pendants. Complete with "Bast Insurance"—a letter from the feds that you can wave at the local fuzz that says "This grass has been cleared!" Your choice \$6.00 each or 2 for \$10.00 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. By mail from Lids-Off, P.O. Box 3666, Tucson, Arizona 85722 or jam to Ken-Bar Kustoms, 300 East 6th Street, Tucson, Arizona. (34)

Bikers Make Better Lovers. Vinyl bumper sticker in Day-glow \$1.00. Chrome Warning Sticker: "If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it!" 50¢ each or 3/\$1.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel \$1.98 & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Ravs, 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Illinois 60459. Dealers Letterhead please. (39)

Larry's Custom Cycles, one of southern Michigan's largest assortments of custom accessories. Complete from stock to personalized motorcycle. We do it all. Complete machine shop. Molding room and custom paint shop. Check our used parts department. Obsolete Harley parts. Complete engines. Stock and custom parts for Harley, Jap and English bikes. Phone (517) 263-5140. Larry's Custom Cycles, 132 S. Winter Street, Adrian, Michigan 49221. (39)

REMEMBER—The life you save may be your own don't Fuck with my bike. . . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-5, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (34)

H-D Rods Rebuilt. All new parts. \$65.00 exchange only. specify Crankpin. 74 or 61-80. Send 50% deposit and old rods. RB Parts Co., 14 N. Locust St., Dexter, Missouri 63841. (314) 624-4577. Dealers inquire. (34)

New York-Florida Harley chick looking for chopper men to putt and whatever. Must be free, white and built solid! Jane Berry, 529 Maple St., Brooklyn, New York 11225. (34)

All rigid frames \$188.00. Springers to 16" \$198.00. Harley generators \$75.00 exchange. Regulators \$19.75 exchange. Armatures \$36.00 exchange. Solenoids \$9.50 exchange. Starter bendix \$22.50. Speedy delivery. Larry's Custom Cycles, 132 S. Winter St., Adrian, Michigan 49221. (37)

Help! I'm in desperate need of a pinion gear for my '48 pan. I've checked over 7 states and this is my last hope to get it running or it goes. I can't lose it now. If anyone can score one, send price to Dennis Bahurinsky, R.D. #2 Mosierstown Road, Meadville, Penn. 16335. Help me keep my right arm. (34)

Wanted: Harley 74" engines & transmissions. Any condition. Send description & how much. S. R. Sublett, 10 N. Margrave, Ft. Scott, Kansas 66701. (34)

DUDES/CHICKS: Easy \$300/list compiling names. 25¢, stamped envelope. ACTION. 311-C (3) Lehua St., Wahiawa, Hawaii 96786. (35)

Harley rider seeks young white chick to putt with. Write to J. R. Brown (Hoss), Box 185, R.R. 1, Palo, Iowa 52324. (34)

1957 Harley panhead completely rebuilt. Beautiful gold flame paint job. 14" over Fury springer, quartz headlights, 38mm Mikuni, velvet king-queen seat. All chrome. \$3,000 firm. Sammy Reese, 172 Scenic Highway, Lawrenceville, Georgia 30245. (34)

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.

Really together biker chicks, write me. Sonny Jewell #89037, Oklahoma State Reformatory, Box 514, Granite, Oklahoma 73547.

I'd like to correspond with you. Lee Baber, P.O. Box B-50686, Tamal, California 94964.

Some mail from someone would sure be sweet. Ralph "Turk" Pine, B-56231, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, California 96130.

Don't know a soul in this state. Write Mike Green #128606, P.O. B. 900, Cedar, Shelton, Washington 98584.

This Indian needs a for-real woman. Stormy Monday #41937, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Pussy and persuasion got me a vacation. Write Terry (Speed) Sweeney #42372, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

No bullshit. We need some women folk. Dennis Lima, P.O. Box B-42321, North WB-345; Rodney Sisson, P.O. Box B-50105, North WB-344. Soledad, California 93960.

Scooter Broads, 8 to 80, sick, lame, or crazy, write us tramps. Bill Betaner B-53467, Phil Mann B-62017, Dave Gray B-64555, Jamestown, California 95327.

If you have a pencil, I've got the time. David Osborn, Box B-63437, Jamestown, California 95327.

Lonely, drifted into hell. Need some mail. Willie D. Smith #044044, D-9, P.O. Box 221, Ralford, Florida 32083.

Want to hear from you! Jim Stripling #131277, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Australia chicks, help your bros. Write A. Broderacki #32969, Fremantle Prison, Western Australia 6160, Australia.

Grab a pen, pal. Brad Sharp B-53199, Don Thomas B-57507, Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

Indiana scooter tramp in Michigan. Write George L. Koenig, Box E, #139957, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Three Pennsylvania bikers down and out. Edward Wright #K-2450, Gary Butler #K-2453, Tom Browning #K-2356, State Correctional Institution at Rockview, Box A, Rd. #3, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania 16823.

Ain't right, alone again tonight. Brent Grissom, P.O. Box B-49031, CTF N. WA344, Soledad, California 93960.

Couple of downed dudes who need some outside rap! Gary Burks #2592, Bill Wooten #3441, Indiana State Reformatory, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

I'm doing time, so all you foxy chicks drop me a line. Bob Pecoraro #137958, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Beast lookin' for the beauties. Write Wilton "Beast" Bergeron, #37830, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Girls. Women, ladies, and tramps, need letters from all of you. Curtis "Chuck" Montrey #B-9041-A, CTF North, Soledad, California 93960.

San Diego tramp downed in Ohio. Write Donn "Kraut" Wagner #91890, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely as hell, need some scribes. Thomas Edward Ronines #039522, P.O. Box 221, C-43, Ralford, Florida 32083.

Hey, you foxes, please write! Lionel Chase #012293, P.O. Box 221, (#3-T), Ralford, Florida 32083.

Couple of tramps need some mail. Help our time go by. Write Robert Foster N-38073-A, William Houston N-39139, P.O. Box 535-18, Corona, California 91720.

Write now for best results. Joe Vaca, P.O. Box 43555, B-314, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, California 93960.

Any and all broads, write us. John "Snatch" Bethke #26129, Harvey "Gypsy" Lerner #26230, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Please write me, beautiful chicks. Jimmy D. Hester, D-21022-B-1, Middle Ca. Corr. Inst., Kemper Bldg. CSH, Milledgeville, Georgia 31062.



SPECTACULAR GIVE A BIKER A BREAK XMAS EXTRAVAGANZA

(at least we hope it's spectacular enough to cover the six jillion dollars it's costing us for the next 16 pages of advertising.) Don't you think it's time you gave your o'lady the hint that you're fed up with socks and neckties for Xmas. Well, here's your chance; show her this advertising section and tell her to get her act together. If she gives you any crap, give her a knuckle sandwich.

Now to show you that we have our shit together and that we're in the Xmas spirit, we're going to pick up the tab on the shipping --plus--be sure to look through this section for Xmas specials (like buy a frame and get a gas tank free).

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You late shoppers can call your orders in and send your deposit by Western Union.

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Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

JAMMER

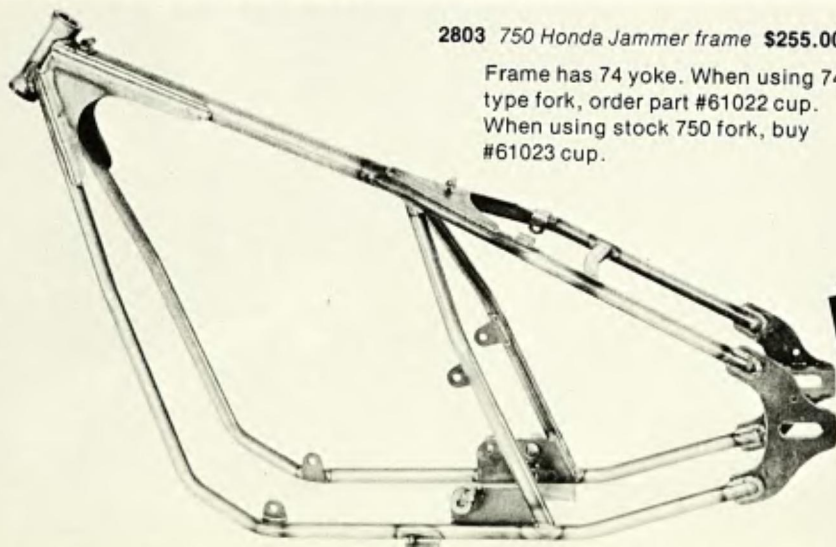
All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start):
 74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
 61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
 74 and 80 Flatheads



2804 74 Jammer frame \$285.00



2802 Sportster Jammer frame \$265.00



2803 750 Honda Jammer frame \$255.00

Frame has 74 yoke. When using 74 type fork, order part #61022 cup. When using stock 750 fork, buy #61023 cup.

JAMMER FRAMES

Solid, Safe Construction

Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
 Rake is 38 degrees.

2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame:

Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger stroke and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes (see 2805 below). **285.00**

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **19.95**

***For disc brake wheels and linkages see page 84.**

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame:

You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. **265.00**

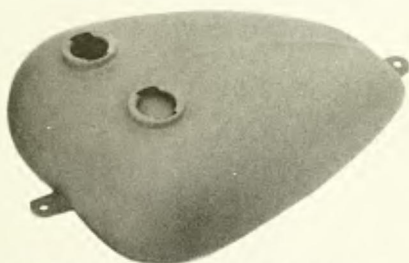
2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame:

Accepts any year 750 engine. Made of mild steel. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our seats, sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. Most stock parts fit with no modification. **255.00**

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BUY FRAME-GET FREE GAS TANK!
 Buy a 74, Sportster or 750 frame, and choose any gas tank on opposite page as our Xmas gift to you.
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3601 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.2 gallons. High tunnel. Made of steel. **39.95**

36024 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.5 gallons. Low tunnel. Made of steel. **39.95**



Extra Wide Mustang Tank. Here's a tank for those long runs. 16 gauge steel. Heliarc welded. Holds 3.3 gallons.

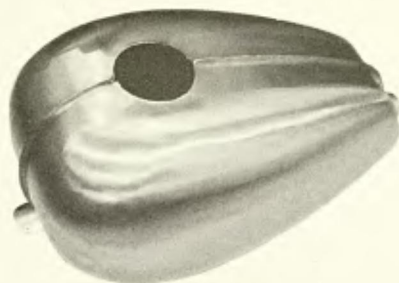
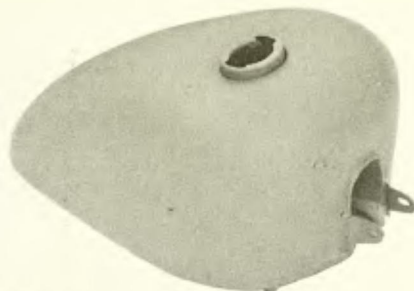
36019 One hole 44.95

36020 Two hole 49.95



3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75

36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8—inch pipe size. (will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. **11.49**



36032 Four Gallon Gas Tank. Combines style with a capacity that will keep you on the road and out of the gas stations. Made of steel. 17" long. 11" wide in front—5" wide in back. 3" wide tunnel. Has two 1/4" outlets and one 3/8" outlet. Takes 3/8" Sportster type petcock. **44.95**

(Cap not included. Order HD type cap #3604)

GAS TANKS



36018 Coffin Tank. Heavy 16 gauge steel. No welds or dips on the top side of tank. Mounting tabs included. Uses stock HD cap and Sportster type petcock, and has external vent tubes. **39.95**

Braided Steel Oil Lines. Flexible, heat resistant, trouble free. Made only for Harley 74s with the wrap-around oil tank. Set includes chromed support bracket.

37015 For Panhead and Knucklehead 29.95

37016 For Shovelhead 49.95

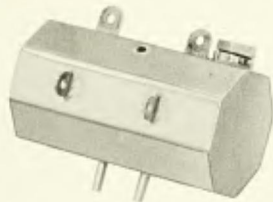


OIL TANKS

All oil tanks are made of 16 gauge steel and are heliarc welded, pressure tested and triple plated (copper-nickel-chrome). All have proper outlets and inlets.

OCTAGON OIL TANKS

All our octagon tanks are chromed and include cap. They hold 3 quarts.



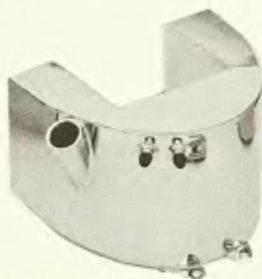
3801 Triumph Oil Tank. 59.95

3802 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank. 59.95

3803 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank for Battery. For use with kick-start battery. (Shown). **64.95**

3806 Universal Oil Tank. Fits most imported bikes as well as HD 74s and 45s. **59.95**

3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank. 79.95



3702 Sidefill Oil Tank. For 74s. Four quart capacity. **88.00**



3703 HD Oil Tank Mounting Plate. Chromed. **16.00**

3704 Battery Plate Bracket. Heavy Chromed. **2.50**

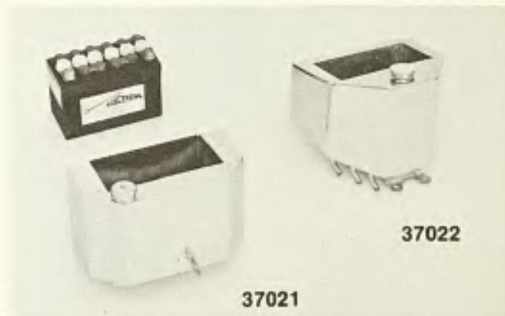
Mini Oil Gauge. Measures only 1-1/2" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work on other bikes. Custom chromed.

37018 For 74 9.95

37019 For Sportster 9.95

37023 For Honda 750 9.95

3709 Oil Tank Cap. Chromed. Stock cap **2.50**



37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank. Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swing-arm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. **95.00**

37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank. Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3-3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74s. Includes cap **95.00**

Hammer

GIVE A BIKER A BREAK!
Give chopper parts for Xmas.

All parts in stock at both warehouses for same-day delivery.
(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

SPRINGER AND PARTS

ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE CUSTOM CHROMED.

Narrow Springer.

Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. **289.95**

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square



A



D



E

A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

6101 HD 74s	3.95
6102 Sportsters.	3.95
6103 45s.	3.95
6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier.	3.95
6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier.	3.95
6106 Honda 750.	3.95
6107 Honda 450.	3.95
6108 Honda 500.	3.95
6109 Universal neck.	3.95



B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears.

Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. **26.95 each**



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears.

For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2 x 20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **26.95 each**



F

D Crown Nuts. For our springer:

61012 HD 74s.	7.95 each
61013 Sportsters.	7.95 each
61014 45s.	7.95 each
61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier.	7.95 each
61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier.	7.95 each
61017 Honda 750.	7.95 each
61018 Honda 450.	7.95 each
61019 Honda 500.	7.95 each
61020 Universal neck.	7.95 each

E 61021 74 Neck Bearing.

Can be used as a replacement for stock part on 1948 and later 74 HDs. Our 74 springer is designed for use with this bearing. The same bearing is used on both top and bottom. **4.50 per bearing (Not chromed).**

F 61022 74 Fork Cups. This cup is also called a glide cup. It can be used for replacement of stock part. Can also be used on the Jammer frame when mounting springer. **10.95 each**

61023 Honda Custom Fork Cups Allows you to put stock Honda fork on our 750 Honda Jammer Frame or on any 74 frame. Chromed. **14.95 a pair**

AXLES

ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.



12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings, 8" long. Spacers included. **12.50**

12108 Axle—Girder. Fits our girder when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings, 8" long. Spacers included. **12.50**

12109 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings and 2-11/32" width. Spacers included. **12.50**

121010 Axle—Girder. Fits our girder when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings and 2-11/32" width. Spacers included. **12.50**

121011 Axle—Springer Single Disc. Spacers included. **12.50**

121012 Axle—Girder Single Disc. Spacers included. **12.50**

Jammer

(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)



LIGHTS AND BATTERY

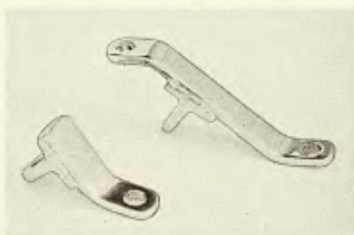
9809 Action Pak Battery. If you're looking for a battery small enough to fit in a wrap-around oil tank and strong enough to kick over an electric-start Harley, this is it. Dimensions: L-7-1/2", W-3-3/4", H-6-1/4". Weight: 12 lbs. Rating: 24 amp-hrs. Voltage: 12v.

The Action Pak is designed to give 80 amps for five minutes at normal starting temperatures and will give 80 amps for three minutes of 0 degree F. This is enough power to start almost any bike in almost any weather.

Each battery is individually boxed (dry-charged) with full instructions. **44.95**

Custom Headlight. California approved. Has red indicator light for high beam. Sealbeam type. 5-1/2" lens. Chromed.

9009	6v bottom mount.	19.95
90010	12v bottom mount.	18.95
90011	6v side mount.	19.95
90012	12v side mount.	18.95
90013	6v sealbeam replacement	7.95
90014	12v sealbeam replacement.	5.95



9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **7.95**

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. **9.95**



9205 "Cat's Eye" Oval Taillight. Reflectorized. Steel Body. Approved in most states. 12V only but can be converted to 6V by bulb change. Chromed. (Uses 9207 backing plate.) **10.95**

9207 License Backing Plate for "Cat's Eye", Maltese or Chopper Taillight. Chromed. **3.90** (Not shown)

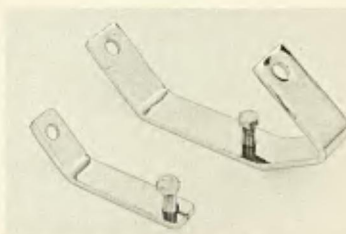
For more electrical refer to Jammers Handbook. (See back cover of this magazine.)

GIRDER

Girders come complete with all hardware to bolt them to your bike (crown nut, top nut, shims, etc.). Also includes built-in brake anchor. To receive proper hardware be sure to list **alpha part number** shown below for your bike. **These parts are at no additional cost when you order a girder. 349.00**

74 G	HD 74
Spst G	HD Sportster
45 G	HD 45
	(Hydroglide trikes use 74 neck)
Tri G	Triumph '70 and earlier
750 G	750 Honda
450 G	450 Honda
500 G	500 Honda
BSA G	BSA '70 and earlier
Uv G	Universal

Universal hardware kit should be ordered for bikes not listed above. With a minor amount of machine work the girder can be adapted to all bikes.



9107 Dual Girder Headlight Bracket. To be used with bottom mount light. Fits on girder. Chromed steel. **15.00**

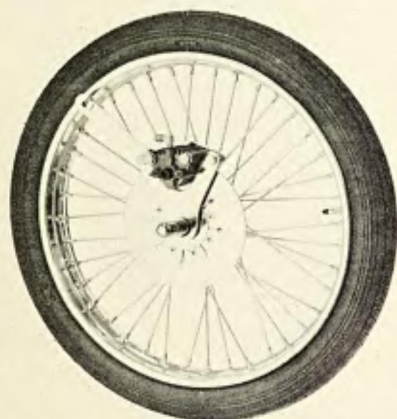
9106 Single Girder Headlight Bracket. To be used with bottom mount light. Fits on girder. Chromed steel. **7.50**

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
5901	9-inch	Square
5902	12-inch	Square
5903	15-inch	Square
5904	18-inch	Square
5905	9-inch	Round
5906	12-inch	Round
5907	15-inch	Round
5908	18-inch	Round

OUR XMAS GIFT TO YOU!
BUY GIRDER-GET FREE ACCESSORIES!

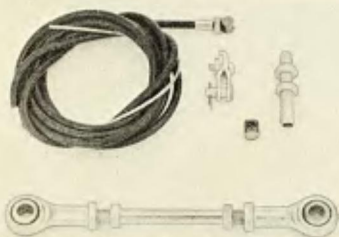
Buy a Girder and choose any axle and any headlight bracket as our Xmas gift to you. (Be sure to include part #s on order form and write "GIFT" in price column.)

WHEELS AND TIRES



Single Front Disc Brake Wheel. Has excellent stopping powers for street use. Hub is 3-1/2" in width. Disc diameter is 7-3/4". Will fit on most forks. 5/8" bearing I.D. Disc brake kit includes rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), **chromed disc**, caliper and support, linkage arm and hydraulic hose, and a handlebar mastercylinder. Mounts easily on springers and girders and can be adapted easily to other front ends.

6803	18-inch	244.45
6804	19-inch	244.45
6805	21-inch	244.45



69010 Brake Mounting Kit. For securing Small Brake Wheel to springer, girder or other front end. **18.75**

(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

BUY WHEEL-GET FREE TIRE!

Buy a Wheel and choose any matching tire as our Xmas gift to you.
(Be sure to include part # on order form and write "GIFT" in price column.)

Jammer



Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Designed for maximum stopping power. Includes bolt-on sprocket. Has 12" **chromed disc**. Uses stock axle. Kit consists of rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), 12" **chromed disc**, caliper and support, sprocket, hydraulic line, master-cylinder and hydraulic hose and basic linkage. **16" wheel only.**

68012	Spst (with spacers)	380.80
68015	H 750 (with spacers)	380.80
68018	HD 74	369.00

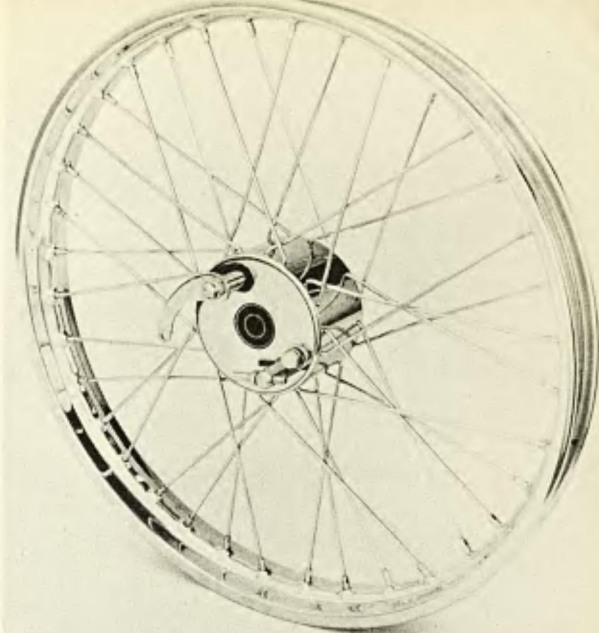
HD 74 wheel kits **do not** include spacers. Order HD 74 spacers separately to fit your bike.

Spacers for 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels—

68020	For rigid frame.	11.80
68021	For swingarm '58 to '66.	11.80
68022	For swingarm '67 and up.	11.80

Rear Disc Brake Linkage. Eliminates searching for hard to find parts and simplifies mounting. (Not shown.)

68023	For HD 74.	36.30
68024	For Sportster.	36.30
68025	For Honda 750.	12.95



Small Brake Wheel #1. Finest quality you can get. Hub and backing plate are made of steel. Comes completely assembled and adapted to fit perfectly on our springer and girder front ends. They have triple 5/8" bearings. Will adapt easily to other custom front ends. Qualifies as a legal brake in most states. **Custom chromed.**

6901	18-inch	169.40
6902	19-inch	169.40
6903	21-inch	169.40



Avon Speed Master Mark II. The best tire for highway use. Made with high-adhesion "cling" rubber.

7302	2.75 x 18	27.23
7303	3.00 x 18	28.44
7304	2.75 x 19	25.02
7305	3.00 x 19	27.00

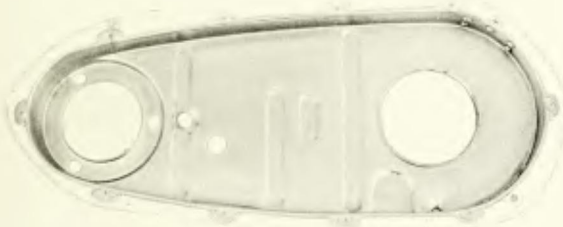
Safety Mileage Mark II.

7309	4.00 x 18	39.08
73010	5.00 x 16	41.17

Arco Tire. Our choice for the rear tire for choppers.

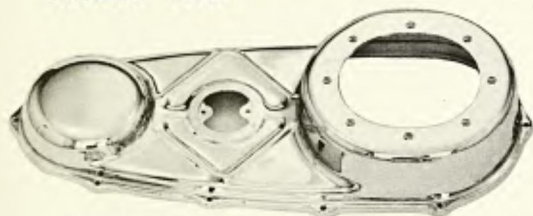
73011	5.00 x 16	33.61
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COVERS



10401 Inner Primary. For HDs 1955 to 1969. Made of steel and chromed. **27.50**

10402 Inner Primary. For HDs 1937 to 1954. Made of steel and chromed. **27.50**

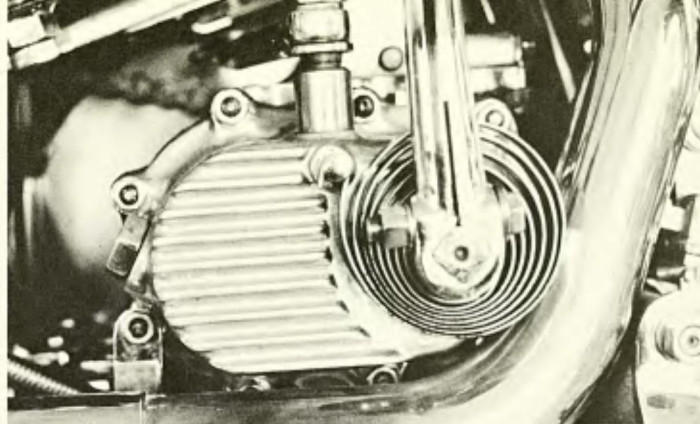


10501 Compensator Diamond Primary. Fits all inner steel primary covers, 1937 and later. Has the famous diamond pattern. Allows you to run compensating or rigid sprocket and still retain custom look. Made of steel and custom chromed. **49.50**



HD Custom Air Cleaner. Includes washable filter. A must, where there's dust. Chromed.

10608 1-3/4" SU 19.95
10609 Tillotson & Bendix 19.95
106010 Linkert 19.95
106011 38mm Mikuni 19.95



HD Kicker Cover. Solves the problem of the broken kick starter cover. Made of special aircraft aluminum with an additionally reinforced bushing area. Super strong. Fits all HD overhead valve 74 and 61 models and all flat-head 74 and 80 twins. Comes in natural finish.

10308 Fined 31.95
103010 Plain 31.95



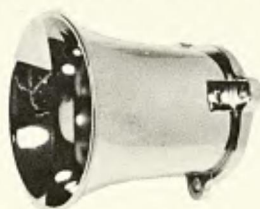
10504 Derby Cover (Plain). Fits perfectly on our outer primary covers. Custom chromed. **7.10**

10508 Inspection Plate. Fits on our outer primary covers. Custom chromed. **2.50**



10506 Derby Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. **1.00**

10507 Primary Screws. Set of 10 chromed screws. **1.00**



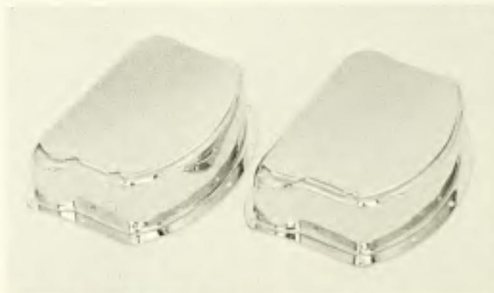
106012 Tillotson/Bendix Velocity Stack. Chromed. **10.70 each.**



9908 Honda 750 Electric Box. Takes the hassle out of wiring a 750. Includes key switch, starter button, 3-position light switch and easy to understand wiring instructions. Made to hold all electrical components except coils. Bolts on. Chromed. **59.95**



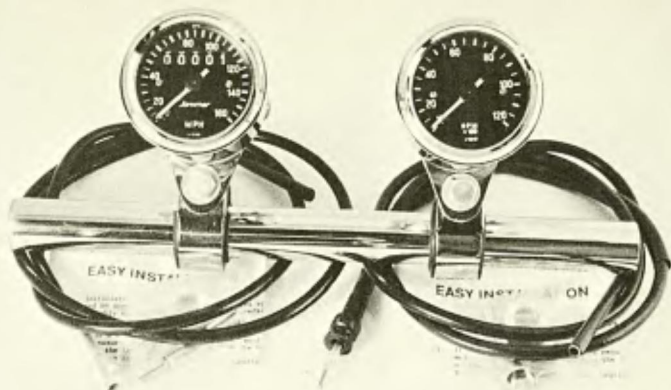
106014 Honda 750 Air Cleaner. Made of high-impact plastic. Chromed. Includes washable filter. **15.95**



10707 Panhead Covers. These valve covers are made of heavy steel and fit all years of panhead. Chromed. **27.50 pair**

OUR XMAS GIFT TO YOU!
Order now and we pay postage.
 (On orders received before Dec. 31, 1975 and sent regular parcel post, ground U.P.S. or truck.)

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. Easy-to-read face measures 2-3/4". Includes odometer. Includes chromed speedo, cable, rubber-dampened mount and instructions.

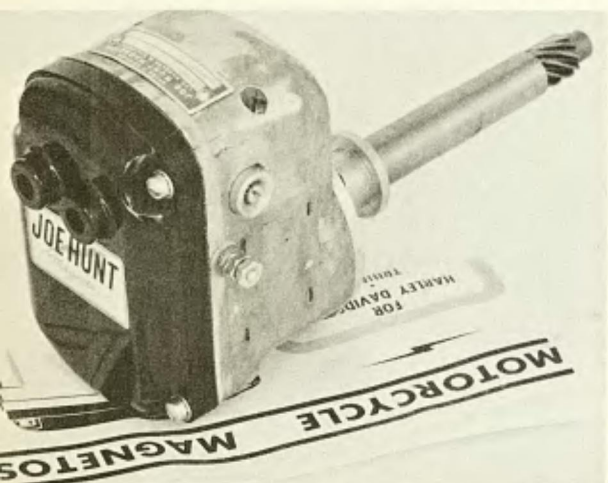
- 12701 For HD 74 '61-'72 47.95
 12702 For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 47.95
 12703 For all Honda 750 47.95

Chopper Tachometer Kit.

- 12704 For HD 74 '37-'69* 47.95
 12705 For Sportster without magneto 47.95
 12706 For all Honda 750 47.95

*Modification required.

All kits come with cable, clamps and instructions.



MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS

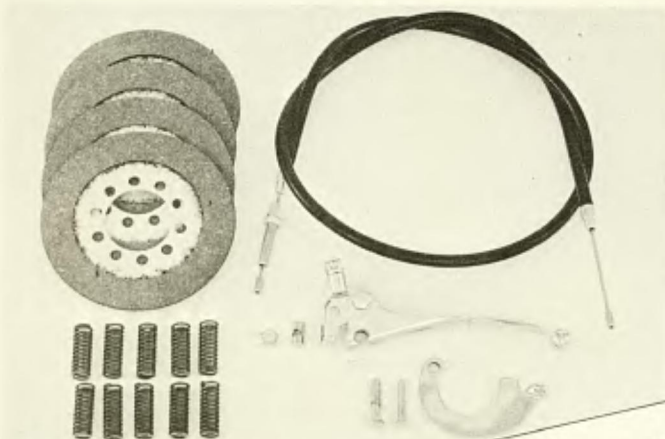
Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

- 13602 For HD 74 and 61 OHV 1937 to 1969. 148.50

- 136017 For HD 74 1970 and later. 198.50

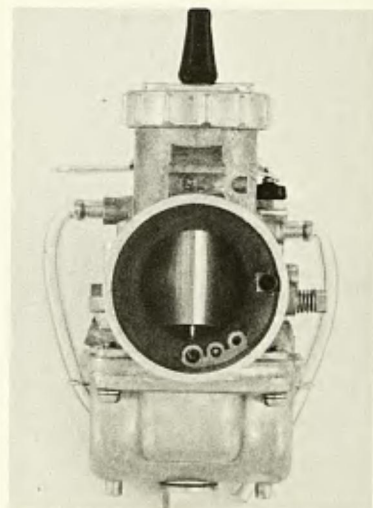
- 13603 For Sportster. Also fits 1938 to 1952 45 twins, 1937 to 1948 HD 74 and 80 side valve, and 1953 to 1954 Servi-car. 148.50

MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT



- 14304 Mouse Trap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. 49.95

Janimer



- 13504 Mikuni Carburetor. 38mm. A great performer. All tests indicate better gas mileage, more horsepower and long trouble-free use. Clean and easy installation. 50.99

- 13505 Mikuni Manifold. For Knucklehead and Panhead 1937 to 1965. 27.00

- 13506 Mikuni Manifold. For Sportster and Shovelhead models, 1966 and later. 27.00

**GIVE A BIKER
A BREAK!**

Give chopper parts for Xmas.
 All parts in stock at both warehouses for same-day delivery.
 (See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

OTHER STUFF



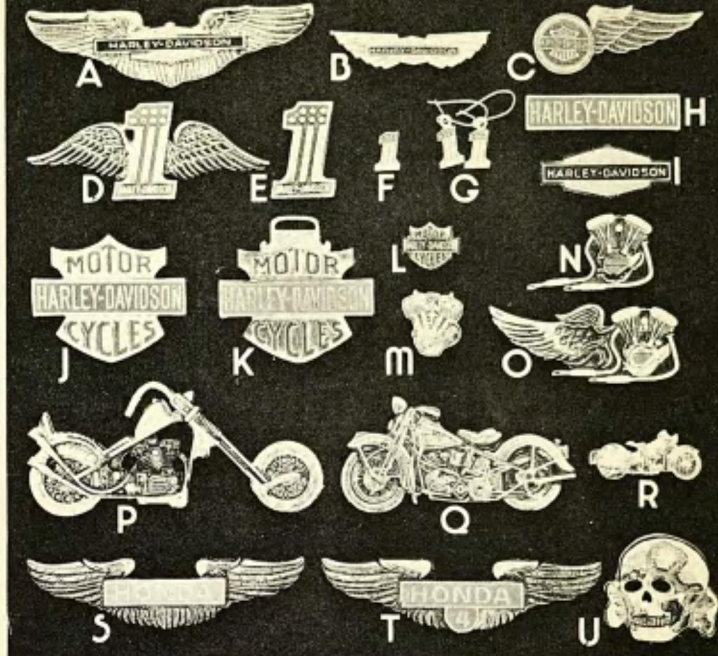
Jammer T-Shirts and Tank Tops. Fine-quality American-made shirts. Tank Top or T-Shirt.

Tank Tops

128010	small	3.95
128011	medium	3.95
128012	large	3.95
128022	x-tra lg	3.95

T-Shirts

128013	small	3.95
128014	medium	3.95
128015	large	3.95
128023	x-tra lg	3.95



Biker Pins. Includes Clasp.

A	129052	Large Harley Wings	2.95
B	129053	Large Harley Wings	2.95
C	129054	Small Harley Wings	2.75
D	129055	Harley Wheel & Wing	2.50
E	129056	Harley #1 & Wings	2.95
F	129057	Harley #1	2.50
G	129058	Small Harley #1	2.65
H	129059	Harley #1 Earrings	4.95
I	129060	Harley-Davidson Bar	1.95
J	129061	Harley Emblem	2.50
K	129062	Harley Shield	2.95
L	129063	Harley Shield Key Fob	2.95
M	129064	Small Harley Shield	1.95
N	129065	Small Harley Motor	1.95
O	129066	Shovelhead Motor & Wings	2.75
P	129067	Chopper	3.95
Q	129068	Fatbob	3.95
R	129069	Small Fatbob	2.50
S	129070	Honda Wings	2.50
T	129071	Honda 4 Wings	2.50
U	129072	Skull	1.95



13007 Bota Bag. Made from expensive top-grain leather. Strap is sturdy and adjustable. Flying wheel design. **19.95**



5105 Abus Chain Lock. Comes with 4 feet of heat-treated 5/16" chain. Two keys. Chromed. **19.95**

Bike Bag. Fits tight over sissy bar alone or expands to fit over sissy bar and seat.

5109	Regular size.	19.95
51012	Extra large.	29.95



13002 Leather Visor. Fully adjustable to fit any standard size head. **7.95**

Delux Leather Cap. Individually hand-crafted of the finest soft leathers. Yet rugged and durable.

13003	Small	19.95
13004	Medium	19.95
13005	Large	19.95
13006	Extra large	19.95



12807 Jammer Scooter Seat. Just right for working on bikes. Rolls in any direction instantly. Made of steel with wooden top. The metal tray under seat holds tools where you can find them. Used by most professional motorcycle mechanics. **12.95**

(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

For more other stuff refer to Jammer's Handbook. (See back cover of this magazine.)



12808 Chromed Nuts and Washers. Fifty 5/16 nuts and fifty 5/16 lock washers for HD 74 transmission, side cover, and other uses on the bike. 100 chromed pieces. **8.95**

12809 Jammer Bolt Kit. Kit has bolts, nuts, washers for mounting fender, oil tank, sissy bar, brake and shift bracket, and fork stops. Also works on stock 74 frames. 74 chromed pieces. **9.95**

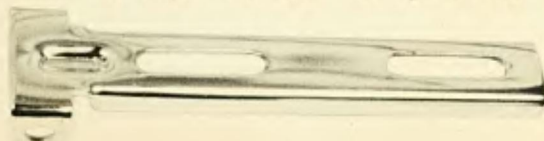
Jammer

SEATS



The Regal Seat. Hand-crafted from the finest leathers and naugahyde, using heavy steel plates and aircraft quality foam. Fully carpeted on the bottom, and the steel plate has beading around edges to prevent cutting of materials. Has holes tapped in bottom for easy mounting. The Regal is the same type as used on the Jammer. The finishing touch to a beautiful machine. The Regal is approximately 27" long, by 7" wide and 2" thick.

Part No.	Height	Type	Type of Frame	Price
11501	4"	Regal Leather	Rigid	94.95
11502	4"	Regal Leather	Swingarm	94.95
11503	12"	Regal Leather	Rigid	96.95
11504	12"	Regal Leather	Swingarm	96.95
11505	18"	Regal Leather	Rigid	99.95
11506	18"	Regal Leather	Swingarm	99.95
11509	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	64.95
115010	4"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	64.95
115011	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	69.95
115012	12"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	69.95
115013	18"	Regal Naugahyde	Rigid	74.95
115014	18"	Regal Naugahyde	Swingarm	74.95



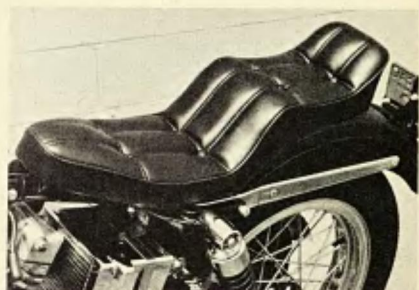
11706 Seat Bracket.
2.50



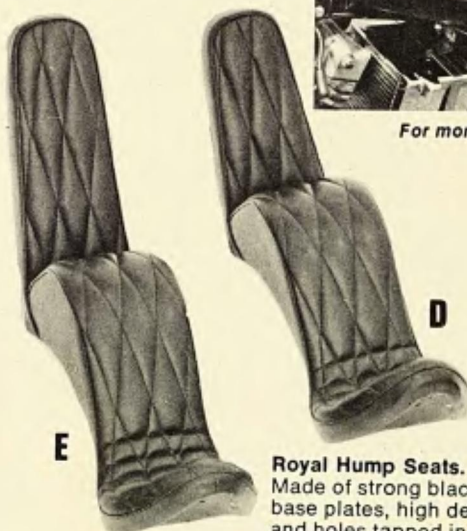
The Elite. For Sportster and Super Glide. This new seat is designed for the ultimate in comfort and appearance. The carpeted bottom follows the contour of the bike better than stock. The seat lowers you 2" for easier handling and maximum comfort. Comes complete with all brackets, and mounts like stock. No welding or other alterations needed. Genuine black Naugahyde.

	Part No.	Bike	Style	Back	Size	Price
A	115029	Sportster	Pleats	4"	24"x9"	54.95
	115030	S. Glide	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	54.95
B	115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4"	24"x9"	54.95
	115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	54.95
C	115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14"	24"x9"	66.95
	115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	66.95

The 14" Elite has a built-in steel back support and needs no sissybar.



For more seats refer to Jammer's Handbook.
(See back cover of this magazine.)

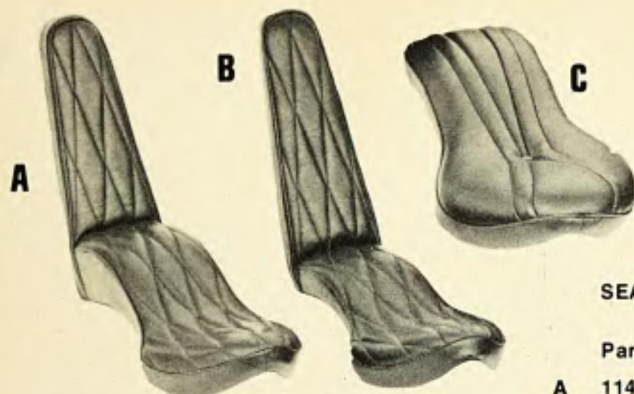


Royal Hump Seats. Fits most rigid frame bikes. Made of strong black naugahyde. All have steel base plates, high density foam—two inches thick—and holes tapped in bottom for easy mounting.

	Part No.	Style	Back Height	Price
D	116013	High hump	14"	62.95
E	116014	High hump	18"	69.95

Jammer

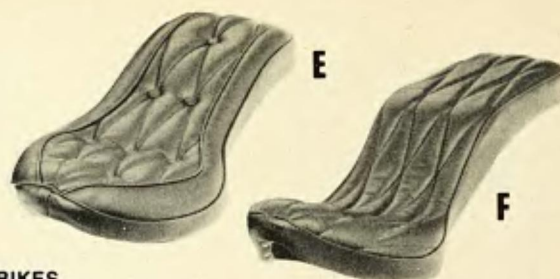
OUR XMAS GIFT TO YOU!
BUY SEAT-GET FREE HIS & HERS SHIRTS!
Buy any Seat and choose 2 t-shirts or 2 tank-tops or 1 of each from page 87 as our Xmas gift to you.
(Be sure to include part #s on order form and write "GIFT" in price column.)



The Cobra. Our most universal seat. Will fit most swingarm bikes. Made with strong black Naugahyde and aircraft quality foam padding. All have steel base plates with several holes tapped in bottom for easy custom mounting.

SEATS FOR SWINGARM BIKES

	Part No.	Style	Back	Size	Price
A	11401	Diamond Hump	18"	26"x8"	54.95
B	11402	Diamond Flat	18"	26"x8"	54.95
C	114012	Wasp	None	26"x8"	37.50
E	114015	Diamond Button	None	26"x8"	42.50
F	114010	Diamond Ridge	None	29½"x8"	44.95

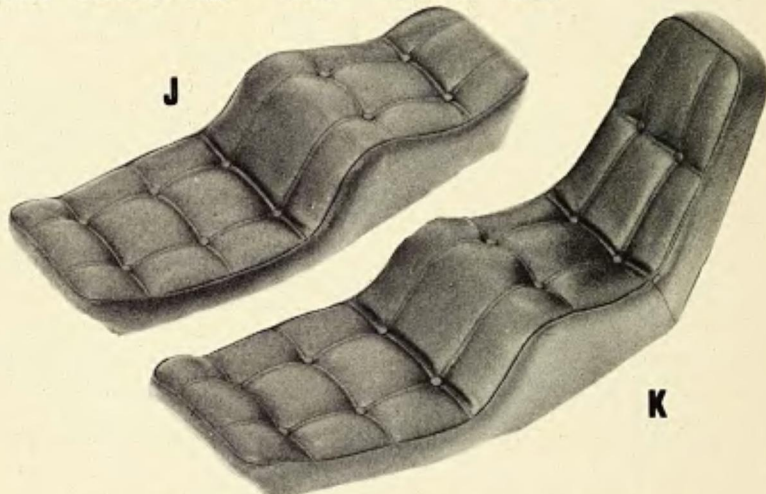


The Honda Nobility. All three of these seats are made specifically for Hondas. The design is wider and the seats are all hinged on the side like stock. Made of genuine black Naugahyde with aircraft quality foam padding. **Order brackets separately for easy mounting on 750 or 500 - 550.**

	Part No.	Style	Back	Size	Price
G	114033	Diamond Emperor	14"	28"x11"	66.95
H	114034	Diamond Duke	4"	26"x11"	49.95
I	114035	Diamond Count	None	26"x11"	47.95

Brackets For Honda Nobility.

114036	For Honda 750 "K" series only.	4.00
114037	For Honda 500 & 550 "K" series only.	4.00



The Honda Marquis. These are our deluxe Honda seats. Square nose styling allows both of these super-comfortable seats to fit flush against the gas tank. A touring style rear section covers the rear bracket and part of the rear fender. These luxurious contour fitted seats come in either black or brown Naugahyde and are hinged on the side like stock for easy access to battery and tool box. **Order brackets separately for easy mounting to your Honda.**

	Part No.	Style	Color	Back	Size	Price
J	114038	Square Tufted	Black	4"	26"x10"	54.95
	114039	Square Tufted	Brown	4"	26"x10"	54.95
K	114040	Square Tufted	Black	14"	26"x10"	74.95
	114041	Square Tufted	Brown	14"	26"x10"	74.95

The 14" Marquis has a built-in steel back support and needs no sissybar.

Brackets For Honda Marquis.

114042	For Honda 750 "K" series only.	4.00
114043	For Honda 500 & 550 "K" series only.	4.00
114044	For Honda 450 (Side tilt only)	4.00
114045	For Honda 360	4.00
114047	For Honda 350 — 4 cyl.	4.00



Joanner

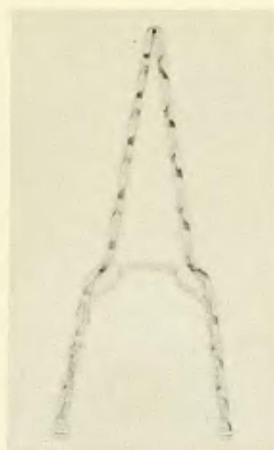
(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

SISSY BARS

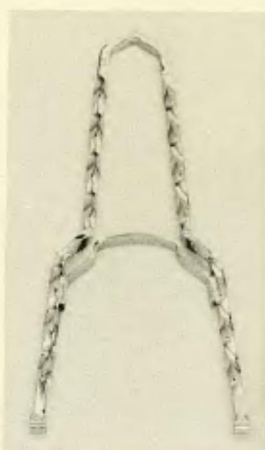


Rigid Frame Sissy Bars. Primarily designed to fit on rigid framed 1937 to 1957 HDs or the Jammer frame. They can also be used in custom applications on motorcycles with short struts, or can be mounted with very little modification to a hardtail section. Usually only two small tabs welded on the hardtail is all that is necessary.

Bars are custom chromed and



36"



28"



21"

made of top quality steel. Bars have pre-drilled holes in bottom for easy installation. 1/4-inch fender support will accept most 5-inch custom fenders. They have a tab on one side for the chain guard.

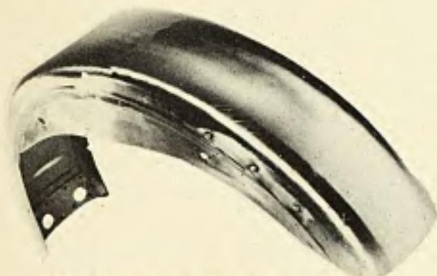
Bars are available in 36-inch, 28-inch and 21-inch heights. Height of a bar is measured from center of mounting hole in bottom of bar to top. Twisted bars are made of 9/16-inch material. The Round, Hex and Square bars are made of 5/8-inch material.

Sissybars also fit rigid frame Sportsters.

Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	39.95
8302	36"	Round	39.95
8303	36"	Hex	39.95
8304	36"	Square	39.95
8309	28"	Twist	39.95
83010	28"	Round	39.95
83011	28"	Hex	39.95
83012	28"	Square	39.95
83013	21"	Hex	37.50
83014	21"	Square	37.50

Here are the most popular type fenders used on custom bikes. All are made of steel.

FENDERS



74014 Sportster Style Cutaway Fender. Stock replacement fender for XLCH. Has cutaway for taillight. All steel construction. 37.95

74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender. Rear fender with no taillight cutaway. All steel construction. 37.95



7407 Plain 4" 29" 16.95
(Chromed)



Fat Bob Fender. Heavy gauge steel stamping. No ripples or die marks—easy to prime and paint. Fully beaded edge and cut-out for chain. 37" x 7-1/2".

74012 Left side chain 31.25
74013 Right side chain 31.25



Fenders:

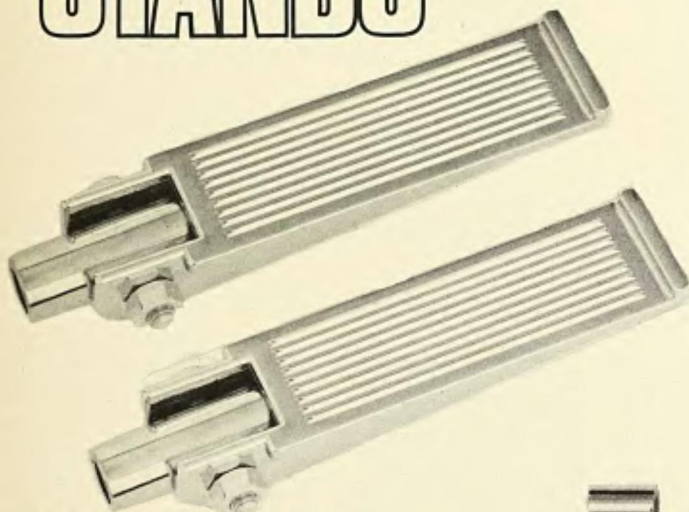
Part No.	Style	Width	Length	Price
7403	Flat	6"	41"	12.95
7404	Flat	5"	41"	11.95
7405	Rib	5"	45"	9.95

74010 "U" Clamp. For rear fender. Can be used for all applications where custom mounted fenders should have maximum strength. Chromed. 2.75 each

GIVE A BIKER A BREAK!
Give chopper parts for Xmas.

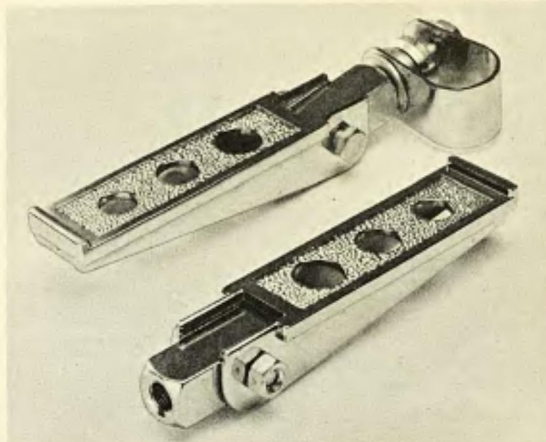
All parts in stock at both warehouses for same-day delivery.
(See order blank on page 93 for shipping time.)

PEGS AND STANDS



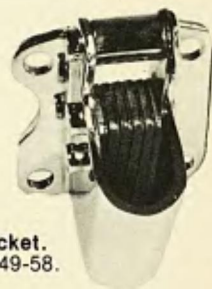
15401 Chromed Foot Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 7.35 pair

15402 Chromed Foot Pegs with Clamp. Clamp is designed for a one-inch bar. Sold in pairs only. 8.50 pair

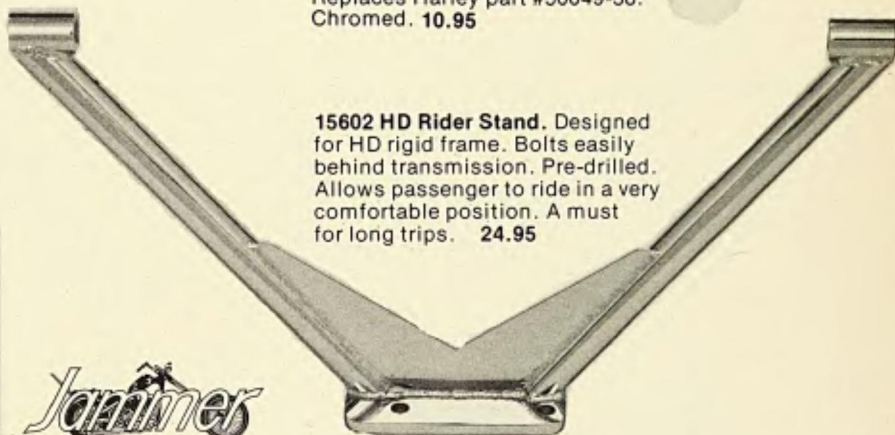


15406 Hole Pegs with Clamp. Clamp fits all one-inch bars. Sold in pairs only. 8.50 pair

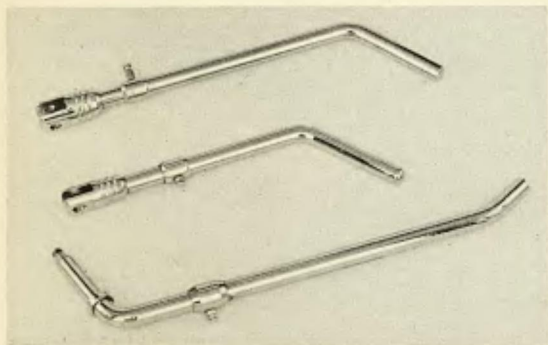
15405 Hole Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 7.35 pair



155016 Kickstand Leg Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50049-58. Chromed. 10.95



15602 HD Rider Stand. Designed for HD rigid frame. Bolts easily behind transmission. Pre-drilled. Allows passenger to ride in a very comfortable position. A must for long trips. 24.95



Extended Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths: "A" for bikes having a 4-inch to about a 9-inch extended front end; "B" for bikes having extended front ends over 10 inches. **Don't forget to allow for your rake.**

HD 74 Extended Kick Stand. Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.

15503 "A" size. 19.95

15504 "B" size. 19.95

Sportster Extended Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

15505 "A" size 18.95

15506 "B" size. 18.95

Honda Extended Kick Stand. Fits 450, 500, 750, models.

155011 "A" size. 17.95

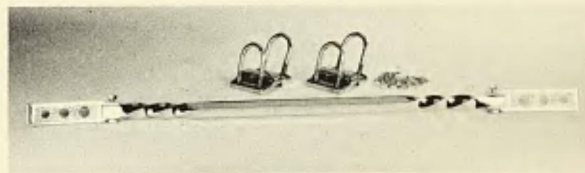
155012 "B" size. 17.95



155014 Kickstand Leg Stop. Replaces Harley part # 50049-36. Chromed. 2.75



155013 Kickstand Spring Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50036-36. Chromed. 2.50



156017 Universal Highway Bar. Includes foot pegs and complete hardware. Rod length: 21-1/2". Chromed. 22.70



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COLLECTOR PIPES

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

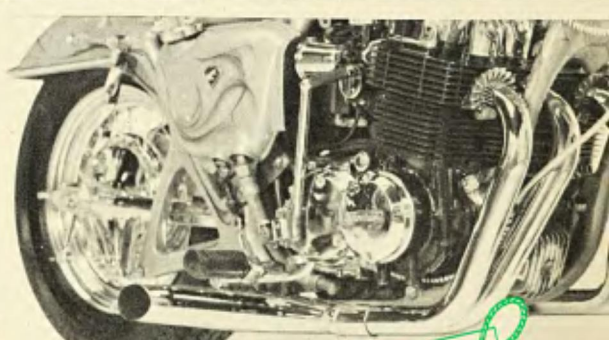
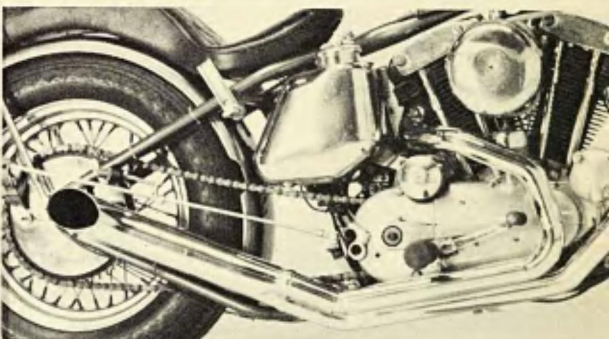
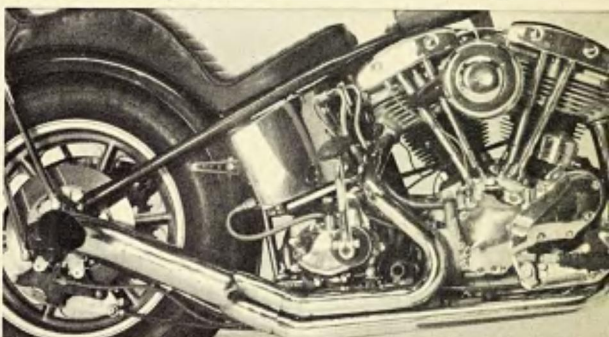
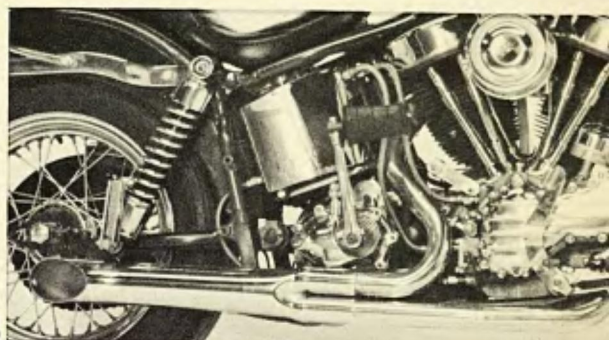
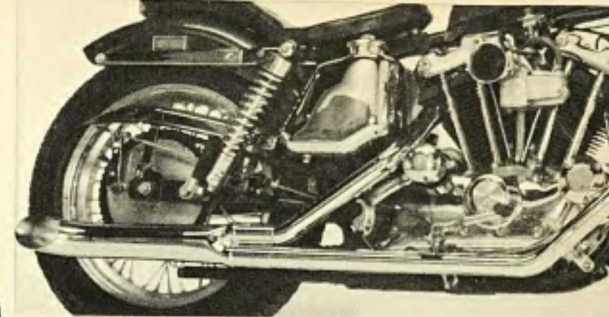
Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
151011	Sportster XLCH	57-up	Kick start only	Rigid	1-3	\$110
A 151012	Sportster XLCH-XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	S/A	5-6 3-5	\$110
151013	Knucklehead	36-47	Kick start	Rigid	1-3	\$110
151014	Panhead	48-65	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3-5	\$110
B 151015	Panhead	58-65	Kick or electric	S/A	3-5	\$110
C 151016	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
151017	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	70-74	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	66-74	Equal length Kick or electric	All	3-4	\$110
151020	Shovelhead	70-74	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
151022	Sportster-XLCH, XLH	57-up	Equal length Kick or electric	Sw/Arm	3-5-6	\$115
D 151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3 5-6	\$115

HONDA

151024	CB350 & 400 4 Cyl.	72-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$139
151025	CB450 & 550-4 Cyl.	71-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$139
E 151026	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$139
151027	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 1, w/Mega-phone Muffler	All		\$139
151028	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	Rigid	1	\$149

Footnotes

- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.



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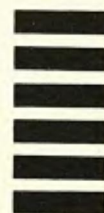
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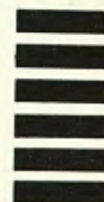
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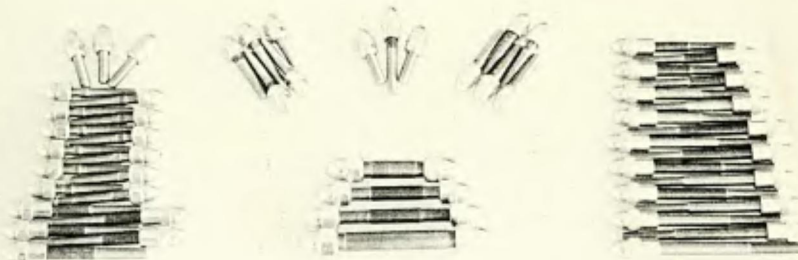
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12204	Circuit Brk. Base Screw Set (1936-1957)	4.00
12205	Lifter Base Screw Set (1936-up)	7.25
12206	Motor Case Nut & Bolt Set	11.00
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12208	Head Bolt Set (1940-1947)	19.00
12209	Cylinder Base Nut Set	6.50
12210	Rocker Box Bolt Set (1936-1947)	7.00
12211	Timing Plug-Oil Tank Plug	2.00
12212	Generator Screw Set (1936-1957)	3.00
12213	License Plate Set	2.50

PANHEAD-SHOVELHEAD

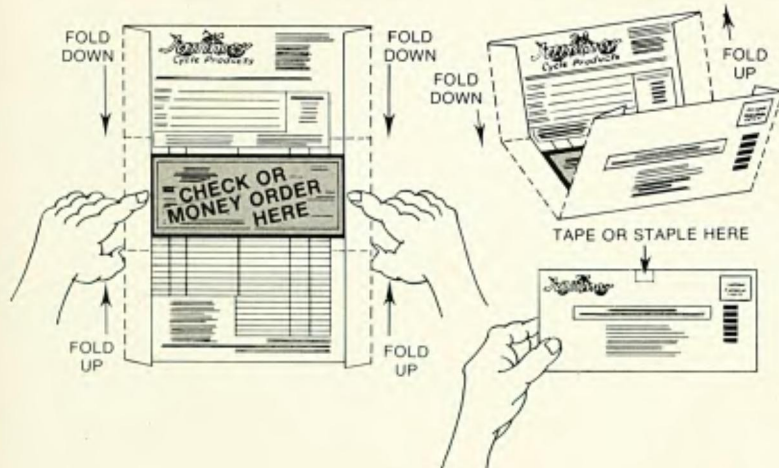
12201	Oil Pump Nut Set (1936-1969)	5.50
12202	Transmission Side Cover Nut Set	6.75
12203	Timing Cvr. Screw Set (1936-1970)	11.00
12204	Circuit Brk. Base Screw	4.00
12205	Lifter Base Screw Set (1936-up)	7.25
12206	Motor Case Nut & Bolt Set	11.00
12207	Rear Wheel & Shaped Cvr. Screw Set (pre 1966)	4.00
12209	Cylinder Base Nut Set	6.50
122022	Timing Cover Screw Set (1970-up)	5.00
122023	Rocker Box Nut Set (1966-up)	16.00
122024	Head Bolt Set (1948-up)	19.00
122025	Primary Cover Screw Set (1965-1970)	11.00
122026	Primary Cover Screw Set (1971-up)	13.00
122027	Primary Cover Screw Set (1965-up)	6.50
122028	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1957-1970)	6.00
122029	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1971-up)	6.00
122030	Generator Screw Set (1958-1969)	3.00
122012	Generator Screw Set (1936-1957)	3.00
122013	License Plate Set	2.50

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122033	Primary Cvr. Screw Set (1957-1969 XLCH)	6.50
122034	Primary Cvr. Screw Set (XLCH 1970, '67-'70 XLH)	11.00
122035	Primary Cvr. Screw Set (XLH 1957-1969)	4.00
122036	Primary Cvr. Screw Set-Left Side (1971-up)	10.00
122037	Cam Cover Screw Set (1957-1970)	8.50
122038	Cam Cvr. Screw Set-Right Side (1971-up)	8.00
122039	Generator Screw Set (1957-1970)	3.00
122040	Generator Screw Set (1971-up)	3.00
122041	Rocker Box Bolt Set (1957-up)	17.00
122042	Lifter Base Bolt Set (1957-up)	3.50
122043	Motor Mount Set (1957-up)	11.00
122044	Sprkt. Cover Screw Set (1957-1970)	3.00
122045	Sprkt. Cover Screw Set (1971-up)	3.00
122046	Cylinder Base Nut Set (1957-up)	5.50
122011	Timing Plug - Oil Tank Plug	2.00
122048	Head Bolt Set (1957-1971)	15.00
122049	Head Bolt Set (1972-up)	15.00
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122029	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug Set (1971-up)	6.00
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HONDA

122055	Left Side Covers Screw Set (750)	17.50
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122060	Motor Mount Set (500)	13.00
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122064	Left Side Cover Screw Set (500)	7.00
122065	Left Side Cover Screw Set (350)	12.00
122066	Rocker Box & Exhaust Nut & Screw Set	12.00
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