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May, 1976
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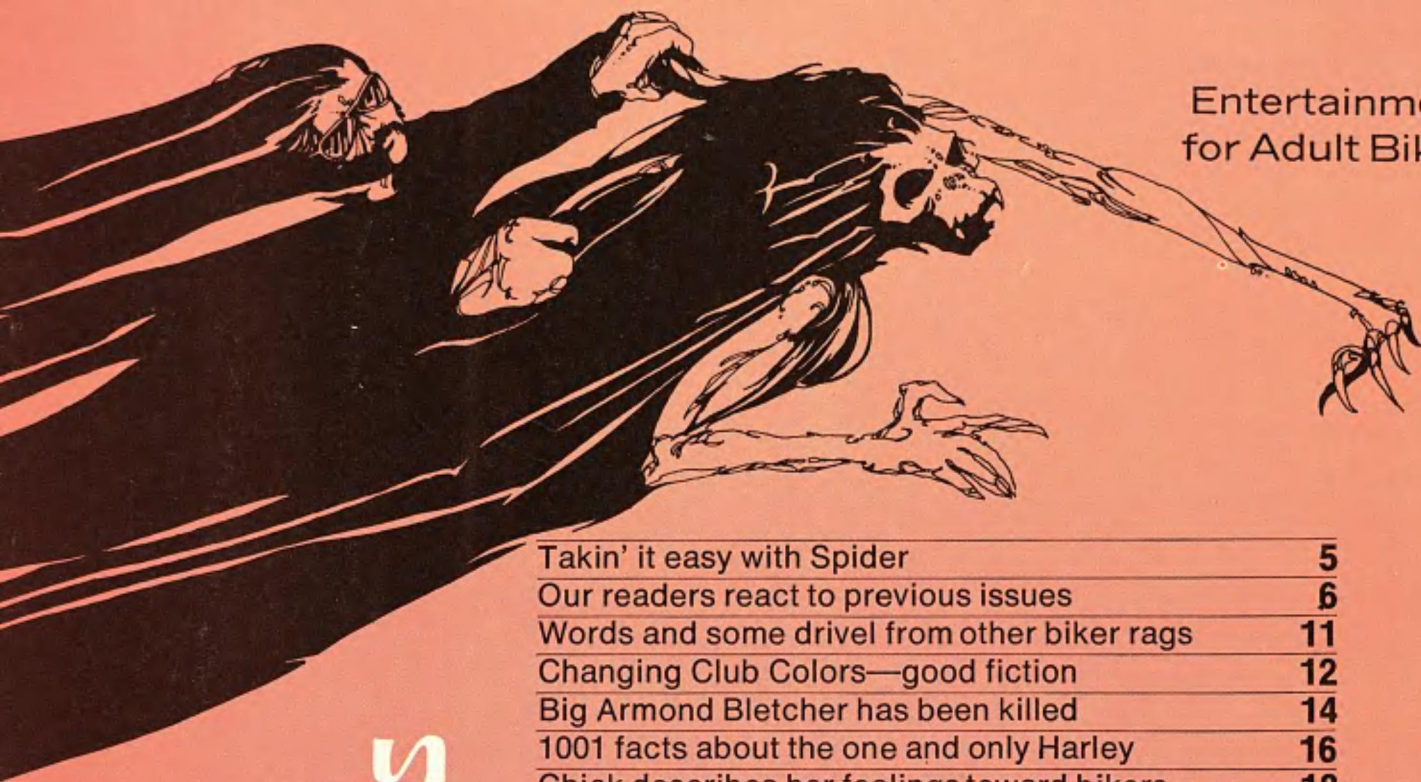
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Easyriders

FTW

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Number 36

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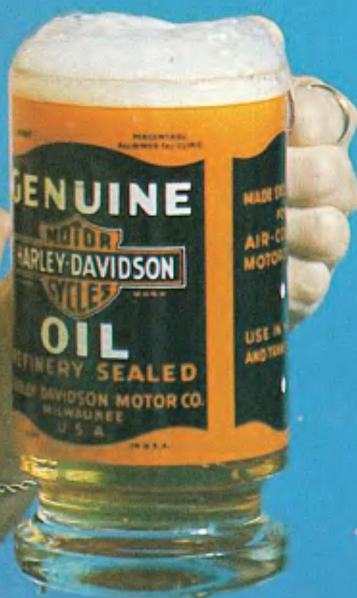
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Instant hard-on: If you can get your hands on some dimethyl sulfoxide (DMSO), a greasy liquid that smells like garlic, you can produce an instant, dynamic hard-on by placing one drop on the head of your crank. If anyone knows where to get some, let me know (before DOT or someone outlaws it!).

Good news for shut-ins: A U.S. District Judge ordered that the county sheriff "shall not, for censorship reasons, refuse an inmate access to any publication that may lawfully be delivered by the postal service." By the way, Easyriders is delivered by mail.

Dipshit of the month: A dude in Houston filled out an application to become a cop. He was asked if he had ever been in trouble with the police. He said he robbed a liquor store once—but he wasn't caught!

No need to wash up: A British scientist says the practice of showering before sex may be ruining it. He claims that soap and water wash away the odors that stimulate the area of the brain governing sexual performance. I wonder if that includes duck butter.

Talk about cold: When a dude and his ol' lady refused to cooperate with some guerrillas in Rhodesia, the guerrillas whipped out some pliers and a knife and cut the dude's ears, nose, and chin off and then forced his ol' lady to roast and eat 'em.

Legwetting fact file: Research now proves that small-titted women tend to produce more milk than large-titted women.

Whoopie! The use of four-letter profanities in public places is no

longer banned in Boston—or anywhere else in Massachusetts. Okay—what I wanna know is what the fuck is a four-letter profanity?

Speaking of noses: Police in London are looking for a noseless thief. It seems that while he was swiping stuff out of a store window he had broken, a sheet of glass slid down on him as he was busy pocketing goodies and sliced off his nose. The dumb shit ran away, leaving his nose as evidence. Stupid amateur.

A woman driver was recently taught the error of her ways. She had been tailgating this car for miles when finally someone in the car in front stuck a gun out the window and blew her away!

Put the burn on 'em. That's the official word if you want to be picked up faster while you're hitchhiking. According to researchers, you'll be picked up in a third of the usual time if you stare directly into the eyes of the oncoming car drivers.

Did you know that goddam hound of yours could out-eat you (food, that is) if you gave him a chance? For instance, a 40-pound pooch could eat three times as much food as a 160-pound man!

Speaking of dogs: Did you know that the biggest dogs in a city are owned by women? (No comment.)

Did you hear about the dude whose ol' lady bitched at him every time he tried to smoke a cigar? Well, when he died recently, he left his ol' lady his entire million-dollar estate—provided she smoked five cigars a day! Or how about the cold dude who left his ol' lady only a new handkerchief—for her to cry into.

Talk about class: Two trustees in a Georgia jail decided to hang it up and so they merely called a taxi. The taxi picked them up at the front door and they split. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

□ Your rag has been good up until lately, but out of 80 pages, why only three layouts on bikes?

A little tit is okay, but if I want to look at nude chicks, the ol' lady can strip and walk around, and anyone over the age of four knows how to fart. As for fuckin' animals, my ol' lady is animal enough for me. I'll be damned if any pig, chicken, horse, cow, duck, or other barnyard creature can fuck like a woman, and none can give as good head. How about more bikes and less bullshit trash.

Joe
El Monte, Calif.

■ Why don't you buy a different magazine and then stuff that copy of **Easyriders** up your ass?

Digs Mann

□ Dave Mann has got to be the best fuckin' bike artist around. You oughta think about putting a centerfold of his in every issue.

B.O.
White River Junction, Vt.

■ No shit?

Slice Of Pie

□ Say, that little slice of pie lurking in the shadows on page 16 of February's issue is really far out.

D.C.
Elgin, Ill.

Good Ol' Lady

□ I happen to be a proud ol' lady with a great little cushion for the pushin'. I love my ol' man to death and understand my place in his life. When he says spread a little leg, I'm gonna. Pleasin' him is my job, and I'm happy doin' it. A biker is a man, not a boy who has to ask mommy for permission to fuck the ol' lady. A biker doesn't have

to kiss the ol' lady's ass to go on a run without her. I don't believe in women's lib. They're all a bunch of dykes.

Angel
Burnham, Ill.

One Complaint

□ The only complaint I have against your rag is that you publish every six weeks instead of once a month. If your magazine came out once a month and didn't lose any quality from doing so, many readers would appreciate it.

Brian Lindy
F.P.O. San Francisco

■ Yeah, but we'd have to work harder.

No Cunts

□ I know a lot of people who read **Easyriders** because we sell them out of our shop. Lately they don't sell as well because the guys say they can buy **Playboy** and see the same shit. If I buy a magazine for bikes, I'm gonna buy a magazine with bikes in it, not a bunch of cunts. I thought maybe you should be aware of the way people are starting to feel about **Easyriders**.

The Biker Public
Bronx, New York

■ Fuck 'em.

Letter Writer

□ I read "Right To Write" in your December issue. It's far-out that our bros in the joint can do something about The Man fucking with their mail. But what about us short-timers doing county time? I'm in here doing time for fucking up a punk who ripped me off. I made the mistake of mailing a letter to my ol' lady and one to my ex the same day. One of the bulls here must have really gotten his rocks off switching the letters in the envelopes. Both broads cut

me loose, and I got hot. So here I sit in a single cell with a new beef—"assault on a police officer." Shit!

Big Fuckin' Bubba
N. Highlands, Calif.

DOT Phone Line

□ In several states on the East Coast, NHTSA has set up a toll-free safety hotline to get public input (800-424-0123). There are five lines that are supposed to be in service for one year. Let's let 'em know how unsafe helmets are. Let's get on their case—but don't be rank—just tell it as it is.

Sam Bronstein
College Park, Md.

Help!

□ Help! My ol' man's in the slammer and I'm lonesome, but I'm waitin' for him. Could ya please send me a large cucumber to keep me company at night?

Shann—Phill's Ol' Lady
Kansas City, Kansas

■ Mutha said she'd cut loose with one of hers.

Stayin' Ahead

□ I am writing in reference to your recent article, "Stayin' Ahead of the District Attorney." Believe me when I say I have seen many young dudes take a fall because of their ignorance of the law and the soft soap talk of a hard-nose pig. Maybe your article won't get too many dudes out of the slammer, but it sure as hell will keep a lot from coming back.

Butch Moore
Menard, Ill.

.44 Magnum

□ In your December issue you had an article about a .44 Magnum auto loader. I've been trying to find a distributor and the address of the manufacturer for some time. I should have realized that you dudes would know. Any info you

could come up with would be appreciated.

Steven
Shelton, Wash.

■ TDE Corp., 11658 McBean Drive, El Monte, California 91732. (213) 442-2504.

Heavy Wallet

□ Amen to the letter written by R. Reid, Detroit, (Wordmonger, Feb. '76). I recently unloaded my '73 Harley for the reasons Mr. Reid stated. It seemed like every time I turned around that cheesy piece of junk had to be put in for repairs. And repairs aren't exactly cheap. I couldn't go two months without a breakdown. After numerous let-downs, bad times, and disappointments—not to mention expense—I wised up and sold that headache. I just haven't got the time, patience, or heavy wallet it takes to keep an AMF Harley roadworthy.

P. J. Riley
Stockton, Calif.

No Broads

□ I've been reading your magazine for the past three years. I like to look at good-looking scooters; it gives me ideas on what to do with my bike. But one damn thing I don't like to look at is a ragged-assed chick lying on a gorgeous chopper. So why the fuck don't you put more bikes and less broads in the rag?

Little Moose
Providence, R.I.

■ We're queer for broads.

Bull Bikers

□ All right, you punk motherfuckers, how about cutting two prison bulls a little slack! Granted, a lot of bulls and street pigs are total assholes, but there are some of us who are just trying to do our own thing: profile on our scoots, swirl suds, and

The Original—not a Taiwan copy!



(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'.



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scarf on righteous female stuff. Cons are always driving on us to treat them as individuals, and that's righteous. On the other hand, most scooter tramps insist on regarding The Man as a "sack full of shit," and this is just as wrong as saying "all bikers are assholes." How about it, people, let's try to stop prejudging people on their looks, occupation, or mode of transportation. Think about it.

Panhead &
Colorado Breed
Susanville, California

Hard To Find

☐ If all those turkeys who constantly bitch about **Easyriders** getting more fucked up with each issue would stop buying them, maybe they wouldn't be so hard for the rest of us to find.

Dirty Ed
Richmond, Ky.

Right To Write

☐ The article by Bob Collins, "The Right To Write," was long overdue! Not only did he specifically run down the injustices in the prisoner's mail system—he told us step by step what to do to bring about a change. Anyone can sit and run something down, but when you offer a solution, that's constructive. I say bravo to Bob Collins for speaking up from inside—that's courage! But a double bravo for **Easyriders** for knowing it needs to print the things we need to know out here!

Nikki
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Rag Outlawed

☐ I ain't got the bucks to order a subscription, and they stopped selling your magazine in this joint when you guys showed us that neat little trick the narcs use for a wallet that shoots. So if you got any readers out there who wouldn't mind donating to a worthy cause, there are a lot of dudes in here who would get off on an **Easyriders**. Or if there are any Jesus freaks out there who don't want the subscription any more, just send it to Donald Harvey, (94862), Ohio State Reformatory, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Digs Rag

☐ It is true that many

people on the streets enjoy your magazine, but I think I would be perfectly safe in saying that no one out there enjoys it as much as those of us behind bars do.

Robert
Tamal, Calif.

☐ That's why we give complimentary subscriptions to prison libraries. All we need is a letter from the prison librarian requesting a subscription and we'll send it free to the library—for everybody to get off on.

Cow Lover

☐ Really got my nuts off on your "Animal Sex Life" article. That dude's been there. I agree that it's a real bummer makin' it with a cow. I don't mind the shit that much, but it takes too fuckin' long to walk around front to kiss 'em.

Steve The Snatch
San Jose, Calif.

☐ I'm known as a real gross fucker, but reading "Animal Sex Life" made me sick. That's got to be the grossest pile of shit I've ever read.

Jew Jew Beans
Albert Lea, Minn.

☐ Did you have to put that shit in your rag? Who the fuck wants to know how to fuck a pig (unless he's dressed in blue)? It's easy to see (from all the chicks in your rag) that none of you are eyeing the barnyard.

"The Doc" Savage
Hollywood, Florida

☐ Thanks for the animal story—my ol' lady and I laughed till we cried, then we horsed around a little, played chicken, and sheepishly hit the sack.

Bloody Stump
Saint Paul, Minn.

☐ Now I know you're sick, after readin' "Animal Sex Life." That was gross.

Mitch
Schenectady, N.Y.

☐ Your mag has usually got some pretty classy shit, but "Animal Sex Life" had to be one of the most fuckin' perverted, sick, trashy, degrading, fucked-up pieces of literature ever put between the hallowed covers of your

rag! Fuck, man, who the hell wants to know how a sheep or horse reacts to a human dick! Why not run something on how females react to animals instead? At least the bros and the other dudes in the joint will have something to look forward to when they return to the street. I mean who the hell is going to pound the meat with Sally Palm and her five sisters while thinking of fuckin' a chicken!

Shadow & Wolfman
Shelton, Washington

Righteous Words

☐ We want to take the time to say that the February '76 article called We're All Bros was spoken from the heart and indeed was a righteous bunch of words. Anyone who has ever worn an "In Memory Of" patch knows it was one of the finest articles you've printed.

Arizona Andy
Traverse City, Mich.

☐ Regarding the article written by the pres of a chapter of the Chosen Few, I think the man has a lot of balls, and I would like to buy him a beer if I ever meet him on the road.

A member of the
Virginians M/C
Winchester, Virginia

☐ I just finished readin' "We're All Bros" and I gotta say he's really got his shit together.

Doug Vollmer
Yonkers, N.Y.

☐ ... it was straight facts that everyone who rides a scooter should remember. It's time bikers got their shit together.

Ed
El Monte, Calif.

☐ We can really dig where the pres of the chapter of the Chosen Few M/C was coming from in his article. But we would like our other chapters in California and the people who know us here to know that we are not involved in any hassles and we're not connected with the events mentioned in the first part of his story.

Flash
S.F.V., Calif.

☐ The chapter was located in Texas.

—Continued on next page



It's rank, it's gross — and it's great!

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 — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

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

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

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

Book **Easyriders Magazine**

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

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Dug Article

☐ Thanks to Louis Bosque for "Fuck The Facts." That article really tells us how those bastards in Washington, D.C., get us into these fucked-up situations.

Robert Gumm
Milwaukee, Wis.

Thanks From CCCI

☐ On behalf of all the inmates here at CCCI, I wish to extend our sincere thanks to all the staff of **Easyridders** for your kindness in giving us a complimentary subscription to your magazine.

I'm sure that our inmates will get a lot of enjoyment out of your publication — again, our thanks.

L. G. Newton
Librarian

Mail Call Comes Through

☐ A few months ago you put an ad in the "Mail Call" section of **Easyridders** and I wasn't ready (no way) for what was going to happen. Got a letter from a chick who did my head a number. Really good people. So we shot a few letters back and forth, and next thing I knew she was here at Soledad to visit me. Not just good people, but a beautiful woman too! Well, here's what I wasn't ready for—we both fell off all the way into each other, and we're going to be married here in Soledad Prison!

"Thanks" sounds so fucked—it just doesn't say all that I feel, but it's the only thing I know to lay on ya. So thanks, brothers. Remembering me (remembering all your brothers in prison) by having the "Mail Call" trip has given me my hope-to-die running partner/mate! You guys are beautiful!

Jean-Phillippe
"Frenchy" de Ruise
Soledad, California

Wants Back Issues

☐ Would you have any idea where I can get **Easyridders** Vol. one, #1, #2, #3 and Vol. two, #1, #2, #4, in good shape? I will pay \$3.00 each.

Richard L. Musson
2091 Alice St.
Farwell, Michigan 48622

Never Hard?

☐ Us ol' ladies are the ones who pay for your rags, so why don't you do something nice for us? We're tired of

seeing chicks who look too good to be true spread all over some Hog. Why is it that all I ever see in your rag is pussy and tits? We want to see some dicks and balls. There's a general belief that all bikers have little dicks that never get hard. Is it true?

Kim
Cincinnati, Ohio

☐ If you knew a biker, you'd know that's a crock.

Put Down?

☐ Your rag's great except for the constant put-down of chicks. Just because I'm not a dude doesn't mean I don't know how to do anything except fuck. So cut the shit!

Deirdre
Tucson, Ariz.

☐ We don't put down—we lay down.

Stereotyped

☐ For most of my life I thought of bikers as the TV stereotype; rowdy, dirty, etc. About two years ago a friend of mine married a biker. I got to know him and realized that the stereotype was not necessarily true. About six months ago his chopper was ripped off by the local club. Now I wonder—just what the hell is a biker?

Nobody's Mama
Elgin, Illinois

☐ What do you suppose the Rotary Club wants with a scooter?

No Guns

☐ I just copped your first rag of '76—your best effort so far except for one thing.

What the fuck were you guys smokin' when you put "Stash Gun" in the same rag as a together thing like "We're All Bros"? I'll bet handguns kill more bros than all the motorists who can't or don't choose to see scooters. Next time just forget the feature on popguns and fill up the space with Harleys, another broad like Sandy Carey, or another article like "We're All Bros."

Bruce Pneuman
Wooster, Ohio

Hot Papas?

☐ Hey, who is that dynamite blond dude on page 27 of the December issue? You guys tend to forget us hot bitches out here who really enjoy a fine-looking piece of meat. You dig classy-looking broads. Well, we dig classy-looking dudes. How about some shots of hot papas in "In The Wind?"

Annabelle
Lompoc, Calif.

A Bet

☐ Some German chicks over here said if you'd print this (they bet us their ass you wouldn't), they will keep us in pussy until we leave.

Root, Frank, Topek
Bad Kreuzorach,
Germany

☐ Anything for a bro.

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, **Easyridders**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



"Christ, man — how many quarts of tequila did we polish off last night?"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Latest on Laconia . . .

"It is essential that word get out real early in the year, that the State of New Hampshire will enforce the ban against roadside camping with heavy fines and possible jail terms," stated a local law enforcement official who was happy to see the race being returned after a year's absence. "The race is a wonderful event," he continued, "but our State and the race promoters can well do without the sideshow on Route No. 106."

National guardsmen will patrol the areas. There are many private campgrounds in the race area that welcome tourists, and several hundred acres of free camping space will be available to those who purchase a weekend ticket for the two days and one night of racing.

—Motorcyclist's Post

Why labels?

A woman, after all, is a woman. Why all the other labels—a woman is not a female dog, nor a little bitty chicken.

Try this—if you've got your shit together, you don't try to put labels on other people. People are themselves. And women are people. Therefore, why put labels on them? Let them be themselves, and accept them as such.

—Chris Bunch
Big Bike

Digs helmets . . .

I feel it is time for me to take a position. I know for a fact that helmets are beneficial because they offer enough protection to reduce the severity of head injury in most types of crashes. In other words, helmets increase the odds for survival, even though they do not make the head invincible as some individuals

would like you to believe. Moreover, helmets aid hearing at speed, when you need to be aware of cars and trucks around you. (At rest you can hear more without a helmet. But at 55 mph, individuals who don't wear helmets experience ear damaging wind noise in excess of 100 decibels. Because helmets are effective in the reduction of wind noise, those wearing them can hear better when their vehicle is in motion.)

Knowing these facts, I personally wear a helmet, as does the entire staff of *Cycle World* magazine.

—Bob Atkinson
Cycle World

Christ—what problems . . .

We had endless discussions about running De Santis' custom built bike, since the whole construction of the bike is centered around a life-like object named Tanaya. There is no doubt that the life-like object is quite well done and equally endowed as she appears as a nude . . .

. . . If you think that the feature is getting touchy, take a closer look at the photos and you'll see that none of the "vital parts" are showing. You could see a lot more down at the beach on a live one if you wanted to!

. . . What this all boils down to is simple. I want you to look at this bike as a very well done construction which represents a lot of work and creativity. I'm sure that if you view it in that manner, you will not be offended.

—Editor
Street Chopper

No valid research . . .

In the October 1975 issue of *Traffic Safety* magazine it is reported that the Senate Appropriations Committee be-

lieves the NHTSA has lagged behind other federal agencies in the development of a viable statistical research operation. "In particular, the committee has been concerned by the lack of a national accident sampling and data collection and analysis system which is needed to provide a valid statistical base for standard setting by NHTSA and serve as a framework for specialized accident investigation programs." In other words, the NHTSA is decreeing their standards without adequate or valid research. Congress, it appears, is finally waking up to the statistical twisting with which the NHTSA attempts to justify their often whimsical standards.

—Road Rider Magazine

Hard row to hoe . . .

Talk about dumb, bikers have had a hard row to hoe ever since the Marlon Brando film did such wonders for our image. It's only been recently, and mainly because of the big television promotion done by the Japanese manufacturers, that things have lightened up a little and let biking take a step forward as an acceptable means of transportation.

—Digger Magazine

Another goodie from DOT

The U.S. Department of Transportation proposed amendments to motor vehicle safety standards concerning rear view mirrors; the proposal calls for motorcycles to be equipped with either a mirror with a reflective surface of no less than 12½ square inches, or a convex mirror with no less than 10 square inches of reflective surface. If enacted, the amendments would take effect six months after publication in the Federal Register.

—Cycle Age

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 ½" in diameter, and almost ¼" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 ¾" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

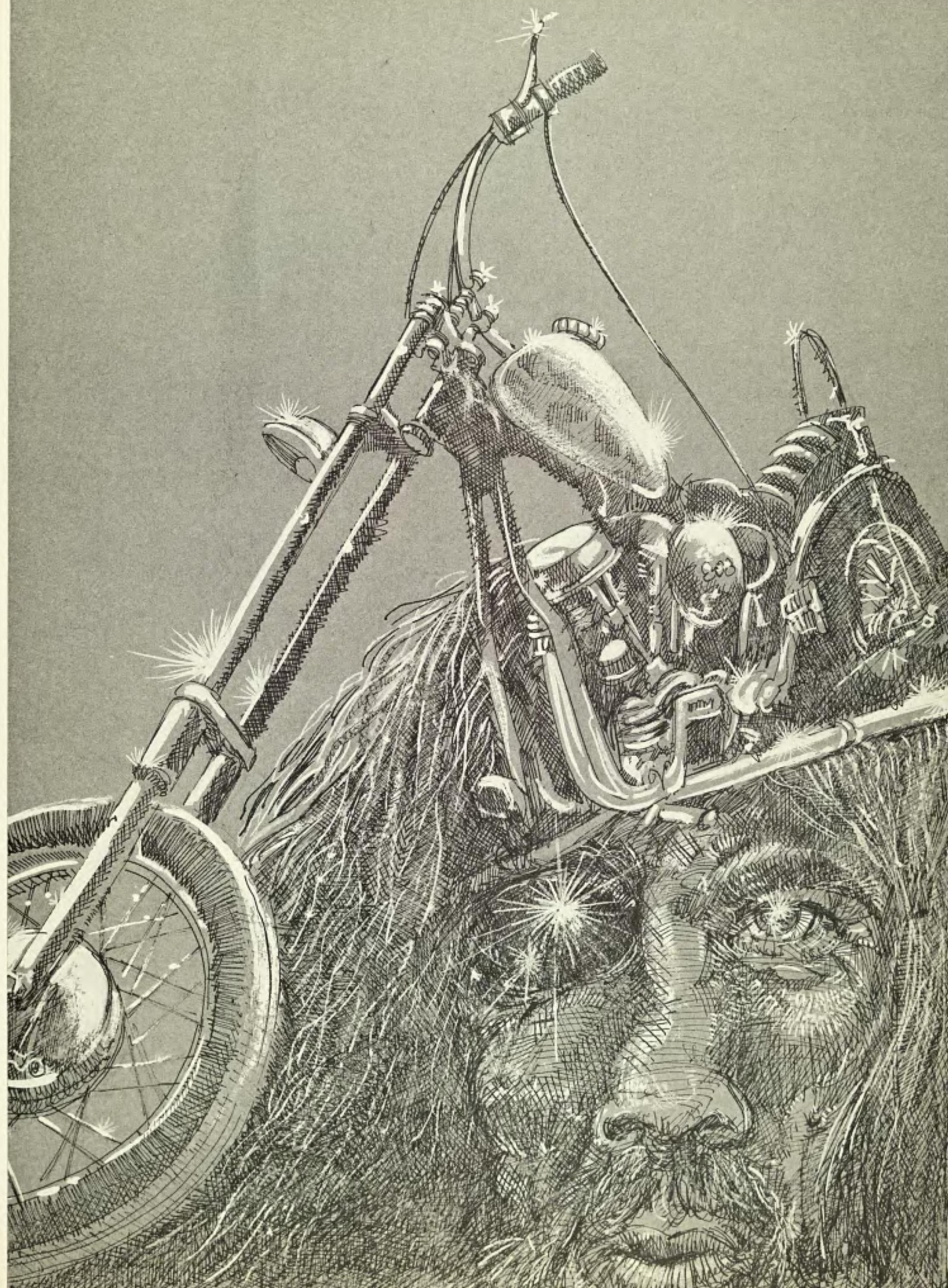
Send \$12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

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California 90740.





CHANGE OF COLORS

By Antony Binns

The setting sun winked goodbye to the five of us sitting around the struggling campfire, nursing our badly blistered hands, the Monument Valley night winds blowing their dust-filled blasts into our scarf-covered faces.

"Damned stupid idea," Scanlon said, lotused-up in a heap, splattering canteen water into the wounds on his fingers. "Taking our choppers into this wasteland. I've pushed more iron today than a wired used car salesman."

"Well, it wasn't so bad the first couple of hours. Only the last few miles got us bogged down," DiVinney said, his palm against his nursing mouth.

"Yanking and hauling these motherfuckers through the sand. Boy, we must have really been ripped," Nordic Joe said laughing and tossing some mesquite into the fire.

"I guess we *were* pretty destroyed," I said, also laughing now. "Fortunately we got enough tokens left to get us back out of here tomorrow."

"Yeah," Fenner said, not laughing. "If the wind doesn't blow it away."

"This battened-down lid?" Joe said, slapping his blistered hand against his jacket pocket.

"No," Fenner said. "Tomorrow. Damned gusts are a real pain." He pulled the scarf higher against his nose.

"The only thing going to get blown away is our heads," Nordic Joe said, again slapping his pocket.

"Okay," Scanlon said, sitting up sharply and looking out into the night. "But no share-zies," he said seriously.

The unmistakable roar of a bike came against the wind.

We listened in entranced apprehension for many minutes, none of us moving. Suddenly the sound less-

ened and a lightless machine, gleaming in the reflected glow of the fire, broke into the far-flung beams of the campfire and gently nosed into full view. It stopped forty feet away and the engine went silent. I saw Fenner reach down and roll his fingers around the grip of his pistol, walnut and blackness ending in a steel-circled hole 44 hundredths of an inch wide from which six pellets could give four and a half tons of energy message to any interested party.

"Ruger people would be mighty disappointed if they knew their Super Blackhawks were trifling with small game like me," a voice said from somewhere within the approaching form.

"What do you want?" Fenner made a fluid, unawkward movement, raising, cocking and setting the front of the awful weapon at a stiff-armed lock toward the man's hidden face—all in about a tenth of a second.

"Hold on, now, hold on. There's just one o' me. Unless o' course you think I'm leadin' a band o' foot soldiers." The scarf covering his face moved slightly as if he might be grinning.

"Did hear only one engine," Scanlon said to Fenner in evident relaxation.

"Okay," Fenner said, easing the hammer down and replacing the gun in another lubricated motion. "A little tense in the wilderness, I guess."

"Come on in," Joe said. Don't have much food though. Didn't expect to be spendin' the night. Fuckin' hands are so destroyed anyway, couldn't ride properly even if it was daylight and this sand was Route 66."

"Took some tumbles, hey?" the fella said, squatting down near the fire to warm his raggy-gloved hands

and hitch up the scarf around his face.

"Yeah," I said. "Damn sand's so bad . . . say . . . how'd you manage to ride up here so smooth, anyway?"

"Used the trail," he said, his invisible face still aimed into the fire, but his eyes rolling calmly up to meet my own.

"What trail?" I asked.

"Can mebbe see it," he said, gesturing with his arm toward his bike and a speckled path of rubble barely visible retreating from it and back into the night.

"Where does it go?" DiVinney asked, peering out.

"To my club's digs," he said, stoking the fire with a branch.

"You have a bike club out here?"

"Yup."

"Outlaws, no doubt?"

"Outcasts. Doubts all day long."

"Know the feelin'," Scanlon said, shrugging, the rest of us doing the same.

"How many of you are there?" Fenner asked then.

"Well, started out with just me. But I got mebbe eight or nine more now. Nine, I guess it is. But with you five it would get up to damn near respectable numbers."

"No, thanks," Scanlon said simply. "Took us too long to get in the one we're in. Ain't about to go through all that again. The Razors. Ever hear of 'em?"

"Seems to me so," the guy said, sliding his gloved hands against each other over the flames and shifting in his squat. "Pretty feared bunch as I remember it."

"Just tryin' to make our way," DiVinney said, hitchin' up his scarf.

"Well, we're no girl scout troop ourselves, ya understand," he said, breaking into a good-natured laugh. "Why, I damn near think we could scare the whole fuckin' world if we had a mind to."

"World's damn well giving itself enough scares as it is," Scanlon said dryly.

"Well, mebbe so," the guy said, after some thought. "Sure would like to have ya just the same."

"Nope," Scanlon said, leaning back against his bedroll. "Why all the interest, anyway?"

"Well," the guy said, "just be kind of nice to see some new faces, is all. Real easy to get in," he said then in afterthought.

"What's the prospecting like?"

"Just have to beat any member in arm rasslin'."

—Continued on page 56

Staff Member Snuffed

Editor's note: We got the word cold: "I thought you'd want to know that Armond's been snuffed." Then the phone went dead as the caller hung up without saying another word.

We checked around and tried to get the straight facts — not newspaper or police versions—but we weren't able to come up with anything additional except that Armond had apparently been tryin' to collect some bread due him, and while puttin' the heat to the dude (over the phone), was allegedly called a mother-fucker.

Really pissed, Armond is supposed to have jumped into his truck and roared to the shop to teach the dude the error of his ways—and as a result was wasted.

Rather than write about the killing from 300 miles away, we hired a newspaper reporter close to the scene to dig around and try to come up with the facts.

The following is the reporter's version (and, we assume, the police department's version) of what happened.

As I said earlier, this is all we know; we really don't know whether these are the facts. All we DO know is that we've lost a brother.

Later, Armond.

In the end it took three gunshots, a beating with an axe handle, and two men to bring down Armond Bletcher. But, nobody ever said it would be easy.

Bletcher, 33, a familiar face to Easyriders readers, was killed in Fresno, California, on November 25 during a fight with two brothers, John Timothy Pashayan, 27, and David Pashayan, 26, co-owners of a downtown Fresno custom wheel shop.

Police later determined that the older Pashayan acted in self-defense in shooting Bletcher, who had come into the shop shortly before noon and threatened his younger brother.

Both brothers were released after questioning.

Bletcher's death caused a ripple of excitement through the biker community where his physical prowess, derring-do, and ass-kicking abilities were legend.

Here's how it went down according to the cops, bystanders, and others who heard the gunshots echo through the shopping mall nearby.

Bletcher called the younger Pashayan right after the shop opened up and asked if the FBI had contacted them asking about him (Bletcher).

(The brothers later told police Bletcher, under investigation by the Feds for impersonating a federal officer, wanted them to say he was employed at the shop.)

Bletcher called the shop several times that morning, police said, and was upset at the last call when Pashayan hung up on him after telling him he wouldn't lie for him.

About twenty minutes after the last call, police said, Armond drove up to the shop, parked his '35 Ford pickup and walked into the garage.

Seeing Bletcher was angry, David Pashayan called out for him to stop and not enter the garage. Bletcher ignored that warning and advanced toward Pashayan in a menacing manner, his brother told police.

The younger Pashayan grabbed an axe handle off a nearby counter and braced himself for Bletcher's wrath. He told police he struck the big man several times with the makeshift weapon and

said Armond flicked off the blows as if waving off a persistent fly.

During the scuffle, Pashayan told police, Bletcher slipped on the pavement and fell to the floor.

Now he was really pissed, witnesses said, and got up off the floor growling at Pashayan, "I'll stick it (the axe handle) up your ass."

Fearing for his brother's life, police said, the older Pashayan grabbed a 9mm automatic pistol and fired two warning shots into the concrete at Armond's feet.

This still didn't faze the 325-pound biker and that's when Pashayan fired three shots into his massive body.

He apparently died instantly, police said.

An autopsy later revealed that Bletcher had numerous bruises

about his upper body, a skull fracture from the axe-handle attack and three nasty bullet wounds to the side and back.

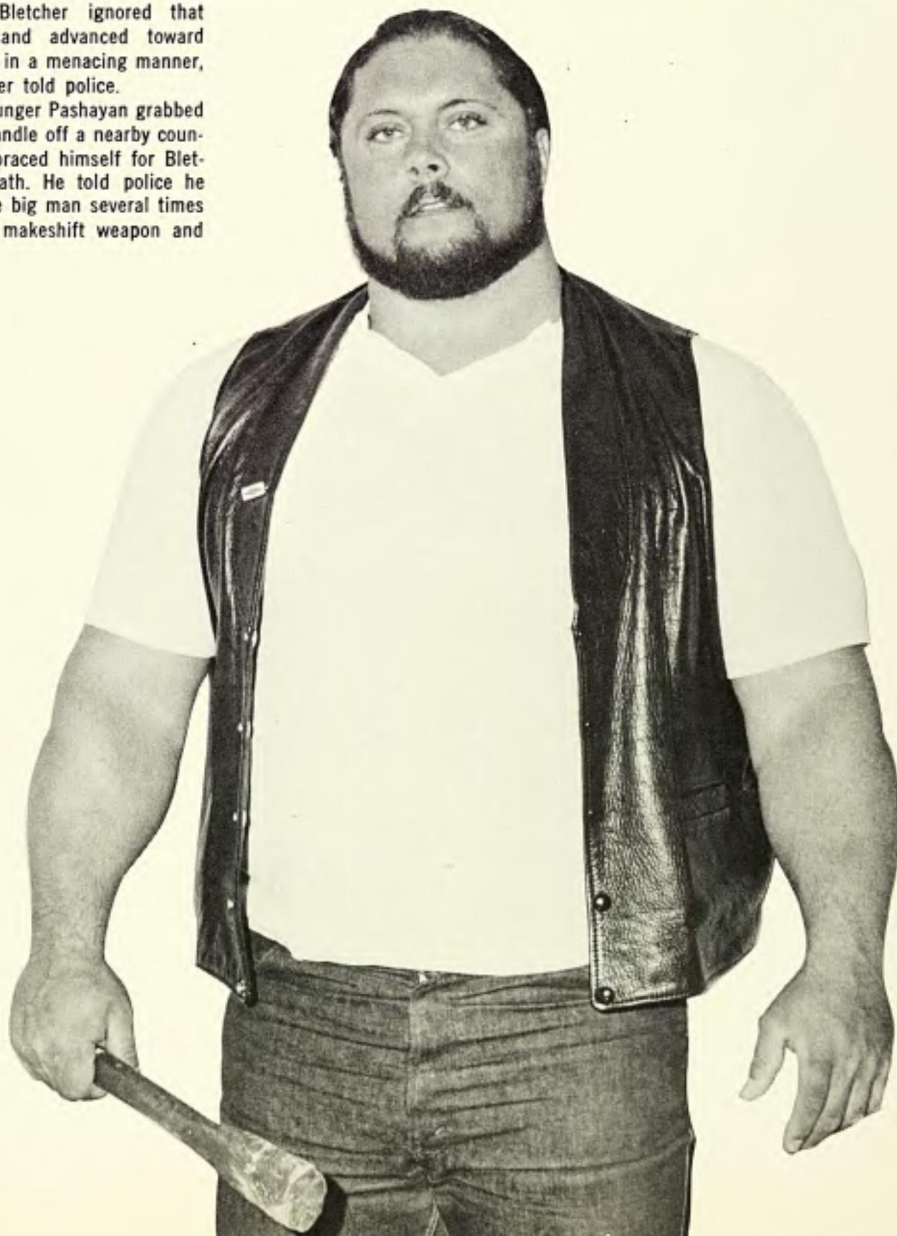
Armond's body was barely into the hearse before his friends, and he had a hell of a lot of them, started talking revenge.

Seven days after his death a black-trimmed funeral wreath was left in front of the Pashayan shop. No message was left, but it implied—a lot of his friends were pissed.

Two days after Thanksgiving, Bletcher's funeral was held. More than 300 persons, at least 200 of them bikers with their scooters, paid their last respects and escorted the hearse to Belmont Memorial Park.

Armond leaves a widow and a daughter.

A Fresno legend is dead. ■



2 Freed In Bletcher Slaying

By LARRY CARROLL

Fresno police have questioned and released John Timothy Pashayan, 27, of Miramonte, in the fatal shooting Tuesday of Armond Edward Bletcher, 33, of 2895 Winery Ave., Clovis.

Police indicated they are satisfied Pashayan acted in self-defense when Bletcher entered Pashayan's business, Pro Custom Wheels, 650 Fulton St., and allegedly threatened Pashayan's brother with bodily harm.

A preliminary autopsy revealed that Bletcher was struck in the back by three bullets from a 9 mm automatic pistol fired by Pashayan.

Police also questioned and released David Pashayan, 26, of Sanger, who Bletcher allegedly had originally threatened.

Investigators believe an argument ensued over a debt Bletcher owed the younger Pashayan, but sources indicate the quarrel had deeper roots.

One unidentified police official

said the Pashayans allegedly had been using Bletcher's name as leverage to collect debts owed them by customers.

Bletcher's physical prowess — he stood 6-foot-2 and weighed 325 pounds — was well known in the community, police said. He was an avid weightlifter and physical fitness advocate.

Still other sources said Bletcher allegedly had been a "silent partner" in the Pashayans' business, specializing in tires and custom wheels.

The most plausible motive, according to police, was the one related to them by David Pashayan.

He told police that Bletcher telephoned the wheel shop several times Tuesday morning, asking the brothers if they had been in contact with the FBI.

The brothers told police they did not know what Bletcher was talking about and subsequently hung up on him when he and his wife called back later.

It was about 20 minutes after the last call, police said, that Bletcher showed up at the shop.

David Pashayan, police said, yelled to Bletcher as he entered the garage area and told him not to come any further.

Bletcher allegedly ignored the warning and advanced toward Pashayan in a menacing manner, police said. David told police he took a swing at Bletcher but missed when the man was at arm's length.

It was at this point, the elder Pashayan said, that David picked up an ax handle and struck Bletcher twice in the shoulder area.

These blows, according to reports, did not faze Bletcher, but he slipped on the pavement and fell to the garage floor.

He got up, police said, reportedly growled, "I'll stick it (the ax handle) down your throat," and again advanced toward David Pashayan.

It was at this point, police said, that John Pashayan reportedly fired two warning shots into the concrete at Bletcher's feet.

The brothers both told police that Bletcher muttered something about killing David and advanced on him again.

John Pashayan then fired the weapon into Bletcher and he staggered and fell to the floor, police said.

The debt motive, as explained by David Pashayan, concerned money Bletcher allegedly owed him from last year. Pashayan told police he posted \$500 bail when Bletcher was arrested and said the victim also owed him about \$400 for tires and wheels.

Pashayan said Bletcher never paid either debt.

Another witness to the slaying told police the same version as related by the brothers.

The body was taken to Stephens & Bean Chapel where services are pending.



Armond E. Bletcher

Funeral wreath is left at wheel shop

A black-trimmed funeral wreath was left in front of Pro Custom Wheels during the early hours of yesterday morning, seven days after 33-year-old Armond E. Bletcher was shot to death in the downtown Fresno wheel shop.

A Fresno City Police officer spotted the gold-colored floral wreath in front of the wheel shop at 650 Fulton St. shortly after 1 a.m. yesterday.

The wreath was secured to a white metal frame which stood approximately five feet high. The wreath itself measured about 24 inches in diameter.

Identification technicians dusted the frame for fingerprints, and photographed the wreath at the Fulton St. location. No message or explosives were found with the funeral arrangement.

Police speculate the flowers may have been taken from a gravesite, possibly Bletcher's. Bletcher was buried Saturday.

He was killed Nov. 25 in a shooting incident at the custom wheels shop. Police questioned and released two of his cousins, David and John Pashayan. John Pashayan, 27, reportedly fired three shots from a 9 mm automatic pistol, striking Bletcher in the back and neck.

Police say they are satisfied John Pashayan acted in self-defense when he shot Bletcher. The 325-pound, 6-foot-2 Bletcher allegedly entered the business establishment and continued an earlier quarrel with 26-year-old David Pashayan.

The brothers say Bletcher advanced upon David, threatening to kill him. John told police he fired two warning shots at Bletcher before firing the weapon at him.

Although there are rumors that Bletcher was a partner in the wheel business, both brothers deny the connection. They say Bletcher owed David a debt of almost \$900, which he had refused to pay. Before he went to the wheel shop, Bletcher and David Pashayan had argued over the telephone.

The wheel shop was not open for business yesterday and the brothers could not be reached for comment.

Police: Bletcher, Pashayan Were Not 'Silent Partners'

Police reported the investigation in the shooting death Tuesday of Armond Edward Bletcher, 33, of Clovis, failed to support an allegation from an unnamed source that Bletcher was a "silent partner" of the man who shot him.

Investigators said the Pro Custom Wheels at 650 Fulton St., where Bletcher was killed, is owned by John Timothy Pashayan.

Investigators said Bletcher was under investigation by the FBI on suspicion of impersonating a federal officer and that he told an FBI agent that he was employed by Pashayan.

On the day of the shooting, police said, Bletcher telephoned Pashayan, 27, and his brother, David, 26, wanting to know if the FBI had contacted them.

The brothers told police that Bletcher, their distant cousin, wanted them to tell the FBI that Bletcher was employed at the shop.

Bletcher, the brothers said, showed up at the shop about 20 minutes after they hung up on him. They said they told Bletcher they did not know what

he was talking about and that they would not lie to the FBI.

Investigators said David Pashayan yelled at Bletcher to stay away but Bletcher allegedly ignored the warning, moved toward David in a menacing manner and was struck in the shoulder area and head with an ax handle by David.

Investigators said Bletcher went down, but got up and was moving toward David when John Pashayan grabbed a 9mm automatic pistol and fired two warning shots.

Investigators said Bletcher was in a tackle-type stance moving toward David when he was shot three times in the right side of the back. The bullets traveled across the back, one of them hitting his left arm.

John Pashayan, police said, was standing to Bletcher's right side and not behind him when the shots were fired.

The shooting has been ruled a case of self-defense and no charges have been filed against the brothers. Bletcher was buried Saturday in Belmont Memorial Park.



1001 little-known Harley facts and rumors

In case ya think that all we do around this flea hotel is party and squabble over who gets first crack at whatever beautiful bush we've lured in here, I'se here to tell ya different. Just look how we busted our sweat glands to shovel up these rare, quim-quiverin', hangnail-hunkerin' pieces of info—and from the illustrious history of that favorite scoot of yours and mine, no less.

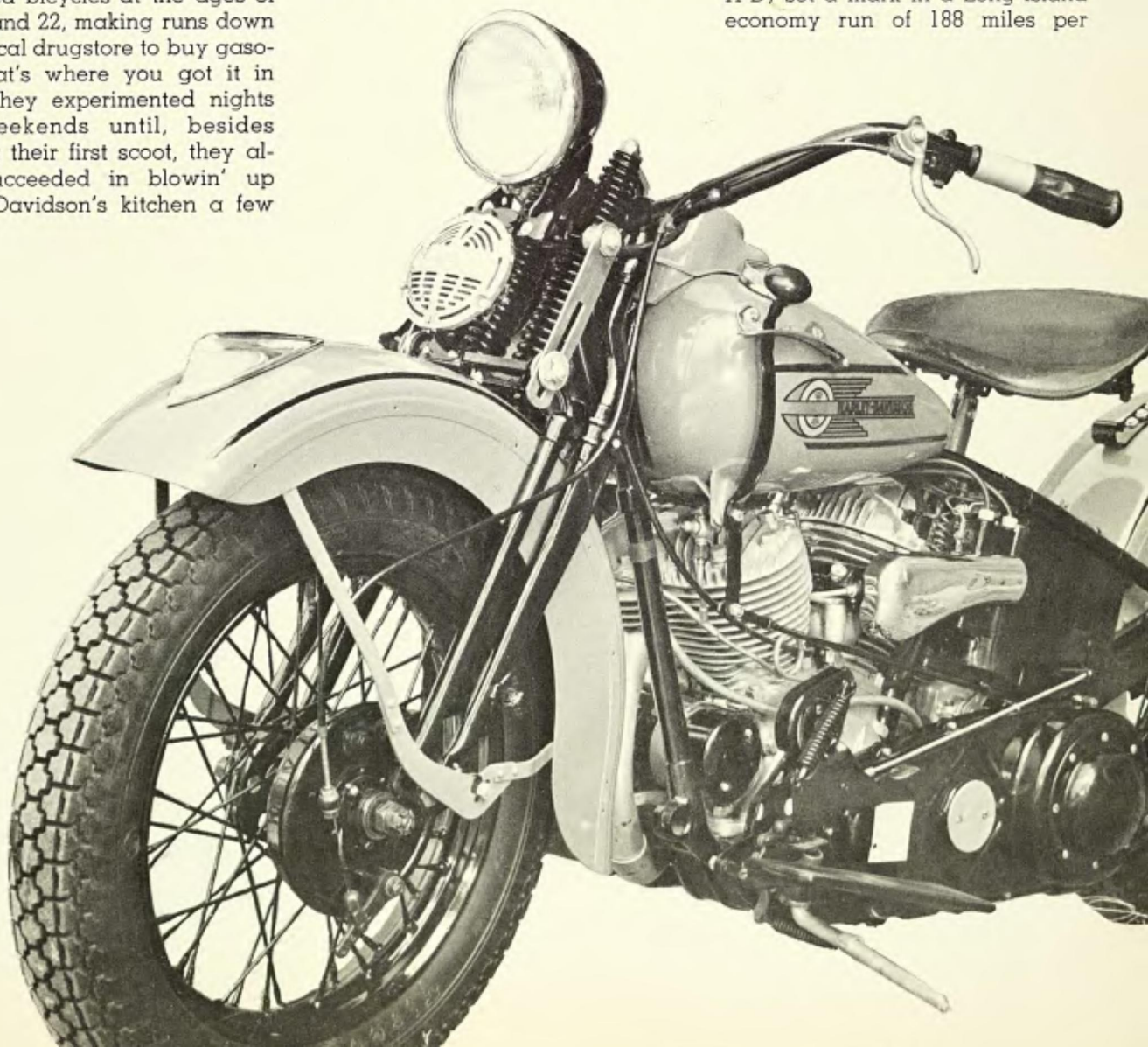
Back in the early days, Harley-Davidson was almost as off-the-wall as the weirdo crowd that puts out this rag. Bill Harley and Art Davidson started tinkering with motorized bicycles at the ages of just 20 and 22, making runs down to the local drugstore to buy gasoline (that's where you got it in 1901). They experimented nights and weekends until, besides building their first scoot, they almost succeeded in blowin' up Mama Davidson's kitchen a few

times and developed a crude carb named the tomato can.

The first official H-D factory was a wooden shed built by Papa Davidson, just a whisker bigger than a honey house (10 feet by 15 feet), and sittin' plumb in the middle of the back yard behind the Davidsons' home. With all these Davidsons breaking their brains for the fledgling outfit, you may wonder what the blazes Harley's contribution was to the act. Well, he was a draftsman, and the actual designer of the early scoots, so pipe down. As a matter of fact, in 1907 he came up with

the H-D springer design that was used, with only small changes, right up to the first-year panheads.

There were soon more buildings where H&D wailed after hours, but they were still small. One was moved by eight bros when it was discovered to be too close to a railroad right-of-way. They simply picked it up by hand at each corner and carried it back where it was supposed to be. By 1908, however, production was a leg-wettin' 450 scoots, and Walt Davidson (Art seemed to be blessed with an endless supply of brothers and relatives who came to work at H-D) set a mark in a Long Island economy run of 188 miles per



gallon on a single-cylinder Hog. Harley was on its way.

Even the embryo sleds of these early years quickly earned a reputation for dependability, and were soon, along with Indians, the favorite of delivery services and police departments. These sales spurred the Harley factory to almost 500 workers in 1912, and the development of their first vee-twin in 1909. By 1912 the power output of the twin was 8hp, good enough for a reputed 68mph at a road race in Bakersfield, California.

Already at this early stage, however, conservatism at H-D was taking hold, except for the racing and experimental departments. These became (and still are) the sources of many rumors and rumblings about secret Hogs that hardly saw the light of day. Some ended up being the scoots that used to go to the race tracks in the tens, twenties, and thirties. At that time Hogs could bash cylinder heads with many other terrors of the era, including Indian, Excelsior, Cyclone, and The Flying Merkel. The most renowned was the Harley Model 17. It was commonly labeled the "eight-valve" because it had four valves per cylinder (some fifty years before Yamaha) for better engine breathing at high speeds, and put out close to 50 horsepower. Not too shabby for 1916.

Another, later, serious go-fast sled was a special version of the 1937 knucklehead. The knuck had been introduced a year earlier, and H-D was all pumped up to garner some publicity for their new model by bustin' a few records. The prime target was the speed mark at Daytona, Florida, and a special scoot was fitted with full streamlining (including aluminum shells over both wheels and springer fork) and a tach drive coming out of the cam cover (some early knuckle covers have the same boss). With Lightning cams and gear wheels, and dual over-and-under carbs, it was said to be good for 65 horses at over 5500-rpm, and it recorded an honest 136mph on the beach in March, 1937.

In later years, as Harley was

perfectin' the KR 750 flathead to stomp those imported makes at the roundy-rounds, they always had a trick or two up their sleeve. A persistent rumor mentions an all-gear-driven overhead cam design that was lashed up to a W series (45 flathead) lower end as early as 1949, and is still supposed to be collectin' dust somewhere. The heads were designed to make 65 horsepower possible, so maybe that's the reason this gem never made it to the street—the little 45 wouldn't handle that much for long without splittin' a spleen. Even more shadowy is the existence of a 96-cubic-inch vee-four with overhead cams and mag wheels that was supposedly developed just previous to the AMF takeover of H-D, and sold to a private owner.

One oddball scoot that did actually hit the street under the Harley nameplate was the 1919 Sport Model W. Instead of the usual upright single cylinder or vee-twin, this machine had two jugs horizontally opposed like a BMW. But the engine was set in the frame so that one barrel stuck out toward the front wheel, and the other pointed directly toward the rear. The transmission (a three-speed) was mounted **above** the crankcase, and this whole unit formed a part of the frame, with no tubes looping underneath. Other departures from standard Hog practice included an external (but enclosed) flywheel for smoother running, and a trailing link fork similar to Indian's girder at the time.

Engine capacity was 584cc (37 cubic inches). Combined with a low weight of 257 pounds and smoothness like that of a sewing machine, the power allowed this sled to set some early long distance records. In June 1919 it jammed from the Canadian border to Mexico in just under 65 hours, and during the next spring lowered the Denver to Chicago time to 47 hours. In those days the roads had long stretches of dirt, rocks, and mud; frequent detours into fields and railroad right-of-ways were needed to get through at all.

Despite its successes, the Sport Model came to an early end in 1923. It was being outsold by the Indian Scout, and the conservative streak in H-D reasserted itself after weakening momentarily. Only during the production of the XA flat twin during World War II were any number of riders to see the darker, innovative side of H-D again.

Some of the most recent off-the-wall escapades involving H-D came not from any factory finaglings but from independent racers. The early 1950s were a great time for modified H-Ds in drag racing. The digs were just being born then, and big twins were the fastest things on the strip with two wheels or four, except for a few souped Vincents and a twin-engined Triumph called Dubble Trouble. One of the favorite big twins was the creation of Chet Herbert, who still grinds cams today in Anaheim, California. Known as the Beast, it was a late-model knucklehead stuffed into a VL single-bar frame, and ruled the strips in 1951 with a 129.49 speed in the quarter. Even more vicious was the later Brute built by Hood and C. B. Clausen (now of MC Supply). It was another big twin taken out to 80 cubic inches with UL flywheels, Speed-e-shift, and dual-carb manifolds brazed onto the heads. In 1952 the Brute had the honor of stompin' a P-51 Mustang (that's right, a 2150-horsepower, 450mph fighter aircraft) in a half-mile drag race. And the race wasn't even close: At the finish, the Hog led by four lengths (airplane lengths). As a matter of fact, a Lockheed F-80 (all jet engines) had been slated for the contest, but it was found to be even slower as far as starting acceleration was concerned!

Well, there are another 899 leg-wetters waitin' to be told, but some slackbrain just mistook this onionskin I scribble on for rollin' papers an' he's headed toward some partyin' down the way. Man, you didn't expect the whole stinkin' history of motorcycles from a buncha lowlifes and get-downs like us, didja?

—Ol' Coot

What's a dildo? Anyone with any knowledge of sexual behavior can tell you that it is a tool, a flesh-colored, glistening, true-to-life gadget used to stick into the female in order to send her into orbit. The dildo. An unusually large replica of the male phallus. Dictionary definition: "A refrain or nonsense word implying obscenity." Anyone at all can tell you that it is neither a refrain nor nonsense when being used. Moaning in passion because it has been inserted in pussy is certainly not nonsense. Real definition? "A deliciously obscene no nonsense escape from everyday boredom." Sound familiar? Of course. It accurately describes the motor-cycle!

Dildo! Dildo! Dildo! I see one coming down the street and I immediately feel the juices stirring in my girlie parts. The result is that if the rider would get off his bike, I'd screw him without so much as a "Hello." I love dildoes! It is as if I'm in someone's bedroom, the guy's engine running, my legs around his body, his dick inside me and WHAMMO! I come until I no longer feel anything. Only, at present, I'm in a public place while watching the bike approaching or passing, so I maintain an utter cool. But my fantasies go like this: I'm fucking some leather jacket in a dark area on one; I'm rubbing my box on the back seat of one; the driver is racing down the street, stops to pick me up, I cannot recognize his face through his beard, long hair, jacket and boots, and I fuck a total stranger riding a beautiful bike; a friend and I stop a passing cyclist and take him and his machine to a secluded area, and go down on him; I use the grips of the chopper to jerk off. And on and on and on.

The road is a long, straight, warm path leading to parts unknown. The bike, larger than life or so it seems, since it always tends to stand out amongst all those boring cars on that same road, is headed straight, its speed and enthusiasm unmatched. It keeps going faster, slower, faster, slower until BANG! The road ends and it has gotten off the beaten track, allowing the driver to sigh in ecstasy, fulfilled and happy. The road: one long, lusty, inviting twat. The bike: a huge dick, filled with gas, excitement, drive. The outcome: the ride of the driver's life, surpassed by nothing else, ending in a luxurious feeling of having driven the forbidden but alluring area of the unknown.

The world is interested in nothing else but fucking! You realize this, listening to all those commercials that ask you to "fly me," watching girls on television lick their lips after brushing their teeth, hearing friends describe how they made it with what's-her-name eight times. Common shit! The ultimate fuck is driving your eighty-or-so-inch chopper into some accommodat-ing tunnel and feeling your whole body react

to its trip! Never mind bragging about your twelve-inch cock (which in reality is about half that size) or exaggerating your girl's forty-inch tits (34?), everyone screwing, bragging, banging, fucking, making it, coming! What you should know is that the ultimate screw is that which is experienced with your own dildo, your chopper, the shiny red, blue, black or whatever color machine you own, which flies and makes grunting noises and which can be used for hours continuously, resulting in a mental orgasm not to be believed. Man, you've got close to eighty inches there! Who else can say the same of his organ?

Your friends have to take their women to some sleazy motel and shell out twenty dollars for a quickie. You don't have to do a thing. They have to wine and dine and convince and pretend. All you've gotta do is ride your bike. The lady wants it! She wants it fast and hard and right away! Save your money for gas. Get your woman free of charge.

Try it! Take your succulent honey with the big knockers and sweet ass out on the road. Put her on your dildo and ride until her legs feel like they've been straddling your body for ten hours. Park yourself after she's felt the wind in her face, the speed and coolness of the air, the stares of those straights in cars, the wisecracks of jealous friends, the curves of the turns. Get off the bike. Take off her pants, spreading her legs which are already limp from the ride. Bare her body, man! Let her straddle the cycle. Play with her. Shut off the dildo engine and let her rub her cunt on the vehicle while enjoying the outdoors. Let the wind go up her snatch and tickle her fancy. Then, as quickly and as wildly as the sound of your bike, turn her around, still on the machine, and sock it to her, baby! She will never have it so good! You'll soon get tired of hearing her thank you!

The dildo doesn't have to enter twat to be felt. The dildo is what she is resting on when you ram it to her. The dildo is exciting her along with you, making her want more, addicting her to its and your powers. Take advantage of it! Let its clutch get her into gear. Allow the foot pegs to balance her. Encourage her to look into the mirror to watch the two of you fucking. Let the leather of the seat rub against her ass until she wants you in there too. Don't be foolish! You have two tools now. It would be a total waste not to take advantage of them both!

Once, the riders of bikes were hoods. Now the riders are sex symbols. Once the owners of cycles were mean and ominous. Now they're action, they serve as aphrodisiac. Once, mothers didn't allow their daughters to ride. Now, the mothers want a go at it! So what the hell are you waiting for?

By Mossey Fern

Dildo Of The Road



Have you ever taken your bike in for a tuneup and ended up with a bill for a valve job and a new set of pistons? Have you ever bought a bike and had the deal all made, but the secretary is out so you signed the contract with a promise from the dealer to get it typed up when the secretary gets back? Then three days later you get the contract and a payment book in the mail from a finance company and find out you are paying a couple of hundred more than you thought you were?

If you have this type of ex-

perience you aren't alone. It used to be there wasn't a damn thing you could do about it. But thanks to a couple of new laws, that have been adopted in many states, when this sort of thing happens you have a chance to protect yourself without threatening to take a chain to the dude that screwed you, which can get you in all sorts of trouble with The Man.

The laws that give you some protection are the Consumer Protection Act, the Consumer Credit Code and the Uniform Commercial Code. They all cover everything

from soup to nuts, are confusing as hell, but they do give you some powerful weapons if you use them.

The Uniform Commercial Code builds in certain warranties, which the seller is bound by. It's probably the most general and weakest of the laws, but these warranties can be important.

The first warranty is the implied warranty of merchantability in usage of trade. When goods are offered for sale this warranty is built in, unless the goods are sold "as is" or "without warranty." If a bike is being sold "as is" or

without warranty you better look it over carefully or get it dirt cheap because the seller must feel it's in wretched condition for sure.

Otherwise he basically warrants:

(1) That the bike as described in the contract could be described the same way by any other dealer; (2) That the bike is fit for the ordinary purposes for which a bike of that type is used.

There is another implied warranty which is a real good one: Fitness for particular purpose. This requires some careful planning and probably a couple of good wit-



Let The Seller Beware!

—Illustration by Harriet Jones

nesses to use but it's worth it. I've used it myself to make a dealer take back a real turkey.

You tell the dealer what you want the bike for, for example: if you want a long distance scooter or whatever, let him know. Tell him, "I've got to rely on your judgment; I see a couple of bikes that look good to me, but I don't know which will be best. I'll take the one you select to do the job." If the dealer picks out a bike that doesn't do the job then he's breached the warranty and you can make him take it back and refund your money, within a reasonable time. Whether this works without a lot of hassle will depend on how stubborn the dealer is. A lot of them don't cause any problem. Some will give you a lot of trouble, but hang in there. Be sure you're right, get a lawyer and hang in there. I suspect that if you changed a bike quite a bit after you got it, you'd lose this warranty, but maybe not if you bought it to chop and it didn't work out because of the style of bike.

When you buy from a dealer he warrants that the title is good, that there aren't any liens on the bike. If you have title problems, the dealer would have to stand good to get them straightened out. If you got a number job from a dealer and had it impounded he would be responsible for taking care of the problem.

Express warranties are statements of fact made by the seller, including a description of the bike that is part of the basis for the bargain. If the dealer says that the bike has just had a complete rebuild and you pay a premium price because of that statement, unless the rebuild has been done there would be a breach of warranty. Even if he has done a ring job or some engine work, but not gone completely through it there is no rebuild, so thus there is a breach of warranty. However, statements like "it's in top shape," "a real beauty," may be held not to be an expression of fact, but "seller's puffing," which is permitted.

There are other little helpful goodies in the Uniform Commercial Code, but these are the most useful ones. You have to remember that though many states have this law, many interpret it differently, so what may be a breach of warranty in one state may not be in another.

The law that has the most to offer is the Uniform Consumer Protection Act. It makes it a crime to screw the public in a dozen

different ways. It's a violation to advertise that a product has approval of certification that it doesn't have. It's a crime to claim that a product was made someplace that it wasn't, or to misrepresent the quality or model of a product.

So if you find that a helmet has been labeled as certified by Snell or whatever and it isn't; that a springer is tested and it isn't; that a part was supposed to be American made and it was made in lower Slobovia; that your brand new 1975 Yamasaki 1500 was actually a leftover 1974 model, you can get the ol' boy who sold it to you in a whole heap of trouble.

A used or reconditioned bike cannot be sold as new. Even if it has never been sold, but has deteriorated from sitting around, the dealer has to let you know it may have deteriorated. Tires that have gone rotten from sitting in the warehouse are often sold at reduced prices, and the dealer has to let you know they are old stock.

If you see an ad that's too good to be true, it probably isn't; check it out; if he's lying you can zap the dude that placed the ad.

The seller has to tell you the true amount of an alleged price reduction. If he tells you the reason for the reduction it has to be the true reason.

When you sign a contract all the blanks have to be filled in and you have to be supplied with a readable copy of the contract.

Sellers cannot misrepresent the amount of use or mileage on a bike. Of course, if it doesn't have the original speedometer, it's going to be hard to tell, but the seller had better tell you that he doesn't know the actual mileage.

The Consumer Credit Code governs financing of consumer goods, including motorcycles. It sets rates, prohibits certain practices and makes some things, such as disclosure of interest rates, mandatory. One of the provisions which you may find useful is one that makes it mandatory that balloon payments be refinable on the same terms as the original contract. This makes it so the seller cannot refuse to refinance a balloon payment or make the payments tougher, to the point that you lose the bike.

Another provision makes contracts on consumer goods non-negotiable. This doesn't sound like any big deal, but it's damned important. It gives you one hell of a big club, if after the sale the service is putrid and you buy a lemon.

Until this law was passed, as soon as the dealer sold your contract to a finance company you had to make the payments. They could repossess the bike and get a deficiency judgment for any balance after the finance company manager sold it to his brother-in-law. It didn't matter how the dealer had screwed you, the payments had to be made. You could sue the dealer for breach of warranty or whatever, but you couldn't get relief from the finance company.

Now, under the new law, if you take a few simple steps any claim or defense you have against the dealer will also go against the finance company. Where a finance company buys consumer paper they have to notify you of this. Usually your notice comes with your payment book. You have a certain length of time, it varies from state to state, but probably a month or so, to **notify the finance company of any complaints you may have about the purchase.** Even if you don't have any real complaints, it's a good idea to send them something like "the brakes are grabbing, the engine is out of tune" or whatever. Most bikes, new or used, have a few things wrong when you buy them. Many of these are going to be covered by some sort of warranty. If you give the finance company notice and get into a warranty hassle with the dealer you can drag the finance company into it. You can bet that they will help you put pressure on to get things fixed; they know they may lose their money if you aren't satisfied.

Another provision of the law prohibits the taking of an assignment of earnings for payment or as security for payment. In other words they can't automatically deduct the payment from your check without you doing anything about it. You may permit payroll deductions, but you have the right to have the deductions stopped at any time.

No longer can a confession of judgment be built into a contract. This means in order to get a judgment for non-payment they have to sue you and give you a chance to defend yourself; a judgment against you cannot be filed without notice given to you.

Another important provision is

that if the original sale price was less than a stated amount, which again varies from state to state, but usually is \$1000 to \$1500 if you turn a bike back or it's repossessed they can't get a deficiency judgment against you. In other words all the seller can get is the bike, and you don't have to make any more payments.

If the seller doesn't repossess and you don't give the bike back the seller can sue, but can't take the bike. The seller could garnish your check but you get to keep the bike. Of course, if the bike cost more than the \$1000 to \$1500 or whatever the set rate is in your state, they can repossess and obtain a deficiency judgment.

Another provision makes it illegal to garnish more than 1/4 of your net check and illegal for you to be fired because of garnishments.

These laws have thousands of sections, but the ones we've covered here are probably the ones which create most of the hassles.

Each law has different enforcement provisions; the Uniform Commercial Code has the weakest ones, the other two are designed so that you can interest a lawyer in your case, even if you don't have a lot of money. If nothing else you can file a complaint with your state Attorney General. Whether this will do any good will depend a lot on how well he is set up to handle consumer complaints and in many cases even if you hire a private lawyer the Attorney General may get into the act and give you some assistance.

The buyer still has to beware, but if you do get conned and take a few precautions you have a better chance. Take precautions like saving all papers, having witnesses present when you sign a deal, and notify the finance company of any possible problems. You may be able to turn the tables on the dealer. The dealer who thought he had hooked another sucker may find a shark in the boat with him that's too big and mean for him to handle. ■

By Grease

The Last Test

Smarts Googan opened his eyes to blurred vision, a throbbing headache and instant nausea. Rolling from his back onto his stomach, he vomited quietly and intensely for a few seconds. When the spasms had finished and he could inhale deeply without coughing, he backed away from the glistening puddle of vomit, remaining on his hands and knees. Gradually his churning stomach subsided. Slowly his vision brought things into focus. The agony within his skull lessened to a bearable level. With caution he changed to a squatting position and then stood up, looking in all directions.

To his left sat the three choppers parked in a cluster. To his right lay the other two prospects, stirring painfully now—Klutz Fein already vomiting noisily, Booger Henson moaning steadily as he regained consciousness. Smarts stared up at the towering stone walls of the Grand Canyon. His eyes traveled down the hundreds of feet of sheer rock to the river flowing nearby. He grinned lopsidedly.

"Them motherfuckers!" he murmured.

He turned his attention back to the others, who had recovered and were huddled with bewildered expressions. Going to his bike, Smarts groped in the roadpack slung over the sissybar, taking out three cans of beer. Popping them open, he carried them over to the others and handed them out as he sat down heavily.

"Wh-Where the hell are we?" groaned Klutz listlessly.

"Bottom of the Grand Canyon, bro," said Smarts, finding a toke in his jacket pocket.

"Well, how the fuck did we—"

"We didn't. They did." Smarts passed the toke, gratefully exhaling the smoke and taking a long thirsty pull at the warm beer. "Probably

put some shit in our suds last night. Really knocked us out cold enough to give them time to lug us and the scoots clear down here."

"They're outa their goddam gourds!" Booger gulped down the last of his beer, belched loudly. "I've taken a lotta shit this past year from those bastards but—well, man, *this* is the legwettn' end!"

"Our year's up today. No sense in gettin' pissed at this late date." Smarts studied the others' faces. Booger's lean features were dour behind his unkempt beard. Klutz still looked confused, his mouth working silently under the drooping moustache. Smarts wiped the foam from his own thick beard, shaking his long hair from his eyes and noting the headache had faded to a mere thumping echo. "Shit, I knew sumpin' was goin' on all durin' the partyin' outside Flagstaff last night. I just couldn't get a definite clue. But this'll probably be the last fuckin' test."

"Ya really think so?" Klutz peered anxiously up the vast walls of the canyon. "I mean, like Booger's right, man. It's been a gross goddam year. No shit. I hardly feel human anymore."

Smarts bellowed with laughter, getting laboriously to his feet, his broad face creased with amusement. "Aw, shit, you weren't human to start with, Klutz! Strap that sad story on your probation officer but not me, baby! This past year has made what almost passes for a real man outa ya, numbnuts!"

Klutz glowered silently at the sparkling river.

"Anymore beer?" asked Booger plaintively.

"My guess is there's three cans more in each roadpack. Enough to wash down a few reds and put us back in business." Smarts eyed the trail leading from the clearing

where they'd been dumped. "I suppose we can make it up to the top right from here."

"The hell we can!" rasped Booger, waving a sheet of paper. "Wait'll ya read the fuckin' note they left us!"

"A kite yet?" mumbled Klutz.

Smarts took the paper. Its message was brief and clear: *Bring broads back with you.*

Smarts whistled softly through his teeth. "Well, now, ain't that a challenge and a fuckin' half! Still, they haven't ever ordered anything really impossible. So there must be broads down here."

"Yeah? Where?" Booger trembled visibly with anger.

"Well, we got two choices: upstream or downstream."

"Some choices."

"We gonna push the scoots over all this rough ground?" Klutz waved a helpless hand at the boulder-strewn path snaking beside the rushing water. "We'll be pooped inside of a half-mile."

"We can leave the wheels here," Smarts decided, draining his beer can and noting the taste of puke was gone now. "Nobody's likely to rip 'em off with a seven-mile climb to the canyon rim."

"Seven miles!" Booger's face went into shock. "Are you sure?"

Smarts nodded, grinning. "I'm sure. That's the figure according to a book I once read about this scene."

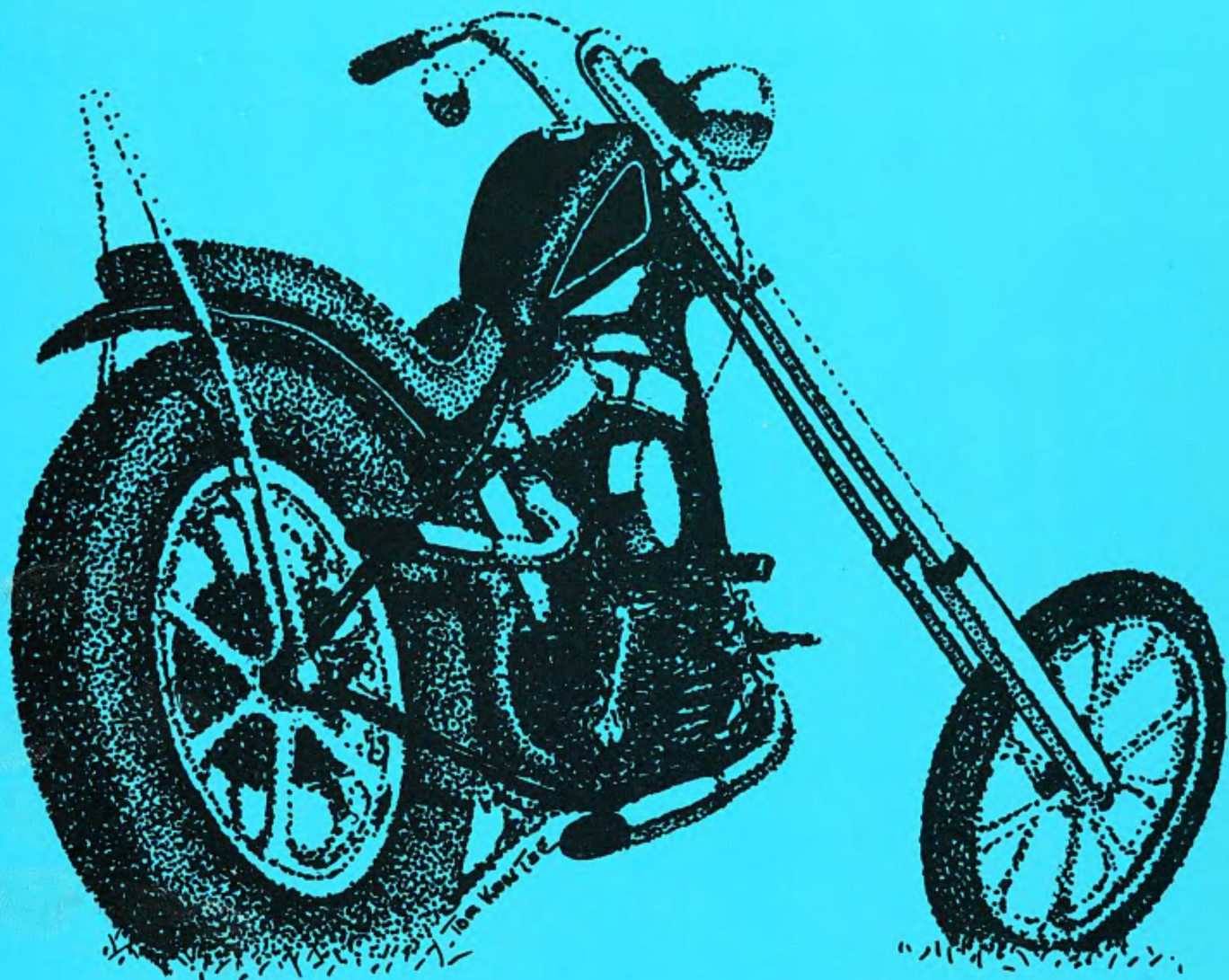
"You an' yer fuckin' one-year-of college education!" moaned Klutz.

"Yeah, but I'm democratic," laughed Smarts. "Otherwise what the hell would I be doin' down here with you high-school drop-outs?"

Up at the Canyon's rim, squinting into the powerful telescope, the prez of the Highway Honchos Motorcycle Club muttered to himself. Beside

—Continued on page 72





T'anks A Lot, Muthatrucker!

Me and Flywheel Dement were puttin' homeward-bound on I-65 out of Lebanon, Indiana, around 2:00 o'clock one Monday morning this past summer. We still had over 160 miles to go. It had been a most righteous day all along; perfect weather, no mechanical problems, lotsa native Hoosier quail for the wayfaring birdwatcher to ogle, and no hassles by the Indiana State Highway Jaws. We reined off into the Wayside Truck Stop for a quick coffee and a chance to rummage through our bungee cords for our leather jackets and gloves. As we plopped on our stools on

one side of the horseshoe-shaped counter inside, I glanced across and spied a familiar hometown face speckled with flying spaghetti sauce.

"Well, I'll be damned—if it ain't Jack Bishop himself," I greeted aloud. "Ya truckin' in or out, Jack?" Jack didn't lose a single stroke with his fork hand as he thumbed the other over his shoulder. Normally, Jack is a chatty and affable fellow, but the ritual of stuffing his face held first priority over social intercourse with a gadding biker hailing from the same hometown. Aware of this, I refrained from

interfering with his piranha-like jaws and waited until he finished obliterating his grunts. Meanwhile, Flywheel and I began to rap about the day's ride, like fighter pilots rehashing a successful mission. Flywheel was recalling several close calls we had had with yahoo drivers cutting in front of us at numerous intersections. He was loudly declaring what yokels they were. This guy sitting at the head of the counter couldn't resist butting into our conversation after that.

"Pardon me, Mack," he intruded, addressing Flywheel. "You were talking about

yahoo car drivers screwin' over motorsickle riders. How about them hot-shot motorsicklists that shoot in and out between cars, ackin' like smartalecks all the time?"

Bishop suddenly raised up out of his dessert. He fixed on me with a tongue-in-cheek expression, then rolled his eyes skyward as though to say, "He's your joker—not mine."

Flywheel turned to me and whined aloud, "Who the fuck is *this* dude?" To forestall an impending rhubarb, I checked Flywheel's mounting anger by politely informing the guy that cyclists who act like that are a minority—that their kind are eventually self-eliminated. It didn't alter the guy's attitude one bit.

"Oh, yeah?" he persisted. "Well, if I run up against one of them hot-shots in *my* car, he's gonna git eliminated, all right." I could see Flywheel was getting hotter than a half-fucked fox in a forest fire. The gold banana-shaped earring dangling from his pierced earlobe was swinging like a speed bag. His jugular veins were pulsating like high-pressure hoses, and he kept kneading the air with those awesome fists of his that looked as big as Agar canned hams. His face flushed crimson, like a chameleon's, and he wouldn't take his cocked eye off the guy's jaw. To intensify the already explosive atmosphere, the guy even *looked* like a nuisance. He had a triangular shaped head like the old-time comic book character Submarine Man. On top of this sat a billed cap with the monogram Cat sewn across the front.

Jack Bishop, meanwhile, remained mute. He avoided getting involved in vehicular conversations with four-wheelers, as he called autoists. Jack was still peeved at the government's ruling holding semi-trailers down to 55mph maximum, forcing them into deadly proximity with those four-wheeled scourges of our highways. Jack was also a retired cyclist himself who gave the game up when some psycho tailgater in a car bulldozed him off the road into a raging river. One of your most skillful professional drivers, Jack had logged well over a million miles without so much as a fender-bender. As I was busy calming Flywheel, Jack shied past us, anteed up at the cash register, then vamoosed through the door, bidding me "See ya at home!" I didn't even get a chance to buttonhole him as to what kind of rig he was jockeying or what he was hauling. Jack's adrenalin had also started pumping. I figured, when the guy started badmouthing bikers. He didn't relish the

idea of getting involved in a cafe brawl so far from home, of spending the night in some Hoosier hoosegow while a load of swinging beef or color TVs sat unattended. So, he skedaddled. And so did I, shortly afterwards, with the hotheaded Flywheel in tow.

We were cruising northward again on I-65, about ten miles out of the truck stop. Not a soul in sight. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, this car streaks down like Halley's comet and sets right on our tails. I turned in my saddle and spotted this Corvette dogging us like a manta ray. Through its windshield, the light of the full moon clearly silhouetted a triangular-shaped noggin covered by a—My God!—It's the yokel we ran into back at that truck stop! He wants to play tag, and me and Flywheel are "it!" I downshifted and tried to scoot on away from him. No way. The Vette simply followed suit, and those 454 cubic inches slingshotted him right up on my license plate. Flywheel's chopped 1200cc Hog wasn't doing him much good, either. He sure wanted Flywheel's ass. This was the place to get it, too. Two dudes murdered on a deserted freeway. If we run, we get knocked down at 80 or 90. If we slow down, the Vette zips by us with a double-barreled blunderbuss poked out the window and—blam! Nothing in my bag but a sparkplug to throw at him. Goddam! Where are those Jaws, now? I could look straight ahead and see both of his headlights behind me from the corners of my eyes—without turning my head. That's close!

Then, through the gloom ahead I spotted the marker lights of a semi-tanker. Thank God! A witness! Someone with a CB radio who would spot this deadly tag game and call the Jaws! But the Vette wouldn't fall back. He was hovering for the kill. I heard him click against Flywheel's rear fender a couple of times. In sheer desperation, we loomed right in up to the trucker's big red **Edible** sign pasted on its polished steel stern. I could see both our reflections and could have reached over and touched its unloading valve as we were sucked along in the draft. We could read clearly the tiny sticker indicating **Shortening Made from Meat Fats and Vegetable Oils**. If that psycho yokel wanted me and Flywheel, he'd have to come in there after us. That trucker knew we were back there; those guys don't miss anything.

Suddenly, the guy in the Vette dropped back. He knew the trucker was hip to his foul play. Blinking twice, he veered around

to pass the cumbersome rig, but the trucker suddenly flicked the wheel to the left and swayed the big tank into his path. The Vette clamped on the binders, lay back, then tooted his horn repeatedly. Again he attempted to pass, but the big tank once again barred his lane. Flywheel and I dropped back and followed the contest from a safe distance. Suddenly, the Vette downshifted, feigned a move to the left, then shot around to the tanker's right and attempted to pass on the paved shoulder. It was a maneuver the trucker had waited for. When the Vette pulled up amidships alongside the highway guard rail, the trucker sprang the trap on him. Easing gently to the right, he tucked the Vette into the "hole." To the right of the Vette driver now was the steel guard rail. To the left, a scant foot from his horrified puss, rocked the ladder to the deck lid and that awesome 8000-gallon tank. If the Vette accelerated, he'd run smack-dab into those protruding right-front 11:00 x 22 tires. If he slowed down, those rears would roll over him like a juggernaut. The trucker was boss. God, could he read his mirrors! Flywheel and I witnessed the most skillful cat-and-mouse game we'd ever seen. They were both experts, but twice we heard the tanker's big tires bark against the Vette's bumpers when its driver erred a split-second. Once, the Vette flinched away from the big tank and leaned into the guard rail. The shower of sparks from its bumpers lit up the Hoosier countryside, and the reek of scouring fiberglass gagged me. Flywheel and I cheered and hooted aloud at the sights and sounds of this thrilling spectacle.

Suddenly, the guard rail vanished and an off-ramp materialized from out of the dark. The tanker eased left, let the Vette out of the hole, then lumbered on northward. The Vette shot up the ramp, screeched to a halt, and the driver staggered out and squinted at the damage. It was the last we ever saw of him.

We veered around the tanker's port side and lingered abreast of the powerful tractor, reading **Montgomery Tank Lines** painted on its door. I craned my neck skyward to holler "Thank you" to the driver. There, illuminated by the dim lights of his instrument panel, smiling impishly, was the face of—Jack Bishop! As Flywheel and I faded away in the headlamp beams of the big Peterbilt, Jack blasted a farewell signal with his air horns. "Farewell," I returned silently, "and t'anks a lot—you beautiful mutha-trucker!"

Upper COMIX PRESENT A SAGA OF THE OLD

RUPERT OF LEEEN 76

UNREAL

"WOW, CHECK TH BUSH!"

C'MON MAN LET'S START ROLL'IN

WE AINT GOT NO PAPERS!

USE YOUR SOCKS!

AIN'T GOT NO SOCKS

OK START PICK'IN

KEEP OUT

NOT NOW! BRUCE!

KISS ME!

LET'S TURN IT INTO THE POLICE!

GOOD IDEA!

LOOK BRUCE KILLER WEED!

OH MY!

HELLO! WHATS THIS?

I SEE!

YUK YUK THE JOES ON YOU OFFICER... ITS ONLY HAMSTER FOOD!

YOK

YAK

YAK

"OK FELLAS ON YOUR WAY... AND GOOD LUCK!"

TITS! HELL GRASS MAKES MY ASS BIG

"THIS IS A BUST! GET YOUR ASS INTO THE PADDY WAGON! ASSHOLE!"

WE WANT OUR REWARD IN SMALL BILLS

HALT!

HELLO SIR, LOOK TO DO IS TRACE YOU! ALL YOU HAVE WHAT WE FOUND FOR THE SEEDS!

Down COMIX

ROBINSON 76



Sick Tilly

Flash! In order to get you guys off your ass, we've decided to start paying \$20 for each joke used instead of \$10. We were forced to this painful decision (it comes out of our juice and smoke fund) because we simply do not receive enough good jokes.

Shit, there are some assholes who even send us some jokes we've already featured!—and everyone knows how bad they are.

Send 'em to Sick Tilly, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (Rejects are not returned—too much work!)

A bro walked into his pad and discovered his ol' lady waiting for him in a negligee. She popped him a Coors and then sat down across from him.

"What would you say," she started, "if I told you that I was having an affair with your best friend?"

"I'd say you were a lesbian."

—Hungry
Buffalo, N.Y.

What do you get when you cross a nympho with a Univac computer? A fuckin' know-it-all.

—Ralph Pierotti
Arlington Hts., Ill.

A big bro rushed into a drugstore and just sorta stood there kinda nervous-like. Finally a middle-aged female clerk asked if she could help him.

"I'd rather see the druggist," was his reply.

"I'm the druggist," she told him. "Can I help you?"

"Well," he said, "I have this terrible sexual hunger that nothing can satisfy. No matter how many times I ball, I want to do it more. Is there anything you can give me for it?"

"Just a minute," she said, "I'll have to check." In a few minutes she returned. "The best I can offer," she said, "is \$300 a week and a half interest in the business."

—Danny Compagnari
Pendleton, Indiana

Coming down from the dope after his operation, the bro asked the nurse why the drapes were drawn in his room.

"Relax, 1%er," said the scummy old nurse. "There's a big building on fire across the street, and we didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

—Steve Thompson
Borger, Texas

A foreign-bike rider stopped at a bar for a beer. After drinking a few suds, he walked out of the bar and discovered that some s.o.b. had painted his bike seat bright yellow.

He stormed back into the bar and shouted, "Who's the sonpva bitch that painted my bike seat yellow?"

A Harley rider, standing about 6'4" tall and weighing 250 lbs., stood up in the back of the bar and growled, "I did. Why?"

The dude looked the H-D man over and said, "Oh, I just thought I'd tell you it's ready for a second coat."

—R.N. Hilst
Manito, Ill.

A couple of bikers were out kinda late partying and were on their way home.

One bro yelled over to his partner as they headed out on the expressway, "Ain't your ol' lady gonna hit the ceiling when ya get home?"

"Hope so," his partner replied. "The last time the bitch just missed puttin' the bullet in me."

—Bob Crawford
Shawnee, Okla.

An old lady ran over a biker in an intersection.

The ol' hag was really shook and hollered back, "Is there anything I can do for you, you poor young man?"

"Yes," answered the hurtin' bro. "Don't back up!"

—Bob Crawford
Shawnee, Okla.

There was this stoned biker who went into a whorehouse to get laid but only had two bucks.

The madam said, "No problem; go to the top of the stairs to the back room." The biker went up, and found the last room with a nude chick in bed. Well, he was doing his thing, when he saw that the chick was foaming at the mouth. He split down the stairs and told the madam.

"Okay," said the woman, casually, then turned to her girls. "Hey, one of you girls call up the morgue and tell them to send over another one, this one is filled up."

—C.S.
S.I., N.Y.

When the dude's mama caught him balling a cow, needless to say, she blew it. She threatened to tell the whole town about the dude's trip. But the bro replied, "If ya tell 'em that I fucked a cow, I'll tell them who had the best cunt."

—G.S. Bolen
Santa Fe, N.M.

A bro thought he'd try something new so he went out on a hunting trip. Looking around, he stumbled on a nude fox.

"Are you game," he asked?

"Yes," she answered.

So he shot her.

—Roger M. Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

The biker was in love with this girl and wanted to propose, but was ashamed of his tiny organ. Too ashamed, in fact, to discuss it with her or even to let her see him naked. So, in order to settle matters with the least possible embarrassment, he took her puttin' into the hills. Then he invited her to go for a short walk in the evening's darkness. Casually he unzipped his naturals and laid his crank into her hand.

"Thanks," she said, "but I don't smoke."

—Timothy Roy Kirby
Soledad, Calif.

Two bikers were ridin' along when they spotted a couple of dogs fuckin' in somebody's front yard. They stopped, smoked a number, and watched.

After a while one of 'em said, "Hey, have you ever tried ballin' your ol' lady like that?"

"She doesn't go for any of that weird shit."

"Hell, all you have to do is the both of you just eat a couple of reds."

So the dude went home to give it a try. The next day he dragged himself over to his bro's house with eyes like two bloodshot oysters.

"You look terrible. What happened?"

"It took twenty-one reds and I don't know how many bottles of Mad Dog before I could talk her into it."

"Jesus, it should have only taken three, maybe four at the most."

"Man, it took seven just to get her out on the front lawn."

—Wolf Larson
B'ham, Wash.

Mutha hiked her ass up onto a pay-scale the other day.

The scale did its number and shot her a card.

It read, "Come back later — alone."

—Frank Bunton
Columbus, Ind.

Dig this. The Polish Olympic star was so proud of the gold medal he won that he decided to have it bronzed.

—Buzz Grant
Spokane, Wash.

A definition of a novice biker: This young dude strolled into the local Hog Shop and told money eyes that he wanted a sporty-ster. The dealer showed him the latest and told the kid it would do over 100 mph.

The kid was dazzled, bought the machine, put it on a truck and split. The next day the youngster returned a taste upset. When the dealer asked what his trip was, the dude said that the bike wouldn't do 10 mph, let alone a hundred. So flashy-shoes called down his main mechanic to check it out.

The wrencher checked the battery, plugs, points—the whole nine yards. Then he started it.

Dazed, the young owner turned to the dealer and asked, "What's that noise?"

—Buzz Grant
Spokane, Wash.

A newlywed couple were still inhibited about sex. Instead of saying, "Let's fuck," they would say, "Let's do the wash."

One night when they were in bed the dude said to his ol' lady, "Do you want to do the wash?"

She sniveled something about a headache and turned over.

A couple of hours later she woke up. She felt guilty about turning the dude down so she shook him and said, "Do you want to do the wash?"

He opened his eyes about halfway and replied, "It was just a small load so I did it by hand."

—Buzz Grant
Spokane, Wash.

This bro was workin' out on a club mama's chest one loaded night. Well, he got some liquid from her nipple into his mug and told her it tasted like chocolate milk.

She replied, "Yeah, all the bros tell me that. But the doc says it's cancer."

—Hacker
Kettering, Ohio

A mind bender is: Finger bangin' your ol' lady and finding your partner's ring.

—Fat Man
Milner, N.D.

Know how to keep a hard-on hard? Don't fuck with it.

—J.H.
California



ABATE

Supreme Court Action

First, the bad news, then the pending: Gary Zager, coordinator, ABATE of Maryland, recently put the constitutional question of helmet laws before the Supreme Court again. And we're sorry to report that all eight justices denied hearing the case. That makes about the eighth time they've turned us down.

But don't burn down the local pub yet, or the courthouse. Jack Zektzer of the Committee on Traffic Law Modernization in the State of Washington is now in the process of hitting those people in D.C. with the same question again. It's persistent brothers like Jack and Gary, and of course Charles Simon, who have carried out our fight through and against every possible obstacle. So, for sure, there is disappointment, but every time our left hook gets sharper and faster.

Here are the addresses of the bros. ABATE of Maryland, c/o Gary Zager, 12307 Windbrook Dr., Clinton, Maryland 20735; Committee on Traffic Law Modernization, c/o Jack Zektzer, 6308 1/2 18th N.E., Seattle, Washington 98115.

Positive Helmet (Rights) Legislation News

Remember HR 3869? It was the bill we were pushing in D.C. for some time. The bill, along with associated bills, was designed to take the blackmail power away from the Department of Transportation and specifically to stop the blackmail of states that do not have helmet laws for bros 18 or over. Well, all this has shown that your state organizations, protests, and individual efforts have begun to take effect.

HR3869, HR6211, HR6918, S-2252, and S2293 were recently combined in two amendments. These amendments, one for the Senate and one for the House, were then attached to the Federal Highway Act of 1975. I know this is boring, but bear with me—the news will improve.

All right, the first definite good vibe was that both the Senate and House Highway Acts passed through their full committees. And

the news that most of us have been waiting for (for over five years now) came within a week. The Federal Highway Act of 1975 passed through the Senate with a 52-37 vote. A week later the Highway Act passed the House of Representatives 410-7—whatta rush.

Next, the two packages of legislation will go (or have gone) to a Conference Committee. In this Committee, the House and Senate must iron out their differences before the completed act is laid before the Prez. And more good news. No problems are anticipated in the Conference Committee. But they have only one month in which to settle their differences and put it before the President, which also should not be a problem.

And if that isn't enough good news—the President is not expected to veto the bill. All right, sit still, while I tell you what all this good shit means. The Federal Highway Act of 1975 will not ban helmets or helmet laws. But it will, from now on, allow each state to decide for itself, without federal coercion, whether it wants or feels the state needs a helmet law for bros 18 and over.

We can thank our state groups, active brothers, and letter-writers for this progress. But now is not the time to kick back. Each state will have to repeal its own helmet law—and watch for future laws. So now is the time to move. Join and support your state organizations. They have brought us a long way down the path toward freedom of the road, and we need them.

If you wish to join or support a group, drop a line to ABATE, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265, and we will inform you of the groups or active brothers in your state. We're on our way—we just have to keep it together.

—Live to Ride

News From Around The Country

Missouri: Desperados M/C of Columbia, Missouri, is now active in the fight to repeal helmet laws. Through certain channels we are able to know when the time is right. We need support now. If you cats want to have the right to make up your own mind about skid lids

—to wear or not to wear—call or write to Kenny The Cat, 7812 Hunt Ave., Columbia, Missouri 65201, who will reply to anyone interested (443-8518).

Suggestions For Contesting Helmet Tickets In Court

Pennsylvania: The U.S. Department of Transportation's blackmail threats of withholding federal highway money have made helmet law repeals very difficult. The courts, intended as "watchdogs" of the legislature, are often prejudiced, causing them to discriminate against motorcyclists. When courts don't do their job properly, responsibility for justice reverts back to the people (jury). Plead **not guilty** and demand a 12-man jury trial on every helmet ticket. We recommend you have at least two witnesses with you when you get the ticket. They make wonderful company in court. Under the U.S. Constitution's Fifth Amendment, do not admit whether you were wearing a helmet or not.

Some city courts have had jury trials, but most occur in district court. Your right to a jury trial is guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution's Sixth Amendment. If you are denied your right to a jury trial, sue the bums by filing a civil rights action suit against the judge and his wife in federal district court under U.S. Code, Title 42, Sections 1983, 1985, and 1986.

We recommend you conduct your trial defense **pro se** (act as your own attorney) rather than hiring an expensive lawyer who knows far less about helmets than you do. In Kansas, no known lawyer has ever won a helmet case and most **pro se** defendants have won!

The jury has the absolute right to determine if the law is constitutional as well as whether or not you broke the law, as illustrated in the very first jury trial in the U.S. Supreme Court. (*Georgia vs Brailsford*, 3 U.S. (3 Dall.) 1)

Surprised judges are learning that juries, having all the evidence, usually return a "not guilty" verdict. They consider this a great opportunity to stop the federal gov-

ernment's interference with states' powers.

When the jury can't reach a unanimous guilty verdict, the court will dismiss the case. You have only to **really convince** one juror and you'll never have to pay that ticket. This makes the helmet law unenforceable, and gives you a lever for helmet repeal at the city and state level!

"In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury..." (A criminal prosecution is any offense punishable by fine and/or imprisonment.)

—W.P.M.A., Box 201, Oil City, Pa. 16301.

Oregon & California: The American Motorcycle Association has compiled registration, accident and fatality figures for the states since 1963. We have compared the average fatality per 100 accident ratio for the three-year period before and after implementation of the law in 29 states which enacted mandatory helmet laws at least three years ago and for which complete data are available. The average fatality per 100 accident rate for three years before implementation of their helmet law was 3.10, while the average for the three-year period after enactment was 3.18, or a small increase. California's average for the four-year period 1971 through 1974, inclusive, was 2.79 fatalities per 100 accidents, or substantially lower than the 29 helmet law states.

As Mr. Turner said in his April 9, 1974, letter to Dr. Gregory: "... California must do something that is just as effective as motorcycle helmets."

While it is one of only three states which are being sanctioned because it does not have a mandatory helmet law, California has an advanced motorcycle safety program. When compared with other states, its experience in that category which mandatory helmet laws are alleged to improve is better than 29 states that have enacted mandatory helmet legislation. —ABATE of Oregon, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201.

New York: A N.Y. State report said that in 1967 when the N.Y.S. mandatory helmet law became effective there was a 75 per cent increase in the proportion of serious neck injuries. The report also pointed out that while broken necks caused 5.8% of the 1966 cycle fatalities in New York, they accounted for nearly 38% of the cycle deaths the following year. The Federal Safety Board's report said that the added weight of the helmet—two to three pounds—puts too much strain on the neck in collisions. The chances of being killed from a broken neck are far greater than dying from a concussion. During normal street riding, the drawbacks of vision and hearing limitation and heat fatigue cause accidents. —ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, N.Y. 12205.

New Jersey: There is a bill just introduced into the General Assembly of the State of New Jersey to make it mandatory for motorcycles to have lights on while in operation. J.M.A. is totally against this bill. —J.M.A., P.O. Box 362, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621.

Michigan: House Bill No. 4849, from Mich. House of Representatives:

A person shall not operate on a highway a motorcycle which is manufactured or assembled having a front fork rake exceeding 41 degrees, as measured between the front fork and a line running perpendicular from the level surface upon which the motorcycle stands to the steering head stem nut.

A person shall not operate on a highway a motorcycle equipped with slug or screw-in type fork extensions.

A person shall not operate on a highway a motorcycle which is manufactured or assembled having front fork legs which are not parallel with the fork stem. This subsection shall not apply to a motorcycle manufactured or assembled with an adjustable fork stem when the fork stem is designed and utilized solely for sidcar use and is produced by the manufacturer of the motorcycle upon which it is installed.

A person shall not operate on a highway a motorcycle equipped with front forks greater than 45 inches in length, as measured from the center of the front wheel axle to the top of the upper front crown fork.

A person shall not operate on a highway a motorcycle having a front wheel rim of less than 16 inches in diameter. — ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Indiana: Response to the helmet law repeal poll is coming in from our reps. Twenty-six replies have been received, so far; here's how we stand: 4 for repeal, 2 opposed; 4 leaning toward repeal, 9 leaning to keep, and 7 undecided. Some are not doing their job out there. Of the seven undecided, most stated they were unaware that motorcyclists wanted to repeal the law! Hey, we can't sit around with our thumbs up our nose. Get your head put on straight; write your state reps—before it's too late!

The Freedom Riders M/C sponsored a chop drag race Nov. 1, to help raise funds for ABATE. The race was rained out on the 1st, and rescheduled for the following weekend on the 8th. Although the race was organized on short notice, and the original date was rained out, nearly 300 showed at the track. There were 43 brave souls competing for ET trophies, plus Top Eliminator, which bore a \$100 bill on it. In all, 8 trophies were awarded to eliminators. Those attending enjoyed the new experience, and expressed desires to repeat next year. (There wasn't any-one complainin' of havin' a rotten

time!) The Freedom Riders spent a lot of money and time on this event; not counting the tickets they received from harassing cops who just had to let them know they were watchin' them! Thanks cannot express enough, so let's get behind them for next year!—ABATE of Indiana, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

Police Face \$4.5 Million Cyclists' Suits

Oregon: Law suits totaling \$4.5 million will be filed against police and jailers involved in last year's motorcycle gang arrests at a Portland tavern, the Brother Speed Motorcycle Club announced Friday.

About 100 bikers assembled in front of the Multnomah County Courthouse before filing 33 suits charging police with false arrest and conspiracy against motorcycle clubs.

Another nine suits were said to be in preparation.

Named in the suits are a number of Portland police officers and Multnomah County sheriff's deputies.

The complaints stem from incidents Nov. 27, 1974, at the Slow Pitcher Tavern, 207 SE Grand Ave., when nine members of the club were arrested and six others sustained injuries in a fracas with Portland police.

Of 27 criminal charges against club members, only one resulted in a conviction, club members pointed out.

At a press conference, Luke Metcalfe, former club president, said the civil suits will give his club a "platform to express what really happened."

The club alleges that police violated their rights to peaceful assembly, and instigated the fracas.

There has been little public comment from police on the incident despite investigations by Mayor Neil Goldschmidt's office, Police Chief Bruce Barker, and a police internal affairs office.

Attorney Don Chambers said the final nine suits will be filed next week.

Metcalfe said the Portland police operate autonomously, having no one but themselves to answer to. He said the internal affairs branch should be replaced by a citizens' review board or some other body so that police business is open to public scrutiny.

Brother Speed President Pogo said harassment of motorcycle club members continues in Portland, with bikers frequently arrested and jailed for minor traffic offenses and motorcycle defects.

Steve Capka, former co-owner of the Slow Pitcher Tavern, said he still believes police brutally attacked club members without provocation. He said he lost his business because of the bad publicity. —Dean Smith, Journal staff writer.

Your Brothers for Freedom of the Road

Unfortunately, we don't always have the space to run down all the efforts made on behalf of scooter people throughout the country and/or the world. There are a lot of damn good people out there who are draining their bank accounts, letting their scooters go without attention, and screwing up bunches of their party time and weekends to defend our right to the road and improve the conditions we ride in now.

Since this is a serious problem, listed below are all the new organizations and groups you people may not be familiar with. Now it's up to you to support your bros.

Canada: C.M.M.A., c/o Jed Enterprises, P.O. Box 303, Burlington, Ontario, Canada

England: T.V.O. Kristiansen, 2 Verne Drive, Amptill, Bedford, England.

Nevada: ABATE of Nevada, c/o M. L. Siegel, 1201 Pyramid Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada 89108

New Jersey: ABATE of South New Jersey, c/o Terry Thomas, 1532 Cedar Avenue, Haddon Hts., N.J. 08035
ABATE of North New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, N.J. 07016

New York: N.Y.M.R.O., Long Island Chapter, P.O. Box 597, N. Bellmore, New York 11710

Ohio: ABATE of Portage County, c/o Wes Meyer, 2817 Willow Glen Trail, Mogadore, Ohio 44260

Pennsylvania: M.A.U.L., c/o Scott H. Hart, 3414 Rosedale Ave., Laureldale, Pa. 19605

South Carolina: ABATE of S. Carolina, c/o Jesse McDugald, 116 Beaufain St., Charleston, S.C. 29401

Texas: ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, 125 W. Dobbs, Tyler, Texas 75701

Vermont: ABATE of Vermont, 231 Pearl St., Essex Junction, Vermont 05452

West Virginia: ABATE of West Virginia, c/o Carrie Kilby, Rt. 1, Box 447, Berkeley Springs, W. Va. 25411

Wisconsin: ABATE of Wisconsin, c/o Bazaar Cycles, 526 North Main St., Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin 54935

American Motorcycle Association Study Disproves Lights-On Effectiveness

Westerville, Ohio—The American Motorcycle Association has released a statistical study of the effect of laws requiring constant daytime operation of motorcycle headlights. According to the study, seven out of eight states that have such laws have experienced an increase in the number of motorcycle accidents (per 1000 registrations) rather than a decrease.

AMA Legislative Director Gene Wirwahn said: "Proponents of lights-on laws claim they will reduce the number of motorcycle accidents because motorcycles will be more visible. Our study shows that such laws have not had that effect in states that have enacted them. In fact, states without lights-on laws have a better record of motorcycle accident reduction. Of 28 states that do not have such laws and for which complete data are available, 16 have had a decrease in accidents while nine have experienced an increase and three have remained constant over the same period of time."

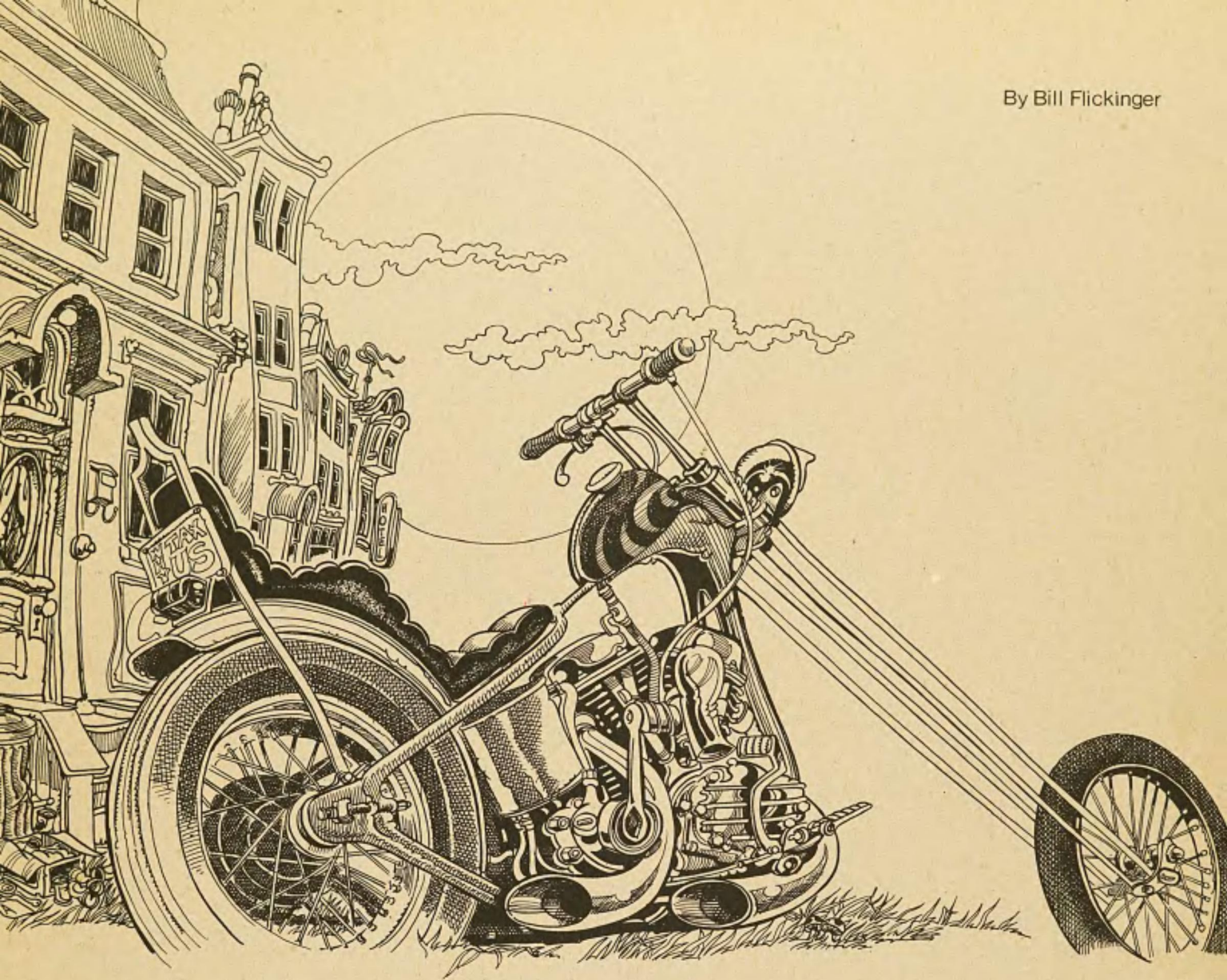
Asked about pending lights-on legislation, Wirwahn commented: "Massachusetts, Texas, and New Hampshire have already rejected



lights-on bills this year. Colorado, Minnesota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont and Virginia are presently considering passage of lights-on bills. We have supplied our study to these states' legislatures. It is interesting that each of the states presently debating lights-on bills has had an overall decrease in motorcycle accidents during the same period of time without lights-on laws. If their legislatures are really interested in safety and not just legislation for its own sake they will kill pending lights-on bills."

According to Wirwahn there have been no studies made which conflict with the AMA's findings.

"Proponents of lights-on laws, such as the American Optometric Association, have backed such laws without first investigating their effectiveness as an accident preventive measure," Wirwahn said. "We hope that our study will encourage misguided safety-conscious groups to verify the validity of their proposals before they make them. Such investigation is only proper. It could save lives."—AMA, Box 141, Westerville, Ohio. ■



Just Another Success Story

One afternoon after I got out of high school for the day, I went over to O'Leary's Bar and Muffler Service to visit some of the other twenty and thirty-year-old dropouts who decided to go back. Just as I was ready to order a brew and found out I was forty-five cents short, a seedy bum stepped up and called out my name. I recognized him instantly as a good old fighting buddy from way back (in a fight, he was usually way back). I hated to admit I was a failure, but he said he was a real loser first and asked about our old pal Fernando. For the price of a beer, I filled him in:

Fernie spent the first five minutes of each day out front of the Laslo Apartments lifting up the front end of the Greyhound bus that parked

there to pick up passengers bound for Morristown Federal Penitentiary For The Criminally Perverted. He liked to stay in shape for work at the donut shop. Throwing around prune danishes all day is no Holiday on Ice. Still, it wasn't enough for him to just work out. The last time he got into a fight it was with an old lady who slammed her car door against his Kamikaze 883 and then called him a short-haired hippie fag at the U-Find-It-Yourself Supermarket.

When Fernie heard that he lost his cool and ordered her out of the country. After he saw that she still wasn't shaken, he went over to her opened car door and shoved her box of groceries to the pavement. The box was real heavy and it just fell straight bottom down to the pave-

ment. The lady reached down and picked up the box with one hand, revealing the kind of biceps that Charles Atlas wanted to have. For the first time in Fernie's life, he said a little prayer. She then sent Fernie's nose to Seattle for the weekend.

It was Thursday. Martha Jean finished the dirty dishes from her specialty, "Spanish Surprise," and left for the post office where she worked. Fernie felt warm. As a matter of fact, he felt a burning inside. He didn't know exactly what she put in her cooking, but it always came back to haunt him later. He never complained though, because he didn't want the stitches in his face to come loose. Also, because he liked her. She was good to him. She

kept him supplied with all the magazines he could read, if he could read. (If you've ever ordered anything through the mail but never gotten it, now you know why.) She was kind, she was decent, she was intelligent. Oh well, nobody's perfect.

She did take good care of Fernie though, and he was grateful. But he didn't want to get married because he never liked dogs. Women gotta have kids, and kids gotta have dogs. So, they never got hitched. But Fernie did the next best thing for her.

He always took her to the zoo on Sunday. Or to the racetrack to bet on the ponies, if she got paid, or found a letter with cash inside. But so many people are buying things with credit these days that Fernie can't hardly keep his cooler stocked with welfare Ripple. When a person lives in a dive, hangs out in dives, and has to pay rent for a dive instead of having his own dive, he needs a new job.

Fernie decided to look for a new job. He left the apartment and went downstairs forty-seven flights and outside to where his bike was waiting faithfully for him. This was because he always chained the son-of-a-bitch with the theft-proof chain he stole in San Diego when he was six years old. Today was a little different. It was a cold—seventy degrees or so—and Fernie kicked at it for an hour before it finally started its distinctive purr-chonk . . . kamonmfk . . . kerratt . . . sputt . . . sputt . . . gawddakakakakakaka. Fernie always wondered how it was that Bronson could spend the night with a beautiful girl he'd known for five minutes and the next day go outside and start his mutha in freezing weather with one weak try which wouldn't usually break an egg.

As Fernie was sitting proudly on his beast trying to get the throttle unstuck, the bus to Morristown Weirido Prison was just pulling up to take on the guard who lived in Fernie's apartment building. The guard wasn't ready yet; probably beating up a baby, Fernie thought. The bus sat there and Fernie looked at the sexual sickies. They sneered at him and he noticed that they made dirty signs with their fingers. Fernie saw one that looked like the President. He saw one that looked like a famous actress. Boy, what a laugh! He saw one that looked like him . . .

"Baaawwwrrrrrrrrffffff!!!!!"

Now things were changed. "You filthy sex maniac motherfuckin' nearsighted lefthanded frogfaces," he yelled after the departing vehicle. Now he had to get a good job and get out of that lousy neighborhood.

When he pulled into the donut shop he saw that they were real busy. Lots of people. Real people. The kind that you find in Las Vegas—bermuda shorts, sun glasses, mink coats, and manicured fingernails. Even the garbagemen and the little kids! But Fernie didn't care. He wouldn't be here after today.

He walked into the shop. He noticed no one was playing the slot machines. This was unusual. People came from all over Vegas to play these slots because they were rigged to give much better odds than any other machines in town—one chance in hell! Anyway, Fernie found out why it was so crowded. Today was baking day and people had come in to watch. But five hundred or so people? Usually they were lucky if two winos came in out of the cold to watch.

But it didn't take Fernie long to figure it out. Sid, the baker, was inside the kitchen area with two girls, and nobody had on a stitch! Flashing lights and loud music had been added and a bunch of strippers were lined up out to the street to get a "Dozen Bavarian Cream Pies—\$6.00."

Fernie could see that it was too late for a signed resignation. He left and rode on over to the Vegas Employment Exchange in a trailer downtown. He saw that there was broken glass on the fence around it. He figured he'd take a job as manager of a casino or dancer in one of those Paris-type shows. Yeah, that oughta put him on easy street for awhile.

He parked and walked in. It looked like Frankie Avalon at the main desk. "Boy," said Fernie, "if Frankie Avalon can't get a good job, what am I gonna get? I'll probably end up selling peanuts at the opera!"

He looked around. The walls were full of recruiting posters, but for foreign countries; countries Fernie had never heard of . . . Goosituya Wants You! Fernie didn't feel too good. He looked at the bulletin board, which was an old Motel 6 sign. There were many notices on it: Cancer Can Be Licked . . . Baby-sitting, call 5-5573 . . . Train To Be A Shrimboat Captain In Your Spare Time . . . Learn to make metal soldiers from used toothpaste tubes.

Fernie had to sit on a bench and wait while lots of men in suits were interviewed and walked away mad. Then it was Fernie's turn.

Frankie or whatever-his-name called him up. He had a pencil about an inch long and the eraser all used up. He took down Fernie's name and some of the people who had worked with him professionally as references:

Augie "Mad Dog" Ashley—

short order cook

Enzo "The Enforcer" Gonzalez

—park ranger

"Quick" Quincey Thompson—

bailbondsman

Thornton "Thumbscrew" Bull—

parole officer

Fernie knew now why he had to wait so long. They really do a good job here, he thought. They match all your experience with the jobs that are open and what salary you prefer to receive. Fernie was given a slip of paper (it said: Debbie—Anytime—4-4426, on the back) with an address on it of his new job. A new life.

Fernie started up his engine. Then he went outside and started up his bike. He rode fast to the east . . . one mile . . . two miles . . . three miles . . . dead end. He rode fast to the west . . . one mile . . . two miles . . . topless joint. After a few beers and some wine he rode fast to the north . . . one mile. The sign read "Dexter's Delicious Iceland Pies"

Only Fernie knows what went on inside that building. He was in there for two hours getting ready for his new job. A lot of sawing, drilling, welding, hammering, and cussing. Then the sound of Fernie's bike could be heard coming through the main gate . . . with an ice cream box attached! *%&#&\$@&

The bells jangled and dinged as he rode up and down the streets. All the kids waited for him every day. All of them threw rocks at him too, at first. And they would yell at him, "Hey, Ice Cream Man. Wait. Stop." Fernie would stop and look around. Nobody in sight.

"Lousy punks. Think that's funny." It was about this time that he started putting laxatives on the ice cream bars. He got to be pretty well known. He even got his own white cap. And he made some money every day. Except one. A cute little tyke shortchanged him out of twenty-three dollars and a wine-cicle. But he still saved up his money and watched every cent. He shopped

—Continued on page 67

A Real Live Sex Machine . . .

Forget the fact that she's fantastically beautiful—in a wicked, badass way.

Forget that her bod would give a bronze statue a hardon.

Forget that her voice and her manner of speaking instantly light a fire in your gonads.

Forget that she's a fabulous dancer and an actress (you're going to be seeing a lot of her very soon).

Forget that her personality would melt the most badassed biker in existence—turn him from a snarling panther (two weeks behind in his eating) to a cuddly kitten.

Forget that she's a real down-to-earth chick who digs men and lets them know it.

Yeah—forget all those reasons for featuring this beauty you see here; we would have featured her even if she were bald. Why? Well, because she goes by the name of “Easy Rider”!

“That describes my attitude toward sex best,” she said with an I'd-eat-you-up smile that turned everyone in the studio on.

Can you imagine workin' around a sex machine like this? Do you realize how tough it was? Do you really appreciate the labors we went through to feature this yummy?

Okay, so you don't. But we know it, and that's why we forgot all about you assholes and really got it on while “laboring” to bring you the very finest in female flesh. And just to prove to you that we're really champs, we'll send a free photo of “Easy Rider” to the 100 slobs sending in the best letters stating why you'd want a photo of her. We'll let her do the selecting (all entries will go to her unopened), so lay it on her. She digs men, so write your most persuasive letter.

Now tell me—are we righteous dudes or ain't we?

(Oh, by the way, we would have given you her specs, but by the time we finished photographing her our tongues were so hard we couldn't talk. You understand—right?)

Send your letters to her: Miss Easy Rider, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.





Oh, yeah, if you're interested in the panties, write to Mackenzie Company, Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Damn—I wish I knew how fast I'm goin'!

So there you are, trippin' along on a good buzz while zippin' in, out, and through traffic, and you happen to glance in that mirror dancing on your left handle bar—and finally make out the bumper of a Plymouth.

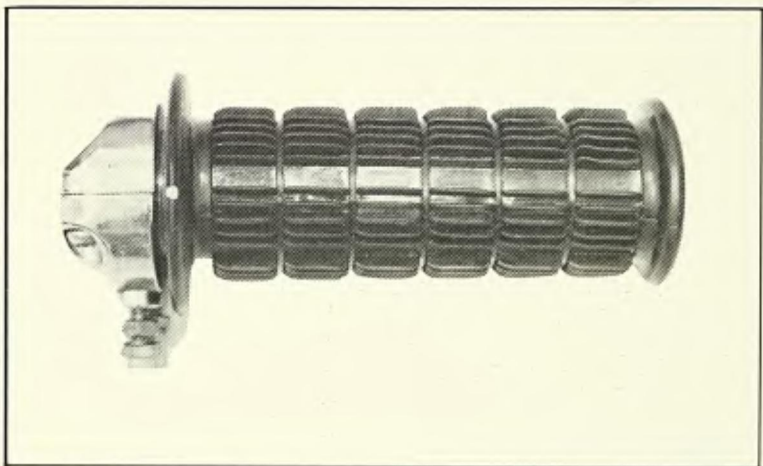
Some asshole is tail-gatin', you think as you take a second glance. The scene this time seems to be somethin' out of a black and white movie. It's not long before your fuzzy brain clicks and you realize that The Man is on your ass. Immediately the mellow high is gone, to be replaced by palm-sweatin' paranoia. And for once, you wish you had something between your handlebars that had an indicator needle on it. Maybe it's the three lids tucked under your jacket that has you shaking in your solo seat, or possibly the 43 speeding citations imprinted on your record. But for sure, that's the one time when just about every bro would like to know how fast he's pullin' on down the highway.

It's happened to me more than once. So one day while I was gazing at the fox in the cage next to me, I spotted her speedo. It took me a while. But it finally sank in that I was lookin' at the speedo to check my speed (and maybe her legs). So I decided to make some kind of mark on my throttle grip to show how far the rubber had been turned to reach 60 mph. I managed to reach my Buck, flick it open—and the chick freaked. Almost ran over these ol' bones.

So, in the process of swerving to miss the lady's cage, balancing the Buck knife and bike, I proceeded to make a slit in my

grip. I made the indication in the soft sleeve just adjacent to the line made where the two halves of the chrome throttle body meet. When I reached my pad I put a dot of orange paint on the mark.

Well, it ain't exactly accurate. But I check it against some lovely's speedo every chance I get. Then at least when The Man swings his barge up behind me, I know I'm not doin' 90 mph—I hope. —Snake



Tongue Ticks

I found a wart on my tongue for the first time in my life. My ol' lady swears she doesn't have any toads in her twat. What now?

D. Cunningham
Schuyler, Nebr.

- Let it grow—she'll dig it.

A Gasser

My problem is that when I'm ballin' my chick, she farts constantly and I've discovered that the farts turn me on more than she does.

Smell Freak
Hamburg, Germany

- What's your problem—you get turned on, don't you?

A Screamer

Every time I try to poke my ol' lady in the ass she screams with pain. What should I do?

Backdoor Man
Anchorage, Alaska

- Stuff a towel in her mouth.

Sweet Smell

My friend and I like to gross each other out by farting rank-smelling farts. My problem is that my farts smell good—sweet and mellow. What can I do?

Crazy Charlie
Boulder, Colo.

- Eat some red burritos, hot chili peppers, spaghetti, cheese, and wash it down with beer. With all that, you'd be a champ.

Stumped

I lost my left leg above the knee in an accident. What's left of my leg is 20" around and 16" long. I know you can handle it. All I want out of the deal is a hot knob job.

Stub
Michigan City, Ind.

- Forget the measly stump—I prefer givin' some good head any time.

What's A Ring?

You've used the term "ringed." What in hell does it mean?

Stut's Ol' lady
Grim Reapers, Ohio

- Well, it's either a brown or pink ring. Crude guys would call it an asshole—others would call it an anus. You can either tongue it dry, or you can put chocolate kisses up it and go after 'em. You can also put tootsie rolls up her or him and enjoy them too.

Staying Afloat

You're so fat—is it necessary to wear a life jacket to stay afloat so as not to fall in when screwing you?

D. J.
Parker, Colo.

- Fuck it. Enjoy it. I'll rescue ya.

Crabby Problem

I've got crabs and it's really a bummer when my ol' lady pours gasoline on me while I'm asleep to kill them. What should I do?

Morris
Foster City, Calif.

- Send them to me—I collect the cute little buggers.

Doesn't Dig Me

Before I'd climb your scrawny legs and suck your festered tits, I'd drink a gallon of buzzard puke. Man, you're rank!

Puke
Melbourne, Fla.

- To each his own—asshole.

Shy Lover

I'm bashful and I wanna know how you ask a girl if she wants to make love.

Tim Adams
Lucas, Ohio

- Just say, "Hey, baby—ya wanna fuck?"

Aphrodisiac

What is the best aphrodisiac you can use to get a girl horny?

Try Anything
Woodhull, N.J.

- An educated joint and an educated tongue.

Bumpy Crank

I have a problem. It's not too serious but all the same it's a problem. On the side of my crank I have four lumps, each of which is 1-1/2" in diameter. Whatta ya think is wrong?

Lumpy
Richmond, Va.

- Nothin'—my key is in the mail.

A Ringing Problem

Every night this past month, I 69ed with my chick and ended it by taking a big bite of brown. Personally, I like the taste. But she's squeamish and doesn't dig it. What should I do?

Starving at the Y
San Francisco, Calif.

- Ram your hot tongue up her brown ring, and she'll love you forever.

Bad Taste Buds

My ol' man digs my giving him head. I wouldn't really mind it, but his come doesn't taste all that great. What should I do?

Come Breath
Oahu, Hawaii

- Save it! Save it! But don't send me less than a quart.

Cut Off

My ol' lady won't let me ball her any more and now she bitches that I jiggle the bed when pounding my meat. What do you suggest I do?

Pounder
Rochester, N.J.

- See a psychiatrist.

Gross Gash

Has your box ever been hit with a meat cleaver? Christ, that gash is so gross something must have happened.

Curious
Atlanta, Fla.

- A couple of sessions with a biker sorta tears things up.

Bearded Clam

I took "Oversized Crank's Ol' Lady's" advice and have been whackin' that oversized crank of my ol' man's. Now I need help. When I spread my legs, my bearded clam looks like a folded round steak flappin' in the breeze.

Loose Lips
Wilmot, Wis.

- I read that three times and couldn't figure out what the problem was.

Good Lay

If you're such a good piece of ass, why aren't you here at Virginia Beach fuckin' all of us sailors?

Navy Stoner
Virginia Beach, Va.

- I'm too busy balling all the sailors (and soldiers) right here—not to mention all the tramps here on the staff (and street friends).

Melts In Your Mouth

It has been rumored that a certain brand of candy, designed to melt in your mouth, is none other than waste droppings from your anal tract! All evidence points in that direction, including the fact that your initials and the name of said candy are one and the same. Is this true?

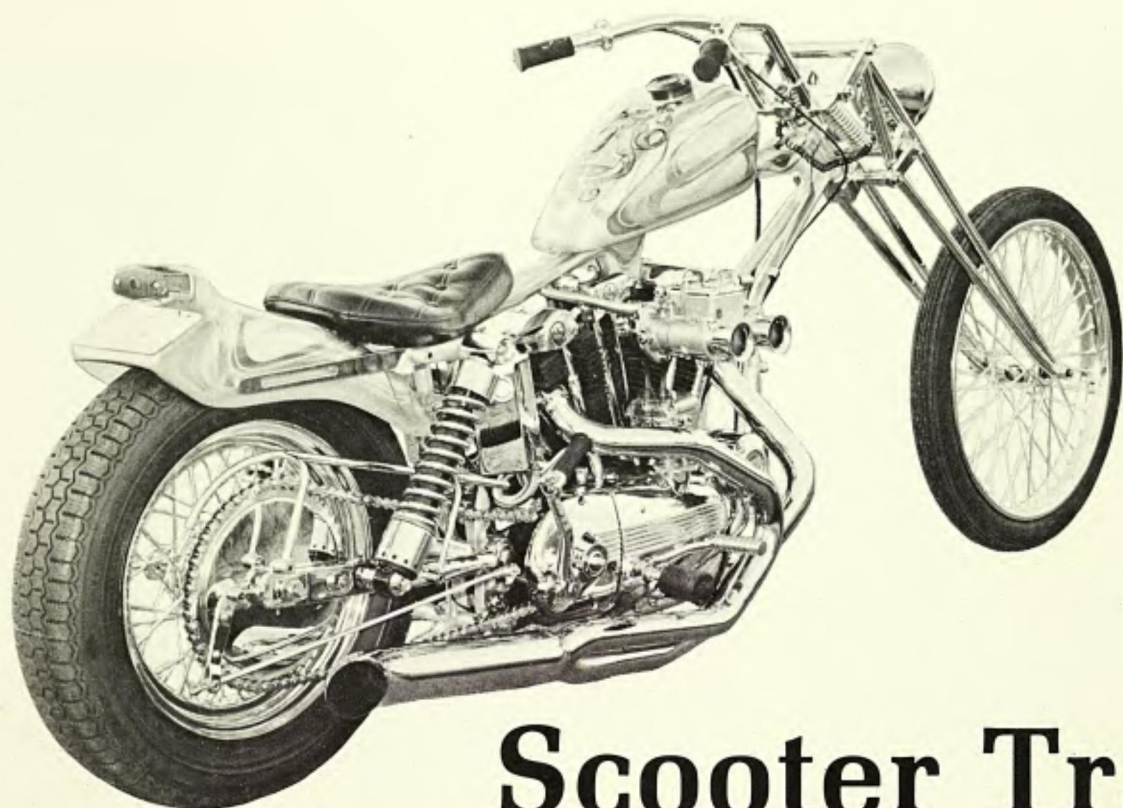
R. D. Sterrett
Brunswick, Ohio

- Hell no! And besides, my contract with them forbids me from divulging any information.

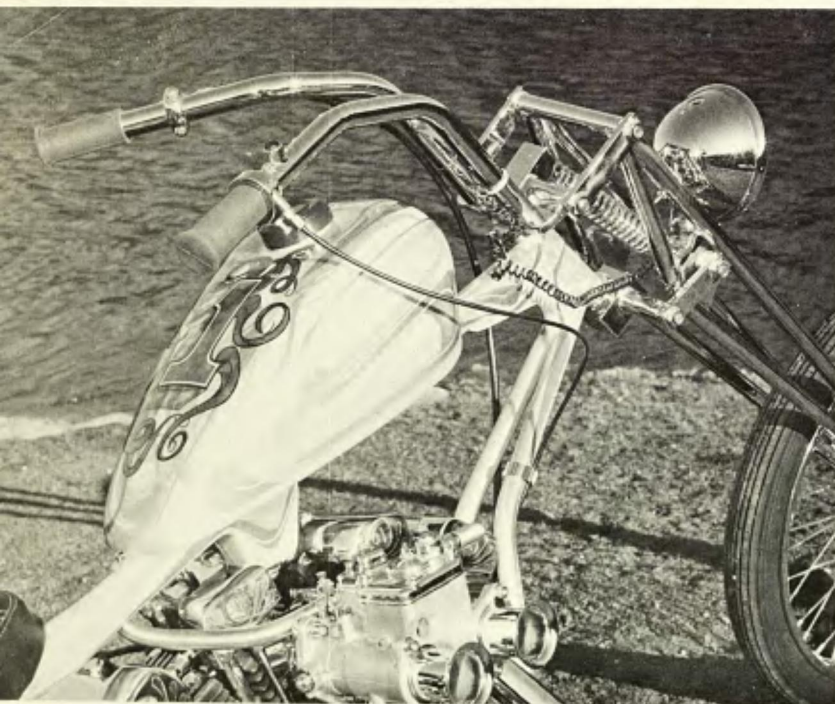


MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

—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. ■



Scooter Trash Stick Together



Shoulda learned by this time not to pick up the local newsrag. You know, I usually check out the Daily Garble about as often as I shower, shave, and show up at work on time—and for good reason. But my perverted curiosity (among other things, mind ya) wanted to stick its crabby head up outta this dung-hole and see how bad it really was out there in Televisionland, the world of the citizen.

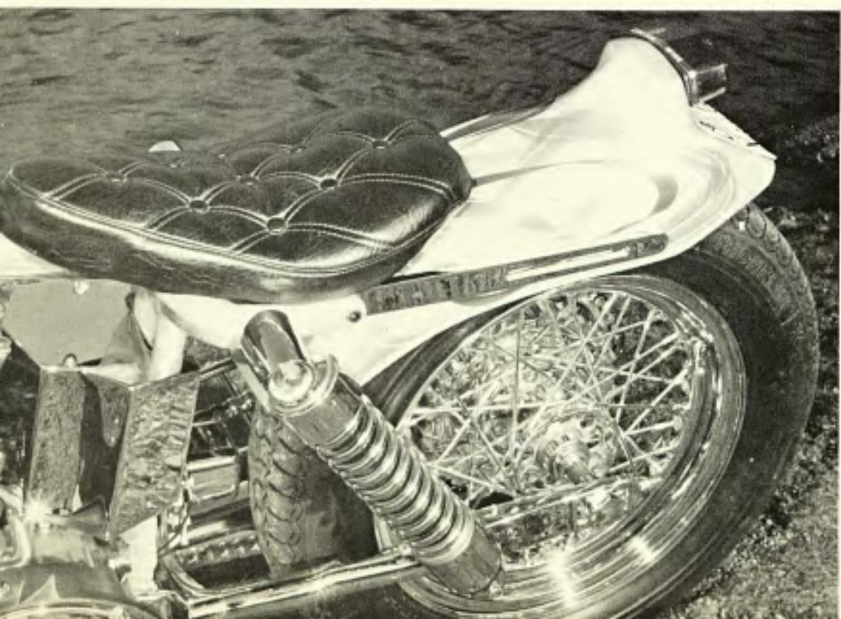
Well, on the first page was a rap about big government versus the little stiff. The next sheet was some drivell puttin' the Northeast in the ring with the Southwest. Then it was the rural block against the urban vote. Gerry Ford buttin' heads with New York City. The Senate against the CIA. The oil companies on this side, the gas hogs on the other. . . .

Man, when my head had stopped makin' like an Anacin commercial, I figured by the time this country has split



Photos by Jake





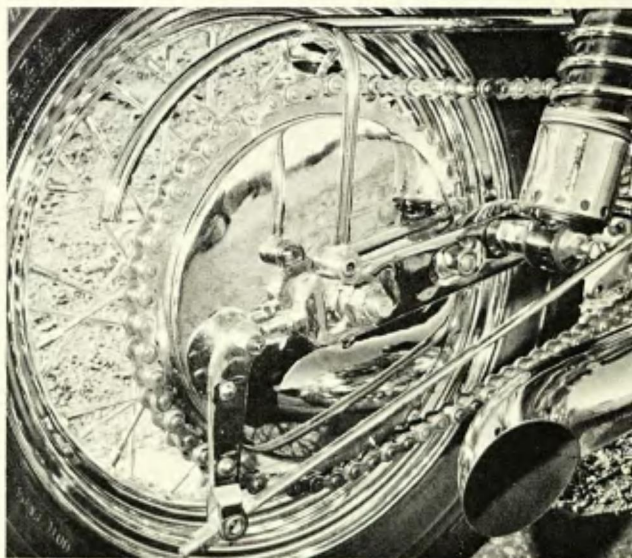
apart, tumbled down, and gone up in smoke the way some people think it's gonna, there'll only be us scooter tramps left to pick up the ashes. It seems like bros who are into the bikes are among the few who can avoid the hassles that are splittin' apart straight brains from the East River to the land of fruits and nuts.

'Course havin' a bunch of idiot skid-lid laws and such to contend with helps—nothin' like a lump of ol'-fashioned tyranny to make puttin' bros all across the country think together and organize against 'em. And wrenchin' a sled together makes ya vibe with shops and people all over the place, too, 'cause no area's got a monopoly on pieces that ya need for your putt.

Look at Dave Perewitz's rig here—to get the look he wanted, he's scarfed up a front frame section and a load of other parts from Arlen Ness in northern California, some 3000 miles away from Dave's local puttin' greens. And to churn out the steam needed to stomp those neighborhood ring-dings flat, the Sporty engine uses pistons and cylinders made by Dytech in Iowa. Just to show he ain't fakin' it even on the details, there on top of that Massachusetts paint job sits an anodized gas cap outta Yosemite Sam's in Detroit.

So don't get sucked in by the other rags sayin' East Coast this, California that, and Midwest in between—as far as scooter people go, it's one big family, and it'd be a happy one except for those stinkin' laws laid down on us by those bickerin' straights.

—Continued on next page



Owner: Dave Perewitz

City: Brockton, Mass.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1960

Year and make: 1960 H-D

Builder: Arlen Ness/H-D

Model: Sportster

Type: weld-on

Value: \$4,000

Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 6 in.

Time: 3 months

Other alterations: Ness front section

Chroming: South Shore Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness

Year: 1960

Risers: 2 in., by owner

Model: XLCH

Fender(s): Arlen Ness

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: F-M magneto

Tailight: Lucas

Displacement: 61 cu. in.

Speedo:

Lower end: owner

Front pegs: Sporty, shortened

Balancing: stock specs

Rear pegs:

Pistons: Dytech 10.5:1 (Axtell)

Electrics: owner, Bosch regulator

Cases: black wrinkle

Gas tank: Sporty, lowered 2 in.

Heads: ported and polished

Oil tank: Arlen Ness

Cam: Sifton plus H

Oil system: stainless covered lines

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: early Sportster

Carb(s): MPD Weber 40 DCOE

Seat: C & H Auto Top

Air cleaner: stacks

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: World Motorcycle Prod.

Height:

Mufflers: World collector

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: "C" ratios

Type: single spring girder

Year: 1960

Extension: 7 in.

Shifting: foot

Builder: Calif. Cycle Works

Engine sprocket: stock

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front: Hallcraft

Rear: 15 in. radial

Size: 21 in.

Size: 15 in.

Hub: spool

Hub: Sportster

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 3 in.

Color: lemon glaze & candies

Tire: 3.00 Avon

Tire: Michelin 145

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: none

Brake: KR drum!

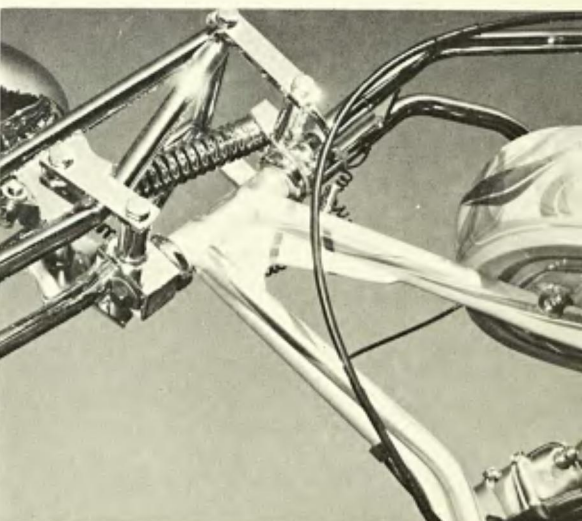
Special paint: gold leaf by John Hartnett

Other special modifications: "R" valves, special ignition wire loom,

3-3/16 Axtell (Dytech) cylinders, Arlen Ness chain guard, machine work

by Rich Parenteau, engraved and split rocker boxes,

special rear fender braces



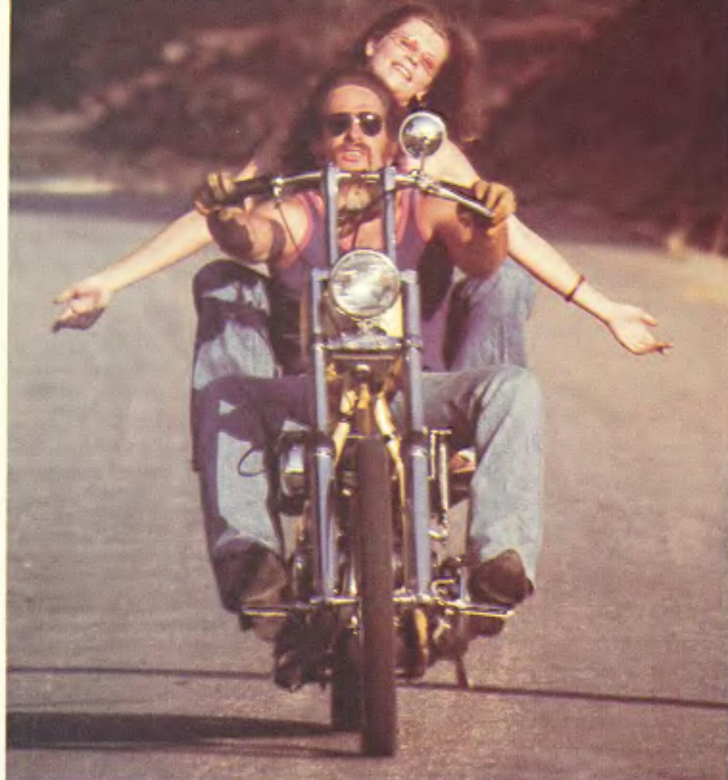


In the Wind

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

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

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



—from Pete Apsey, Fresno, Calif.



—from Dan Burke, Snyder, N.Y.



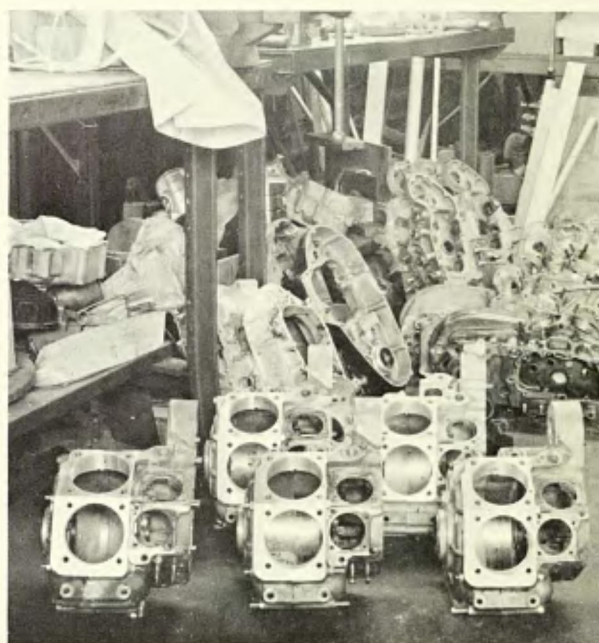
—from Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.





—from Smoke

Easyriders will pay \$10 for black & white photos, and \$20 for color transparencies.



—from Soledad Brothers, Soledad, Calif.





—from Don Vaness, Tampa, Florida



—from D. C. Sindel, Gahanna, Ohio



—from Robbie Freeman, Beverly Hills, Calif.



—from Eddie Ford, Victoria, Australia



—from R. Del Vento, Miami, Florida



—from Don Vaness, Tampa, Florida



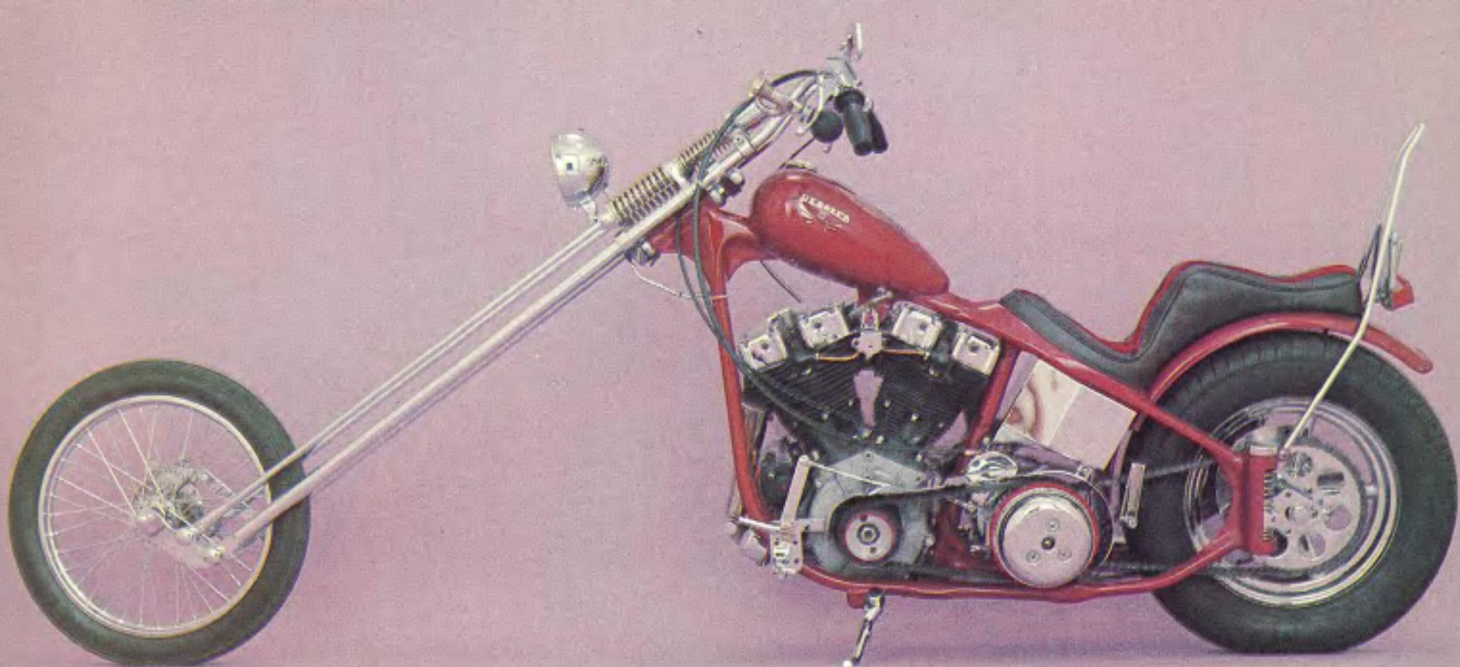
—from Freedom Riders MC, Elkhart, Indiana



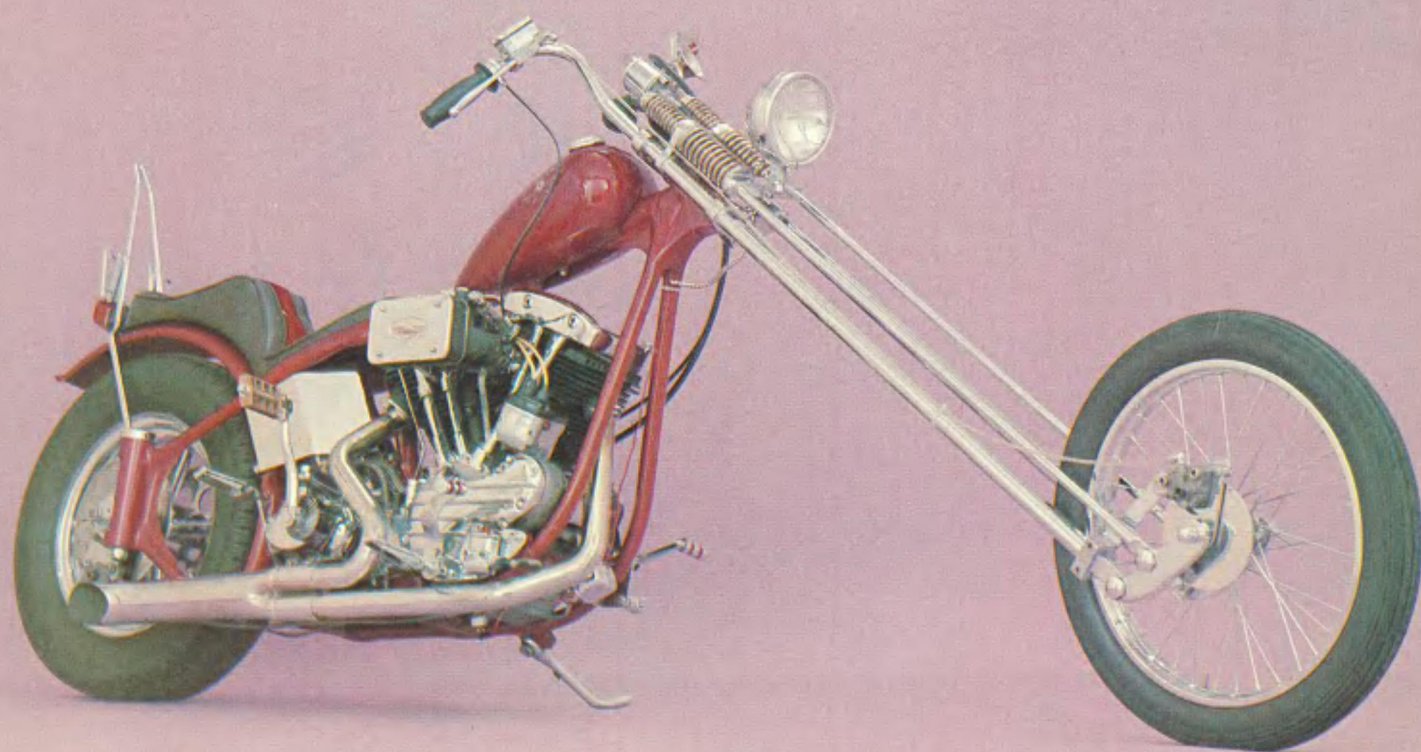
—from E-Z Ed, Yardville, N.J.







*There may be times
when you should give
the ol' lady some slack!*

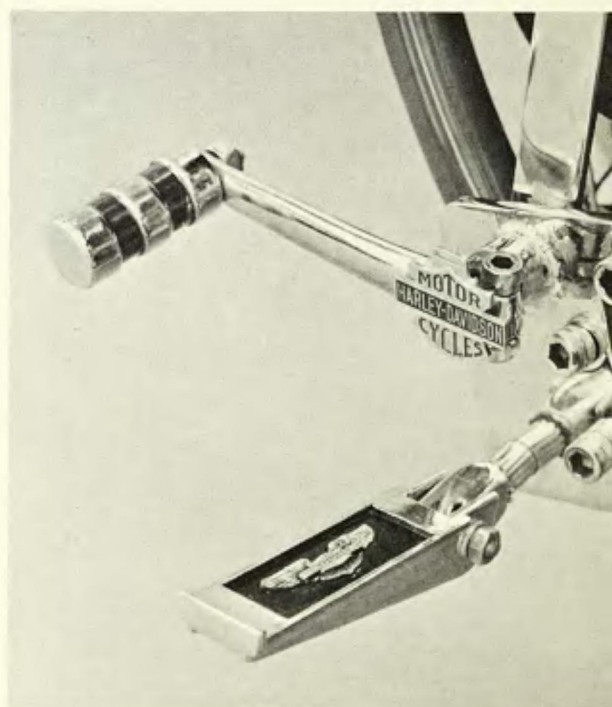
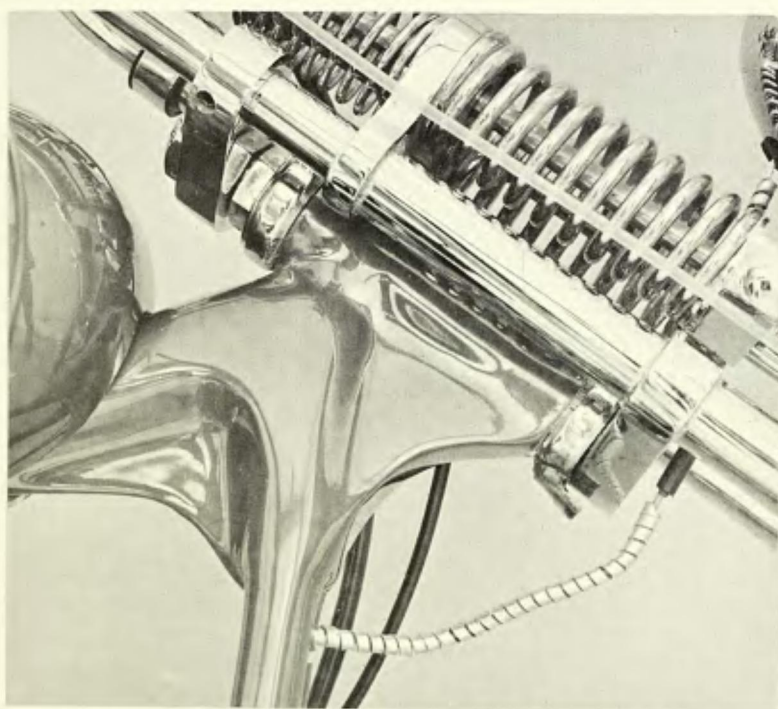
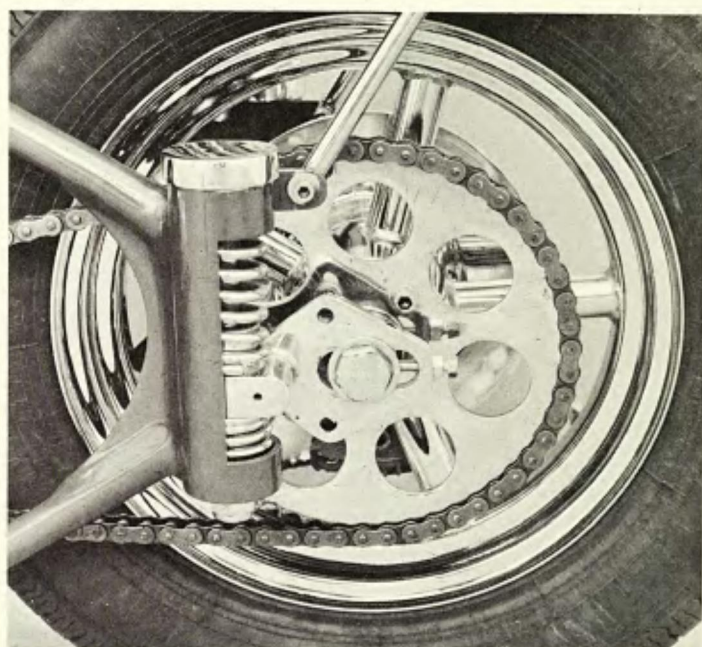
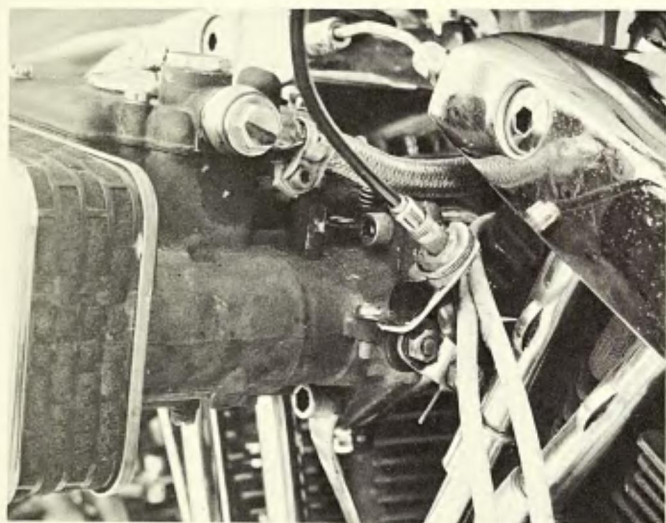
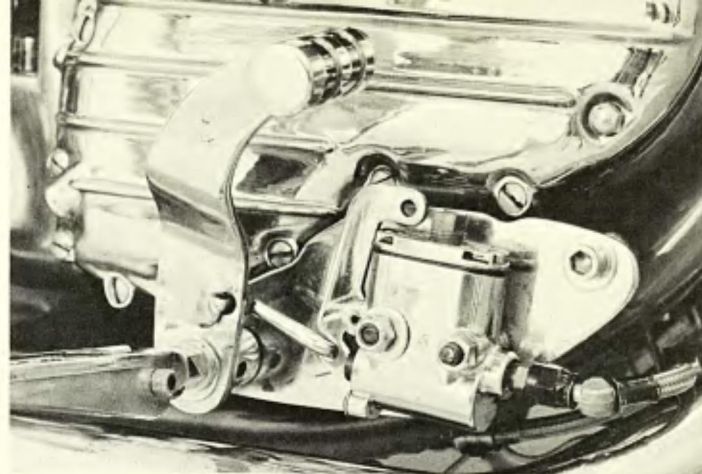
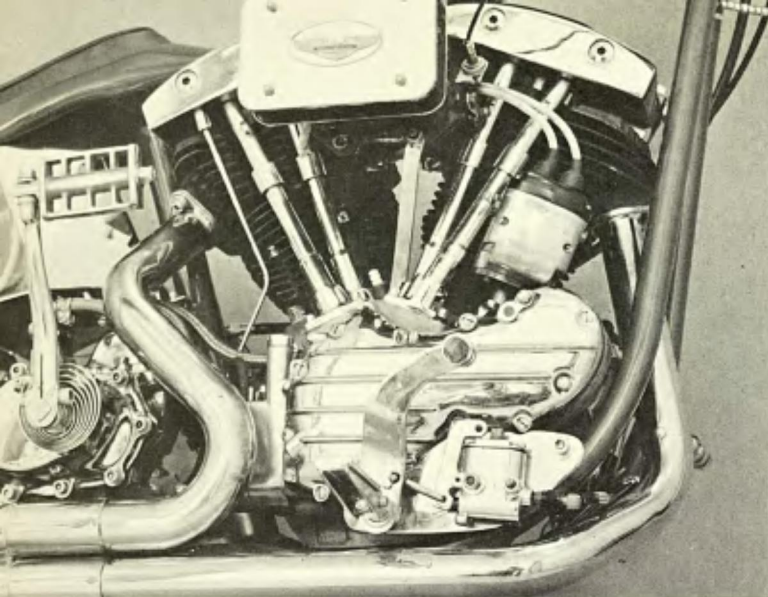


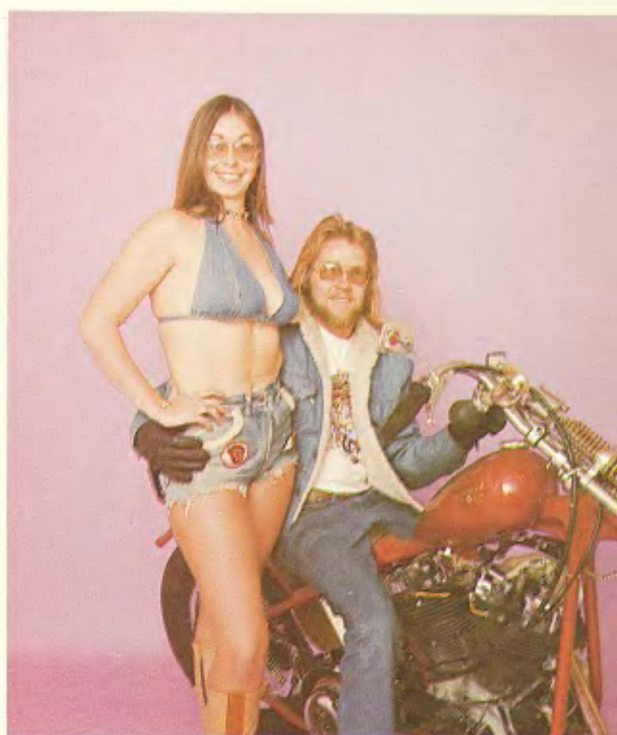
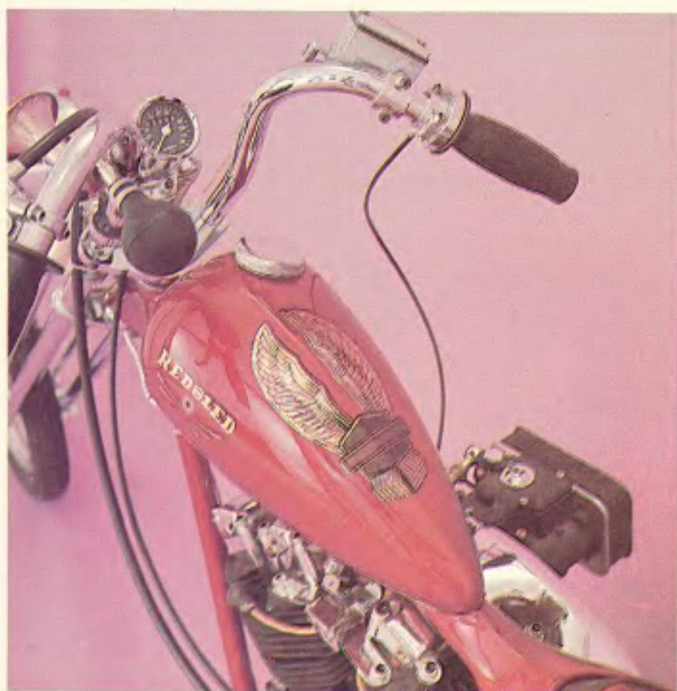


If you're like me, you don't want to take any lip, friendly suggestions, or snivelin' from your ol' lady while you're in the process of buildin' your sled.

I know, I know—we've got to live with 'em—and when they're in their place (a warm bed), they **are** nice things to have around—but as for advice and suggestions on what you should do with your scoot, forget it. The designing and building of a bike is a man's job. (You might, of course, give her a little slack







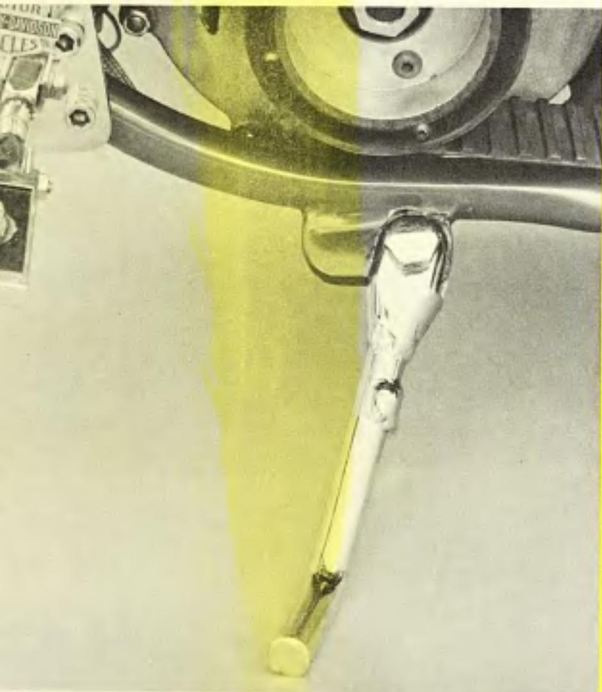
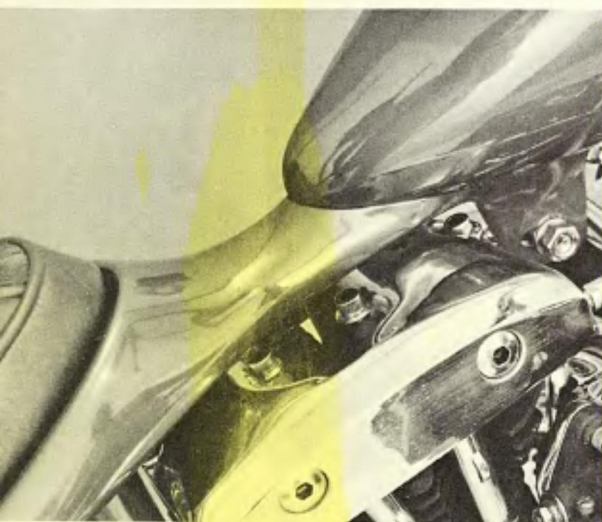
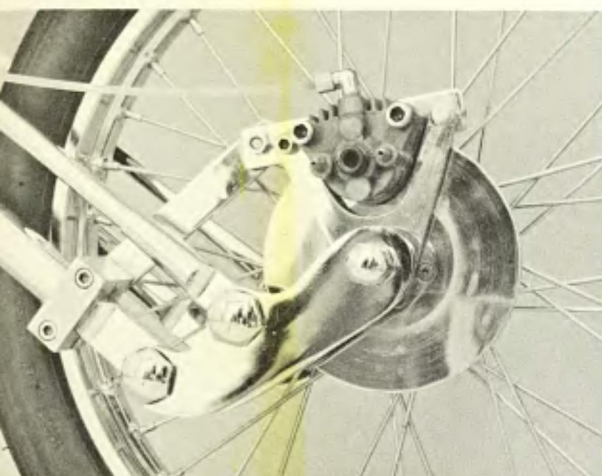
if she's bringing in the dust to pay for the masterpiece.)

Well, that's if you're like me, but Dick Francis, the builder of the scoot you see here, doesn't go along with my thinking and so when he started putting his putt together, he felt that if he wanted his sweet-thing always on the road behind him, he'd give her a share of the bike construction say-so. On that basis, they agreed that she had 90% of the decision on the sissy-bar and seat, and 50% on the tail section of the frame. Consequently, you'll note that this scoot has a padded packer-bar, comfy seat, low pegs and the soft-tail frame.

I don't exactly know what kind of changes Dick went through during the negotiations, although I'm sure Vicki stroked him along until he came through. But in the end he managed to build a scoot that he was totally satisfied with and one that keeps Vicki comfortable while they do their traveling. And there's no doubt that the extra care in the construction accounts for Vicki's ready-to-do-anything condition after a long trip—and I'm sure Dick's compensation is the kind all of us bros get off on.

—Bandit

—Continued on next page



Owners: Dick & Vicki Francis

City: Gardena, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 49 H-D

Model: EL

Value: \$5,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 1 year

Chroming by: Supreme, Wally

Frame

Year: ? special construction

Builder: Unlimited Cycles

Type: soft tail

Rake: 1 3/4-inch

Stretch: none

Other alterations: seat panels, owner

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1949

Model: shovel-pan

Rebuilder: Lomita H-D

Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto

Displacement: 69 cu. in.

Lower end: 61 inch wheels

Balancing: stock

Pistons: 9:1

Cases: stock

Heads: Walker polishing

Cam: Chet Herbert

Lifters: Sifton solids

Carb(s): Webber MPD

Air cleaner: MPD

Pipes: collector

Muffler(s): glass pack

Bars: Santee

Risers: none

Fender(s): owner modified

Headlight: MC

Taillight: Lucas

Speedo: VDO

Front pegs: H-D wing pegs

Rear pegs: H-D wing pegs

Electrics: Bosch regulator

Gas tank: 1.7-gallon

Oil tank: custom

Oil system: braided steel lines

Primary cover: Phase III

Seat: So-Cal seats

Sissy bar: owner

Height: 8 in. above fenders

Material: 9/16 round stock

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews gears

Year: 1949

Shifting: foot by owner

Engine sprocket: 24

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheel sprocket: 51

Forks

Type: springer

Extension: 24 inches over

Builder: Unlimited Cycles

Special features: brass plating

Wheels

Front

Size: 18

Hub: Swinger

Rim width: 2 1/4-in.

Tire: 18 Jap

Brake: disc

Rear

Size: 15

Hub: Invader

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: 765.15

Brake: disc

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner

Color: candy red & pearl

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: wings & lettering by owner

Other special modifications: Removable packer-pad, belt drive

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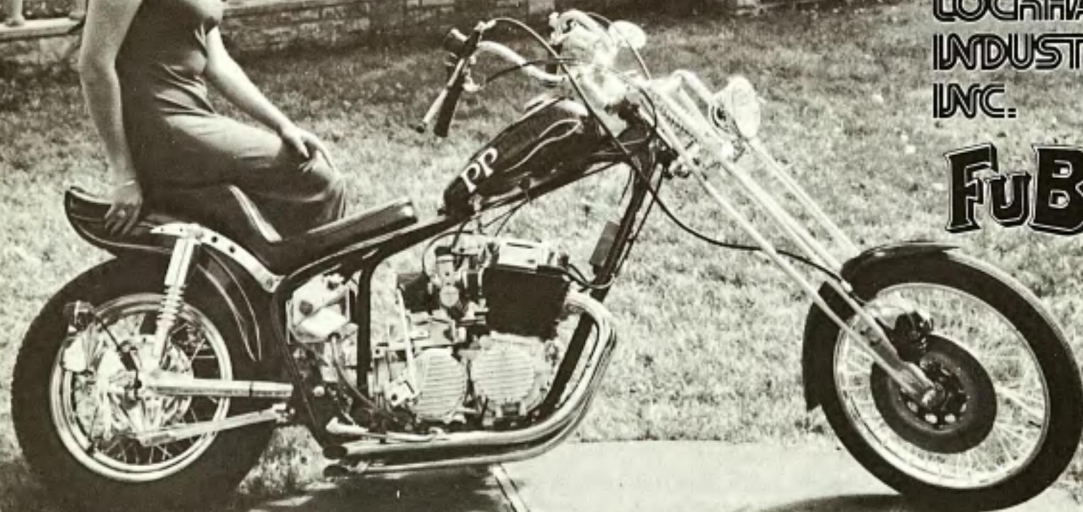
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Change of Colors

—Continued from page 13

"Fuck!" I said, feeling a tingling in my arm. "Take on any honorary members?"

"Nope," he said, stretching and yawning.

"Well, I hate like hell to brag, but even with my hands all fucked up I can take any two of these bruisers here on their best days, and I ain't no gorilla."

"Welcome to try," he said, looking at me, the firelight creating a spirited shadow dance in his eyes.

"Knock yourself out, Jack!" I said, sprawling headlong and bellydown into the dirt, one elbow planted, my blistered hand suddenly numb with anticipation.

He languidly grunted to his feet, then walked over and stretched out in front of me, his eyes peering into mine again, his rag-covered arm and tattered-gloved hand poised for a second and then squeezing mine in its grip. He unleashed his best stares then—the age-old trick of the arm wrestler's repertory blazing from his glistening lookholes; a look that said "You dare to beat me and I'll get you eventually for it."

My mind laughed in his muffled face. I knew all the ploys. Our hands locked in frozen tension for a second. Then it was over, his knuckles slamming into the gritty sand, the man defeated.

"Looks like I'm an honorary member whether you like it or not," I said, rising to my knees and scooting back to my place.

"Don't take no honorary members," he said, flexing his fingers.

"Gimme a crack at this," DiVinney said, crawling over and bellying down. "Maybe I can become twenty-third vice president."

The two hands locked, and just as soon it was over, DiVinney's arm leaning down on the dude's like a fallen tree on a fence post.

"Fuck. At this rate your club's gonna have to file for mass assembly licenses every time it holds a meeting," Nordic Joe said as DiVinney scrambled back to his spot.

"Could be," the guy said in obvious pain. DiVinney had done a pretty good job on him during the initial squeeze.

Scanlon, Fenner and Nordic Joe then all indulged themselves in a

go-around, the arena witnessing three more effortless bulldoggings of the stranger's grimacing effort.

"Well," looks like we're all in the club!" Scanlon said laughing loudly.

"Looks like," the guy said laughing even louder than Scanlon.

The firelight dimmed and conversation drifted from the tank towns of Louisiana to the mine fields of Colorado and all the bars and whore houses in between, the stranger adding his yarns to our own, and when sleep finally made courtesy taps on our shoulders, the stranger rose to his feet and said it was time for him to go.

"Well, ride easy and travel light," Scanlon said, rubbing his eyes in weariness.

"Will do," the guy said, cracking his knuckles. "And you boys look after them hands. Felt blisters poppin' open all during them rasslin' matches. Damned hand o' mine got soaked. Good thing I didn't have no bourbon spilled all over 'em like I usually do." He laughed. "You boys would be hollerin' it up pretty good I 'spect. Well, gotta go. You boys might as well saddle up and follow me."

"Bend it sideways, pal," Scanlon said, scratching his sides like a flea-ridden baboon. "We're not rolling till morning, and certainly not with you, no offense."

"But you guys won admission fair and square! Don't take no honorary members, like I said. We got our good name to protect."

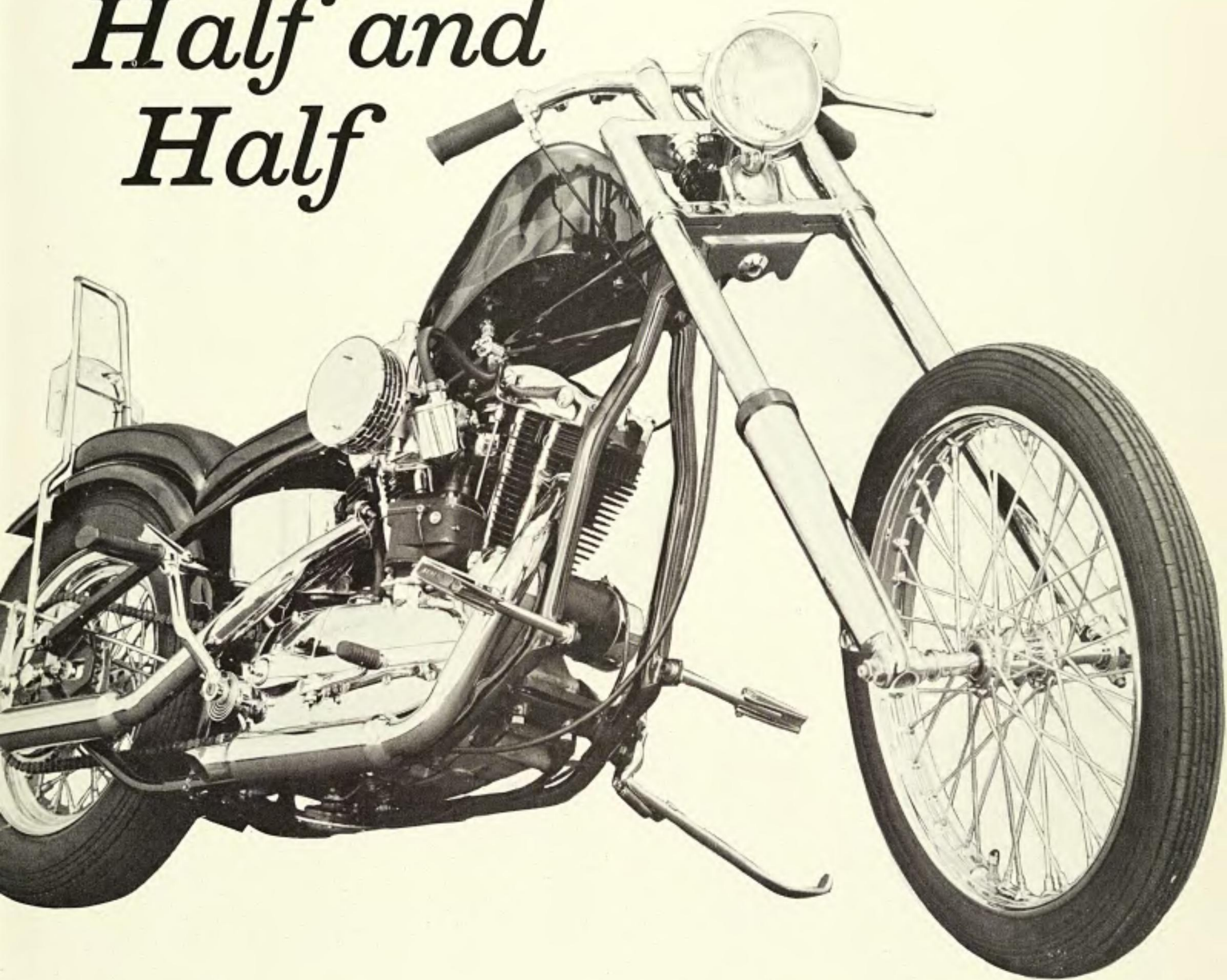
"What is the name of your outfit, anyway," DiVinney said in idle curiosity, his hands folded behind his reclining head.

"The name?" the guy asked. "Simple one. Kinda catchy."

He turned his back to us and bent his face into his hands. Coils of raggy scarf became disentwined from his head, and then he turned around and revealed his lower face. Our curious interest turned to horror as we all bolted to terrified sits. The skin of his jaw was almost liquefied in white infection. His left cheek was totally eaten away, exposing the yellow teeth along the side of his mouth. His upper lip was dissolved away to nothing as far as his nose, and his entire throat was a jellied eruption of ivory-colored decay. His eyes smiled a warm acceptance and he pulled the tattered glove off his wrestling hand and offered his rotted palm in a clasp of greeting.

"We call ourselves The Lepers," he said.

Half and Half



Some of us H-D-minded people get downright heated if we see bikes with parts on them that originally belonged to other scoots. Like a Harley wide glide on a Honda, or a Suzuki brake on a Pan. I ran into a situation somewhat like this recently—right here at the ol' homestead—when I made the mistake of askin' some of my bros what they thought of Bob's Sporty engine in a 74 cradle frame.

"Say, bro, whatta ya think of this putt?" I asked bro Renegade as I passed him the flicks of Bob's pretty putt.

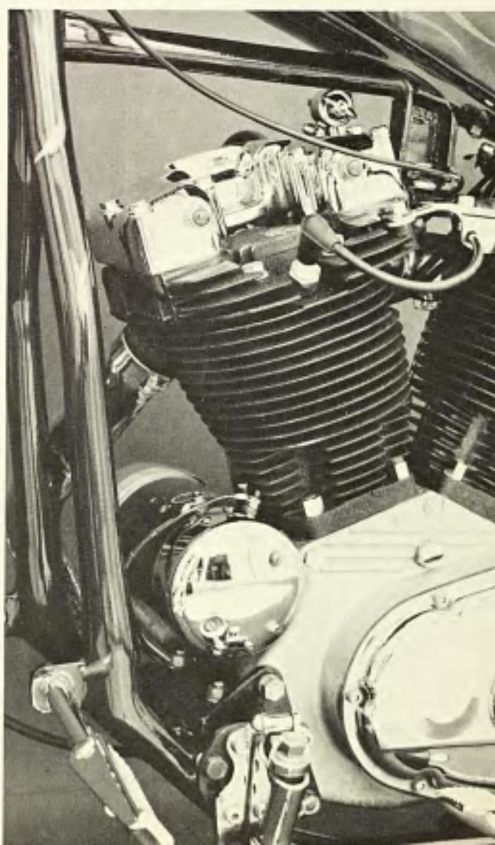
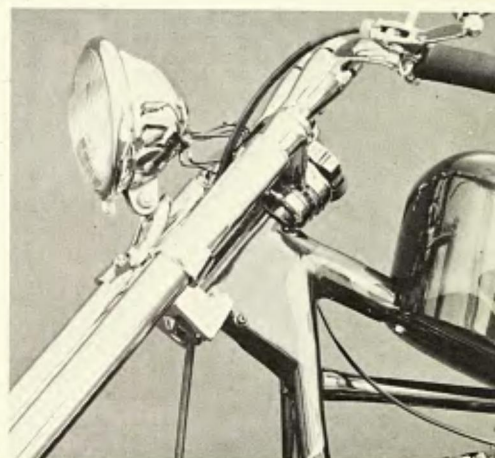
"Who gave that crusty sockfucker the idea that he could mangle a good wish-bone frame just so he could put a

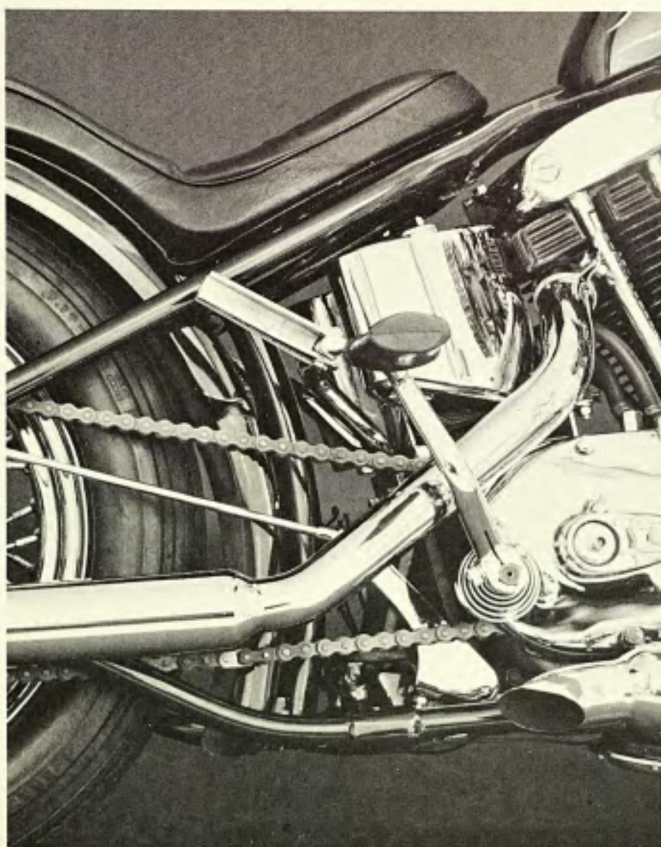
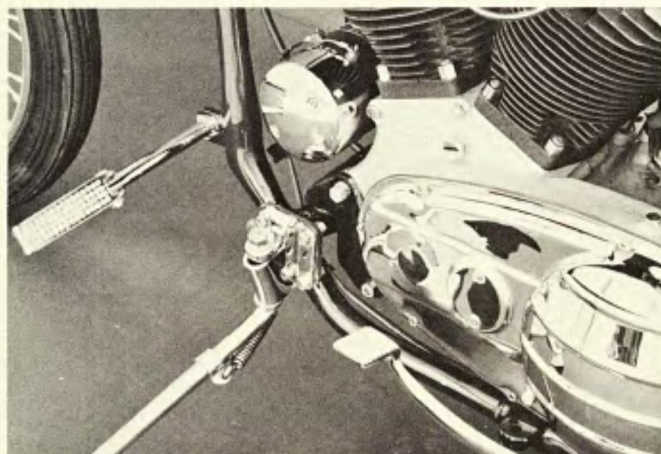
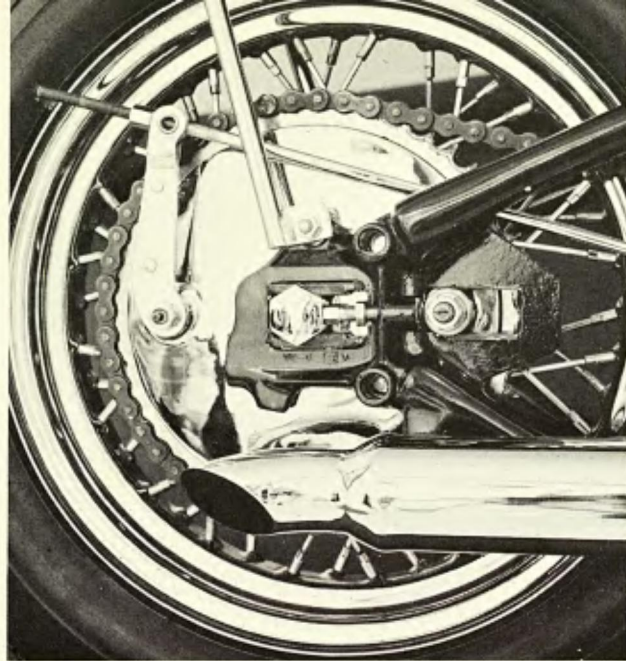
Sportster engine in it?" he growled.

"Hey, dude, take another red and forget it," I said. "Besides he didn't mangle the frame. The dude bought the Sporty already wrapped in the frame. 'Cept it was sort of a rat." Someday I'm gonna sneak some whites into ol' rip-and-tear's beer. Then maybe I'll see that dude smile or buzz, whatever—anything but growl.

While I was at it, I decided to find out what our resident Sportster freak thought of Bob's unique piece.

"Say, looky here, Turkey. Hey man, wake up! This here is working hours." The dude was hung over his chair like





wet bondo seeping out of the neck of a frame. But I did get a rise out of him.

"What da fuck," he groaned as he slowly came around. "What's goin' on?"

I stepped out from behind the door. Waking people up isn't ever exactly what you'd describe as a cool thing to do.

When I was satisfied that big Turkey was alive and awake, I asked him to check out the flicks of this half Sporty, half 74. It took him a while to focus on the glossy photos in his hand. Then there was a pause. And the pause got longer, but the way Turkey's face was contortin' and bendin', I could tell he was goin' through some heavy changes.

Then the dam let go. "What the hell did this yahoo think he was doin'?" He ruined a perfectly good Sporty engine when he surrounded it with all that Hog shit. We ain't featurin' this abortion!"

"The bikes we feature are decided by a consensus—not by your decree, mutha," I reminded him. "All I want is your vote."

"Whatta we votin' on?" Renegade asked as he walked into the office.

"I was just showin' Turkey here some flicks of Bob's bike." I held the flicks up in Renegade's direction.

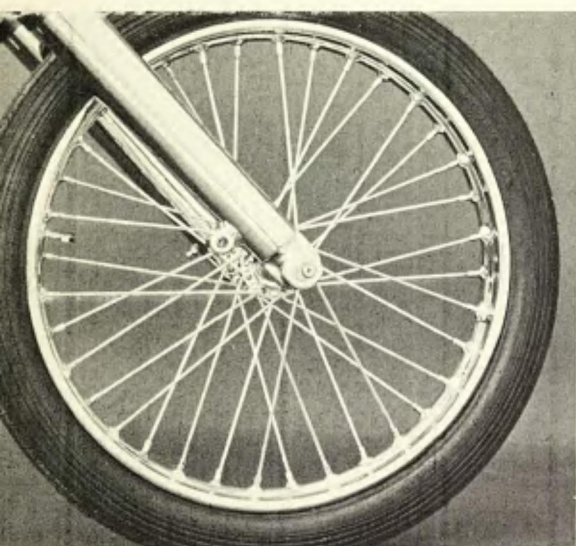
Renegade took two two-hundred-pound steps in my direction, snapped the flicks outta my hand, and buried his right forefinger in my chest. "We're not lettin' some joker screw up a 74 frame with this half-assed V-twin, then get it into our rag." His words were deafening in the small room, and he continued to work at drilling my chest with his calloused finger.

"Don't be poking me with your stink finger, you—"

The next thing I knew Turkey had me sandwiched between his 6' 2" hefty frame and Renegade's 6' 4" physique.

"Don't be puttin' down Sportsters, you muscle-bound machine screw." Turkey was crushin' me as he yelled at Renegade.

I wasn't exactly comfortable in the middle of this push 'n' shove match so I ducked my head down and pushed away with both hands. I had the notion that I would get clear of the rivalry, but shoving on both of them only woke them up to the fact that I was still around. I was brought back into the argument by both



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Bob Walker

City: Whittier, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1958 H-D
Model: Sportster
Value: \$3,600
Assembly by: owner
Time: 9 months
Chroming by: Ferrier

Frame

Year: 1954
Builder: H-D
Type: rigid, cradle-bar
Rake: 35°
Stretch: none
Other alterations: seat post moved

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1958
Model: XLCH
Rebuilder: Polock Power
Ignition: 6 volt
Displacement: 58 cu. in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: stock
Pistons: H-D
Cases: sand-blasted
Heads: stock
Cam: P.B.
Lifters: stock
Carb(s): 1 3/4" S.U.
Air cleaner: Bap-Geon
Pipes: custom made
Muffler(s): fitted to pipes

Bars: drag
Risers: 4-inch
Fender(s): 5-inch flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Gary Bang
Speedo: none
Front pegs: mounted by owner
Rear pegs: mounted by owner
Electrics: 6V. regulator
Gas tank: Sportster
Oil tank: stock
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: stock
Seat: Carl's Custom Seats
Sissy bar:
Height: 2 feet above fender
Material: 1/2-inch round

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1958
Shifting: foot
Engine sprocket: stock
Trans sprocket: stock
Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: glide
Extension: 8 inches
Builder: H-D, owner
Special features: legs turned down

Wheels

Painting

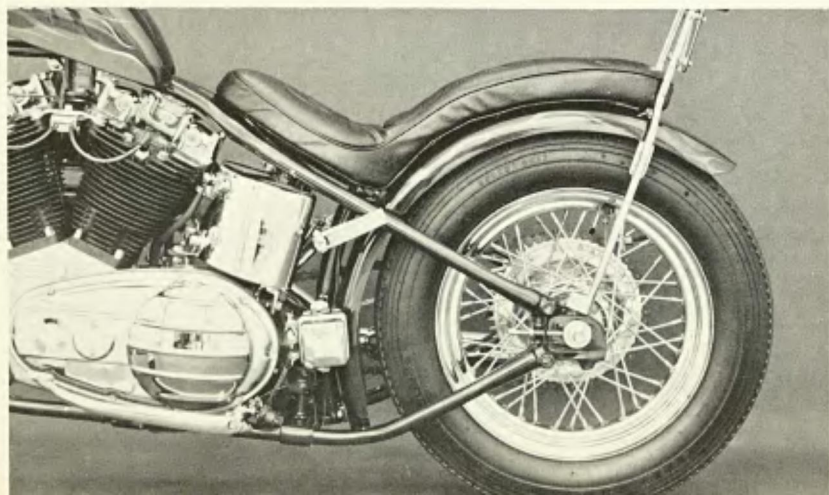
Molding: John Glasow
Painter: John Glasow
Color: candy blue
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: flames by John Glasow
Other special modifications:

Front

Size: 18
Hub: spool
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.
Tire: 2.75 Avon
Brake: none

Rear

Size: 16
Hub: stock
Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 5.00 Gd. Yr.
Brake: stock



of them smacking me on the chest. I'm mild, but only to a point. So away we went.

Before Bandit and Spider decided to break it up, Turkey's room could have passed for a bin of recyclable tooth picks. My one and only warm shirt was in shreds. I don't know how Bob's putt made it into this issue. We'd still be fumin' at each other, but Turkey had trouble starting his Sporty and Renegade had to pack him home. Bros will be bros.

—Shotgun



"No *Easyriders*? Then no turnout!"

Yeah, even a club mama may cut you off if you try to give her any lame excuses as to why you didn't bring her the latest **Easyriders**. She knows—just as you do—that all you have to do is subscribe and you'll get your copy delivered right to your door. She also knows that you get a free full-color **Easyriders** decal when you subscribe.

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So protect your love life—subscribe today! (Another fringe benefit brought to you by the tramps at Easyriders.)

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

36

Check one:

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

- ☐ Here's \$6.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$12.99 for a two-year subscription.

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

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

- ☐ Here's \$7.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$13.00 for a two-year subscription.

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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☐ Please extend my present subscription

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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

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



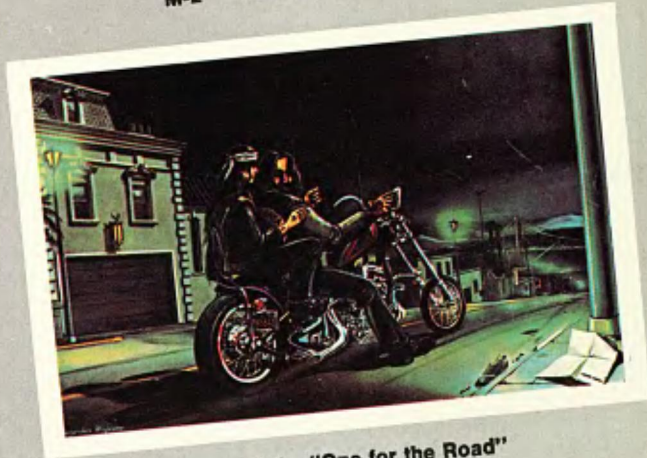
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



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¢
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_____ @ \$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.



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



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



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



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



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



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 5/8")



15. Booze Run (9 3/4" x 15 5/8")



9. 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 3/4")



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



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



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



9. Hollywood Run (10" x 17 1/4")



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



10. Tecote Run (10 3/8" x 18")



Dave Mann posters Any 5 posters only \$2.00 each



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

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

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

Printed in full color on heavy slick stock.

A perfect gift! Mailed in sturdy mailing tubes to protect them — order your 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 _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

EASYRIDERS

CHOP[®] SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson

MIRACULOUS MUTHA

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

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

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

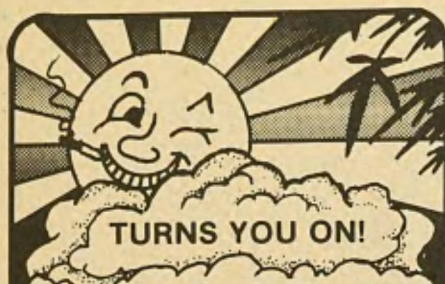
Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$4.45 for each shirt ordered. (\$3.95 plus 50c for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

_____ HARLEY WINGS	_____ HONDA	_____ MIRACULOUS MUTHA
_____ KNUCKLEHEAD	_____ TRIUMPH	_____ KEEP ON TOKIN'
_____ PANHEAD	_____ SHOVELHEAD	_____ EASYRIDERS
_____ SPORTSTER	_____ SKULL	

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



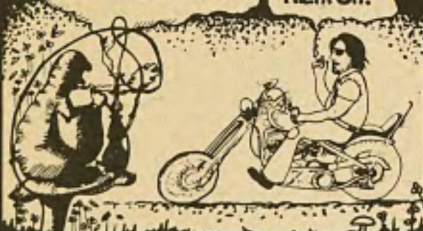
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Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for handling. Calif. res. include 6% sales tax. Sorry offer good only U.S.A. (Wholesale inquiries welcome)

Success Story

—Continued from page 31

only at sales and bought only what he had to have. After three months of this, he took the fifty bucks and blew it on pinball machines in two hours.

He felt bad the next day. He felt real bad. He took his uncle's name in vain. But, like a true American, he never gave up. Like a fool he never gave up. Also, like a true American, he decided it was better to steal than be stolen from.

But there was a big problem involved in such a new career. What could he steal? Anything that could solve his money problems for life, like robbing a MacDonald's or a Senator, would send him away until Corvairs were appreciated again. Fernie didn't want to go to jail because he didn't look good in gray, and also, he wanted to start a business of his own some day. First, he'd have to get some capital so he could start his business. But how?

Later, he sat in the living room while Martha Jean was fixing one of her mouth-watering delicacies. He knew this because he heard her bending the foil back from their dinners before she put them in the oven. Then he asked, "Say, baby, what kinda job should I get to save up enough to buy you a nice mink coat?" Sure he lied, but he knows more about women than you or I'll ever know, if we live to be thirty.

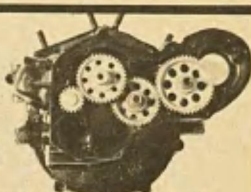
"Why don't you work for Uncle Suckhead? In a government office you get paid good, no one ever gets fired, and you can make paper airplanes and get paid for it. Or why not get in at the post office where I work?" This question Fernie thought about. Then, he gave an intelligent reply: "Aw, sheeet. All I'd do is throw heavy bags of letters and magazines around all day. No. That's not for me. I wanna be my own boss and give the orders."

"Get the butter."

"Huh?"

The next day Fernie was up at the first sound of the birds coughing. He put on his red bowling shirt, seersucker suit, and new pink suede tie shoes. "Class, real class," he said as he stepped outside to pick up the paper from under the car of his neighbor three houses down the street. He flipped the pages right to the Help Wanted ads—past the front page society news, past the grisly murder stories in the middle, and

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-rods, these are a must to insure that entire train is light and responsive.

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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.

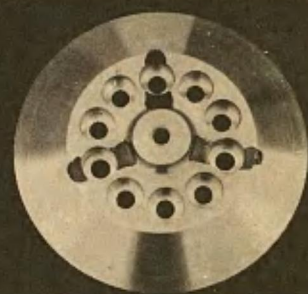
Free H.E.S. T-shirt with any order for a pressure plate or timing gears. Indicate size, small, medium, large or extra-large.

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

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Dept. C



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.

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3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.

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Complete with instructions, installs in 1/2 hour ... \$19.95 (Add \$1.50 for shipping cost)

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token on a brass keychain.
Great conversation piece! Send
2.95 (includes postage) to:

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P. O. Box 19040
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Up-Sweep Pipes

Show class. Here's a set of heavy-duty, up-sweep fish-tails. They are not only far-out-looking pipes, but they are one-piece with the mounting brackets already in place—no pipe clamps needed. They fit knuckles, pans or shovels and have effective, non-restrictive baffles available upon request.



The entire set, with or without baffles, run a decent \$79.95 plus shipping. Send 50% down.

Dealer inquiries invited California residents add 6% for The Man

D&S Enterprises Box 1794, Culver City, Ca. 90230

TankART

BY... David Mann



THE INCREDIBLE HAND OF DAVID MANN AND WILD COUNTRY CUSTOM, BRINGS YOU TANKART BY MAIL! CARTOONING • PIN-STRIPING • LETTERING & SURREALISM • YOUR IDEAS OR LEAVE IT TO OUR IMAGINATION • ALL ART WORK DONE OVER YOUR LACQUER BASE PAINT ONLY! • ALL JOBS SEALED WITH CLEAR LACQUER • FOR MORE INFORMATION SEND \$1 TO... WILD COUNTRY CUSTOM 1200 N. BETTY LANE - SUITE # 2 CLEARWATER, FLA. 33515 (813) 443-7578

past Ann Landers and Mary Worth. If this wasn't the sign of a desperate man, nothing ever will be again. He sat down at the table quietly so as not to wake Martha Jean, who would be upset to see him gone. She'd be more upset when she woke up holding his filthy old navy duffel bag, which he'd given her to hold onto as he got out of bed. She was a clutch; a grabber. It was like sleeping with a customs agent.

As he poured coffee into his cup and took his first sip, he muttered some obscenity about Mrs. Olsen and the polluted water of the Nile River. Then he read the job openings:

"Systems analyst with some nitrocarbide programming experience desired, but will train."

"Desire to earn \$30,000 first year selling feminine hygiene equipment."

"Attractive, friendly lady to greet diesel operators at truck stop."

"Bellboy for new Hotel Expensive. Apply in person."

"Boy, what a great selection,"

Fernie noted, while picturing himself taking ice up to rich widows all alone in their hotel suites with their minks and diamond rings. Fernie knew he could do this kind of work, with the proper training. Carry the bags up for the couple, if they had bags, show them where the TV and air conditioner is, and then stick out his hand. Hell, he'd get more tips than the tourist at the racetrack! But this wasn't the kind of work for him. The long hours, the low status, taking orders from everyone from the desk clerk to the janitor. And what would he tell his friends, and his mother, who still wanted him to be a doctor? No, in this land of riches and opportunity there had to be something better.

When he stepped into the lobby fifteen minutes later he noticed how swanky and fancy the hotel was. He asked for an application and the guy at the desk said: "Oh, sorry. That job's been filled already."

"What! In fifteen minutes since the paper's been out? Cheesus Riced!" The early bird gets the bird, Fernie told himself as he turned to leave. "Hell, they musta given the job to the paperboy; he's the only one who could get here before me."

Fernie knew he'd had the course. The rent had come due two weeks ago and the landlord figured to arrive in his wheelchair any day now. The heat had been shut off for



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

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

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

Support Your Local



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

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

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

The Hell's Angels

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

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-tops 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.

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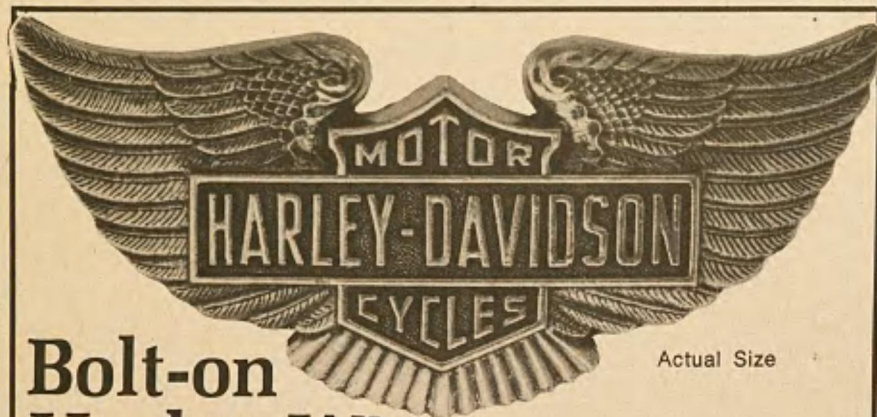
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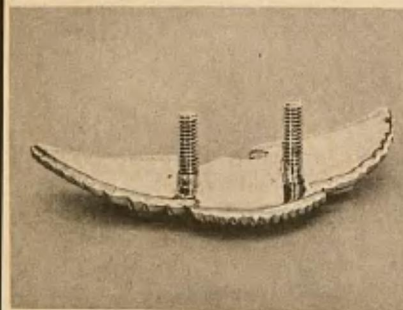
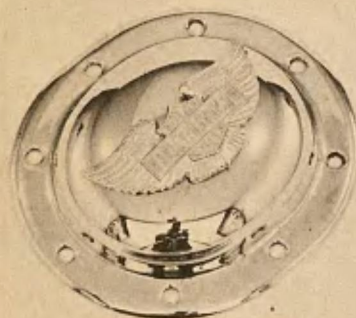
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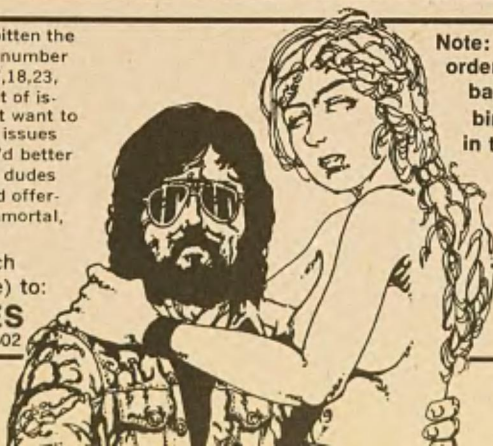
Now another issue has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,5,6,8,9,11,14,15,16,17,18,23, and 26, we are now sold out of issue number 13. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising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

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BACK ISSUES

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



three days and each one happened to set records for the coldest day in history for that date. Martha Jean had put all her dresses, panties, towels, and movie magazines over them at night to keep warm and they still froze their petunias off. Fernie had to syphon some gas out of his neighbor's mower and use Mazola cooking oil in his bike. The safety sticker had expired too, and he had to paste a Dagwood cartoon on his windshield to make it pass for the real thing. Things were bad. But Martha Jean said they couldn't get any worse. Fernie agreed: "Stupid broad would try to sell sneakers to a heart patient."

Fernie wanted to work but there wasn't anything. He'd got to sitting around so much his self-winding watch had stopped! So now, as he walked out of the Hotel Expensivo, he decided to use his good looks to get an out-of-town newspaper and see what jobs he could find. Phoenix, Los Angeles, Down-And-out Utah, No Trees Texas, Ossawattommee, Anything!

He looked around the lobby. An airlines reservation window, a laundry and shoeshine parlor, a hairdresser, and a coffeeshop where toast was ninety cents a slice and coffee was seventy-five a cup. But no lousy newsstand. "Hey," yelled Fernie, "where's a newsstand around here?"

The desk clerk, in his most unpretentious manner, replied, "Paradise, misseur, but there is none of what you want."

Fernie wondered why every place in the hotel had a stiff with a gold chandelier over it, but no newsstand. What do they think a man wants when he blows into a town after almost crashing in some tin foil airplane all day? He wants a magazine, a good cigar, and a hot bath, in that order. Then Fernie saw the door marked *Private—Office of the Manager* over by the fountain in the main lobby. He went and knocked.

"Yeah. Just a minute. Be right with you. Just a minute." Fernie heard a lot of shuffling and drawers shutting. A secretary opened the door and told him, "You may go in now."

Fernie stepped in. Right away he felt at home. "Hey, Charlie, fuck-nuts. I didn't know you were the big honcho around here."

"Hell yeah. You didn't think I was gonna work at the track all year, didja?" Charlie motioned for Fernie to take a chair and Fernie noticed he had turquoise rings on

almost every finger. He was a success. A year ago he had to ask Fernie what horse to bet on to win and Fernie thought he was a jerk, so he told him to bet a twenty-to-one long-shot named Trasho. The horse took it by five lengths and he was a friend of Charlie's ever since. Fernie bet the favorite and lost his ass. But now, he knew he had a favor coming.

Fernie entered the hotel a tramp, and came out a businessman. Charlie had told him he could have the newsstand in the hotel if he'd pay them a small percentage and run it properly. Of course, Fernie told them he had run several newsstands all over the country and made big profits at every one. Now all he had to do was come up with cigarettes, candy, gum, cigars, and several hundred magazines.

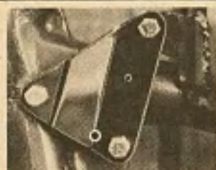
He went to a friend of his who worked for the railroad and was told that a shipment of the best Havana Cuban Stogies was due in any day and nobody would ever miss a few cases. Next, Fernie talked to a security guard who watched a food warehouse across town. This guy had sadder news for Fernie. He said that he'd just load a few boxes of Wrigley's and Hershey's and Camels and so on into the trunk of his car at night and they'd think the guys on the loading dock stole them. But, Fernie was told, he'd have to pay for them, half wholesale price. "Oh well," said Fernie, "you can't have everything."

Well, several months passed since I saw Fernie last but the other day I stopped in to pick up a copy of *Greezy Riders* magazine or whatever it is, and he was on the telephone talking to his girlfriend. I noticed that he had a turquoise ring on every finger. Just before he hung up he said, "I'll see you at eight tonight, Zsa Zsa."

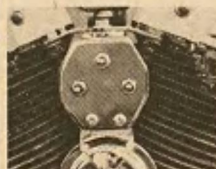
Zsa Zsa? What about Martha Jean? Well, the way I understand it, she put in a lot of overtime at the post office getting lots of magazines for the stand, and by the time Fernie had it stocked full, the men in wing-tips came around and took her on a nice long vacation—to the women's state reformatory. Federal offense, you know.

But Fernie explained it all to me: "Sure I miss her. But I can't go hangin' around with cons, ya know. What would people think? Besides, I wrote her a letter the other day. She didn't get it, though . . . some bastard musta stolen it!" ■

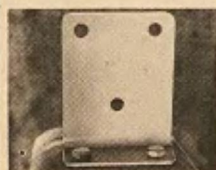
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The Last Test

-Continued from page 23

him stood his fellow members and sponsors, Clap Johnson and Skidass Jones. Behind them, milling around the parked machines in the wide asphalted area, waited the rest of the Highway Honchos and their women.

"What's happenin', Ornry?" demanded Skidass.

Ornry's burly body shook with silent laughter. "Well, my prospect and Clap's are headin' downstream. But your dipshit is goin' upstream all by his lonesome."

"Shit!" said Skidass. "Lemme see."

Ornry stepped away from the telescope, grinning. "Be my guest!"

"Are them yummy little school-teachers still camped downstream from where we dumped the goddam prospects?" asked Clap.

Skidass swung the telescope downstream. "Yeah. Still there." He swung the instrument upstream again. "Now why the fuck is that foolish bastard headed off by himself?"

"Listen," said Ornry, "it's liable to take those shitheads all day and part of the fuckin' night. And we may never see the dipshit again! He winked at Clap who smiled solemnly. "So let's sit it out at Horny Hannah's over cold suds."

"Ya think those assholes got enough sense to find us there?" asked Clap.

"They oughta," chuckled Ornry. "That was the last place they stood on their feet until wakin' up this morning down in that fuckin' canyon with only each other and our kite fer company!"

Five minutes later the entire club was mounted and rumbling back in the direction of Flagstaff and Horny Hannah's.

* * *

Smarts reached the Supai village shortly before noon. Except for a few ancient horses standing listlessly in a crudely built corral and the scattering of dirty-faced kids playing on the edge of the trail leading through the village, it seemed deserted. Then he spotted the weather-beaten building with the *Indian Bureau* sign nailed to its faded boards, and he shambled toward it.

Inside, a guy his own age slumped comfortably behind the counter but reluctantly rose as Smarts entered. The guy looked like a full-blooded Supai despite the horn-rimmed

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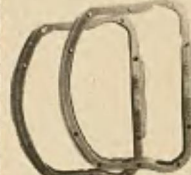
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If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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

glasses he wore.

"Hi," said Smarts. "Ya sell beer?" Horn-rims shook his head, smiling. "Nope. Just soft drinks."

"Make it a half half-dozen of 'em and join me."

Horn-rims busied himself pulling frosted bottles out of an ice-filled chest behind the counter. "Any particular brand?"

"Let's try 'em all and see which one kills this thirst."

Horn-rims giggled agreeably.

"Listen, man, I wanna hire some guides," Smarts told him, spreading fifty dollars in tens across the counter and watching the eyes behind the horn-rims glitter with interest. "Girl guides. Ya got any strong girl guides who wanna make some good money?"

"Doin' what?"

"Helpin' to push some motorcycles clear to the rim of the canyon."

Horn-rims stared. "Are you putting me on?"

"Shit, I wish I was, man."

"For how much?"

"Fifty down here. Fifty on the rim."

"And that's all they have to do?"

Smarts sighed. "Oh, hell no!" He glugged down the rest of the cold, sweet drink, belching softly. "They gotta fuck nineteen sex-starved gorillas and a Tasmanian dwarf—after they cook a full-course dinner. Come on, man. It's a straight drill. No shit."

"Just help push some bikes up to the rim."

Smarts nodded, tilting another bottle to his mouth.

"For a hundred bucks total."

"Ya got the idea."

Horn-rims stepped around the counter to the back door and shouted a fast blast of Indian words. He glanced at Smarts. "I'll ask my cousin and a couple of my aunts if they want the deal. Okay?"

"Right on, chief."

The aunts arrived a few minutes later, led by the cousin. Two ten-ton numbers who looked hefty enough to shove a scooter up the trail with one hand and never breathe hard. The cousin was slim, curvy and about twenty summers with a knowing smirk on her oval face. Her breasts thrust firmly against the tight shirt she wore tucked into levis.

Horn-rims explained the matter to the three relatives.

"Sounds good," commented the cousin with a warmer smirk.

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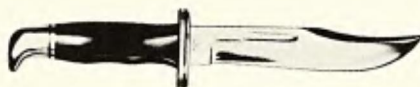
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"Does that include a cold beer afterward or are you on a soft drink trip this year?"

"My, aren't we all there," mused Smarts.

"I've been packed on a bike before," she said evenly, the smirk fading. "My big mistake was comin' home to this nothin' place and people who like doin' the quaint red-man bit."

"Now, listen, Wilma—" began Horn-rims angrily.

"Fuck you, cuz!" she snapped.

The aunts looked on impassively, apparently ignorant of English.

"Well, we better get started," Smarts suggested, shoving a pair of ones across the counter. "Those bikes aren't goin' to get themselves outa this canyon—and people are waitin' for me."

"In Flagstaff?" asked the cute little cousin.

Smarts nodded, grinning at her.

"I haven't seen Flagstaff in a long time," she said softly, her black eyes pleading with him. "It'll be worth the long hike up the trail."

"That's a promise," agreed Smarts.

"You keep your promises?"

"Hell, yes, baby."

"Then, are you ever gonna be glad you kept this one!"

Booger and Klutz stood uneasily with their hands in the air, watching the mean-faced doll who watched them over the shotgun she held. Behind her, the other women stood nervously whispering among themselves.

"Hey, ya really got us all wrong," offered Booger.

"Stand very still and I won't shoot you," the mean-faced blonde told him. "It's a damn shame that respectable people can't enjoy a camping trip without hoodlums like you molesting them!"

"But we only—"

"Keep those hands up! Stand still!" she snarled. "You think we don't know exactly what you had in mind? Well, it's just lucky for us that we brought the gun and the shortwave radio. Or we'd be rape victims by now!"

"Baby, ya got us all wrong!" Booger's tone was desperate, sweat beginning to run down his face. "We never raped anybody in our whole fuckin' lives! Honest!"

"Edna, you get the rangers yet?" The hard-faced blonde shifted her grasp on the shotgun, speaking without taking her eyes from the two standing tensely before her.

"Yes, Olive," said a voice from

the tent. "They're on their way now. By helicopter."

The wide-eyed women behind Olive gabbled excitedly in low tones to each other, their darting glances at Booger and Klutz filled with a blend of triumph, fear and loathing.

"Jesus," Klutz hissed, "my fuckin' hands are goin' to sleep!"

"No more of that filthy talk, do you hear? At least you perverts won't be a threat to any other innocent campers once that helicopter gets here!" She smiled thinly.

"Hell, all we did was invite ya to a goddam party!" complained Booger. "That ain't no crime."

"I can just imagine what you meant by it!"

"Oh, shit!" grumbled Klutz.

"I told you to stop that filthy talk!" snarled the blonde.

Overhead the helicopter began its steady descent.

By 11:20 that night Smarts finally located Horny Hannah's and brought the sixty-mile run from the canyon to an end as he tooled his panhead up to the line of bikes parked out front. Behind him, Wilma sighed blissfully and hugged him fondly.

Smarts killed the engine. "Well, we made it, honey."

She giggled. "We sure did, lover. Twice on the way up that trail. Twice again when we reached the rim. And I'm ready for more whenever you say the word! Which I hope"—Her hand slipped down, caressing him—"will be real soon, because you're terrific!"

"I still can't get over the way those aunts of yours just ignored us."

"Aw, they're used to people enjoyin' themselves. The whole damned tribe lives twenty bods to a room and that means no privacy any time. Besides, they just wanted to get their money and head back to that crummy village. They don't know or want anything better."

Wearily Smarts clambered from the scooter, helping the girl and standing in the coolness with every muscle in his body aching. Vaguely he wondered if the two machines they'd left chained to a tree would be all right. Well, what the fuck. It wasn't his problem. He'd done what he could under the circumstances.

"Let's find somewhere cozy and—" Her hands were busy again as she pressed her warmth against him.

"I gotta check in with the club," he said, pushing her away and

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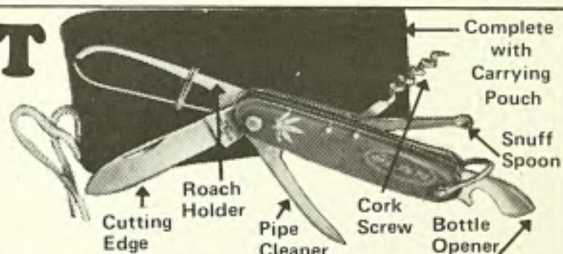
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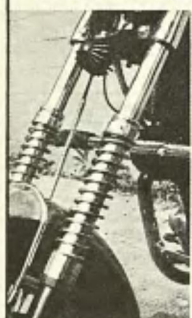
Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added

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

Vista Chopper Products Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201



FORKING BY FRANK



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

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

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

**SHOW
CHROME PLATING**

STEEL &
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Sauk
Valley Plating
2526 E. Lincolnway
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Work guaranteed • Dealer Inquiries
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TRIPLE CHROME PLATING

All parts beautifully plated. Give us make of cycle when writing for free price list. Dealer inquiries invited. W. Swirin-

535 Indian Road, Wayne, N.J. 07470.
Phone: (201) 839-6580.

making a mental note to start sharing her as soon as possible. The broad was unreal in the fun and games department, and he was exhausted from all the action and the exertion.

"You and that dumb old club." She pouted.

"Come on. I gotta report to my sponsor."

Inside Hannah's the noise level was deafening. Members busily enjoyed themselves dancing, clowning, rapping intensely with a handful enthusiastically grouped around the only pool table. Then they saw Smarts and the girl—and the noise slowly faded to near silence. Smarts led her directly to the bar where Ornry and Skidass sat watching them approach. The prez looked startled. Skinass grinned hugely.

"Okay," said Smarts holding out the crumpled note to Ornry, his other arm around Wilma's tiny waist. "I'm back. Here's the broad."

"You beautiful bastard!" murmured Skidass.

"Well . . . shit!" grunted Ornry. "Did I forget anything?" asked Smarts.

"Give him the patch, Ornry," suggested Skidass.

"Wh-Where's them other dudes?" demanded Ornry, ignoring Skidass.

Smarts sighed, reached for Skidass's beer, chugalugged the whole stein and wiped his mouth with his arm. "Well, man, the last time I saw 'em, both motherfuckers were takin' a ride in a helicopter with three rangers holdin' guns on them."

"Whaaat?" Ornry's voice shook.

"They owe me a bill for gettin' their scoots outa that goddam canyon," said Smarts flatly. "I left the bikes chained to a tree at the top of the trail but I ain't responsible beyond that."

Skidass was convulsing with laughter.

"Give the kid his fuckin' patch, goddammit!" he roared happily.

"Well . . ." Ornry pulled a club patch from his jacket pocket and reluctantly handed it over to Smarts.

"Thanks, bro," said Smarts, smiling tiredly.

"You claimin' this sweet young thing?" asked Skidass, hungrily eying Wilma's bursting curves.

"Not if somebody's ol' lady will sew this patch on for me."

"Why, you miserable son of a bitch!" howled Wilma.

"That," said Smarts, belting her across the mouth, "ain't no fuckin' way to speak to a Highway Honcho, ya dumb cunt." ■

Male Call

The following names and addresses are of bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from interested—and interesting—dudes and 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. **Bros:** We try to squeeze in as many requests as space permits. If your listing didn't make this issue, then send in another, for in order to keep the column up to date, we must throw out all requests that do not make the issue. We select the listings strictly on a first-come, first-serve basis.

In the pokey. Write Smokey. Bob "Smokey" George #42053, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Black dude inside for first time. Needs scribes. Curtis Wright #46206, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Just to see this ad would give me hope. Brent E. Koster, P.O. Box E, #142253, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

I know you chicks can write. Just do it. Stephen W. Darnold RD-210, Box B-50919, C. T. F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I've had enough rain, I need sunshine. Roger Hall #034941, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Lonely motorcycle trash needs news from chicks. George Newberry, #041306—West Unit #8, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

This is hell. But you could shine some light into it. Geronimo Bryant 29590-120, A/North, Box P.M.B., Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

Would love to hear from some young ladies. Roy C. O'Neal, Box 431, Waupun, Wisconsin 53963.

I'm in need of some mail from pretty ladies. Jim Zugg, 141954, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Two desperate sick bikers need mail. Tom "Gypsy" Radice 13307, Jim "Slim" Sprinkle 51839, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Ladies, lay it on the line to me. Ron Kinney A187, #048293, 500 Orange Ave. Cr., Belle Glade, Florida 33430.

Looking for some foxy chicks who want to help me get by with this time. Albert King B-50306, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I didn't have bail and I ain't got no mail. Bobby Batts 018136, P.O. Box 228-W.U., #5, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Want to hear from some young harlots. Donnie Blake B-341, B-45824 Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Like to hear from freaky chicks. Tim Tomassi #B63284, Mike Crowley #B58267, C.T.F.-N., Soledad Prison, Calif. 93960.

Ladies, send me a line. I won't forget it. Sam "Clock" Hewitt 126344, Box 534, Jessup, Maryland 20794.

Need some kind of relationship with a chick. Thomas "Mad Dog" Meadows #106241, 701 Sanderson Road, Chesapeake, Virginia 23322.

Lonely and depressed dude. Looking for chicks who know what it is. John J. Foreman K-2562, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Goddam, some mail would sure be a rush. Michael C. Quick, 549-88-6283 Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

This jail bird could dig something more than birdshit. Ronnie Minshew #041385, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Write "Jesus" Jasin Roberts #75507, Box 515, Joliet, Illinois 60432.

Angels need scribes too. Danny Barabas B-61769, Roger Gomez B-61571, Don Deppe ("White Bear") B-62472, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, California 93960.

Could dig hearing from some down-to-earth chicks. Jerry "Dutchman" Payne #20895, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

It'd be a gas to hear from some foxy ladies out there. Mike Schloskey #C-01018, Stateville, P.O. Box 112, Joliet, Illinois 60434.

I can write but need somebody to write to. Charles Bell #4732, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Pretty ladies, write. John (Little J.) Goering #629-146-113, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

Rush scribes. Johnny L. Davis #102747, P.O. Box 27264, Richmond, Virginia 23261.

Two bros without pros. Terry Ludwickowski, Pat Minehan, P.O. Box 147 #5, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Foxy mamas need sugar daddies. Write Candi Powell, Poppy Mosqueda, Jackson County Jail, Pascagoula, Miss. 39567.

Come on, mama. I need to relate. James Sharp #2785, Box 100, Vienna, Illinois 62995.

I'm tellin' ya. I'm down and out. Write A. S. (Bug) Lucero #047880, P.O. Box 1167, Gainesville, Florida 32601.

Need scribes from together chicks. Peter "Buzzard" Crader #53423, P.O. Box G, Hazardville Station, Enfield, Conn. 06082.

Make life worthwhile. Write these bros. Jerry Manahan #8474, Dean Gustafson #26075, Bill Carr #26375, c/o Clearfield County Prison, Clearfield, Pa. 16830.

Ol' ladies, let's get it on. Charlie Myers, P.O. Box 822202, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

White male age 24 would like correspondence from woman of any age. Stephen A. Kowalchick, P.O. Box B-67701, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Lonely tripper needs to hear from some dirty ladies. John Henry Morin 20854, P.O. B. 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Sure could get off on some letters. Jerry "Tramp" Crews, Box B 34856, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Chicks, I can't see ya, but I could dig hearing from ya. Richard Duhamel #88889, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Foxy ladies, get off your ass and do it! "Red Dog" Hughes B54800, Geno Trussell B65326, "Flash" Rose B61510, C.T.F., Soledad, California 93960.

Send us a letter and we'll feel better. David Shaffer #116822, Ray Williams #116731, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Would like to hear from some together chicks who ride. Bobby Crider, P.O. Box B-26786, Tamal, California 94964.

I'm behind the bricks and need to hear from chicks. Richard "Beard" Tillman, #C-50115, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Send me some lovin'. send it by mail. Robert E. Stansbury, San Quentin Prison, P.O. Box B-64797, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Could dig hearing from Spokane people and cool bitches from anywhere. Pat "P.J." Ryan, Box B34880, Florence, Arizona 85232.

I need a female who likes to write. Roland Page (Chicken Hawk), W.C.C., P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Take time for a dude in the slam. Write James Ingersoll (Lucky) #017762, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Virginia tramp would like to correspond with Virginia bitches. Lonnie (Nomad) Holley, #101767, B.C.C., Rt. 2, Blond, Virginia 24515.

Send me a kind note. It wouldn't take long. S. S. Stratman, P.O. Box 1500, Angleton, Texas 77515.

Need to hear from Bear. Carlos de Lobos, Lucky, the Comos, or any of the brothers I rode with in the Orange County, Calif., area in '73. All you chicks write too! Roger Karl #142794, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

I'm a man living in the pit of hell looking for a goddess from heaven. Write George M. Sandoval B-51568, Calif. Men's Colony West, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Brazilian bad guy lookin' for a fox to share my throne. Augusto Tan Davis #26152, Box G, Hazardville Station, Enfield, Conn. 06082.

Relieve my mind from the burden of this time. Write Jim Miller #94820, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

I need the rap a chick could give me. Write William Azbill, Box 37474, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

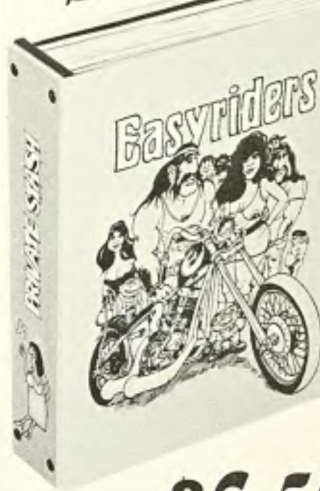
If you don't drop us a line, you ain't got a hair on your ass. Dale Holt #37346, Al Bolton #37228, 2605 State St., C-409, Salem, Oregon 97310.

No place to go for a while. Write Dennis Mahoney (Mac) #043808, Hershell Darnell #043597, P.O. Box 99, Clermont, Florida 32711.

Need some women to help keep it together. Write John T. Todd, P.O. Box B-45718-A, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

It sure would be far-out to receive a warm letter from a chick. Charles (Moses) Reeher, PMB 87836-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Class



\$4.50
plus 50¢ for
postage and handling

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

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

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the available past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.00 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: Back Issues
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Choppershopper

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

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

FOR SALE

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

\$2,000 worth of hash from one kilo grass. Ordinary weed to "superweed." Both recipes \$3.00. Martin, P.O. Box 7443, St. Petersburg, Florida 33704. (36)

Harley riders: Sportster & 74s electric-start starter drives on sale for \$15.00. Mfg. #31443-65A. 50% deposit required. Dealers invited. Catalog \$2.50. Send to H-D Distributors, Box 292, Glenhead, New York 11545. (36)

KKK-White Power T-Shirts, patches, pins and other assorted "bits of bigotry." Send two bits for a copy of the "Crusader" newspaper to Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, 6667 Airline Highway, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70805. (36)

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. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-13, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (36)

Become a minister. 100% legal. Many advantages. I.D. card, diploma, more. \$9.00. No checks. Howard Fincher, Box 1134, Florissant, Mo. 63031. (36)

Wanted: Chick in Chicagoland area who likes to party and ride. Have chopper and dresser. Need foxy chick with her head together. Write Steve, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (36)

Need a few dollars? I'll pay 10¢ for every complete comic book you send me. Payment guaranteed. Kovacs, Box 262, Canton, Ohio 44701. (38)

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. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-9, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (36)

Youngblood: Your father needs you. Emergency. Call home. Curious. (36)

Professional photographers who are hip to the bike scene—Easyriders is always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers, chopper type people, and chicks. Write on your letterhead for professional rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Improvised Munitions Handbook. Limited number available. The book used exclusively by the Green Beret Special Projects teams as their "Black Book of Dirty Tricks." 160 pages. Illustrated step-by-step instructions on building explosives, firearms, and destructive devices from readily available materials. Send \$10.00. No personal checks. The best handbook ever printed for guerrilla techniques and methods. It may be all you have left when they take the guns away. Protect yourself. Jay's P.O. Box 813, Orange, Conn. 06477. (36)

I have these sold-out editions of Easyriders: 2, 13, 16, 18, 26. I need 5, 14, 15, 17 to complete my collection. Will swap even on one to one basis. (617) 593-0648. (36)

Harley riders, send for our interchangeable parts catalog. Contains cross-referenced part numbers on bearings, seals, points, etc. Send \$2.00 to: H-D Distributors, Box 292, Glenhead, New York 11545. (36)

Bucks for your chopper. Up to \$20.00 per hour spare time. At home. Complete kit/details. Send \$1.00 to P.O. Box 2283, Dept. E2, Castro Valley, Calif. 94546. (36)

Pittsburgh—Funky Dude paint shop. Air-brush jobs. Bikes, rods, vans, helmets. Get some funk on your bike. Ron (412) 364-0535. (37)

Develop a tool to go with your bike. Stimulate growth of the male organ. New methods. Send \$5.00 to HMK Research, Box 271, Bedford, Mass. 01730. (36)

Lonely Houston chick digs bikes and wants to meet Houston dude with same interest. Stacey, 1517 Caywood, Houston, Texas 77055. (37)

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 3/81.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel \$1.98 & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Rays, 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)

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)

71 H-D trike custom. Asking \$2,500. Chester, Pennsylvania. (215) TR 2-0261. (36)

I am looking for a short, well-built chick willing to relocate in Charlotte, N.C. area. Easygoing, no responsibilities—to make the Daytona run in March and several other runs in '76. Send picture with letter. Write S.F., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (36)

Nazi T-shirts, eagle and swastika. S. M. L. XL. \$3.75 ea. 3/\$10.00. Angriff, Box 5284, Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46805. (36)

Don Styes. Write me, fucker. Blake, 635 Ripley Ave., Eau Claire, Wisconsin 54701. (36)

For sale. 1956 Harley-Davidson FLH chopped. No frame changes. This is a clean show bike. Comes complete with dresser parts. Asking \$2,500. 1-517-893-3804. 600 Saginaw St., Bay City, Michigan 48706. (36)

23-year-old working dude wants good looking West Coast chick interested in bikes, chops, sports cars, water beds, bars. Travel and share same with me. Send pictures and letters to Al Owens, 3941 N. Denver, Kansas City, Missouri 64117. (36)

Easyriders wanted. Back issues #1 through #11, #23, #26. Must be complete. Will pay reasonable price. Contact Steve Spinelli, 67 Chestnut St., Bristol, Conn. 06010. (36)

Bear, hurry home! Your ol' lady and the rug rats are waiting for you. Get in touch somehow so I'll know you're still kickin'. Need your body where it belongs—with me! Love ya, Thumper. Miami. (36)

Armbands \$3.00. Party pins \$3.00. Earrings—Swastika, Harley #1 or Harley uplift wing style \$3.50 ea. \$5.00 pr. Catalog \$1.00. Refundable. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (36)

Michael: Now it's in print. I love you . . . I want you . . . I need you . . . So how about it? Sugar. (36)

John Dulay, quit screwing with that camper and get your machine on the road. Brother Du. (36)

Motorcycles, vans, and other government equipment is available at unbelievably low prices from the Dept. of Defense. For complete details send \$2.00 to Information. P.O. Box 10, Ellamore, W. Va. 26267. (36)

In loving memory of Mike Mathews, everyone's brother and mine in blood. Lived to ride. Sister Rose, Modesto, Calif. (36)

Why pay more! Stainless steel oil lines. Early \$27.95, late 1966 and up \$47.00. Send money order and \$1.00 for shipping. The Hawg Shop, 118 No. A Street, Lompoc, Calif. 93436. (36)

Improvised Munitions Handbook. Ten bucks? Fuck that! \$5.00. If you're into White Power, drop us a line. State if you want Improvised Munitions, Booby-Traps, Incendiaries or White Power. National Socialist Liberation Front, P.O. Box 41717, Panorama City, Calif. 91214. Make check to Mike Jones. (36)

Remember—The life you save may be your own don't Fuck with my bike . . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each. R. Kautz, Dept. R-6, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (36)

Dave Schultz, contact blood brother. Haven't seen you for ten years. Contact me at Ron Schultz, 11010 Pearson, Washington, Michigan 48094. (36)

Be a tattoo artist. Send for "The Tattooing Handbook." Everything you ever wanted to know about tattooing but didn't have this handbook. \$20.00 (refundable). Satisfaction guaranteed. M.G.O. Products, Box 57, San Jose, New Mexico 87565. (36)

Need 63 swingarm frame, front section only, by March 1976. Rich Noren, Box 144, Hartford City, Ind. 47348. (36)

Harley Riders! Save up to 50% on parts, accessories, service. Send \$1.00 (refundable with first order) for all NEW 1976 fully illustrated catalog. HD Supply, P.O. Box 23157, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53223. (37)

Professional writers—Read a couple of issues of Easyriders thoroughly and decide if you can (or barf, are willing to) write for Easyriders. We want fiction pieces, short stories, and short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first; don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (36)

Firecracker materials widely available. Information \$1.00. Sanford, Box 41003E, Washington, D.C. 20014. (36)

1950 3-wheeler, completely rebuilt engine and generator, new tires, battery, chains, sprocket, clutch, wiring. A real beer hauler. Will sell for amount invested. \$950. Tow bar included. (616) 782-5714. Dowagiac, Mich. (36)

Zeke—where are you? Call my Pennsylvania number collect. Elizabeth. (36)

Your letters remailed from Beach. 25¢ plus stamp. Sam's, P.O. Box 599-R, Long Beach, North Carolina 28461. (36)

Spider will buy (cheap) any old Harley advertisements, Harley books, manuals, magazines, photos, goodies—anything old. He'll share them with the readers of Easyriders. Write him at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Be sure to state price or what you want in exchange for goodies you have. (36)

1942 H-D "45" chopper. 95% complete and finished. \$950 invested, sell \$600. Pictures 50¢. Al Lomas, Box 683, Ridgecrest, Calif. 93555 (1-714-375-8977). (36)

Easyriders is looking for artists, cartoonists, and illustrators who are hip to the bike scene and can draw choppers. We would like to purchase all types of art and cartoons—from tight technical drawings to idealized, futuristic, exaggerated, unreal ink drawings and paintings. We pay top professional rates. Only art accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope will be returned. Art Honecho, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (36)

Mail Call

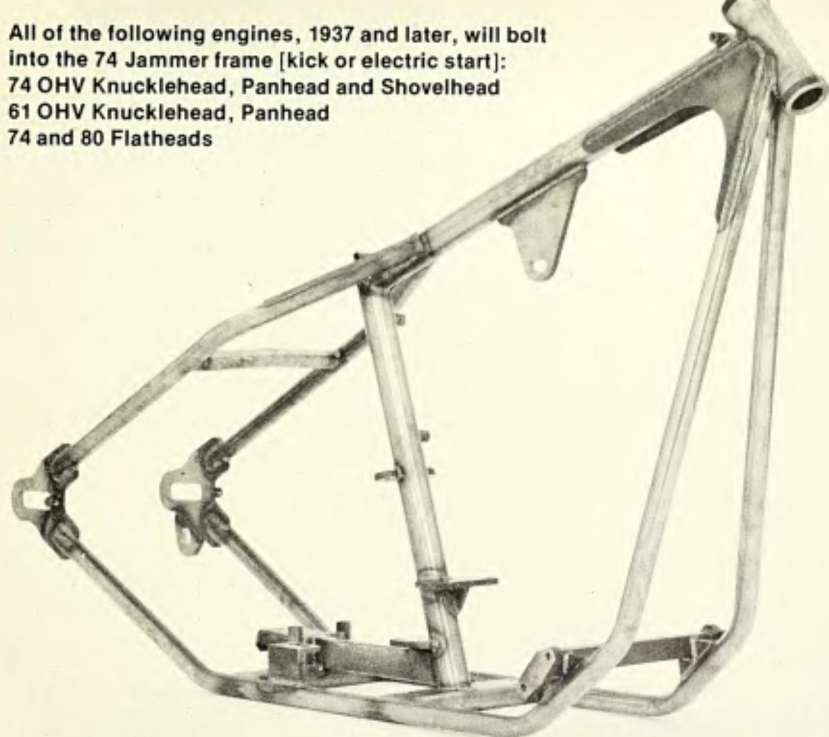
Don't panic! We moved the Mail Call feature to another page in order to run more listings.

JAMMER'S DOING IT AGAIN!



Our Xmas Extravaganza was so great [Xmas edition of Easyriders] our dealers asked us to do it again — so here "it" is, the next 16 pages are packed with a ton of new stuff and a lot of the good old stuff too.

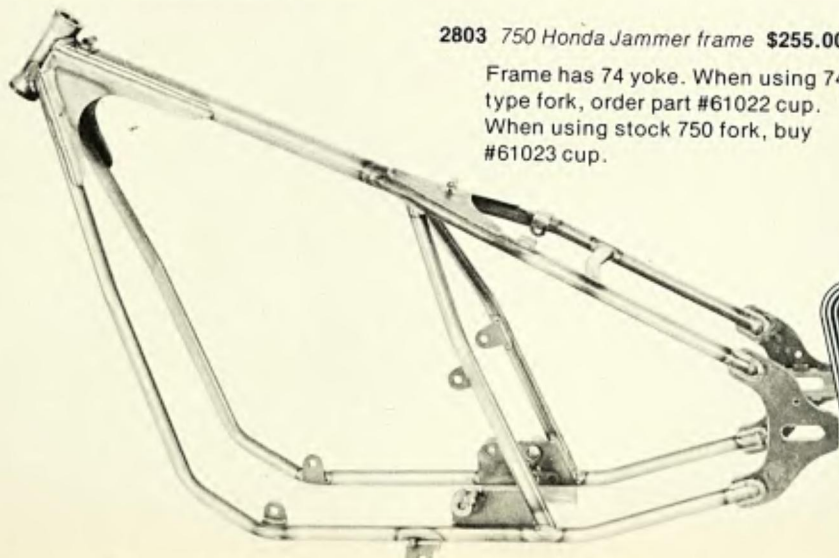
All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame [kick or electric start]:
 74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
 61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
 74 and 80 Flatheads



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 strokers 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:

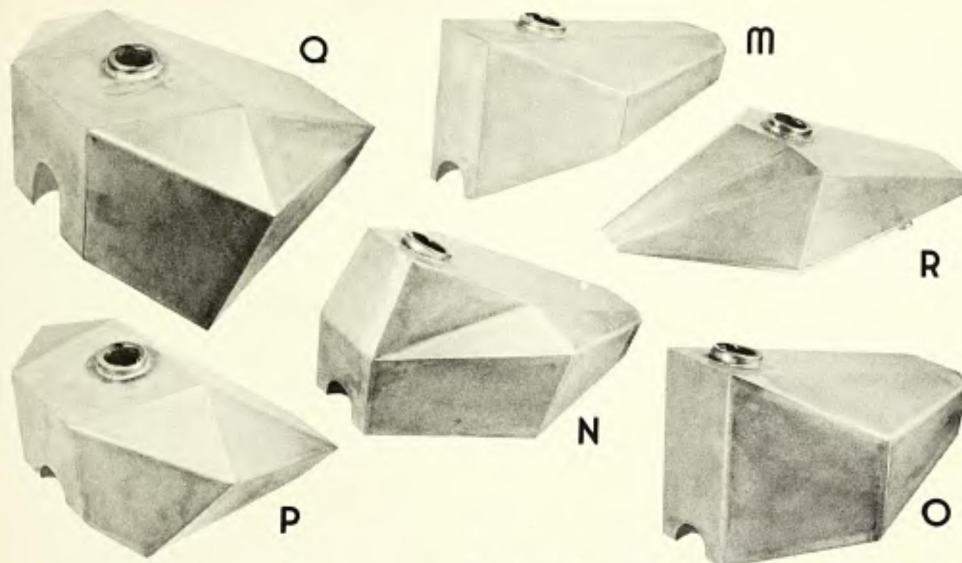
You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. 265.00

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

**INSIST ON
JAMMER PARTS**

Your local dealer can order any of the
 1000 parts in the Jammer line.



GAS TANKS

M	35010 Maxi 2.8 gal.	54.95
N	35011 Maxi 3.5 gal.	64.95
O	35012 Maxi 4.5 gal.	69.95
P	35013 Maxi 4 gal.	69.95
Q	35014 Maxi 6 gal.	89.95
R	35015 Maxi 2 gal.	54.95

The Maxi-Tank. Maxi in every respect — style, workmanship, materials. These gas tanks are made of heavy 16 gauge steel and are heliarc welded. They are all designed to look amazingly slim and stylish for the amount of gas that they hold. The positioning of the tunnel, the petcock and the gas cap has been calculated to make the most efficient use of the tank capacity. All tanks use standard HD type gas caps (not included) and have 3 1/4" outlets in the bottom.



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

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

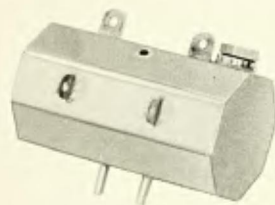
37016 For Shovelhead 49.95

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.



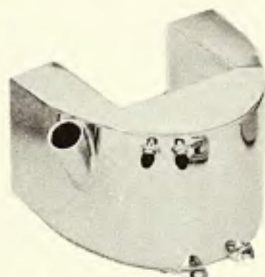
3801 Triumph Oil Tank. 59.95

3802 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank. 59.95

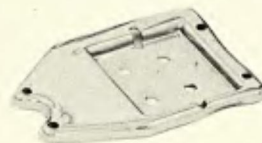
3803 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank for Battery. For use with kick-start battery. 73.95

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

3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank. 88.95



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

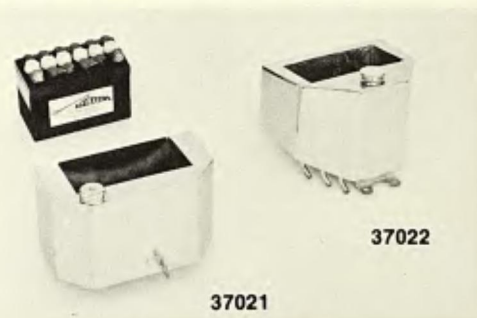
Mini Oil Gauge. Measures only 1-1/2" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work on other bikes. Custom chromed.

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

NO DEALER IN YOUR AREA?
You can order Jammer parts by using the self mailing order blank on page 93.
(We pay shipping when you send full payment with order)

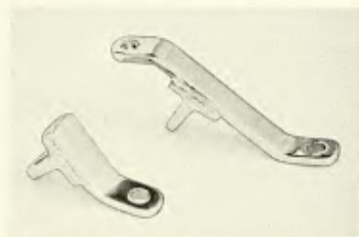
SPRINGER AND PARTS

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

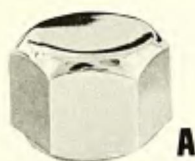


9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **7.95**

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

Jammer

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



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 1/2x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **26.95 each**

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**



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**

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**



9809 Action Pak Battery. 44.95



9905 Three-Position Key Switch. Switch works for ignition and lights. Heavy duty. Used by many professional bike builders. Two keys included. 3.50

9906 Key Switch Bracket. 1.75 (Not shown)



H.D. Ignition Coil. With 20,000 volts output. H.D. Coil has same dimensions as factory Harley Coil.

9607 12 Volt 24.95
9601 6 Volt 24.95



9802 6v Battery (Dry Charged). 29.95



Custom Headlight.

9009 6v bottom mount. 19.95
90010 12v bottom mount. 18.95
90011 6v side mount. 19.95
90012 12v side mount. 18.95

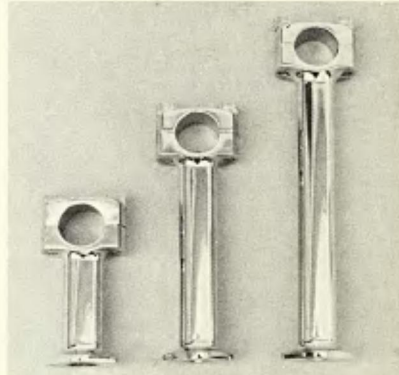
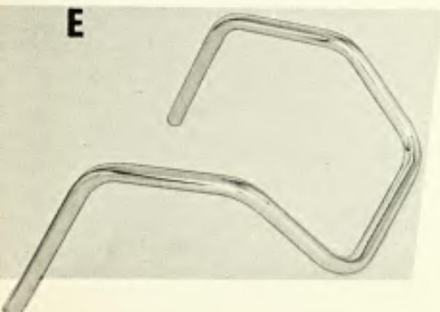
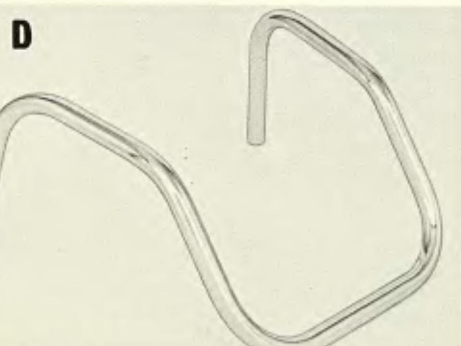
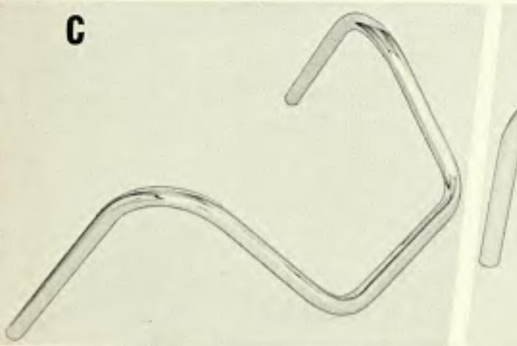
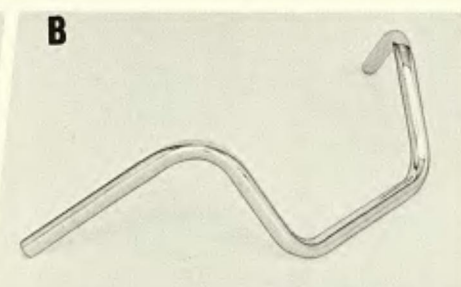
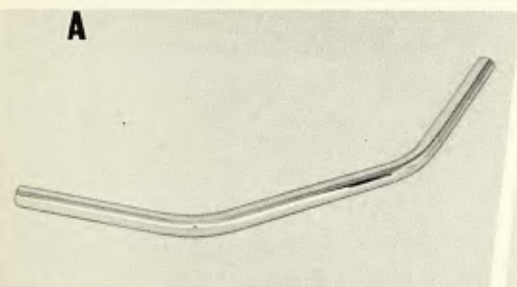
LIGHTS AND BATTERY



9206 Chopper Taillight. A new square shaped taillight. Has a license plate light that may be used with 6 or 12V bulb (bulb not included). Chromed. 10.35

9207 License Backing Plate for "Cat's Eye", Maltese or Chopper Taillight. Chromed. 3.90

RISERS AND HANDLEBARS



43015 Reducer Sleeves. For reducing 1-inch-diameter risers to $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch bars. They are knurled on the inside and outside. Set of four halves. .90 (Not shown.)

Custom Risers (Glide Type).

For 1-inch bar. Drilled and tapped at bottom for $\frac{1}{2}$ x 20 bolts. Works well on our springer.

4401 3 inches high. 29.95 per pair.
4402 5 inches high. 32.95 per pair.
4403 7 inches high. 34.95 per pair.

A Drag Bars.

4101 1" diameter. 6.95
4102 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. 6.95

B Riser Top.

4103 1" diameter. 10.45
4104 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. 10.45

C Pullbacks. Two sizes available, 18 inches or 24 inches between grips.

4105 18" between grips. 1" diameter. 10.95

4106 24" between grips. 1" diameter. 10.95

4107 18" between grips. $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. 10.95

4108 24" between grips. $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. 10.95

D Six Bend Number One.

4109 1" diam. 13.45

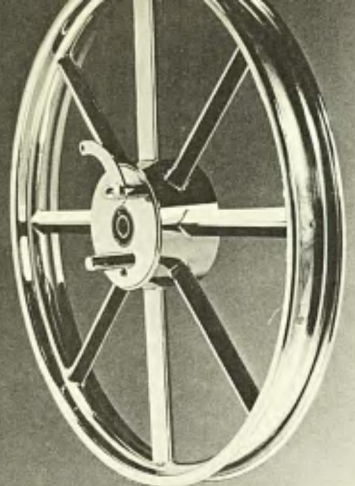
41010 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diam. 13.45

E Six Bend Number Two.

41011 1" diam. 13.45

41012 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diam. 13.45

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



A

GALAXY

A 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 $\frac{5}{8}$ " bearings. Will adapt easily to other custom front ends. Qualifies as a legal brake in most states. Custom chromed.

Part No.	Size	Price
69019	18" Satellite	209.95
69022	18" Galaxy	209.95
69020	19" Satellite	209.95
69023	19" Galaxy	209.95
69021	21" Satellite	209.95
69024	21" Galaxy	209.95

***A Single Front Disc Brake Wheel.** Has excellent stopping powers for street use. Hub is $3\frac{1}{2}$ " in width. Disc diameter is $7\frac{3}{4}$ ". Will fit on most forks. $\frac{5}{8}$ " 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.

Part No.	Size	Price
68026	18" Satellite	313.60
68041	18" Galaxy	313.60
68027	19" Satellite	313.60
68042	19" Galaxy	313.60
68028	21" Satellite	313.60
68043	21" Galaxy	313.60

* (Not shown.)

**NO DEALER
IN YOUR AREA?**
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self mailing order blank on page 93.

(We pay shipping when you send
full payment with order)

Hallcraft's WHEELS

Rear wheel shown without disc to
demonstrate new spoke design.



SATELLITE

B 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. 16" wheel only.

Part No.	Bike	Style	Price
Sportster wheel kits include spacers.			
68038	Spst.	Satellite	399.95
68045	Spst.	Galaxy	399.95

Honda wheel kits include spacers.

68039	H750 Satellite	399.95
68046	H750 Galaxy	399.95

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

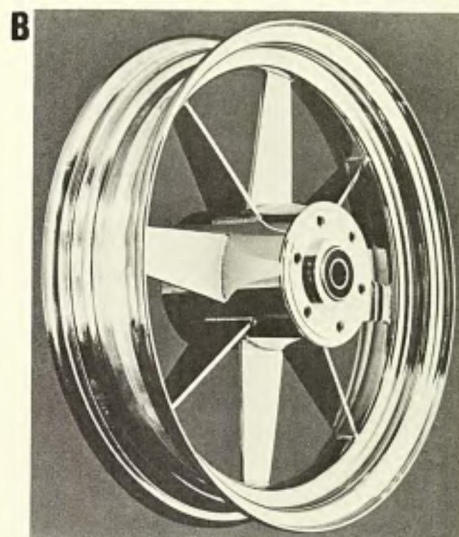
68040	HD74 Satellite	384.75
68047	HD74 Galaxy	384.75

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels.

68020	For rigid frame.	15.80
68021	For swingarm '58 to '66.	15.80
68022	For swingarm '67 and up.	15.80

Rear Disc Brake Linkage.

68024	For Sportster.	46.50
68025	For Honda 750.	19.15



PIRELLI TIRES The best tire for highway use. Made with high-adhesion "cling" rubber.

7302	2.75 x 18	21.11
7303	3.00 x 18	23.37
7304	2.75 x 19	23.54
7305	3.00 x 19	26.19
73010	5.10 x 16	48.50

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

73011	5.00 x 16	33.61
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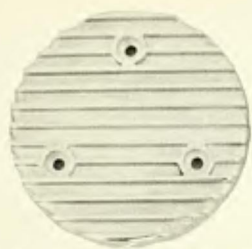
AVON TIRES

7306	2.75 x 21	28.19
7307	3.00 x 21	28.19



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

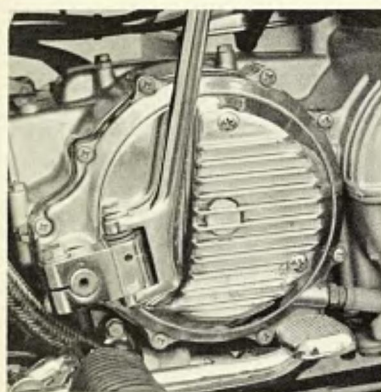
COVERS



10305 750 Dyno Cover. Polished aluminum. 9.48



10306 750 Point Cover. Polished aluminum. 9.48



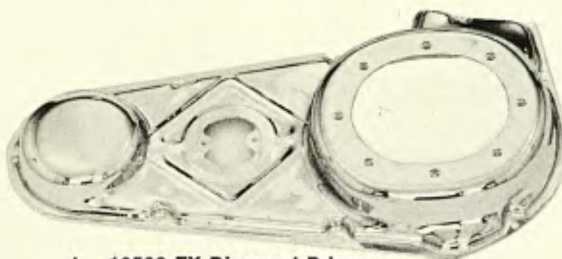
10304 750 Honda Clutch Cover. Polished aluminum. 10.95



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



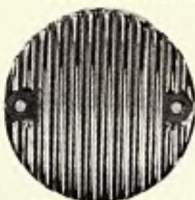
10307 Honda Tappet Covers. Fits 750, 500 and 350. Set of 8. Chromed. 16.60



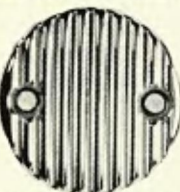
L 10503 FX Diamond Primary. Replaces aluminum outer primary cover while still using stock inner primary. Uses early model type inspection plate and derby cover. Fits HD FX only. Custom chromed. 49.50

L 105010 Electric Start Primary. Fits '65 to '69 electric start. Replaces aluminum outer primary cover, while still using stock inner primary. Has built in starter bearing. Uses early model type inspection plate and derby cover. Custom chromed. 49.50

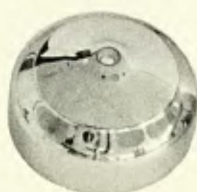
L 105011 Electric Start Primary. Fits 1970 to present electric start. Replaces aluminum outer primary cover while still using stock inner primary. Has built-in starter bearing. Uses early model type inspection plate and derby cover. Custom chromed. 49.50



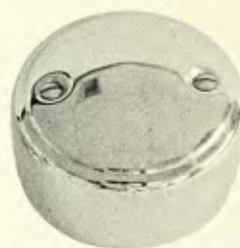
103011 Finned Timer Cover. Fits HD 74 '70 and later FL, FLH, & FX. Also Sportster '71 and later XLH & XLCH. Replaces Harley part #32589-70. Chromed. 3.95



103012 Finned Inspection Cover. Fits HD 74 and Sportster primary covers. Chromed. 3.95



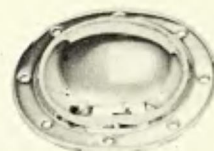
10705 HD Breaker Cover. Chromed. 3.25



Generator End Cover. Chromed.

10605 Three-brush type. 5.75

10606 Two-brush type (with bracket). 5.75



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

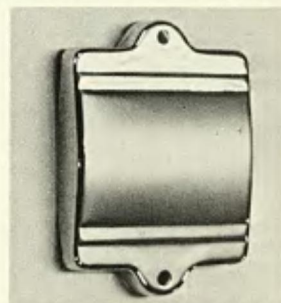


10801 Three-brush Generator Cover. For the 1937 and later HD 3-brush generator only. Wrap-around type—no bolts or fasteners needed. Easy to install. Chromed. 7.10

10803 Two-brush Generator Cover. Fits all two-brush 74 and Sportster generators. Easily installed—no bolts or fasteners needed. Chromed. 7.10



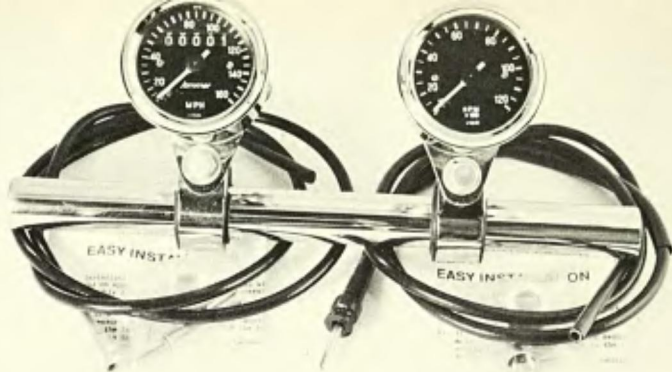
10804 Starter Cover. Fits Sportster and 74s. Wrap-around installation. No bolts or fasteners needed. Chromed. 7.10



10604 Battery Cover. Chromed. 5.95

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

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.

D Sifton Cams for HD 74s. Comes with complete installation instructions.

14005	412 Grind High Ramped Billet. For 1948-1969.	79.00
14006	412 Grind High Ramped Billet. For 1970 and later.	96.00
140010	468 S Grind High Ramped Billet. For 1966-1969.	79.00
140011	468 S Grind High Ramped Billet. For 1970 and later.	96.00

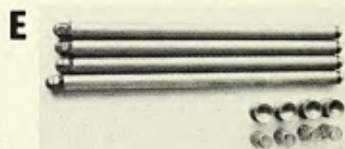
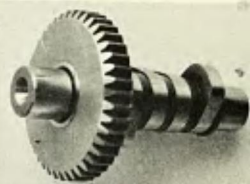
E 74 Pushrods. These pushrods are steel-headed alloy tubing.

140013	1936-47 74 Knucklehead non-adjustable (set of 4).	21.00
140014	1948-52 74 Panhead non-adjustable (set of 4).	21.00
140015	1953-65 74 Panhead adjustable with rigid tappet adapter kit (set of 4).	42.00
140016	1966 and later 74 Shovelhead adjustable with rigid tappet adapter kit (set of 4).	42.00
140017	Alloy Spring Collars. For 74s. Upper only. Set of 4.	12.95 (Not shown)

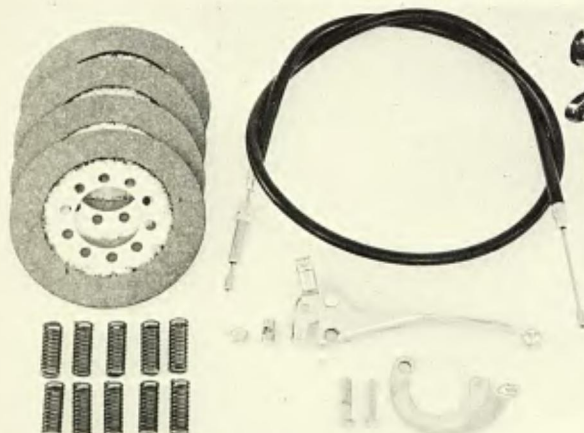
Sifton Cams for Sportsters.

140018	For 55" Road and Drag 1957-70.	153.00
140019	For 65" Road and Drag 1971 and later	176.00
140020	Sportster Pushrods. These pushrods are steel-headed alloy tubing. Set of 4.	21.00

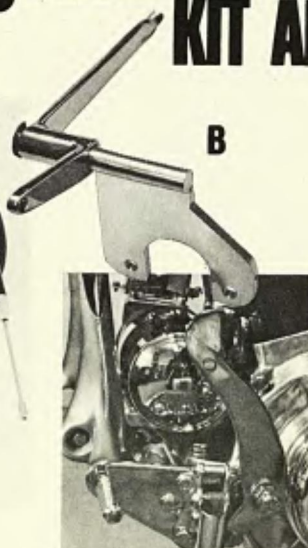
SIFTON CAMS



MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT AND SHIFTS



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



A 14201 45 Jockey Shift. Here's one that really works! It makes shifting easy. Rod for linkage included. Bolts on in minutes. End of handle is threaded for standard HD ball or custom ball. Handle is custom chromed. 19.95

B 14202 74 Jockey Shift. One piece, bolts on, and stays put! Places shift lever in comfortable position. End of handle is threaded for standard HD ball or custom ball. Custom chromed. 9.95

C 14203 Suicide Clutch Pedal. If you are running a jockey shift, this pedal is a must. Pedal designed to always remain in upright position. All holes are drilled, so it is all ready to bolt on. For big HD Twins only! Made of steel—built to last. Custom chromed. 24.50



FORK TUBES

Fork Tubes. High quality fork tubes that fit. Centerless ground. Show chromed. Use part number when ordering.

Part No.	Length	Type of bike	Price
65073	4-inch	'74 Glide	49.95
6501	6-inch	'74 Glide	49.95
6502	10-inch	'74 Glide	49.95
6503	12-inch	'74 Glide	49.95
6504	15-inch	'74 Glide	49.95
65074	4-inch	'54-'72 Sportster & Super-glide	49.95
6505	6-inch	'54-'72 Sportster & Super-glide	49.95
6506	10-inch	'54-'72 Sportster & Super-glide	49.95
6507	12-inch	'54-'72 Sportster & Super-glide	49.95
6508	15-inch	'54-'72 Sportster & Super-glide	49.95
65076	4-inch	Sportster '73-'74 Super-glide '73-up	49.95
65057	6-inch	Sportster '73-'74 Super-glide '73-up	49.95
65058	10-inch	Sportster '73-'74 Super-glide '73-up	49.95
65059	12-inch	Sportster '73-'74 Super-glide '73-up	49.95
65060	15-inch	Sportster '73-'74 Super-glide '73-up	49.95
65065	4-inch	Sportster '75-up	49.95
65066	6-inch	Sportster '75-up	49.95
65067	8-inch	Sportster '75-up	49.95
65068	10-inch	Sportster '75-up	49.95
65075	4-inch	Honda 750/450 to 1971	49.95
65025	6-inch	Honda 750/450 to 1971	49.95
65026	9-inch	Honda 750/450 to 1971	49.95
65027	12-inch	Honda 750/450 to 1971	49.95
65028	15-inch	Honda 750/450 to 1971	49.95
65061	4-inch	Honda 750 '73-up	49.95
65062	6-inch	Honda 750 '73-up	49.95
65063	8-inch	Honda 750 '73-up	49.95
65064	10-inch	Honda 750 '73-up	49.95
65069	4-inch	Honda 500 '71-up/450	49.95
65070	6-inch	Honda 500 '71-up/450	49.95
65071	4-inch	Kawasaki 900Z1	49.95
65072	6-inch	Kawasaki 900Z1	49.95
65022	9-inch	1960-1968 Triumph	49.95
65023	12-inch	1960-1968 Triumph	49.95

For spacers and internal rods refer to Jammer's Handbook.

CHAIN GUARDS



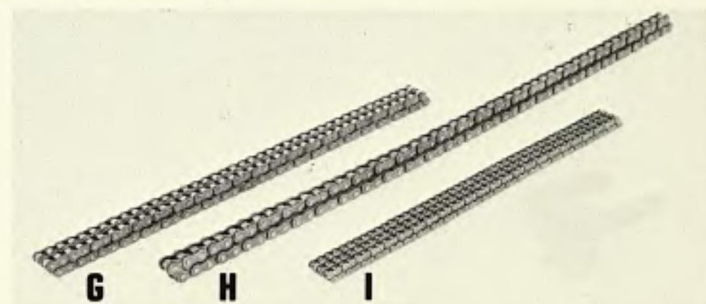
750 Honda chain guard.

Chain Guards add that touch of class to your bike. All of the chain guards listed are made of steel and are **custom chrome plated**. They all easily bolt on. Brackets included.

12001	Rigid 74	15.95
12002	Sportster XLCH	15.95
12003	Sportster XLH	15.95
12004	Honda Universal	15.95
12008	Swingarm 74	15.95
12009	XLH '68 & up (E. Start)	15.95

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SPROCKETS AND CHAINS



G 14404 HD Primary Chain. 1937 and later 61, 74, and 80 Twins. 28.95

H 14405 HD Rear Chain. Fits all 1935 and later HD Sportster, 74, 45, Servicar and K models. 102 links. $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8} \times .400$. 23.62

I 14406 Sportster Primary Chain. 1957 and later. 24.95

14407 Chain Breaker. Both front and rear chain links on all HDs can be removed with this chain tool. Also usable on other types of motorcycle chains. 5.95 (Not Shown)

K 74 Countershaft Sprockets. Fits all 1937 and later HD 61, 74, and 80 Twins. 24-tooth is best for all-around general use. Taller gears make longer runs more enjoyable. Made of steel.

144010 24-tooth. 8.95

144011 25-tooth. 8.95

L Countershaft Sprockets. Fits 1952 and later K model and Sportsters. Sprockets are made of steel.

144025 21-tooth. 12.19

144026 22-tooth. 12.90

M HD Big Twin Motor Sprockets. Fits 1930 to 1954 61, 74, and 80 Twins. Made of steel.

144027 23-tooth. 17.95

144028 24-tooth. 18.95

144029 25-tooth. 19.95

Fits 1955 and up. [Splined]

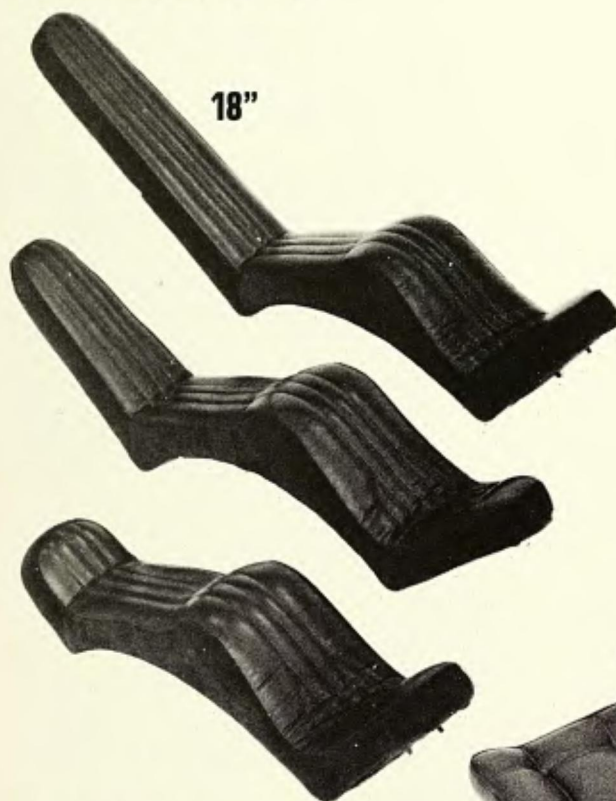
144034 23-tooth. 21.95

144035 24-tooth. 22.95

144036 25-tooth. 23.95

For more clutches and sprockets refer to Jammer's Handbook.

SEATS



18"

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



B

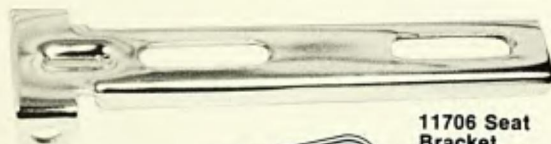


J

K

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
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



11706 Seat Bracket.
2.50

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Your local dealer can order any of the 1000 parts in the Jammer line.

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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
115029	Sportster	Pleats	4"	24"x9"	54.95
115030	S. Glide	Pleats	4"	29"x9"	54.95
115031	Sportster	Square Tufted	4"	24"x9"	54.95
115032	S. Glide	Square Tufted	4"	29"x9"	54.95
115033	Sportster	Square Tufted	14"	24"x9"	66.95
115034	S. Glide	Square Tufted	14"	29"x9"	66.95

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
K	114040	Square Tufted	Black	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



5208 Throttle Cable Router. Attaches to Bendix and Tillotson carburetors. Chromed. **6.50**



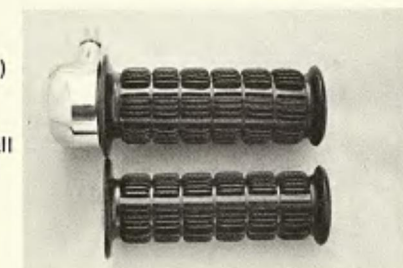
5204 Cable Support. Universal cable holder for routing cables. Can be used on all motorcycles. Custom chromed. **2.80**

Throttle. Top quality dual throttle. Chromed. (Not Shown)

5205 1-inch **9.95**
5206 3/8-inch **6.95**



5408 Round Mirror. 3 inches in diameter. Tinted non-glare glass is great for night riding. Universal clamp fits 1", 3/8", 3/4" handlebars. Chromed. **3.95**



Handlebar Grips. Made of ribbed vinyl.

53014 1-inch **2.00 per pair.**

53015 3/8-inch. **2.00 per pair.**



Extended Disc Brake Hose. Aircraft quality with braided steel outer housing.

HONDA (all disc models)

5306 4" to 9" OS lower **16.85**

5307 10" to 15" OS lower **17.25**

53017 10" Handlebar **17.25**

Harley-(all disc models) (Not shown.)

53018 4" to 9" OS lower **19.95**

53019 10" to 15" OS lower **19.95**

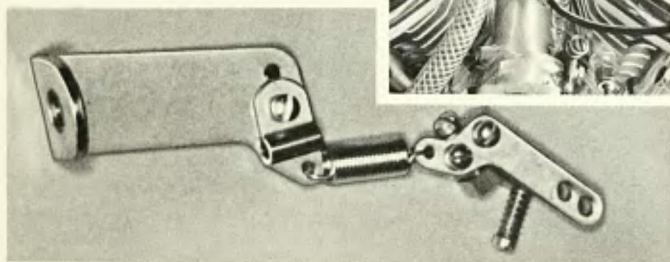
53020 10" Handlebar **12.45** (Not shown.)

Throttle Assembly. Universal for all motorcycles. Grips are vinyl plastic. Chromed steel.

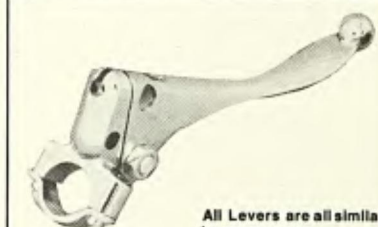
53010 1-inch **4.95**

53011 3/8-inch **4.95**

5207 Linkert Spring Return Kit. Kit is designed for use on all types of Linkert carburetors as used on most HDs till 1965. **4.95**



CONTROLS



All Levers are all similar in appearance.

LEVERS

Clutch and Brake Lever. Complete standard brake lever for all Sportster and 74 models. Also fits early model Sportster and 74s as a clutch lever assembly. Made of quality steel. Has ball end. Chromed.

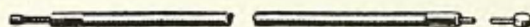
5401 Right-hand lever. **11.00**

5402 Left-hand lever. **11.00**

5403 Sportster Clutch Lever. Pre-1971, for use with the thumb screw adjuster type cable. Made of steel, has ball end. Chromed. **11.00**

5404 Clutch Lever. For use with mousetrap eliminator kit. Also clutch lever for 1968 and later 74 models. Accommodates larger nylon casing. Made of steel, has ball end. Chromed. **11.00**

5405 Clutch Lever. For Sportsters, 1971 and later. Accommodates ferrule at lever end of casing. Made of steel, has ball end. Chromed. **11.00**



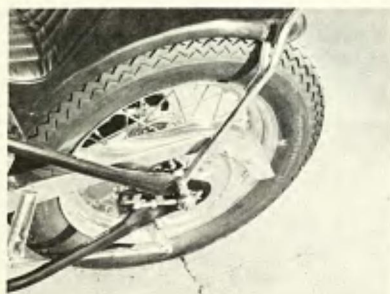
5304 Throttle Cable. Universal cable, 50 inches long. This cable is used with most throttle assemblies. **1.50**

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(We pay shipping when you send full payment with order)

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"

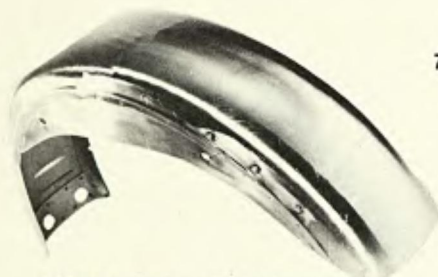
made of top quality steel. Bars have pre-drilled holes in bottom for easy installation. 1/4-inch fender support will accept most 5-inch custom fenders. They have a tab on one side for the chain guard.

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.

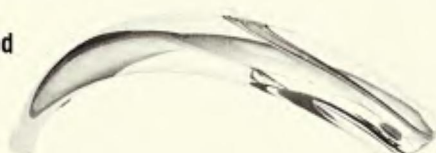
Part No.	Length	Type	Price
8301	36"	Twist	39.95
8302	36"	Round	39.95
8303	36"	Hex	39.95
8304	36"	Square	39.95
8309	28"	Twist	39.95
83010	28"	Round	39.95
83011	28"	Hex	39.95
83012	28"	Square	39.95
83013	21"	Hex	37.50
83014	21"	Square	37.50

Here are the most popular type fenders used on custom bikes. All are made of steel.

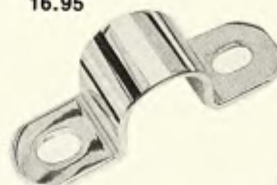


74014 Sportster Style Cutaway Fender. Stock replacement fender for XLCH. Has cutaway for taillight. All steel construction. **37.95**

74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender. Rear fender with no taillight cutaway. All steel construction. **37.95**



7407 Plain 4" 29" 16.95
(Chromed)



74010 "U" Clamp. For rear fender. Can be used for all applications where custom mounted fenders should have maximum strength. Chromed. **2.75 each**



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

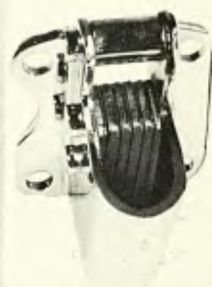
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PEGS AND STANDS



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**

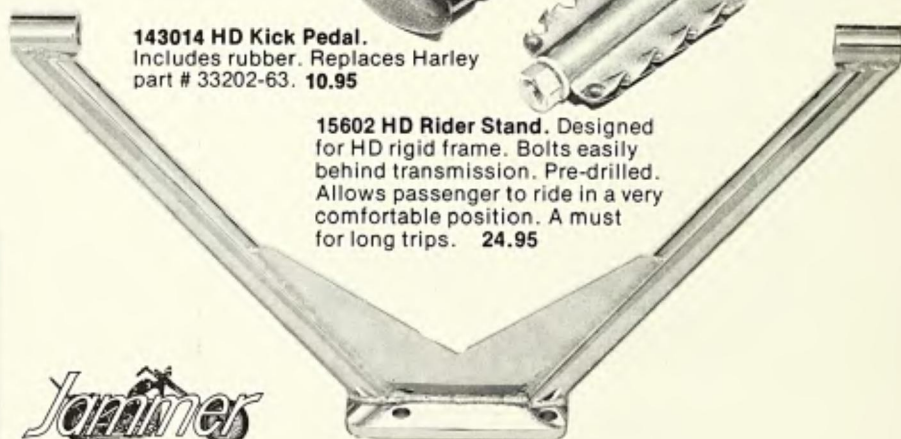


155016 Kickstand Leg Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50049-58. Chromed. **10.95**



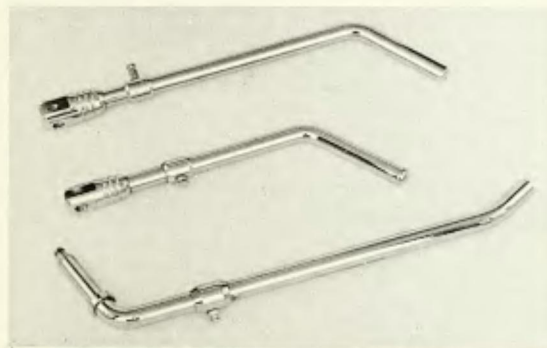
15401 Chromed Foot Pegs. Sold in pairs only. **7.35 pair**

15402 Chromed Foot Pegs with Clamp. Clamp is designed for a one-inch bar. Sold in pairs only. **8.50 pair**



143014 HD Kick Pedal. Includes rubber. Replaces Harley part # 33202-63. **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**



Kick Stands. Available in two different lengths: Don't forget to allow for your rake.

HD 74 Kick Stand. Fits 1937 and later. Use part numbers when ordering.

155017 HD 74 Standard Kick Stand 19.95
15503 extended 19.95

Sportster Kick Stand. (Fits all years.)

155018 Sportster Standard Kick Stand 18.95
15505 extended 18.95

Honda Kick Stand. Fits 450, 500, 750, models.

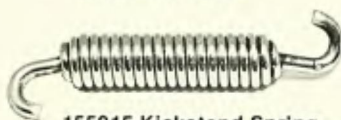
155019 Honda Standard Kick Stand 17.95
155011 extended 17.95



155014 Kickstand Leg Stop. Replaces Harley part # 50049-36. Chromed. **2.75**



155013 Kickstand Spring Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50036-36. Chromed. **2.50**



155015 Kickstand Spring. Replaces Harley part #50011-30. Chromed. **2.95**



156017 Universal Highway Bar. Includes foot pegs and complete hardware. Rod length: 21-1/2". Chromed. **24.95**



EXHAUST PIPES

Drag Pipes

All drag pipes on this page are designed for custom mounting. They are made of 16-gauge steel and are 1 3/4" mandrel-bent pipe with a slash cut on the end. They are not baffled -- pipe silencers #152010 or mufflers #149017 may be used.

Not legal in California without approved muffler.

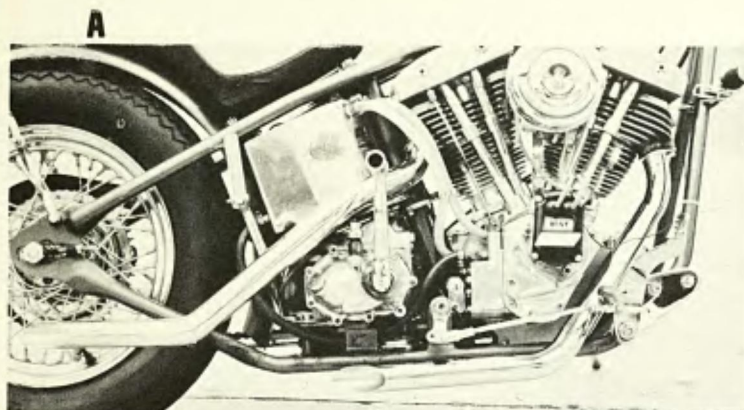
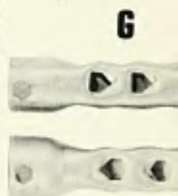


For Sportster

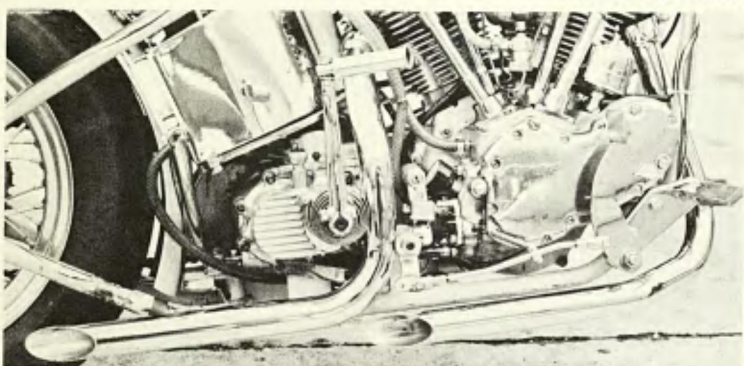
- A 15001 HD '70 up Drag Pipes.** Fits all Shovelhead models — kick start, swingarm or rigid, juice or manual brakes. Will also fit electric start with oil tank and battery setup that allows enough clearance for rear pipe. (See photo.) **38.50** Chromed.
- B 15002 Sportster Drag Pipes.** Fits all years of Sportster — kick start or electric, swingarm or rigid. (Mufflers not included.) **33.00** Chromed.
- C Drag Pipes** shown in photo are installed on Panhead engine. Knucklehead and Shovelhead pipes have same appearance. All fit kick start or electric, swingarm or rigid, juice or manual brakes. Chromed.

15003	Panhead, all years	33.00
15005	Shovelhead, '66-'69	38.50
15008	Knucklehead, all years	33.00

- D 149017 Muffler.** 1 3/4" opening, 16-gauge steel, 17" long. Chromed. **17.95 each**
(Meets 1969-92-decibel noise level standard on Harley Davidsons with stock air cleaner.)



For HD '70 & Later



For Panhead, Knucklehead & Shovelhead



15106 45 Drag Pipes. For solo or Servi-car, 1 1/2" diameter. Works well with shorty mufflers. Designed for custom mounting. Chromed. **28.60** (Not shown.)

- F End Clamps.** For use when custom mounting exhaust pipes. Size of clamps listed below is the inside diameter of clamp.

Part No.	Inside Diameter	Price
15204	1 1/2"	1.80 each.
15205	1 5/8"	1.80 each.
15206	1 3/4"	1.80 each.
15207	1 7/8"	1.80 each.

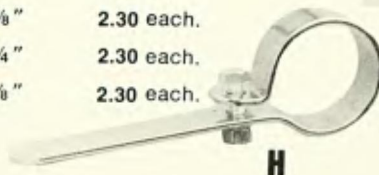
- G Pipe Silencer.** Fits in the end of exhaust pipes and some mufflers to reduce noise level. Plated to prevent rust.

15209	1 1/2-inch	1.50 each
152010	1 3/4-inch	1.50 each



- H Pipe Clamps.** Very useful in mounting exhaust pipes on your bike. They have approximately 4 1/2" shanks. Size is the inside diameter of clamp.

Part No.	Inside Diameter	Price
152011	1 1/2"	2.30 each.
152012	1 5/8"	2.30 each.
152013	1 3/4"	2.30 each.
152014	1 7/8"	2.30 each.



- I Header Clamps.** Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

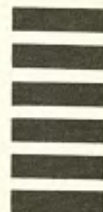
152017	HD 74, '48-'65	9.00 pair
152018	Sportster, '57 & up	9.00 pair



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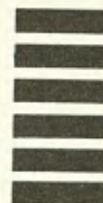
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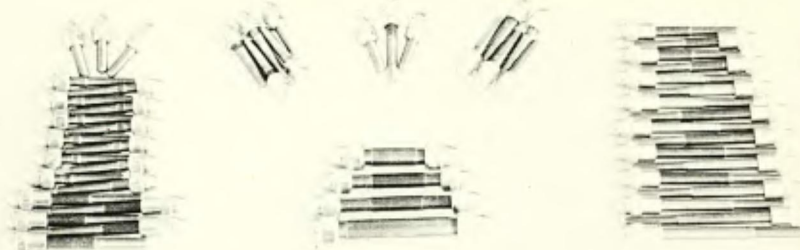
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ACORN NUTS



KNUCKLEHEAD

12201	Oil Pump Nut Set (1936-1969)	6.00
12202	Transmission Side Cover Nut Set	7.50
12203	Timing Cover Screw Set (1936-1970)	12.00
12204	Circuit Brk. Base Screw Set (1936-1957)	5.00
12205	Lifter Base Screw Set (1936-up)	8.00
12206	Motor Case Nut & Bolt Set	12.00
12207	Rear Wheel & Shaped Cvr. Screw Set (Pre 1966)	5.00
12208	Head Bolt Set (1940-1947)	22.00
12209	Cylinder Base Nut Set	7.00
12210	Rocker Box Bolt Set (1936-1947)	8.00
12211	Timing Plug-Oil Tank Plug	2.25
12212	Generator Screw Set (1936-1957)	3.50
12213	License Plate Set	2.50

PANHEAD-SHOVELHEAD

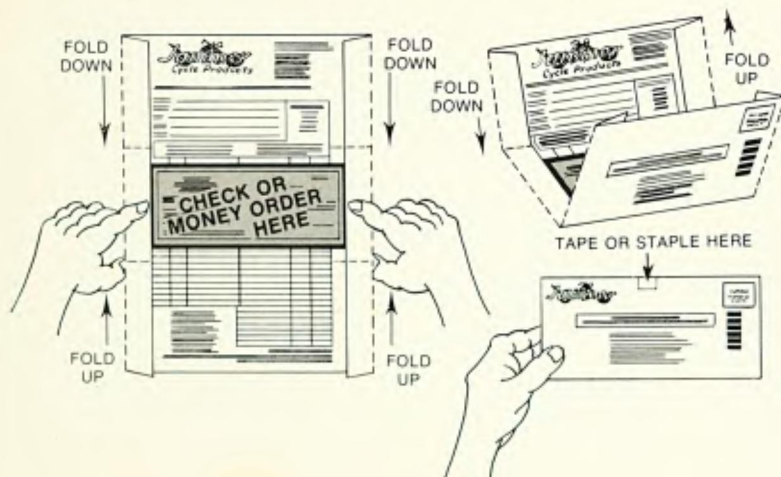
12201	Oil Pump Nut Set (1936-1969)	6.00
12202	Transmission Side Cover Nut Set	7.50
12203	Timing Cvr. Screw Set (1936-1970)	12.00
12204	Circuit Brk. Base Screw	5.00
12205	Lifter Base Screw Set (1936-up)	8.00
12206	Motor Case Nut & Bolt Set	12.00
12207	Rear Wheel & Shaped Cvr. Screw Set (pre 1966)	5.00
12209	Cylinder Base Nut Set	7.00
122022	Timing Cover Screw Set (1970-up)	7.00
122023	Rocker Box Nut Set (1966-up)	17.00
122024	Head Bolt Set (1948-up)	22.00
122025	Primary Cover Screw Set (1965-1970)	12.00
122026	Primary Cover Screw Set (1971-up)	14.00
122027	Primary Cover Screw Set (1965-up)	7.00
122028	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1957-1970)	7.00
122029	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1971-up)	7.00
122030	Generator Screw Set (1958-1969)	3.50
122012	Generator Screw Set (1936-1957)	3.50
122013	License Plate Set	2.50

SPORTSTER

122033	Primary Cvr. Screw Set (1957-1969 XLCH)	7.00
122034	Primary Cvr. Screw Set (XLCH 1970, '67-'70 XLH)	12.00
122035	Primary Cvr. Screw Set (XLH 1957-1969)	5.00
122036	Primary Cvr. Screw Set-Left Side (1971-up)	11.00
122037	Cam Cover Screw Set (1957-1970)	9.50
122038	Cam Cvr. Screw Set-Right Side (1971-up)	9.00
122039	Generator Screw Set (1957-1970)	4.00
122040	Generator Screw Set (1971-up)	4.00
122041	Rocker Box Bolt Set (1957-up)	18.00
122042	Lifter Base Bolt Set (1957-up)	4.50
122043	Motor Mount Set (1957-up)	12.00
122044	Sprkt. Cover Screw Set (1957-1970)	3.50
122045	Sprkt. Cover Screw Set (1971-up)	3.50
122046	Cylinder Base Nut Set (1957-up)	6.00
122011	Timing Plug - Oil Tank Plug	2.25
122048	Head Bolt Set (1957-1971)	16.00
122049	Head Bolt Set (1972-up)	17.00
122050	Rear Fender Rail Screw Set (1957-up)	6.00
122028	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug Set (1957-1970)	7.00
122029	Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug Set (1971-up)	7.00
122053	Ignition Bracket Set (1957-up)	5.50
122013	License Plate Set	2.50

HONDA

122055	Left Side Covers Screw Set (750)	18.00
122056	Right Side Covers Screw Set (750)	12.00
122057	Rocker Box Screw Set (750)	16.00
122058	Head Nut Set (450)	7.00
122059	Motor Mount Set (750)	10.00
122060	Motor Mount Set (500)	14.00
122061	Right Side Cover Screw Set (350)	10.00
122062	Right Side Cover Screw Set (500)	11.00
122063	Rocker Box Screw Set (500)	12.00
122064	Left Side Cover Screw Set (500)	8.00
122065	Left Side Cover Screw Set (350)	13.00
122066	Rocker Box & Exhaust Nut & Screw Set	13.00
122067	Motor Mount Set (450)	17.00
122068	Rocker Box Screw Set (450)	15.00
122069	Left Side Cover Screw Set (450)	14.00
122070	Right Side Cover Screw Set (450)	13.00
122013	License Plate Set	2.50



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across something we can't
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Like Angela.

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