

Easyriders

45p

August, 1976
One Dollar

***In The Wind
at Daytona***

**Bleed For
Your Bros!**

**Far-out Choppers
and Fiction**



Black Easyriders T-shirts

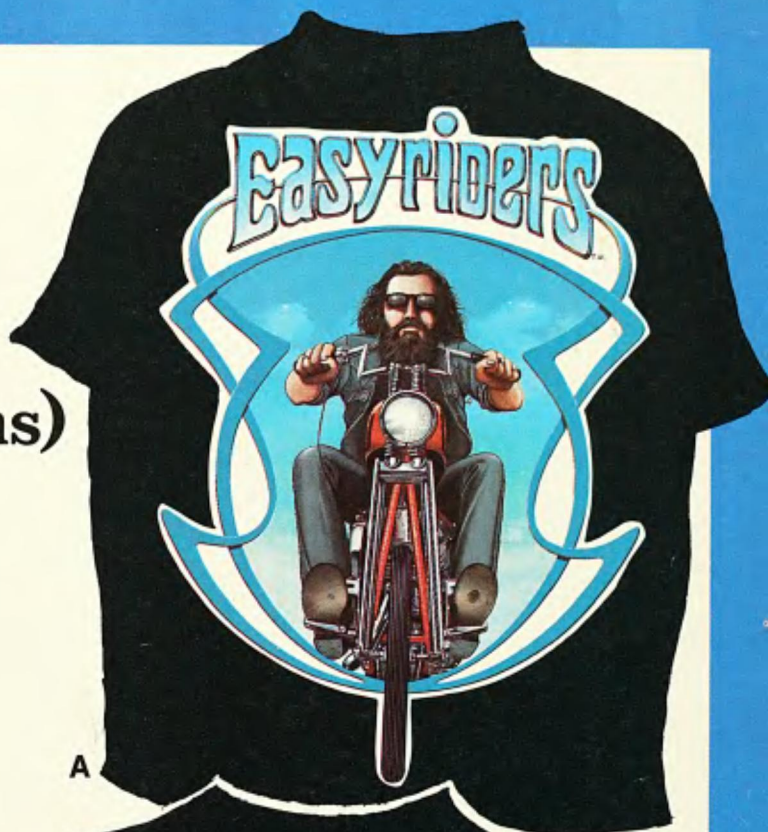
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

Hell, everyone knows the advantages of wearing a black T-shirt—why, it's like wearing your own wipe rag! Just think, now you can wear your shirt longer (won't show crud), and in emergencies you can wipe your hands on it, sop up blood, or whatever—shit, you could even clean your chrome with it.

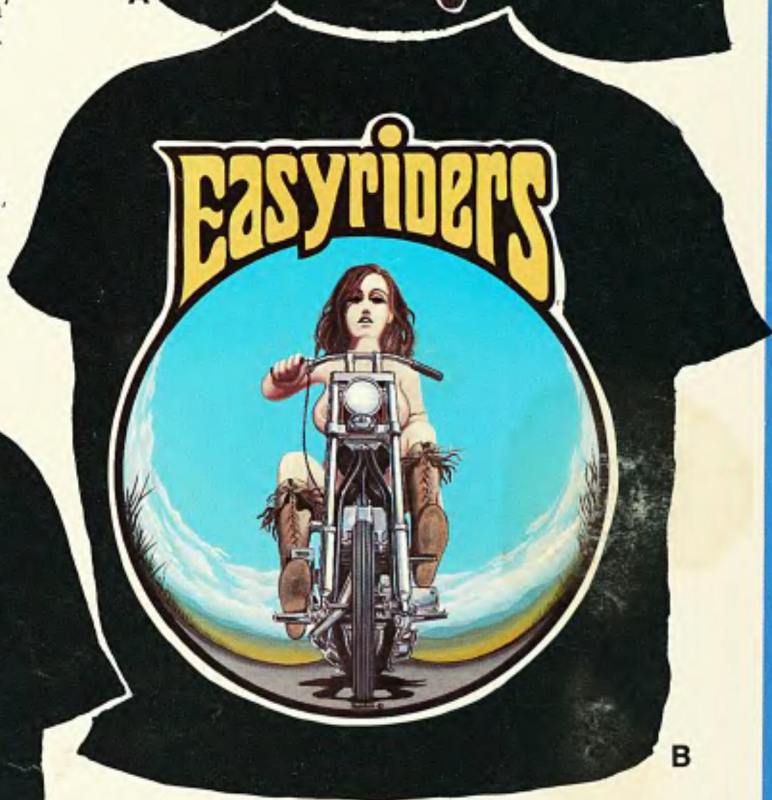
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

You'd expect to pay \$25.00 for this 100% cotton T-shirt, but we restrained ourselves, and we'll let you have one for only \$5.45, plus a paltry 50¢ for postage and handling.

So get off your ass and fire us the bread, and we'll send you your shirt so fast you'll wet your pants.



A



B



C

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Easyriders Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed \$5.95 for each shirt ordered. (\$5.45 plus 50¢ for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

FTW

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The next leg-wetlin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale July 13th.

Number 38

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Easyriders magazine Number 38, August, 1976, Vol. 6. Published every six weeks by Paisano Publications, Inc. with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1976 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints, and changes of address, must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. 1 year \$7.00, two years \$14.00 in the United States and its possessions and Canada. Add \$1.00 additional for foreign subscriptions. Single copy price \$1.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579, Return to Box 711, Burbank, California 91502. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Phone number (213) 880-4240.

Cover photo of Mary Friedland by Pete Chiodo

I've got something for you . . .

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

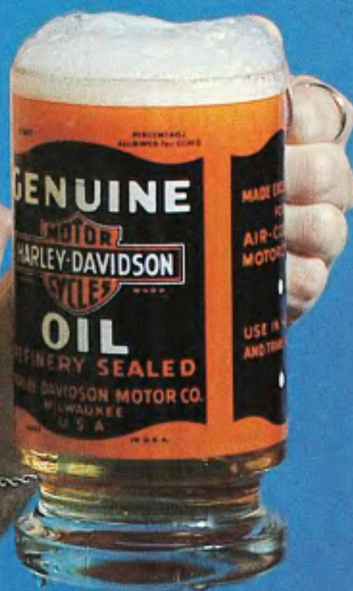
Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

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

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The Massachusetts Supreme Court has ruled that a prisoner has the right to use force in aiding a fellow inmate whom he reasonably believes to be the victim of an illegal attack—even if the attack is by prison guards.

There's an X-rated movie house in Daytona that features movies like Deep Throat and "lively topless usherettes!"

A tattooed four-letter word got a dude arrested in Australia for having an "obscene publication" on his arm!

A woman was busted recently for prostitution, and her ol' man was busted for pimping. So what? Well, she was 63 years old and he was 70!

If you want to set a record, stick 36 cigars in your mouth and smoke them all. The current record is 35.

The Danes asked, "Why not permit sex in prisons?" and promptly started a test program which puts 25 young women prisoners in cells alongside 50 male prisoners and allows each to visit the other. They (the Danes) believe that love, affection, and understanding will cure crime.

In case anyone is interested, there's a doctor in Japan who makes phony maidenheads out of sheep tissue. He calls his \$175 operation "maku saisel," which means "hymen rebirth."

A dude in Ohio called off his marriage after being shot for the third time in 16 months. "I'm no fool," he said. "I'm tired of getting shot."

A University of Michigan researcher has discovered that auto drivers over 65 have the second highest accident-per-mile rate (because of poor vision, alertness, and re-

action time). "Unlike the rest of the population," the researcher stated, "the elderly driver is seldom cited for speeding, tailgating or drunkenness—his accidents are most often . . . caused by aging." (Like not seeing the biker before he pulls a left turn in front of him.)

The California Supreme Court has ruled that the presence in court of a criminal defendant in chains might prejudice a jury and cannot be permitted unless the record shows a need for restraint. "A civilized society, in defense of its own values and in recognition of common humanity, should impose only the minimum force necessary to protect itself from even the worst offenders."

Remember to remind the narc who's thumpin' you on the gourd that the marijuana growin' in your garden is there to repel the cabbage maggot.

Big tits mean a faster ride, according to a recent experiment. Tests show that a chick with big tits will be picked up faster while hitchhiking than a chick with small tits—twice as fast!

Let-wettin' fact file: The hide of a cow—right after you skin it—weighs about 75 pounds.

Did you know that 54 percent of typical married couples have used physical force on each other at some time during their marriage?

The chick who had been raped said the only physical characteristic she noticed about her attacker was that his prick was very small. So, during the accused's trial in Texas, he was ordered to drop his drawers so the jury could have a looksee. No word yet as to whether he was able to work up a soft-on under the pressure of having 12 people ponder the size of his crank.

Did you hear about the pig in Colombia who was born with human features? Its mouth, cheekbones, and nails strongly resembled those of a human. (I swear that I've never been to Colombia—and besides, I prefer sheep.)

When asked in a survey what conditions are most likely to depress them, the shut-ins at the New Mexico pen had high on their lists "lack of transportation."

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Corn Flakes

□ In the Oct. '72 issue Spider said there were 9,137 flakes in a large box of Kellogg's corn flakes. So I made a bet with this dude, which is why I'm writing you. Spider had better check his facts, 'cause if his count was like ours (too fucked up to get it straight), it ain't worth a fuck.

Crazy Don
Ventura, Calif.

Whoever You Are

□ To the person who shot my ol' lady at the 4th Annual Indian Rally in Westfield, Mass., last year: You're a fucking asshole and probably ride a Jawa. I'll be there next year.

Wa Hoo
Albany, N.Y.

Armond Bletcher

□ It really depressed me to read of the loss of Armond. He added real class to your magazine. Obviously, he had plenty of shit together to develop such an incredible physique. Most people do not realize the determination and deprivations required of a body builder or weight lifter who dedicates himself to the sport.

Whatever the circumstances of his demise, I can only attest to the fact that many people over-react in the presence of an imposing physique, when in reality most body builders and weight men are a good-natured, easy-going bunch who don't resort to guns in a confrontation.

Warren Lynch
Rockport, Texas

□ I was reading along in your May issue and digging on your articles and tit photos when I read the thing on Armond Bletcher. What a mind fuck! And to think those bastards got off without even a citation. If that had been two bikers with

bad reps, and some straight dork came in with a so-called "menacing look on his face" and they blew his shit away, they'd be doing eternity.

Jimmy Dalton
Laconia, N.H.

□ Noticed that your staffer was killed—the big guy. Good God, if a dude says to another, "I'm going to kill you," but hasn't touched him yet, does that give others the right to beat and shoot him to death? Apparently it does. Bullshit.

Ed Armstrong
Chicago, Illinois

□ You have my heartfelt sympathy for the loss of Big Armond. After reading several articles about Armond, I felt I knew him, although I had never met the man. When I read about him being shot, I felt like I'd lost a brother.

Jlm Kirkey
Surrey, B.C., Canada

□ I damn near fell on my ass to learn of a brother's death, like that kinda gets a motherfucker where it hurts. I shared many a beer with that big bastard and there's a good chance I wouldn't be alive today if it weren't for Armond.

T. Wernette
Sheridan, Ill.

For Helmets

□ I just read through your February issue, and I can't believe how much bitchin' you people do about helmet laws! To wit, your article by Mr. Ed Armstrong discrediting some bureaucrats' idiot statistics on fatalities with and without helmet laws, or somebody advocating a protest march against these laws at Daytona! My point is this: Helmet laws, however inept, and helmet manufacturing requirements are for one purpose only. When some

fool cuts you off at sixty miles an hour, you end up in the hospital and not the bloody morgue! This may be my personal prejudice in the matter, but I don't ride without gloves, boots, and a damn good full-face helmet! I've been down a few times, almost always by someone not seeing my ass and cutting me off. I have only needed a helmet one time, but if I hadn't had it on, and long hair to boot, my brains would probably be all over the road, although I was not otherwise injured. A friend of mine split a Bell helmet into three pieces when a lady got sideways in the road and forced him into a ditch at 50mph. Another helmeted friend was stopped at a light and got rear ended. He never saw what hit him, but he's still got his jawbone in one piece to talk about it! Furthermore, I like my ol' lady, and I can't imagine letting her ride with me without a helmet! Can you give me one reason why anyone would find wearing one annoying? And please don't say "for freedom and exhilaration"—that's tripe! Helmets are cool, and you jokers are really off base if you want to protest bureaucracy by defying a law made for your own good!

W. "Zort" Albee
Athens, Georgia

■ "For your own good." Christ — how many times have we heard that line from Big Brother!

Great Minds

□ Your Mutha column implies that us bikers are mean, sex-starved perverts who would just as soon rape, eat, and ravage a young, good-looking chick as look at her. But really we are not all like that. Most of us just like to talk to chicks and find out what great minds they have. (I

figure if you print this and some young lovelies fall for it, me and the rest of my bros will have a nice summer!)

Mike
Redwood, Minn.

First Accident

□ While reading our local newspaper, I ran across this fact and thought others might be interested. It states that "the first automobile accident in the U.S. occurred in New York on May 30, 1896, when a car driven by a Massachusetts man collided with a cyclist, who was injured." It seems that their aim was as good then as it is now.

Gene Lee
Sonora, Calif.

Stone Dogs

□ The bitches in your mag are stone-cold dogs. Where do you find them? Turning tricks in bus station shitters? Me and the bros wouldn't let any of the crotch-critter K-9s in your mag even sit on our scoots.

L. D. and the Family
Shelton, Washington

Foot Man

□ Now that you got the chick with the biggest tits in the rag, how about a chick with big feet? Yeah, that's right—for us foot freaks. She'd have to have a size 13 at least. Preferably with dirty nails and hair between her toes.

Foot Freak
South Jersey

Tit Man

□ Re Suzanne's 44 ba-zooms: I'd eat a mile of comm wire just to hear her fart over a field phone.

Spike
East St. Louis, Ill.

Box Man

□ The mama who was featured in the March **Easyriders** ought to please some of those complaining tit

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 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 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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Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality! They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs. The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more. They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant. Cost is only \$8.00 each or \$15.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scoot folk. They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.



**ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY**

Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



freaks who read your outrageous rag. Still, I'm wondering—have you at **Easyriders** decided on how to please the "box men"? Nobody should complain unless you use a Girl Scout troop or something.

Space Gypsy
Coral Gables, Fla.

■ And just what's wrong with Girl Scouts?

□ When ya come right down to it your rag is really getting gross. I was just gonna lay down and relax with the March Issue when what appears before my stoned eyeballs? Some fucking broad with watermelons for tits. It's really rank to show off something like that. I sure as hell wouldn't want knockers like that, and my ol' man just about barfed up his dinner at the sight of 'em. Why don't you guys clean up your act and put a little class into your rag? Show us ol' ladies a humongous cock.

Roni Anda
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Humongous? Is that contagious?

Prefers A Bed

□ In regard to the article "Dildo of the Road" in your May issue, we are one step ahead of you. We tried getting it on at 80mph on a Hog and still prefer the privacy of our own house for muffled, head jobs, and good old-fashioned balling. It's a lot safer, plus we'd have had one hell of a time explaining the situation to The Man.

Shaggy & Boogie
Phoenix, Arizona

□ I just finished reading your May Issue and I have to say "Dildo of the Road" is really far out. If all those turkeys who bitch about **Easyriders** were to get together in one room, it would probably be the world's largest Boy Scout meeting. Jawbone Jackson, Tenn.

□ I read "Dildo of the Road" and man, there's a lot of truth there. When I first met my ol' man, his scoot turned me on more than he did, and I did almost anything for a ride.

Now I'm his ol' lady and, between him and the scoot, I stay content.

Coon's Ol' Lady
Milan, Michigan

Thanks, Bro

□ I want to express my thanks to **Easyriders** for forming ABATE, without which we'd never have got this far. Let's ride free in '76.

D. Pigott
Virginia Beach, Va.

Vengeance

□ To the person who stole my issue of **Easyriders** at the Kansas City bike show: I hope a rat crawls up your ass and dies.

Curt
Kansas City, Kan.

Best Thing

□ I think the best thing that ever happened to the division of highway safety in Utah is that Mr. Jackson does read your mag. His best quote: "I can also learn more about helmet laws from one issue of that magazine than the federal government can tell me in two years."

On my weekend radio show (KSXX Radio) there is a lot said about the sucking helmet law.

John
Salt Lake City, Utah

Likes Us

□ We want to say that your rag is really together. It's the best thing we've got to read—except for the parole list.

Snake and Blue
Anamosa, Iowa

Fruit and Meat

□ Fuck those animals! Why go in the barnyard and bust your nuts when you can go to the store and get a watermelon and some liver? It works great!

Baldy
Bridgeport, Mich.

Wacky Weed

□ I gotta say **Easyriders** is a kick in the ass—just like that good ol' wacky weed of New York. Thanks to your rag and a bowl of hash, we feel a little more at home.

Virginia and Furd
Schweinfurt, Germany

More Than A Cunt

□ It takes more to be a

righteous ol' lady than having a cunt (although having one helps). It takes some savvy to watch your ol' man's back (and your own), know how to jump, when and where, keep gas in the bike, food on the table, beer in the fridge and pot (or whatever) on hand and still keep your ass out of jail.

Metifa
Tucson, Ariz.

It Is or It Isn't

□ I think your "Change of Colors" story was the most fucked-up thing you ever printed, and if it isn't the most fucked-up, it sure runs a close second.

Dynamite
Pittsfield, Mass.

Thanks

□ My thanks to Snake for the cheap speedo trick. A much-needed addition to my rat 45.

Paint by Milt
Chas., W. Va.

We're Back

□ I'm glad to see you finally got your shit together and brought back the bad **Easyriders** magazine to Mansfield Reformatory. It was a real drag without it, 'cause my dumb cellie always talked about it, and now that it's back, he's off my back.

Phil Olszewski
Mansfield, Ohio

■ We were kicked out temporarily because of the article on the narc gun.

A Toast

□ Here's a toast to Smoke, whose picture was in the May issue of "In The Wind," from all of us here in the joint. That photo sure reminded us of the good old days. We all hope that his plants grow high and that he never gets busted.

Kevin Morgan
Anamosa, Iowa

Maynards

□ I saw your article on Maynards, and the things you said about the place were true. I was one of the people there. I've had beer poured over my head and also the best breakfast in town, cooked by Owen, who now cooks at Tugs. I've seen days when both sides of the street were lined with beautiful bikes. It was



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.

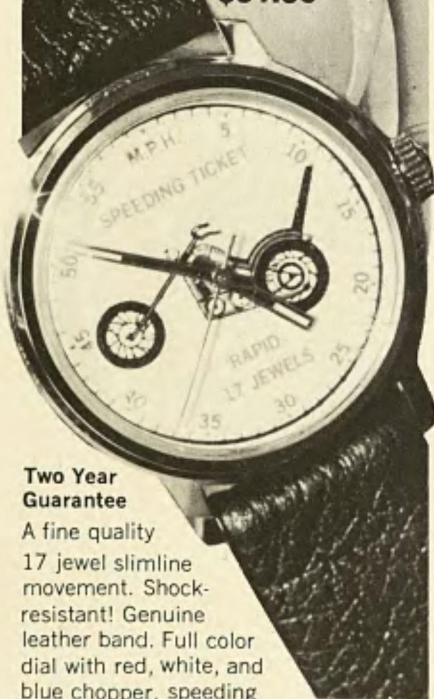
You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

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Address _____
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Immediate Delivery

a place where you could get together and have a good time without worrying about offending anyone, because there was no one to offend.

Rocktooth
San Diego, Calif.

Strange Bet

☐ Hey, you know that nasty babe on the page with your subscription blank in the May issue? Well, my ol' lady swears you guys fucked that picture around by putting a dude's head on a chick's body. I say it's a real chick—head and all. What do you say? I have a half-ass bet ridin' on this, and I could sure dig a reply.

N. L. G.
Bellflower, Calif.

■ You win. Tell your ol' lady all the broads at **Easyriders** look like that and are offended by her accusation.

Monotony Breaker

☐ You are to be commended for your policy of giving complimentary subscriptions to prison libraries. I know many biker inmates who enjoy **Easyriders** more than any other publication. It helps to pass the time and break the monotony.

The Motorcycle Minister
Mesa, Arizona

Lunkheads

☐ I wanted to tell you your trashy magazine came here and promptly went into the ash can. My son is underage, doesn't have a cycle, and has no business looking at your trashy broads. Please send no more trash to this address. The language is deplorable and very unfit and a waste of paper it is printed on. So there — you dumb, worthless lunkheads.

Mrs. G.
Brunswick, Ohio

Don't Die! Don't Die!

☐ To all bikers everywhere: All bikers riding today have one thing in common—they're alive! Living bikers ride, dead bikers rot.

All your lives, ever since you were born, your mothers, and fathers, and all the assholes around you have told you that someday you gotta die, and if you live long enough, you'll get old and fuckin' burned out.

Well, it's bullshit! Pure

bullshit. There are critters that have been living (no shit) over a million years. You see, livin' is easier than dyin'. Once, a long time ago, everybody lived for thousands of years. Then some assholes started talking people into dyin' by tellin' lies about bullshit like heaven and hell, and spirits and shit.

But none of that means shit because you don't have to die if you don't want to! If you'd rather die than live, I invite you to do it now 'cause you're no fuckin' good to anyone, not even yourself! But if you'd rather live, or even if you can find a couple of reasons to put off dyin' I'd be glad to share what I know with you.

T. A. (Lizard) Laurien
c/o General Delivery
Chula Vista Post Office,
Calif. 92012

Loves It

☐ I've read several articles about how tough it is being an ol' lady! Then to top it off, saying it's for their bikes! I agree. I dig my ol' man's Sporty as much, if not more, than I do him, but if I didn't dig him, I'd find another dude with a Sporty. Bikers are animals and animals are the best lovers and I'll take any kind of shit as long as there's a bike in the house and a biker in me.

Love It!
Ford City, Pa.

Bad Influence

☐ I showed my copy to a buddy who's a shrink. After pissing all over the living room of his hideously expensive house, he dashed

out and got himself a Sportster. The first time out he huffed up a bunch of coke and clipped off a speed limit sign four and a half feet above the ground. Swears he's gonna do it again as soon as he gets out of the cast. Hell of an influence you people have.

"Nightmare" Morris
Springfield, Mo.

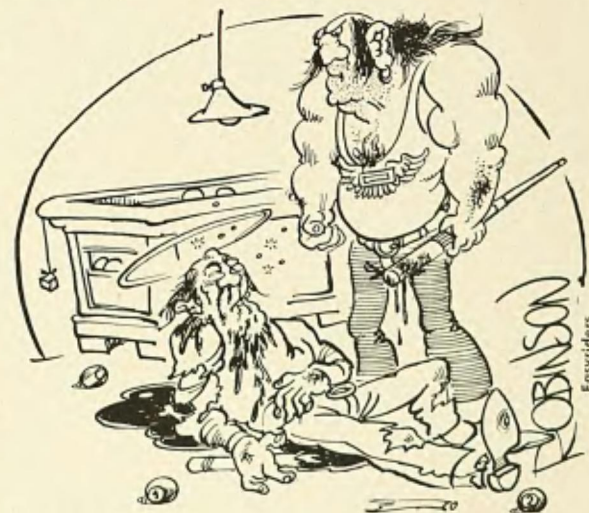
American Outlaw

☐ The American Outlaw Association, of which I am a member, has, at last count, 55 brothers in different prisons from Wisconsin to Florida, with the majority having twenty years or more stacked on them.

My club not only got the lawyer together for my case and appeal, it has kept money in my account, writes my nine other brothers at Ralford and myself letters on what's happening, and visits regularly at the prison. This goes on not only in the Florida chapter, but all over the Outlaw Nation. Any club that can't do this for their brothers sure as fuck don't know what a brotherhood of bikers is about.

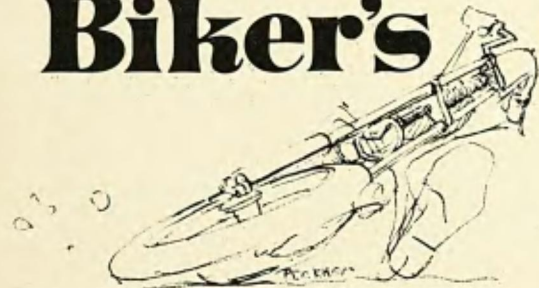
"Big Art" 1%er
Florida Outlaw

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



"You're right, man—the wood cue is more durable!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Lights-on laws...

The AMA spent considerable time in 1975 presenting data to state legislators to try to dissuade them from enacting mandatory lights-on laws.

According to an AMA 28-state survey, states without laws requiring daytime operation of motorcycle headlights fared better in accident statistics than those which require lights on.

Sixteen states now require lights on; 26 states introduced lights-on proposals last year, but only two, West Virginia and Minnesota, made them law. AMA counts that as a victory.

Two states, Oregon and Maine, voted down lights-on repealers.

—Cycle Age

Hey, DOT—wake up!

The analogy has been drawn that mandatory helmet laws are suspiciously similar to mandatory seat belt laws (which are no longer with us, of course). A May editorial in the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader* put it its way: "Generally, government tends to be on its firmest ground when it seeks to protect the individual from others; similarly, government tends to be on its weakest ground when it seeks to protect the individual from himself."

—Cycle Age

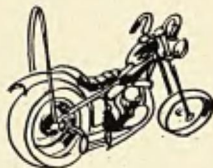
No mention of ABATE?

As this is written, a joint Senate-House Conference Committee will convene to iron out differences between the Senate and House versions of the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1975... After the deliberations have been completed by the committee, the legislation will return for a final vote by both Houses. From there it goes to the President's desk for a signature. He must accept or veto the bill in its entirety, and the chances of a veto are slim.

This is one of motorcycling's biggest legislative victories. The effectiveness of the American Motorcycle Association's legislative efforts in this case is overwhelming. The proof is now before us that motorcyclists as a group can be a powerful political force. The DOTies now know that in the future they will have to take steps to propose meaningful programs with merit, if they are to be accepted. Coercion can no longer be a factor. We will no longer accept legislation or regulation for its own sake.

—Randy Riggs
Cycle World

How about some thanks to ABATE?—Editor



Changes at H-D...

The biggest problem with Harley... is that of quality control. Consider the price—almost \$4,000 for an electric-start Super Glide. With little in the way of warranty, nothing in the way of tools, and a general dealer attitude resembling a shark swerving for the kill.

However, the picture isn't totally bleak. The solution, oddly enough, may come from the least likely of sources. AMF is instituting a new program to pick up the product.

Bleustein didn't try to evade the issue, or paint a rosy picture. There are problems, and those problems must be solved. He's already increased the number of quality control engineers by 20 percent. In the very near future, all Harley engines will be rubber-mounted, a la Norton, and given a better dynamic balance. This should be interesting.

There is, somewhere in the works for hopefully next year, an 1100cc bike, to fall between the 74 and Sportster, without replacing either bike.

The 750 vee-twin overhead cam isn't going to be offered for at least another year.

—Chris Bunch
Choppers

So long Cafe Racer...

We don't want to punch anyone's bubble, but it is now well known fact that the cafe racer has not caught on as some bike magazine editors wished or predicted. Oh, every biking community has its share of funny little kooks who spend Sunday morning crouched in their peculiar wooly monkey stance behind a Wixom fairing, but they number few and represent a distinct minority. The cafe racer's fastest move, it turns out, is toward joining the dodo bird.

—Custom Chopper

1984 in Los Angeles...

... planners, meanwhile, are discussing the use of "disincentives" instead of incentives. Making public transit more desirable hasn't increased ridership, they reason, so maybe we should make private transit—the automobile—less desirable and force people onto public transit that way.

To this end, the head of Caltrans (California's State Department of Transportation) has publicly admitted that the main purpose of a proposed exclusive bus lane on the Santa Monica Freeway is not to let buses move faster, but to close off a lane to cars, increasing congestion and slowing down the remaining lanes in the hope that some drivers will get so frustrated that they'll stop driving and switch to buses.

George Orwell, are you listening?

—John Pashdeg
Motor Trend

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Where'd I Go Wrong?

As I rode down Main Street for the eighth time, The Man gave me a super close look and I thought "Oh shit, here we go again." So I continued to ride along until, sure as shit, I caught the reflection of a flashing blue

light in the window of an A&P store. I didn't bother to look back because I knew exactly who that motherfucker was looking for.

I pulled up close to the curb and shut it down. I was starting to formulate the rap of bullshit that

I was going to lay on this bastion of society when I turned in my saddle to look back and see this six-foot, 220-lb. impression of cold steel. The cop took four steps toward me and for some reason, as the sun hit him full, I thought I recognized him. But then I thought, "Who do I know that eats shit?" My thoughts were broken when I felt a chill because the sun had been blocked out by this blue pain in the ass.

When I looked up, instead of seeing a face that I thought would be saying, "Freeze, freak," I saw a smiling face and heard a voice that said, "I knew it was you! When you pulled that wheelie at the last light. Nobody could handle a bike like you, Brad." I took a real close look and damn near shit myself. I was looking into the face of my younger brother, who, when I had last seen him, had more pimples than a skin-treatment ad. He always wanted to go on runs with me and always wanted to learn how to ride. I used to think that someday he'd be a good biker, but right now I was looking at the end result of that thought.

I looked bewildered and said with a question in my voice, "Frank? Frank, is that really you? You little asshole, you goin' to a costume party or something?" Frank grinned and replied, "Yeah, Brad, it's really me and I'm a cop." He said it with more pride than I thought it rated. I said, "Well, how ya been? Oh, and how about callin' me Knuckle. I feel more comfortable with that handle than my Christian one." Frank said, "Yeah, sure, it's ok with me. I've been fine. Married and got a kid. We all kind of wondered where you went to eight years ago. But I see you

—Continued on page 63



By John (Hoss) Ferrari

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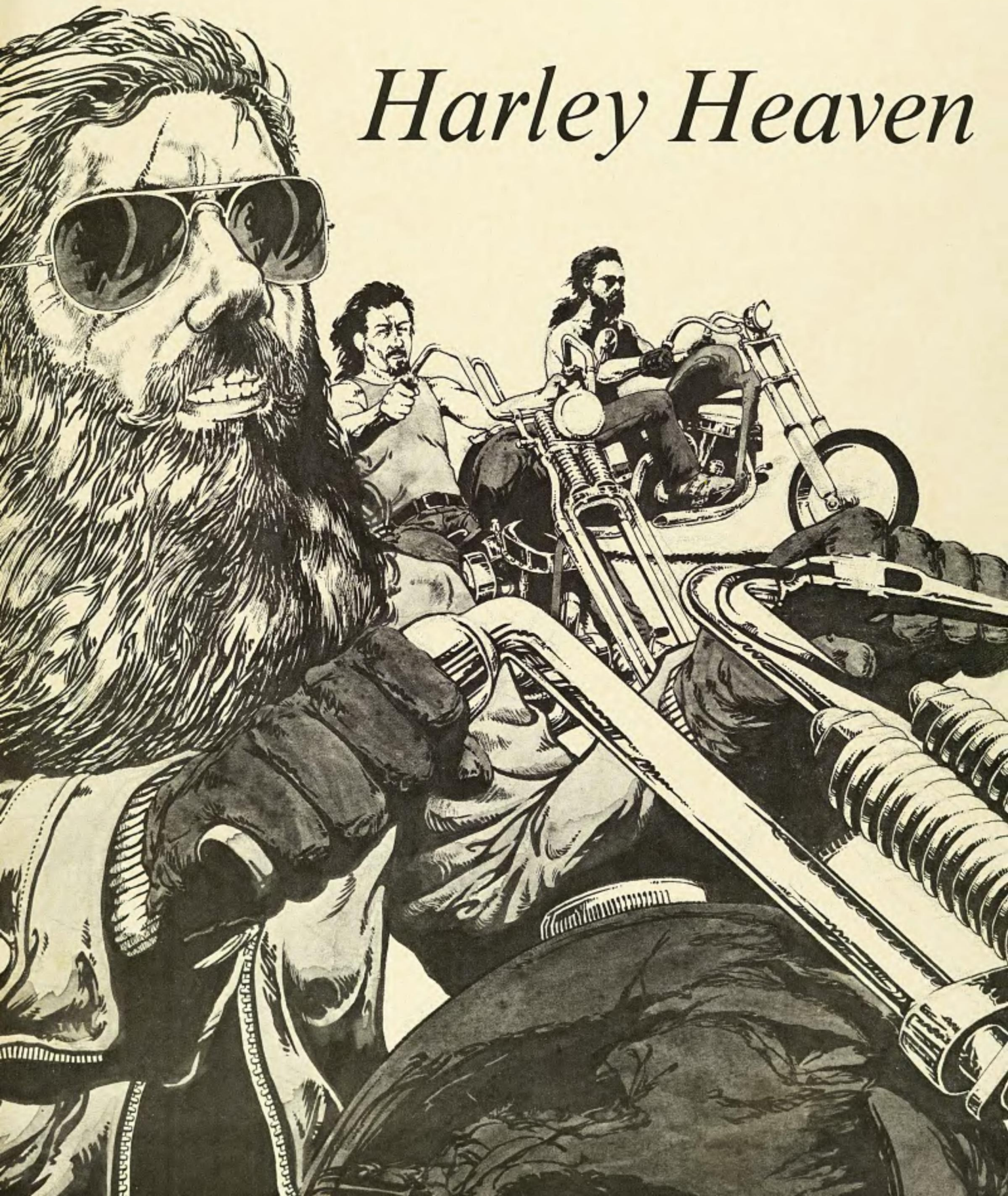
☐ HARLEY WINGS	☐ HONDA	☐ MIRACULOUS MUTHA
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☐ SPORTSTER	☐ SKULL	

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Harley Heaven



Grease glanced up and down the dark street. Seeing nothing, he switched off the throbbing 80-incher. Even in the darkness the big bike's chrome sparkled—maybe reflecting light from the few faint stars. If Grease didn't respect anything or anyone in the world, he respected—or worshiped is better—his bike that had been carefully stolen piece by piece and carefully assembled piece by piece all by his own hand. Lights off, he coasted into the alleyway and came to a stop beside a dark old garage. He backed the long bike into the shadows between a tree and the barn. He left the key in the switch, patted his baby and whispered, "If I gotta get outta here fast, you fuckin' well better start on two kicks." Grease knew his Harley would understand, would respond to his intimidating love. It had a Harley soul, which was as near to an awareness of religion as Grease ever got.

He slunk up to another, even darker barn with huge locks on the front doors. A sign was roughly painted in blood red on the side door, *Keep the fuck outta here—The Righteous Fuckers*. And there was a skull and cross bones.

Standing quietly in the dark, Grease reflected on the outta-sight pair of brand new disked-mag Harley wheels sitting inside among the

tools and the bikes in various stages of assembly. Two new wheels ready to go on that fucker Monk's bike. Monk was the president of the Righteous Fuckers. The smart asshole, thought Grease, remembering the year-long hassle he had getting the patch, the shit he had to put up with, the oath to obey the club's one rule: *Fuck anybody else—but don't fuck another biker*. In Grease's mind bikers were the only people to fuck. Who else but bikers had the bike parts he had to have? Fuck 'em in the ass, the wheels belong to whoever has them. He knew what had happened to a patch-holder in the past who'd been caught taking parts from the club barn. The crazy turds beat the fucker three different times—each time sendin' him back to the hospital. He finally split for parts unknown.

The club was out at Run's End partying to celebrate the end of the helmet law in the state. The party would last days, maybe weeks. Grease had put in an excuse—something like he was dyin' of the Hong Kong crank itch he'd gotten from an old whore on the Mexico run.

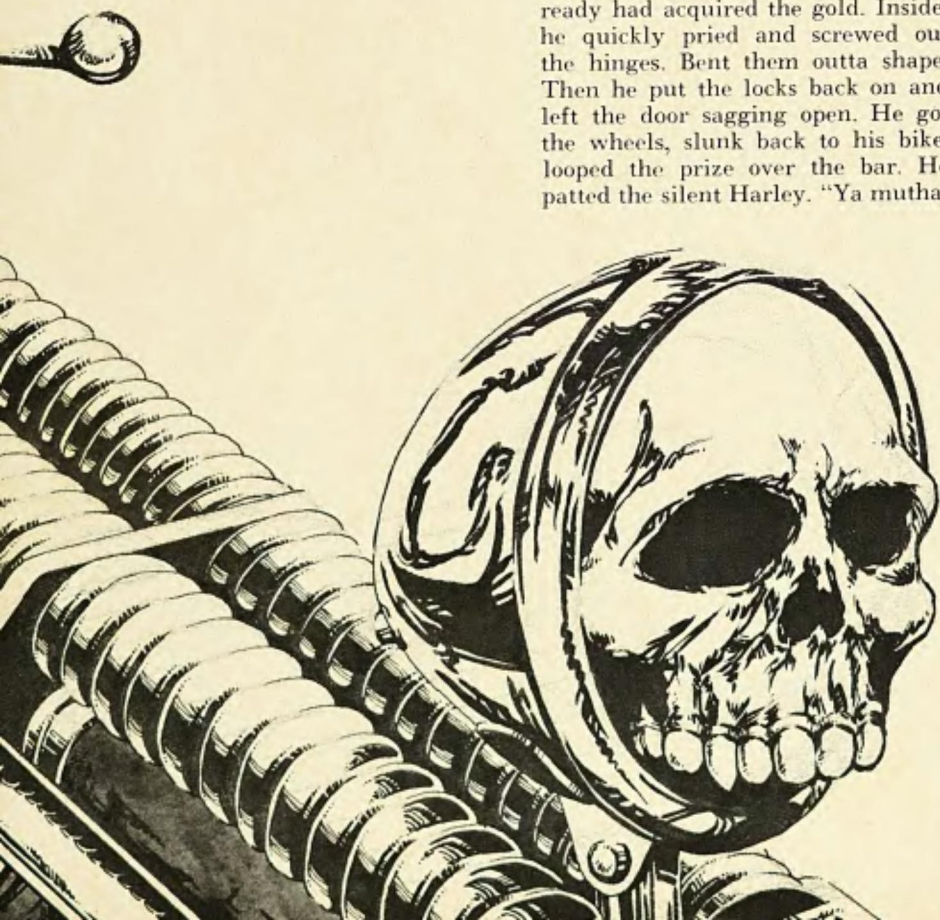
He unlocked the door. Opened it. His plan: drop the wheels in the two gunny sacks he had, tie 'em up and loop them over his sissy bar and split. He'd get them on his bike after he got 'em gold plated—and he already had acquired the gold. Inside, he quickly pried and screwed out the hinges. Bent them outta shape. Then he put the locks back on and left the door sagging open. He got the wheels, slunk back to his bike, looped the prize over the bar. He patted the silent Harley. "Ya mutha-

fuckin' bitch," he hissed, "I'll send ya ta the special hell where all Hondas go if ya don't start by number two." The Harley knew when he really meant a threat and when he was just blowing hot air. Switch on, he reared up to kick it over. He heard a sound, looked up.

"Freeze, Grease!" It was the fuckin' bastard Monk, and someone was with him. "What the fuck ya got there, Grease?" He kicked down hard and his baby blasted off. He grinned even in his predicament. "A real Harley Heaven for ya, baby," he whispered. He kicked in low, let go the clutch just as a big hand grabbed his greasy leather vest. The vest was so greasy the hand slipped off as he wound it out, throwing alley debris with the spinning rear wheel into the faces of Monk and the other dude. At the end of the alley the long bike turned into the street like it was hinged in the middle and ran on rails. He twisted the throttle all the way, lifting the front wheel. He'd have to split for good, he knew, or he'd be dead. He headed for the super-highway turn-off. He looked back and saw two lights side by side—a car or two bikes? Ahead a half-mile was the highway turn-in. He flicked on his lights and prepared to slow down to 80 for the 25mph curve. Over the blast of his own bike he heard the roar back of him. He held it at 90, hopin' no fuckin' four-wheelers were on that highway. Then he saw a bouncing light on the road beside him—those fuckers must be doin' 110—and he twisted his own throttle and leaned into the turn on the inside, screamed around, edging over, desperately holding on. Suddenly, halfway around the long circle, Monk's bike loomed beside him. A boot clouted his leg as his speedo hit 100, and he felt the bike slipping into the gravel. "Sheeit!" he screamed, and that was his very last pronouncement upon the state of the world on this earth.

Time was nothing, it seemed. He stood beside an open gate. It led to a highway so wide and smooth he couldn't believe it. Where the fuck am I, he thought as he heard, then saw, a group of about 25 bikers puttin' along the highway. The bikes about blew his mind. All Harleys, and some of them extended 20 feet at least, and they all gleamed like nothing he'd ever seen. Every rider had an outta-sight woofie leaning lazily back on the sissy bar. Some of them waved. Then he saw a bike beside the gate house. He stared at it.

—Continued on page 56



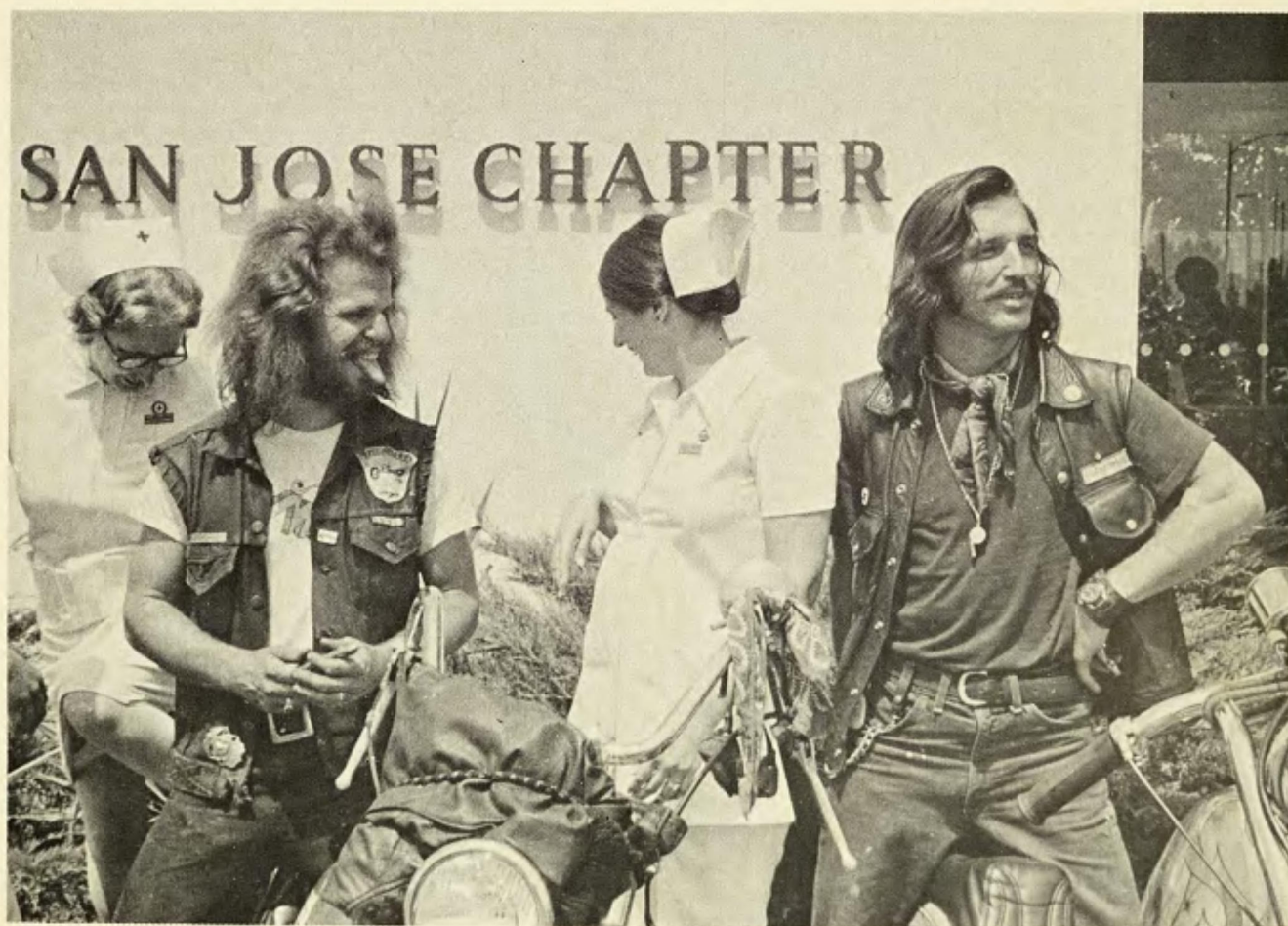
Bleed For Your Brothers

Here's another example of how bros can help each other. Have a Blood Run. No, not the kind you have at the local booze and brawl joint—that's called bloodshed. We're talkin' about a regular bike run—only one with a purpose. A run to a hospital to donate blood to be used either for yourself or a bro, if either should ever centerpunch a Detroit barge that hangs a left in front of you.

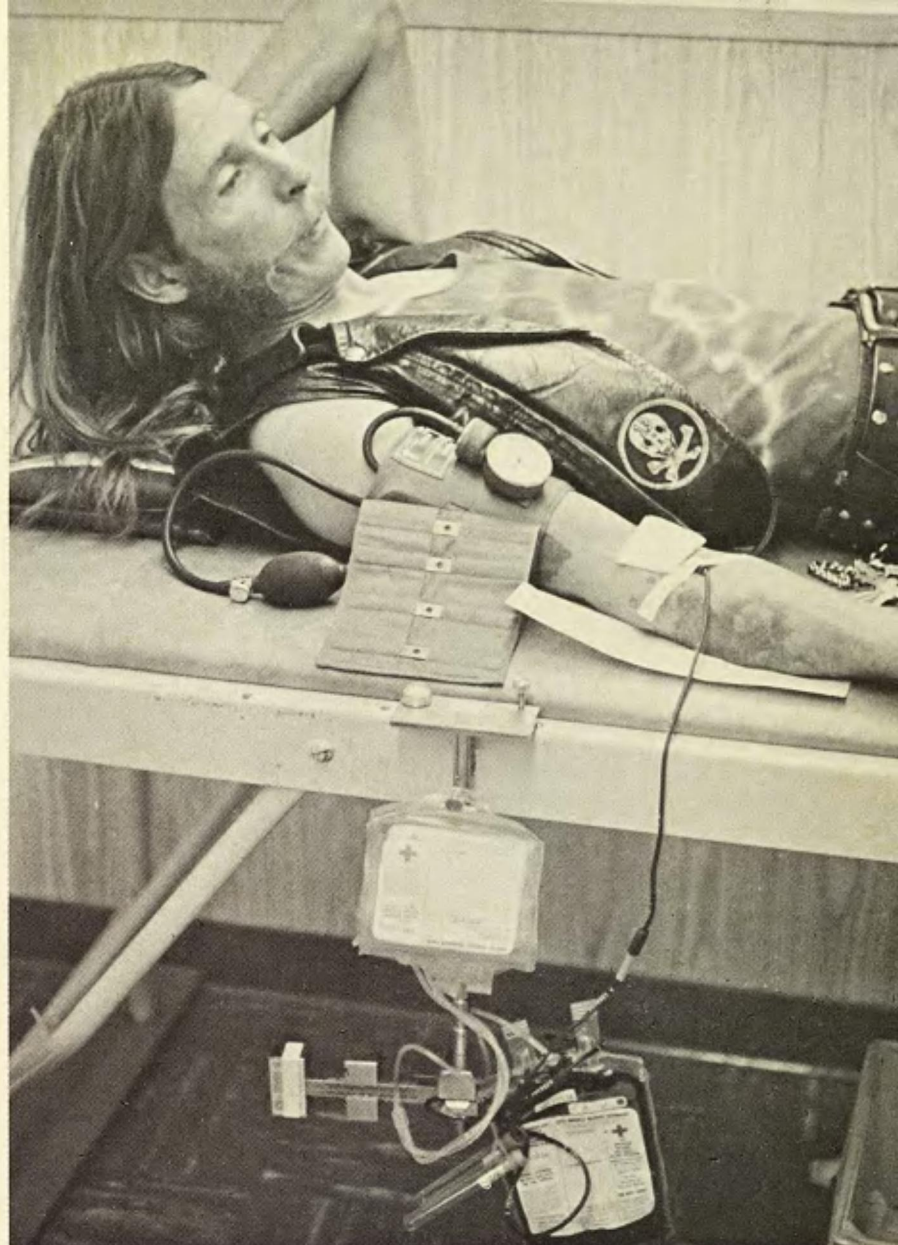
The people shown here are members of the Unforgiven Sinners on an MMA Blood Run. The run was held early in the morning

cause everyone had to be straight—the hospital didn't want to pump blood into some mangled dude and get him loaded.

The process is simple. They determine your blood type. Take a pint of the good stuff. Then they give you cookies and coffee or orange juice to get you back together. Next they give you a card that says you have free blood coming to you, should you or a bro (you can donate it) ever need it. After that it's a run to the usual good-time places and party time.



Photos by WinoJoe



Ripe For a Killing

By Foy Campbell

Spider awoke with a headache, blinking red eyes against the Texas sun that was pouring through the open blinds. His thoughts were muddled, and for a groggy minute or two he could remember nothing of the night before. But a little at a time, it began coming back to him. He remembered being nasty drunk at Frenchy's party. Frenchy always threw fine parties, with plenty of beer and plenty of women. But not even a night's boozing had elevated Spider's mood of the day before, and at the party he'd almost thrown a punch at Big Al. Which would have been a bad mistake, since Al was 6-4 and 245 pounds of mean muscle. Some chick had talked Spider into leaving by promising him a couple of reds at her place, and he grinned when he recalled how he almost dropped his bike when he kicked it over. He was forced to admit he *had* been loaded.

He stood up unsteadily and remained completely still with his eyes closed for a full minute while the pounding behind them subsided. Christ, he thought, I've got to get my shit together quick. Today's *the day* and this deal can't be fucked up because of me.

He groped his way into the bathroom and splashed cold water on his face, staring numbly into the mirror. He regarded his lean, tough face without expression and absent-mindedly fingered the jagged 3-inch scar that began at the corner of his mouth and ended in a red pucker in the middle of his cheek—a memento picked up in a brawl long ago in an east Texas bar, courtesy of a kicker with a broken beer bottle.

He put his clothes on quickly over his tautly muscled frame and pulled on his boots while fishing under his mattress for a baggie he knew was

there. Pulling it out, he quickly did a mental estimate of the number of little white crosses remaining—about 50, he figured. He popped four of them in to his mouth, swallowed them dry, and walked out the back door to the garage. Inside sat his only real possession, a silver-grey chopper whose chromed '53 panhead engine gleamed in the dim interior. It fired on the third kick, the staccato roar of the pipes clattering off the walls of the adjacent houses. He kicked the bike into gear and shot out into the street. He was headed for Fat Dave's and, he hoped, the first step in a scheme that would make enough money to set him up for a year. No work, no worry, no hassles—a year's free ride. He couldn't help grinning into the spring air as he felt the first small but exhilarating rushes from the speed he'd swallowed. . . .

Austin is situated in almost the exact center of Texas, in a country of rolling hills along the Colorado River. The nearest point on the Mexican border is Laredo, a little more than 200 miles due south, and just across the line is Nuevo Laredo, a classic Mexican border town specializing in women, booze, and dope. The Austin-Laredo dope run is almost a central Texas tradition, and more drugs pass through Austin in any given month than through almost any other city between the east and west coasts.

But the heat had become really fierce lately and Spider knew that two of his friends had been popped within the last three months, trying to bring grass across the border. Of course, heavy heat made supplies scarce and the prices were now higher than he could remember their being during any other time of his six-year residence in Austin. It was

time for a killing, all right—the the prices in cities like Washington and New York would be astronomical, and dealers in those places would pay plenty for good Mexican weed.

The right people with the right plan could clean up. Dave had had the plan for some time but had refused to discuss the details until the day of the score, knowing that too much advance talk would invite disaster. Spider knew little more than that Charlie was to buy the marijuana and drive it back. Dave and a few selected buddies were supposed to assist the deal, but Spider didn't know how. He was on his way to find out.

Fat Dave lived a few miles out of town on what had once been a small farm. Spider could see by the bikes parked in front of the house that most of the people involved in the plan were already there. He left his chopper alongside the others, ticking to itself as it began to cool off in the shade of the porch. He entered without knocking. Immediately, the sweet smell of burning marijuana filled his nostrils and Skunk thrust a joint into his hand.

"Hey, hoss," Skunk grinned, "I didn't know whether you'd make it or not after I caught your act last night."

Spider grinned back, his lungs holding on as long as possible to the first toke of the day while he surveyed Skunk up close. Skunk was short and stocky, and always dressed in the same greasy jeans and grimy khaki shirt, a fact which contributed to a personal aroma that was the origin of his name, although no one really cared. Spider quickly glanced around—Big Al, Fat Dave, Skunk. Everyone was here but Charlie.

—Continued on page 69



Bob DinLocker

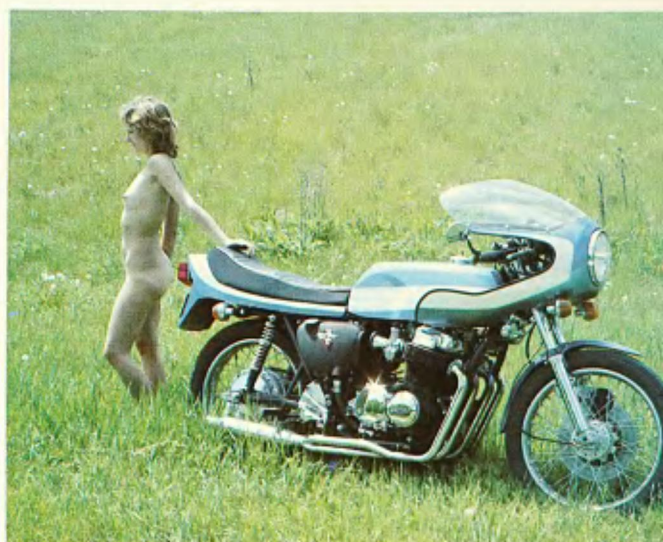


Photo Trip

Holy Shit! Instant fuckin' panic, man. Picture it. There we were, that sweet naked little jail-bait, one big fuckin' cop, and little ol' me. I won't even mention the ... uh ... "unusual" numbers on my bike.

Not one hour ago, I'd decided that it was about time to get off my ass and take some pictures of my scooter, and, what the hell, I might as well hit the fuckin' beach and see if I couldn't scare up a snatch or two to drape over my bike. Ya know, to sorta add some class to the fuckin' thing, and just maybe, with a little luck, I might get laid.

So I putted on over, and, lucky me, I found her right away, just sorta wanderin' around on the fuckin' beach. I talked a little shit to her, ya know, like how I was a big-time photographer, and had this particular assignment, blah blah blah. She bought it, slid that cute little ass of hers on the back of the bike, and off we went.

I've never really been able to ride a fuckin' bike at anything less than the speed limit, and shit, since it seemed like she was really gettin' off on the fuckin' speed, I grabbed another handful of throttle and screwed it on. Well, the faster I went, the more she dug it, so I redlined the mother, settled down, and, watched the world as it blurred past.

I guess I was doin' somewhere around 130, when I spotted one

of them sneaky motherfuckers. You know, the friendly radar cop, that we've all met at one time or another. He was hidin' just around a sweeping right-hand turn. And I love sweeping right-hand turns. Now, this asshole must've thought that I was dumber than he was, 'cause he jumped up out of his car, shoutin' and wavin', like he really thought I was gonna pull over!

I gave him a big fuckin' grin and waved right back, as the wind I was makin' blew his fuckin' hat right off his head. It was truly beautiful, 'cause he was too fuckin' busy chasin' his hat to chase me, and by the time he found the way back to his car, I guess it must've been just too fuckin' late.

Yessir, just scootin' down the road we were, snakin' through the turns and takin' it all in, when I spied what looked like a nice peaceful spot, with nobody around. So, I pulled over, took out my camera, rolled up a bomber, and fired up.

We were just talkin' and giglin' for a while, real innocent like. But, ya know what? When I started takin' pictures, she really dug it! She was stickin' her tits out this way and her ass out the other way. I loved it.

I figured it wouldn't hurt to ask so I said, "Hey, what the fuck are you hidin' under that stupid bikini?" And then I freaked, 'cause she didn't answer, she just gig-

gled, stepped out of the fucker, and gave it to me. I stuck it in my pocket, and went absolutely crazy takin' pictures.

Then, all of a sudden, she jumped up and ran around behind the bike.

When I asked her what the fuck she was doin', this big cop behind me asked **me** what the fuck I was doin'.

"I ... uh ... well, ya see, officer, she ... uh."

"Well," he said through a big shit-eatin' grin, "I'll give ya credit for one thing, kid, she sure is a cute little number."

Oh Christ, I thought, if he keeps talkin' about numbers, and looks at my bike, I'm really gonna be in shit! I had to do something, and fast. But what?

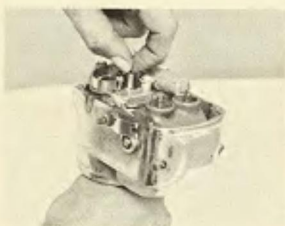
Then it hit me. So, I turned around real casual like, and with a knowing sorta smile on my face, I reached into my back pocket and handed that little yellow bikini right to the cop.

"She really digs cops, man, I whispered. "Wait till you see this!" Then I strolled over to the bike and told the chick that she could come out now; everything was cool 'cause this particular cop was a really good friend of mine.

I wish I'd had more film, 'cause when she walked over and smiled at that fucking cop, it would have made a beautiful picture and the odds were now that he wouldn't check out my bike. He didn't. ■

Magneto Madness

Magnetos have been praised and pissed on ever since someone took a Fairbanks Morris off a Sporty and plugged it into the distributor hole on a 74. And since I also have had my ups and downs, starts and won't starts with magnetos, the search for solutions and remedies for mag problems has continued for some moons now. I haven't run into any "this will do the number" products, or wizard-like ways of setting them up. But I have discovered a couple of possible problems with custom mag setups, possible helpful tune-up procedures, and one spark-boosting product to assist the tractor mag. If anything else—carburetion, timing, valves—isn't right with the bike,



1



2



3



4

nothing can be done to a mag to override the other problems. But if the scooter is up to par in the rest of the departments and simply lacks the umph to get started the way it should, these tips may help.

Just a slight alteration in the timing procedure can possibly make the difference. Try setting the gap on the spark plugs at between .018 and .020. The bossman at Bomar Magneto said that a .014 point setting will put out the hottest spark for his mag. According to Bomar, to have a magneto shoot the strongest spark to the plugs, the points must be set as close to the magneto flux, or peak, as possible. A distributor system works on dwell, whereas the magneto has this peak to contend with. Consequently, to set the mag for the strongest possible zap, it must be set per the peak and not the dwell setting as prescribed by H-D. However, the people at Joe Hunt have experimented and find that a .018 or .019 point gap setting works better for low end, which would effect starting. So if you've been setting your points at .022 or .020 (H-D setting) and you have trouble getting the bomb started, you might try .014 for the hottest spark and a .018-.020 spark plug gap. If the scoot then starts with reasonable ease, you have nearly the strongest spark possible flashing down on top of the pistons, which would be the way to go for racers. If the sled continues to be rough to start, try a larger point gap, say .018 to .019, which may iron out the starting problem and still give the bike a stronger spark than a distributor will.

The next problem is not (hopefully) common to all custom mags, but it still is a hassle that can easily go unnoticed and cause the bike to be one big-assed dog when it comes to starting. The next time the plastic top is off the ol' mag body, jiggle the point lobe back and forth (1), without swinging the entire shaft. Just jiggle it lightly. There should be very

little play there. If there is considerable play you can see what it could be doing to the timing while you're kicking the monster. If it's bad, it means separating the base of the mag from the stool it sits on and shimming the allen wrench type stud (2) with anything from tinfoil to shim stock to take up as much of the play as possible. There is probably enough lash in the timing gears to throw the timing off slightly without the point lobe flopping around in the mag.

And lastly, a magneto's spark depends on the speed at which the mag is whipping around in its cage. The faster it spins, the hotter the spark. So while you're kicking the turkey over, it may lack the spark needed to turn the poof backing out the carb into a solid rev. Some bros have started using a heftier condenser on their bikes to assist that feeble spark at lower revs. This condenser (3) is made by Mallory, and the part number is 25010. Call around to the different auto parts houses in the area and ask if they carry Mallory parts. If you pick one up, disconnect the old condenser and mount this unit to an outside cover screw and hook the lead to the grounding screw on the outside of the mag. (4). Follow the instructions with the condenser and be sure that it's grounded correctly. If everything else is right, the heavy-duty Mallory condenser will boost the mag while your foot is in action getting the bike running. And it's a wonder, but the Mallory part is guaranteed for as long as it's installed!

These suggestions won't add any inches to a 74. And they won't keep it from running out of gas. But if the ol' mill isn't starting within 20 or 30 kicks they might save you a right leg or the kicker gears in the trans. We all know how sweaty, and embarrassing it is to kick your guts out in front of a bunch of bros or the sweetest thing you've wanted to hold onto in a week.

—Weed



All of us mamas dig Easyriders too!

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

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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



By G. D. Peel

Two Sacred Things

It hadn't been a good day for Keech. All starting when he awoke to a sharp pain in his ribs and the sound of his ol' lady screaming. When he opened his eyes, he was looking at the toes of a pair of badly worn cowboy boots. He studied them for a minute and then looked up to see 240 pounds of pure redneck looking down at him. Keech stood up so quickly he thought his head was going to fall off, which reminded him of the night before and all the brew he and the ol' lady had soaked up. His head cleared a little and he noticed there were two other cowboys. He saw that one of them had hold of Sadie with his arms around her and his hands on her tits. Now Keech was no fool, but like any other true badass biker, he didn't take to anyone fucking with his scooter, or his pussy. He lunged at the dude but didn't get three feet before he felt something hit him solidly behind the ear. He fell to his knees, his head spinning, then felt the boot smash into his face. . . .

He opened his eyes and saw Sadie hovering over him, nursing him as she always did when somebody had gotten the best of him. He realized he was in Hack's bedroom.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Like two tons of stamped ram shit."

She smiled weakly. He saw the bruise on her cheek and the swelling around her eyes and mouth.

"What the fuck did they do to you?"

"Oh nothing," she told him. "Now lay still. I'll be right back."

As she went through the door, Hack came in. "How's your head, Keech?"

"It's all right. How'd we get here?"

"Well, Smokey and I went over to your house this morning to pick you up for the run, but ya weren't there so we went lookin' for ya. Thought maybe ya crashed and burned on your way home from the party."

"Yeah, well that fucker ran out of gas again, and since I had the sleeping bags on the bike for the run, we just spent the night right

there. Some day, I'll get rid of that fucking tank. Did Sadie tell you what they did to her?"

"Well, I don't think she's tellin' us the whole story, man. She claims they just slapped her around a little after they put you out. I think there's more to it, but she's afraid if she tells ya, you'll get your ass wasted tryin' to get 'em."

"Gimme a smoke, Hack." Keech thought a moment as he lit the cigarette. Dumb broad, he thought, as a sick feeling came over him. She was his only real weakness; he could stand most anything except the thought of anybody laying a hand on her.

He'd met her two years before when he was riding with Smokey and Hack through Nevada. They had stopped in a small town to straighten the forks on Hack's bike after he'd high-sided a corner a few miles outside of town. After finding an old rundown machine shop with an old geezer to match who thought he could fix 'em, they'd decided to test the brew and try out the local talent. They'd gone to a redneck-looking bar called the Gold Star.

As they walked in, the first thing Keech noticed was Sadie, sitting at a table with two other dollies. They sat down at the bar, but Keech kept his eyes on her. She had the most gorgeous blonde hair he had ever seen. As he watched her, somebody dropped a quarter into the jukebox. Keech saw this as his chance and rushed over to ask her to dance.

They were dancing and he was laying his smoothest line on her, when a drunken cowboy tried to cut in. Keech brushed him off as coolly as he could, but of course the redneck wasn't going to be put off so easily. Well, there isn't much sense going into it, but Keech got his shit stomped and that's how Sadie began taking care of him.

Keech came out of his daydream as Sadie came back into the room. Her face looked even worse than before, and as he looked at her the sick feeling crept over him again.

"Now tell me what the hell they did to ya!"

"I told ya before, nothing really.

They just slapped me because I tried to flag down a car after they hit you."

"Get me my fucking clothes."

"Where you going?"

"Never mind, just get me the goddam clothes."

She knew she couldn't stop him. She'd have to ask Hack and Smokey to go with him.

Keech stood up and pulled on his pants. The dull pain he had in the back of his head became more intense and began to throb. He'd get those bastards for what they did to her.

He strode into the kitchen and saw Hack, Smokey, and Hack's ol' lady sitting at the table. "I've seen some black eyes before," Smokey told him, "but that one looks like it was kicked out from the inside."

Keech nodded. "It's a beaut, huh? Where's my scooter?"

"Me and Hack took it over to your place. It's in pretty bad shape. Looks like they ran over the fucker with a truck."

"Son of a bitch!" Keech rasped. "Gimme a ride over there, will ya."

He looked over at Sadie. "Don't worry, I'm just goin' over to check out the bike."

As they walked out, Hack passed him a number. "What you gonna do?"

"Same fucking thing you would. I'm gonna blow their shit away."

"Man, you don't even know who they are," Smokey told him.

"Yeah, I've seen one of them before at the freight yard when I picked up some shit for the garage. There's a bar right near there, and I figure that's where they hang out."

Hack grinned at him. "I'm with ya, bro." Smokey just nodded. He didn't need to say anything. None of them did. They'd been friends for a long time. They were true brothers, always there when one needed the others.

They idled to a stop in Keech's driveway. He paused for a minute before throwing up the big overhead door.

—Continued on page 31



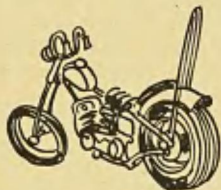
The Responsibility of Freedom from Helmets

Possibly, by the time this issue hits the stands, President Ford will have signed the Federal Highway Act. At that time we will be free to take our helmet case to our state legislatures. We will no longer have the DOT's blackmail threat looming over our heads. But it won't be all glistening chrome, rebuilt motors and freedom forever. We have (once helmet laws have been repealed) the responsibility for that freedom. We also have an abundance of restrictive legislation still staring us in the mugs (federal equipment standards, periodical inspection, etc.). But our responsibility (with this freedom) will be to keep our brothers and all new scooter people alive.

As we have learned in the past, the problem of safety is not always solved through acts by the government. We as the people of this country can't sit on our asses forever and just complain when something doesn't roll the way we want it to. Like building a putt, if you want it a certain way, then do it. Don't snivel to the local mechanic. More and more people expect their elected officials to come up with all the dream solutions to solve everyone's problems. We've forgotten that the most a politician can be expected to know about is the law and how to be a good politician. So it's up to us to show them the way lives can be saved and let them contend with the law and the political workings. Below are a few suggestions that deal strictly with accident prevention. If you or your group feel that they would work for your people, or if you have other ideas of your

own, by all means implement them, suggest them to your elected representatives, or tell someone who will do something. Remember, if we are going to have freedom, we have to accept the responsibility for that right.

Since the majority of auto/cycle accidents are the fault of the motorist, something has got to be done to keep that motorist alert and to reduce the number of such accidents. We could impress on our local officials and/or representatives the need for stronger law enforcement specifically in this area. If a four-wheeler can pull in front of a two-wheeler and seriously injure or snuff a bro and get away with it, something is definitely



wrong. Especially when the consequences would probably be from manslaughter to 2nd degree murder if the same motorist were to inadvertently strike a small child (less than half the size of a motorcycle). It's up to us to point these instances out to our elected reps and raise a little hell to see that our point doesn't go unattended.

More and more states are enacting some kind of legislation to see that motorcycle education is incorporated into driver-education training. See that this is accomplished in your area. Some states make such training mandatory before the new motorist can apply for a license.

In some areas cycle licenses are still given out at random, like Mickey Mouse club cards. Without testing. Some means of testing can easily be put together by local riders or groups who are aware of the areas, hassles and trouble spots, then presented to the local DMV, or again your elected representative, for consideration. It may take some follow-up work, after the politician has a go at it, to see that the test is put together right. But if proper testing is agreed on and then put into use, it may save a future brother's life while he's new on his first scooter.

If you live in an area where testing and education are non-existent, then it's up to the experienced riders of the area to form some means of training or initiation for the young rider. If clubs, organizations, or individuals worked with the local dealers, who seem too money happy to form their own training systems, some lives could be saved. If a dealer would cooperate enough to call his local organization when a bike was sold to a new rider, possibly a bro could quickly take some time off to contact the new rider and even spend an afternoon riding and pointing out hazards to him—it could save his life the very next day.

If we want the law off our backs it's up to us to see that our people stay alive and out of accidents. It's up to us to see that our younger brothers ride righteous scooters and ride them responsibly. And if legislation is needed, let it be the riders who form and initiate it.

Connecticut Helmet Law Expires

By Robert F. Murphy

Emergency regulations requiring motorcycle riders to wear helmets in Connecticut expired last week, Motor Vehicle Commissioner Stanley J. Pac said Monday, but he has no plans to renew them.

Pac also said at a public hearing at the State Capitol that he favors repealing a state law requiring helmets.

The emergency regulations were adopted after a state judge ruled last October the helmet law was unenforceable.

The regulations were adopted mostly to comply with federal law which said a state must enforce a helmet law if it wanted to remain eligible for federal highway funds.

The question of highway funds is now in limbo because the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives recently passed laws removing the helmet sanctions against states.

Pac said both bills are in conference where a compromise bill is expected to be ready by mid-April.

About 75 persons attended Monday's public hearing on a bill drafted by the General Assembly's Transportation Committee to repeal the helmet law.

There was no opposition to repeal.

News and events across the country

Wisconsin: Assembly Bill 1374, calling for the repeal of the mandatory helmet law, has been introduced in the Wisconsin Assembly, and is now pending in committee. The co-authors are Byron Wackett (Rep.) and David Clarenbach (Dem.), and it is slowly gaining the support of many other members of the assembly.

Now is the time for everyone interested in this unfair law to contact his state representative and urge him to support this bill. Unless there is enough enthusiasm right now, this bill could die in committee. Write your state senator too, because if this bill passes in the assembly, it would be presented to the senate for consideration.

Also introduced in the assembly was a bill to change the wording of the current handlebar law. Instead of the 15-inch measurement, the new law would read that the rider's hands must be at shoulder height or lower.

One other item of interest: There will be a court test case involving a helmet citation on a Rupp 3-wheeler, and if we beat this one, it would mean that all Rupp owners could ride without a helmet. Bernard Leggold, a prominent attorney in Milwaukee who is handling the case, said the City Attorney's office is confused on the law as it relates to this particular machine.

Abate of Wisconsin has joined hands with the Concerned Motorcyclists of Wisconsin and, with the support of Wisconsin bikers, we can look forward to many changes in Wisconsin this year. The Wisconsin Better Bikers Association (WBBA) in Madison is also working in the state capitol and throughout the state for bikers' rights and the repeal of unjust laws.—Tony Sanfelipo, ABATE, Concerned Motorcyclists of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53225 (414) 527-0283; John Barajas, ABATE, Concerned Motorcyclists of Wisconsin, 526 N. Main Street, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin 54935 (414) 922-7272; Dick Smith, Wisconsin Better Bikers Association, 1012 Williamson St., Madison, Wisconsin 53703 (608) 255-4651.

Oregon: Dear Members of ABATE: The Camp Committee of the YMCA wants you to know how very much your contribution of time and labor on the behalf of Westwind is appreciated.

It is because of the support of interested people, such as the members of ABATE, that the needs of Westwind continue to be met.

The amount of work you did, in cleaning camp, chopping wood, felling trees, shoveling sand (no easy task), repairing the infirmary and cooking, certainly brought camp much closer to being ready to open. You did a tremendous job.

Thank you for giving of yourselves so that we are able to continue offering a Westwind experience for many children and adults in the community. Sincerely, Vi Martin, Camp Administrator.

Oregon Senator Vern Cook, from East Multnomah County, was guest speaker at the last ABATE meeting. Sen. Cook voted against the helmet law when it was passed in 1968. He talked to us about insurance, laws, and the motorcyclist. According to Sen. Cook,

"No insurance legislation is ever passed without the consent of the insurance industry. They are beginning to abuse the trust that has been placed in them." Sen. Cook feels that insurance is no more than legalized gambling. He has introduced a bill that would extend benefits for motorcyclists to include medical benefits where they previously didn't exist. He also said that, time permitting, he would be willing to go with a group from ABATE to the Portland Police Department and other law enforcement agencies to talk to them about their lack of citations issued to automobile drivers who cause accidents involving motorcycles. Sen. Cook also recommended that any ABATE persons interested, become involved in campaigns for people who are campaigning for the State legislature. At our request, Sen. Cook will have all bills regarding motorcycle legislation sent to us.

Thirty members of ABATE of Oregon are also members of the club in the Oregon State Penitentiary—The Screaming Eagles. They were unable to send anyone to the bike show or the swap meet this year due to custody problems. Tom Bray and others brought some parts to the swap meet and I understand they did fairly well but are still in need of some older Panhead parts for a scooter they hope to have in next year's show. These guys work hard and have an understandably difficult time getting parts and help, so they really appreciate what comes their way.—ABATE of Oregon, c/o Luke Metcalfe, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201.

Virginia: We were not successful at repealing the helmet law this year. The lawmakers met from Jan. thru Feb. only and the session has ended. The delegate who introduced a helmet law repeal bill in 1975 (Kenneth Rollins) was not re-elected in Nov., so we had to find a new patron for the bill by Feb. 9th and although several delegates stated they would support a repeal, their schedules were too filled to handle any new bills.

What this means, as if you didn't already know, is that those of us who don't wear helmets will be in violation of the law again this year! There will be more protest demonstrations and we all must continue writing letters to our delegates demanding our freedom of choice and their support of repeal in the 1977 General Assembly.

Thru the summer and fall we'll be presenting our arguments and

evidence to all of the delegates and we'll be asking for firm commitments from them so when the General Assembly meets in January of '77 we'll know we have a repeal bill introduced and we'll know how much support it has from our delegates.

As soon as President Ford signs the "Free Motorcycling Act," which stops the DOT from black-mailing, we'll schedule our first protest for this year.

Again this year a bill was introduced that would have required every motorcycle to burn its headlights all the time. Again this year it has been defeated!

The bill was introduced by Dem. Glen B. McClanan of Virginia Beach and was supported by John T. Hanna, Director of Va. Highway Safety Commission and a very uninformed dude. A representative of the AAA also spoke in favor of lights-on for scooters. (Funny how an automobile assoc. is supporting a motorcycle law, ain't it.)

The first hearings on the bill were Feb. 10 and Fuzzy and Snake testified, along with Frank Delmonte, President of the United States Norton Owners Assn. (and an ABATE brother).

The AMA was also very helpful by sending copies of its statistics that prove lights-on laws in other states haven't reduced accidents.

The chairman of the committee said they had received many letters and telegrams from bikers all around the state that opposed this bill. (Good work, bros!)

The bikers pointed out to the committee that many bikers didn't have adequate electrical systems for lights-on and would require expensive modifications and that with your taillight on, the brake light wouldn't be as noticeable, possibly contributing to rear end collisions. Additionally, if your light burns out and replacements aren't easily obtainable, you will have to ride in violation of the law till you get home.

Included in the testimony were suggestions that more effective accident prevention methods be implemented, such as driver education courses for beginners and a public awareness program, so car drivers will pay more attention to their driving.

When it all came down to a vote, the proposed law was defeated 19 to 1.—ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

Maryland: The senate committee members listed below voted no to the 18-or-older, free-choice helmet law. If you don't appreciate the way they voted—write

a polite letter to them and ask them to reconsider their vote when H.B.842 (identical to S.B. 119) is brought before their Committee. They voted against it because, "Since many studies indicate that the wearing of helmets may be as dangerous as not wearing them, we will study helmets for a year—and then we will talk about changing the present law."

What about the 8 years they have already had to study helmets? What about our constitutional rights? Why aren't automobile drivers and passengers required to wear helmets or seatbelts? Why are motorcyclists ticketed, fined, and jailed for not wearing something *nobody* else in the world is required to wear?

The Senate Constitutional and Public Law Committee: Edward T. Conroy, Chairman; Norman R. Stone, Jr., Vice Chairman; Elroy G. Boyer; John A. Cade; Cornell N. Dypski; and Arthur H. Helton, Jr. The addresses for each is: State House, Annapolis, Md., 21404.

The next step is to write the members of the House committee listed below. Tell them why you support freedom of choice for bikers 18 or older (H.B.842). For your freedom and your brothers', do it now. House Judiciary Committee: Joseph E. Owens, Chairman; Carter M. Hickman, Vice Chairman; George B. Adams, Jr.; Arthur S. Alperstein; F. Vernon Boozer; Andrew J. Burns; Joel Chasnoff; Elmer F. Hagner, Jr.; V. Lanny Harchenhorn; William S. Horne; Jerry H. Hyatt; J. Edward Malone; Richard C. Matthews; Arthur G. Murphy, Sr.; Lloyal Randolph; David Gray Ross; Frederick C. Rummage; Thomas A. Rymer; Lorraine M. Sheehan; Steven V. Sklar; Joseph F. Val-lario, Jr.; C. Clifton Virts.

The address for Delegates is: State House, Annapolis, Md. 21404.—ABATE of Maryland, c/o Gary R. Zager, 12307 Windbrook Drive, Clinton, Maryland 20735.

Colorado: While you're riding around on your motorcycle in a glow of security, wearing your crash helmet because the cops will give you a ticket if you don't, think on this:

A guy out shopping for a safety helmet was looking over a display rack full of them at a Denver-area store the other day when somehow the rack was jostled and one of the hard hats slid off its perch, hit the tile floor, and shattered like Humpty-Dumpty.

Arizona: Tucson Democrat Sen. Lucy Davidson has a distaste for

motorcycles. She calls them "organ transplant vehicles."

The label stems from the penchant motorcyclists have for ramming their heads into things while the rest of their bodies remain usable, she explains.

So, Mrs. Davidson was surprised at learning she had sponsored a bill abolishing the Arizona law requiring bikers to wear helmets.

"But this bill requires (helmets)," she told her fellow Democrats in a Senate majority caucus.

"No," they corrected her. "This repeals the law."

"O, my Lord," Mrs. Davidson replied. "I'm horrified I signed onto a bill I'm opposed to."

She was so horrified Mrs. Davidson vowed to work extra hard gathering information to defeat the bill.

Australia: The death of an eight-year-old girl has prompted moves to reduce speed limits in residential areas of Victoria and for a campaign to encourage skateboard riders to wear crash helmets.

The man behind the campaign is Victoria's Minister for Sport and Recreation, Mr. Brian Dixon, who initiated the State's compulsory seat-belt law.

Mr. Dixon wants the Government to impose a 40km/h (25-mph) speed limit for cars in residential streets.

And the youth department of his ministry has set up a safety committee to advise on the best helmets for board riders.

Mr. Dixon admits that he can't get his own four children—all board riders—to wear helmets.

"I am not in favor of them being compulsory . . . but if they became the done thing, then helmets would be accepted and worn by the kids," he said yesterday. After a State Cabinet meeting which discussed skateboarding, he called on parents to warn their children of the dangers of cycling and skateboard riding.

Barbara Craven, 8, became the State's first skateboard fatality at the weekend when she collided with a car in Frankston.

The Chief Secretary, Mr. Rositer, will put the proposed 40km/h limit to the road safety and traffic authority for a report, but this could take several months.

Mr. Dixon is proposing a campaign to make helmets more acceptable to skateboard riders and to make more schoolyards and other areas available to riders after hours.

Helmet law repealed in South Dakota

H.B. 615, the Helmet Law Re-

peal was introduced in Pierre, S.D., in January of '76, by Representative Bob Knutson, sponsor. Co-sponsors were Gordon Lovell (D), Sioux Falls; Beverly Halling (R), Spearfish; and Frank Simpson (R), Rapid City. Feelings were very mixed as to its passage, as the Dept. of Safety (D.O.S.) vowed to fight us all the way. And the Governor had stated on Dec. 8 that he was not in favor of the repeal. But STOP was determined anyway. Our first committee hearing with the House Transportation members was on Thurs., Jan. 15th, with myself, Dennis Murphy, Randy Larsen from Agar, Mike Lussem, from Isabel, and David Ressler, from Pierre, and Rep. Knutson. We all testified. Then it was the D.O.S.'s turn, and they gave their version. Then Bev Halling made a motion for a do-pass recommendation, she being both a member of the committee and a sponsor of the bill, and her motion was seconded by Rep. George Crouch (D), Wall. The vote out of the House Trans. Comm. was 5-7 for a do-pass, and was scheduled to go to the House floor for a vote Monday, the 19th of Jan. With very little debate the House passed our bill by a vote of 40-27, which now insured passage to the Senate Trans. Comm. But, in the House, an amendment was added that would delay the implementation of the bill until July 1, 1977. The reason was that the Federal action was not yet completely settled, concerning the mandates that were being repealed by S. 2252, and H.R. 8235, which are still in the House Conference Committee in Wash. D.C. Then our bill was sent to the Senate Trans. Comm. and a hearing was held Feb. 7th. We again were there in Pierre. Myself, Dennis Murphy (Murph), and Mike Lussem from Isabel, with our Reps. Bob Knutson and Frank Simpson, both of Rapid City. The D.O.S. was there too. Up until this time I had been prepared and ready for their testimony. Most of it was pretty good, although it didn't make much sense, but generally good. But when Dr. Dohlin, the Secretary of the D.O.S., testified about the public burden theory, I just couldn't stand it. You know the one where the state picks up the injured cyclist, pays his hospital bills, gives him free food stamps, Social Security, welfare and all that other crap. This is the most biased and untrue theory I've ever heard. Whoever thought of this sham of a theory should be commended for at least their imagination. The Government has

never gone for this sort of thing for anyone else; why all of a sudden do people think they do it for cyclists? Anyway the members of the committee listened, and then Senator Mary McClure recommended a do-pass vote, it was seconded by Senator Homer Harding. The vote was unanimous, 5-0, unbelievable! Then it was sent to the full Senate for a vote Wed., Feb. 11th. There was no debate and the Senate voted 22-12 to pass. Last but not least it then went to the Governor's desk for his signature. He signed our bill Feb. 28th. **A victory for the people! Thank you to all the people who took the time to write and get interested enough to see this bill through. We all have learned a big lesson from this, and that is: You can fight government and win. Just do it right, don't give up, and victory will be yours. But remember the helmet law repeal does not take effect until July 1, 1977, and applies to persons 18 years of age and older. So don't go out and bury your skid lid yet. And you people who are not 18 please don't spoil your chance of freedom by abusing this law. You'll only screw it up for everyone else, and we have worked too long and hard to have that happen now. —STOP, Rt. 2, Box 654-M, Rapid City, South Dakota 57701.**

Pennsylvania: Fortunately, we in Pa. have a friend who doesn't mind a lot of hard, time-consuming work. He is Scott Hart, President of M.A.U.L. As soon as he felt HR3869 had an honest chance of passing, he took it upon himself to solicit support for helmet repeal. In a letter lately received from Scott, he stated that he had been successful in getting two gentlemen from Harrisburg interested in our struggle. From the W.P.M.A.'s understanding of Scott's letter, the amendment bills are to be submitted soon. The men who will introduce the bills are: Sen. Michael O'Pake, 1527 Schuylkill Ave., Reading, Pa. 19601, and Rep. Russell J. LaMarca, 206 N. 6th St., Reading, Pa. 19601.

We would like for our membership to write and thank Scott for his effort. It would also be to our advantage to write and show Sen. O'Pake and Rep. LaMarca that we approve and support their actions. We must continue to show support of those who will work with us.

The amendments to be submitted are to read that only persons under 18 yrs. of age are to wear protective headgear. Un-

til they are introduced, the bills have no numbers. When writing to support these bills, refer to them as the Helmet Law Amendments proposed by (1) Sen. O'Pake & Scott Hart, and (2) Rep. LaMarca & Scott Hart. The new address for M.A.U.L. is: 514 Lancaster Ave., Reading, Pa. 19611. —from the W.P.M.A. (Box 201, Oil City, Pa. 16301) Newsletter.

Iowa: Brother Smiley Garland turned us on to the following legislative action in Iowa. The Senate passed 43 to 5 bill number H576, to prohibit operation of vehicles and motorcycles that have been unsafely modified. Our last chance to stop this bill is in the House. So, Iowa brothers, break out your pens, find out who your reps are, and flash them a letter. Thanks, Smiley.

Oklahoma: The helmet repeal in Oklahoma has passed the House and is expected to pass through the Senate shortly. And to top it off, the Governor has already said that he would sign the repeal once it reached his desk. —ABATE of Oklahoma, c/o Phil Becker, 415 S. Wilson, Vinita, Oklahoma 74301.

Michigan: Brothers of this state, listen up. There are several bills pending or almost passed that should interest you in good and bad ways. House Bills 4587 and 4588, now in the House Committee on Public Safety, would initiate rider education for all new riders, a lights-on regulation, no license to ride for drivers with over six points on their record for a two-year period, motorcycle learners' permits and increased police enforcement of cyclists. These bills were initiated by the Automobile Club of Michigan.

Also, the last word from Mich. indicates that a bill limiting extended front ends will pass into law. The rundown on the bill goes like this: rake neck limit—41 degrees; front fork limit—45" (measured from front axle nut to upper front fork crown); slug or screw-in type fork extension is outlawed. The bill has provisions for bikes manufactured with adjustable necks for use with a sidecar. Like the article said where we got this information—better measure before taking a putt into Mich.! —ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Mich. 48121.

Kansas: ABATE of Kansas has a helmet repeal on its way to the Governor's desk. Recently HB2353 passed the House 99 to 19, and

soon after, it passed the Senate 33 to 5. Although the law won't be altered if the DOT regains its power to withhold funds, the bill is predicted to pass—it's lookin' good, bro's.

ABATE of Kansas offers the tool every biker needs to repeal the helmet law in any state. It's all together in one book, containing 84 pages of solid anti-helmet information that can be presented to any legislator, bureaucrat, or non-riding neighbor, proving that bikers shouldn't wear helmets. "Kicking The Helmet Habit" is available at \$3.00 per copy, from ABATE News, Box 781, Lawrence, Ks. 66044.

Ted Oakes of ABATE of Kansas is planning a run for all anti-helmet law organizations and interested bikers this summer. So if you're up this summer, plan to make a putt to the center of the country in Topeka, Kansas, for this putt. The run is scheduled for Labor Day at Lake Perry Park, 12 miles east of Topeka on Highway 24. This should be one hell of a party. Tune your putt and contact Ted at 2530 S. 37th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106.

New Jersey: Good and bum news from this New England state. First the good vibes. Some brothers have been writing their reps regarding a helmet repeal. Much of—in fact, almost all of—the response they have received has been positive. What they need now is for all you New Jersey riders to start writing your reps asking them to sponsor a bill to remove the requirement for bikers 18 or older to wear skid lids. Enough letters would make them move.

Now the bum news. A bill has been introduced by State Senator Vreeland to require all motorcycles to be equipped with turn signals. When writing your reps, mention the hassle involved with such an alteration to your putt and the possible cost involved. But no matter what you politely write to your legislator—do it soon.—ABATE of New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

Indiana: This summer we'll sponsor a street chopper/street stock bike drag race to help raise funds. The race will be held here in Elkhart at Osceola Dragway on Aug. 7th. Art Chisum, owner of the track, has offered to have a camp-out on his grounds Friday, Aug. 6th and to extend our race into Sunday Aug. 8th, if needed. All are welcome to camp out

Saturday night too! Since we'll be putting this one on, we'll divide the classes up more, but we will still run ET brackets.—ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda L. Hummel, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

Iowa: The brothers and sisters of ABATE of Iowa hope that since the bill to repeal the helmet law was the very first to be brought up in the Iowa legislature this session, it will be voted on and passed before summer.

If you feel the same way our bros do, write them for information on how you too can help regain your freedom by this summer.—ABATE of Iowa, P.O. Box 1083, Sioux City, Iowa 51102.

Washington: The Washington State Motorcycle Rights Organization will be staging a helmet protest on Saturday, June fifth. They will leave from the Tacoma Mall parking lot at 11 a.m. and ride to Olympia. And naturally there will be a party afterwards. If you own a motorcycle and live in Washington, be there.

Idaho: We are working on a protest rally in Boise for this summer. We've set a tentative date of July 17. We plan to have a voter registration sign-up, so we can have our power felt. It's important to be registered to vote, but it's even more important to get out there and vote. It will make a big effect on the legislators if we get a good turn-out of voters.

We plan to put out questionnaires to all the candidates to find out their stand on the helmet law. We will get the results out before the election so you will know which way to vote.—ABATE of Idaho, 208 S. Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Montana: Richard Payne, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722, is trying to gain statewide support to put a helmet repeal bill in front of the Montana legislature next time they meet, in January of 1977. He doesn't have the bill number, but Richard does have support of some of Montana's elected officials, and with enough interested bikers, we can swing a lobbyist to our cause. Write Rich; he's trying to do everything one-handed from inside the state prison through the mail and can use all the help he can get. For more information, contact Richard Payne, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722.

Ohio: It seems that while Ohio is No. 2 in motorcycle registra-

tions, we're having a tough time getting people involved in the fight against anti-motorcycle legislation. As you are well aware, if we are ever to beat any of these bogus laws, we need people to get involved. Let me try briefly to explain some of the things we would like to get done.

Organization and membership, we feel, should be of prime importance. Ohio is broken up into 88 counties, and we would like to have an ABATE co-ordinator for each county. These people could keep us posted on developments in their areas, organize activities, protests, lobbying efforts, keep tabs on local legislators and legislation, etc. We had hoped that we would be able to work on a donation basis, but this is just not working. We recently sent out letters to over 400 dealers statewide explaining what we are doing in hopes that they would put forth a little effort in helping us to contact more people throughout the state. We had also hoped that this would generate some donations; we explained that we are in need of money to operate. Well, it seems that the dealers in our state are more than willing to take money from the bike people around the state, but when it comes time to give them a helping hand, they turn their backs. We had response from less than 15 dealers. Nuff said!—ABATE of Ohio, c/o Bruce Baker, P.O. Box 426, Maumee, Ohio 43551.

What happened to our Constitution?

An article in the Pittsburgh Press, dated Feb. 1, 1976, states that ten U.S. Senators, including Hugh Scott, R-Pa., and the U.S. Justice Dept. are pushing a bill allowing the government to:

Throw striking workers in jail.
Tap phones of any "suspicious" persons, or bug their bedrooms.

Plant spies in civil rights or other groups and direct the spies to encourage violence. Then arrest the group leaders on riot and conspiracy charges.

Jail reporters, editors—even printers—for publishing secret government documents about such plans or other scandals. And slap the media with \$100,000 fines for investigative reporting.

Let go free, government officials who ordered or executed a warrantless burglary. The officials need only plead that they broke the law out of belief—perhaps "mistaken"—that it was "required or authorized."

These and other controversial provisions are in Senate Bill One (S1), a 799-page measure now pending in Congress.

This bill was written by former Pres. Nixon's Dept. of Justice. It is a complete rewrite of the U.S. Criminal Code.

Opponents of S1 agree the code—which includes every federal criminal law and which was last revised in 1909—needs an overhaul.

But S1 contains these new, revised or old measures that if introduced separately would cause explosive debate:

Reintroduction of the death penalty, now banned by the Supreme Court.

Continuation and expansion of govt. wiretapping and bugging power.

Using a broad "national security" claim, for example, the President could order electronic eavesdropping without a warrant.

Warrantless "emergency interceptions" for 48 hours are also permitted on the attorney general's approval.

And agents could get wiretap or bugging warrants in federal cases involving one of some 60 offenses, some as minor as receiving stolen property.

Landlords, phone co. personnel or another person are "directed" to cooperate "forthwith" and "unobtrusively" with the eavesdropping.

Payoffs to those persons are authorized by S1.

S1 would also accept "voluntary" confessions to police without the presence of the suspect's lawyer and without the defendant being informed of his rights.

S1 also would:

Make selling "obscene" material a federal offense; thus involving the FBI and federal courts in the investigation and prosecution of local adult movies and bookstores.

Allow arrest of almost any demonstrators, no matter how peaceful, on vaguely worded charges.

Fine anyone possessing the tiniest amount of marijuana up to \$10,000 or jail them for 30 days or both. For giving grass to another, a person could be jailed for a year. For selling, the penalty could be seven years plus \$10,000.

Accept eyewitness ID of suspects regardless of prior police irregularities in suggesting identification.

Washington observers note that omnibus bills of great length, like S1, are good vehicles for slipping controversial provisions past the public and legislators without much debate.

—Compliments of WPMA

A Letterwriter's Guide To Congress

Today's Congressional work schedule no longer permits the frequent and extended visits back home that used to keep Members of Congress in close personal touch with their constituents. As a result, LETTERS from home have become the main form of voter contact and the prime source of constituency views. Your Senators and Representatives NEED to hear from you.

Writing an effective letter to your Senators or Representative is not a difficult task. Here are a few guidelines to ease you along.

- Write on your personal or business letterhead, if possible, and sign your name over your typed signature at the end of your message.
- Be sure your exact return address is on the letter, not just the envelope. Envelopes sometimes get thrown away before the letter is answered.
- Identify your subject clearly. State the name of the legislation you are writing about. Give the House or Senate bill number, if you know it.
- State your reason for writing. Your own personal experience is your best supporting evidence. Explain how the issue would affect you, or your family, business, or profession—or what effect it could have on your state or community.
- Avoid stereotyped phrases and sentences that give the appearance of "form" letters. They tend to identify your message as part of an organized pressure campaign—and produce little or no impact.
- Be reasonable. Don't ask for the impossible. Don't threaten. Don't say, "I'll never vote for you unless you do such and such." That will not help your cause; it may even harm it.
- Ask your legislator to state his position on the issue in his reply. As his constituent, you're entitled to know.
- Consider the factor of timing. Try to write your position on a bill while it is in committee. Your Senators and Representatives can usually be more responsive to your appeal at that time rather than later on when the bill has already been approved by a committee. Of course, this is not always the case. Sometimes your legislator may reserve judgment—and his vote—until the sentiment of his constituency has crystallized.
- Thank your legislator if he pleases you with his vote on an issue. Everybody appreciates a complimentary letter—and remembers it. On the other hand, if his vote is contrary to your position, don't hesitate to let him know. He will remember that, too.

—Chamber of Commerce
of the United States

Suggested Addresses and Salutations

Honorable John Doe
United States Senate
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Senator Doe:

Honorable John Doe
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Mr. Doe:



Two Sacred Things

—Continued from page 25

There it was, the forks bent nearly in half, the beautiful sporty tank he had worked so painstakingly on, getting the pot leaf inlay to set up so perfectly.

Smokey patted him on the shoulder, "Don't worry, bro," he said, "we'll get it back together just the way it was."

Keech motioned for them to follow him into the house. Going straight to the bedroom he reached into the closet, pulling out the semi-automatic twelve gauge. Strange, he thought. Sadie had bought it for him nearly a year before, and he would use it for the first time today.

Reaching up to the shelf he grabbed the number 2 shot shells that had come with it. He loaded the gun as he walked back into the kitchen. He tossed the pickup keys to Hack. "You drive."

They slowed down a block before reaching the bar. "Park here," he told Hack. "I want to look at these trucks." Pushing the shotgun behind the seat, he stepped out into the street.

Walking down the sidewalk he spotted a pale blue Ford with a paint-smeared front bumper. "Hey, check this out." Smokey touched the bumper. "That paint damn near hadda come off your scooter!"

Keech pried the wing window open, and reaching above the visor, pulled out the registration slip and stuck it in his pocket. "Let's get out of here. I don't wanna spook those fuckers. We'll catch this sorry asshole at his house when it gets dark. He'll tell us where the rest live."

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the dude finally pulled into his driveway. Keech's heart began to pound as he grabbed the shotgun and ran across the street. The cowboy had just stepped out of the truck and started for the door when he felt the gun barrel jabbed into his back.

"Turn around, you mother-fucker!" Keech grated. As he did, Keech rammed the shotgun into his gut, backing him up against the garage door.

Beads of sweat began to pop out on the redneck's forehead. He started to plead with Keech: "I swear to you, fella, I didn't touch your girlfriend. It was them other two guys."

"The big one that hit me, you mean?"

"Yeah, him and the guy that was holdin' her." The sweat ran down his face as he told where the others could be found. He relaxed a little as Keech lowered the gun and started to turn away, but Keech suddenly spun around and shoved the butt sharply into his face. That moment was the only pleasure Keech had known all day.

They parked directly in front of the door to the bar. "Are you sure they're in there?" Hack asked him.

"He said they were still there when he left, drinking and bragging how they fucked over the long-hair."

They smoked a number as they waited. Hack and Smokey rapped about runs they'd been on and earning their wings.

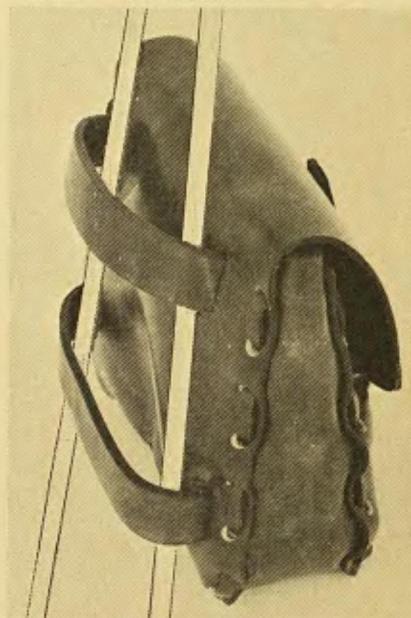
It wasn't until 2 o'clock that the waiting finally paid off. Out of the bar stumbled the pair, laughing and bragging to each other about what a great body that biker's ol' lady had. Keech felt his gut twist as he watched them and listened to their bragging.

He felt like puking as he grabbed his gun and slipped out of the truck. Hack backed up and eased down the street, waiting to see which car they would get into. When he saw them pile into a late model Chevy, he killed the engine and rolled in behind them. Not noticing the truck, the driver backed up. The unexpected jar nearly broke the necks of the loaded creeps. The driver jumped out of the car hollering to his buddy how he was going to kick somebody's ass.

The words were barely out of his mouth when the shotgun roared and the blast tore into his groin. The other slipped behind the wheel and slammed the car into gear. Keech got another shot off before the car jumped the curb, coming straight at him. The shot went wild. He dived to the side, but not far enough to be missed completely. As he dived, his ankle caught under the left front tire and twisted his leg out of the socket before the car crashed against the building.

Dragging himself with his arms until he could see the big man's face in the side window, he leveled the shotgun and fired. The aim was perfect, catching the redneck at the base of the skull.

As Hack and Smokey carried Keech to the truck, he couldn't feel any pain; just a satisfied feeling of having avenged the two most sacred things in his life. ■



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

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

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

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it.

\$16.95

Plus \$1.00 for postage

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale, Calif. 91201



Cover Girl

Try to visualize this. Lovely Mary, caressing these pages, was turned on to us by sort of a straight friend. In fact, she had no idea what she was in for until the day of the shooting.

Okay, so imagine her reaction that day when she was confronted by a bunch of dangling-tongued perverts, namely us, in all our greasy, tattered Levied splendor. We don't have to go into her reaction much. She immediately went into shock, cold, stiff as a brick. She must have felt like the most likely candidate to be voted turn-out of the year. She freaked. It was like shooting photos of an erector set. But being the sensitive goons we are, we bought a couple of cases of Coors and proceeded to get wasted. While we tried to figure the lady out, someone astute decided that she also needed something to drink—it was probably her.

In a matter of a bottle of wine or so, she turned into a vivacious glassy-eyed cutie, like all of us would dream of packing. And the entire day turned into one bright astrological prediction. Besides being a fox, she turned out to be people.

—EFFE

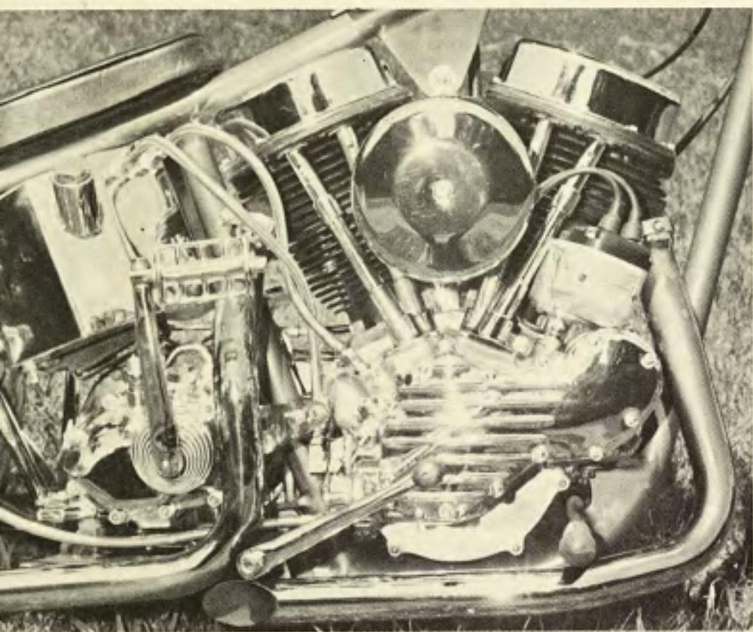


Photos by Pete Chiodo









Ain't nothin' wrong with panheads!

Seems like half the bros I stagger into these days are tryin' to hustle up a shovel top for their early pan cases, or even cop a whole cone-cover motor with the alternator to drop into a cradle bar rigid. And man, the other half's so into Sportys or knuckles they wouldn't even piss in a bowl unless it was one hunnert percent cast iron. At this rate there's gonna be a helluva lot







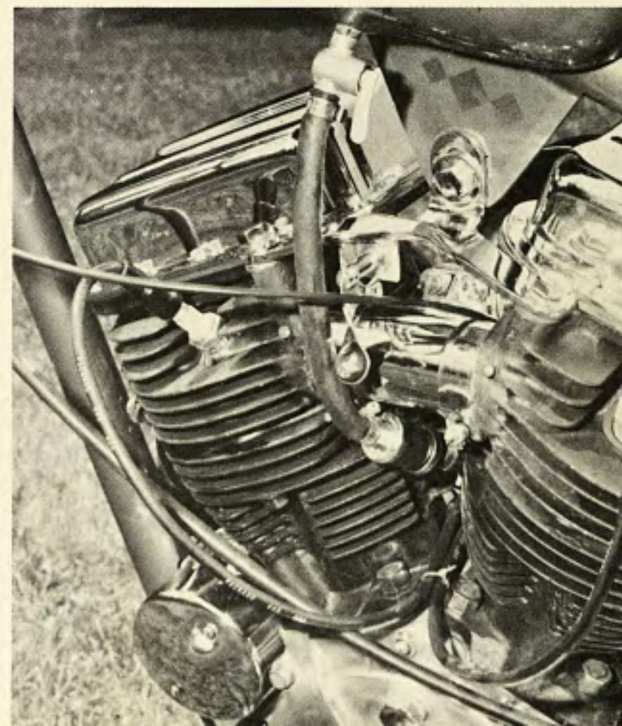
of panhead ashtrays kickin' around the swap meets pretty soon.

Jesus, how come we're all desertin' the ol' tin top? Sure, the pan has a few flaws like any rare gem—those mousetraps that were sure to let go in the middle of 5th and Main, or the great three-brush generators that decided to fry your wires the night before the Labor day run. But I mean, anything that Harley stuck with for 18 years can't be all bad. Just think of all the quirks those pencil pushers tossed in to give the scoot some personality—like valve train geometry guaranteed to keep factories makin' valve guides rich, oil problems that made the Arabs jump for joy, and rear barrels that shoulda been banned from bridges and tunnels under laws regulatin' the transport of explosives.

Or how about all the detail changes that give even P.H.D.'s (professor in Harley-Davidsons) a headache tryin' to keep straight: three different types of valve cover setups, the disastrous detour into aluminum lifter stools and p-rod covers in '52 and '53, those weirdo late outside-oiler heads, and numerous flip-flops with different bearings, bushings, and bolts.

Now don't get me wrong—it is possible to build a good behavin' and bitchin' scoot around a panhead, given enough time, a lotta new early-model internals, and a coupla tubes of Silastic. You can see evidence on these crumpled-up pages.

—Continued on next page



Owner: Bob Tone

City: Orange, N.J.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner, Joe Fuller

Year: 1974

Year and make: 1948 H-D

Builder: Wayne Engineering

Model: 74

Type: single down tube

Value: \$4,600

Rake: 1 in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 3 in.

Time: 4½ months

Other alterations: Sporty kickstand

Chroming: J&B Custom Cycle

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Arlen Ness drag

Year: 1948

Risers: one piece with bars

Model: panhead

Fender(s): by Joe Fuller

Rebuilder: J&B Cust, Or., N.J.

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto

Taillight: J&B box

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo:

Lower end: blue printed—J&B

Front pegs: owner

Balancing: Country Power

Rear pegs: shortened by owner

Pistons: .060 in. oversize

Electrics: owner

Cases: polished by owner

Gas tank: Paughco Mustang

Heads: big valves, ported & pol.

Oil tank: hex

Cam: Sifton 412

Oil system: braided stainless lines

Lifters: Sifton solids

Primary cover: diamond

Carb(s): late Bendix

Seat: Drag Specialties

Air cleaner: D&D

Sissy bar:

Pipes: drag

Height:

Muffler(s): none

Material: ½-in. steel fender bar

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Andrews 1st-3rd

Type: girder

Year: 1948

Extension: 20 in.

Shifting: Cycleology Posi-shift

Builder: Calif. Cycle Works

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: tapered top

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 18 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: Joe (The Brush) Fuller

Hub: Invader

Hub: Invader

Painter: Joe Fuller

Rim width: 2¼ in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: candies and flake

Tire: Avon 3.00

Tire: Carlisle 5.00

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: none-spool

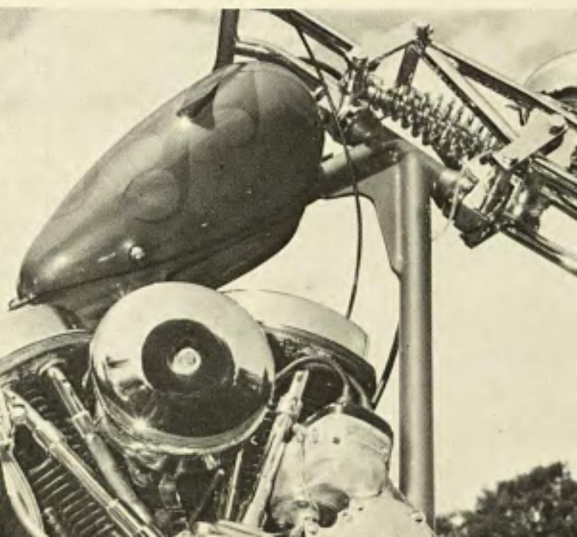
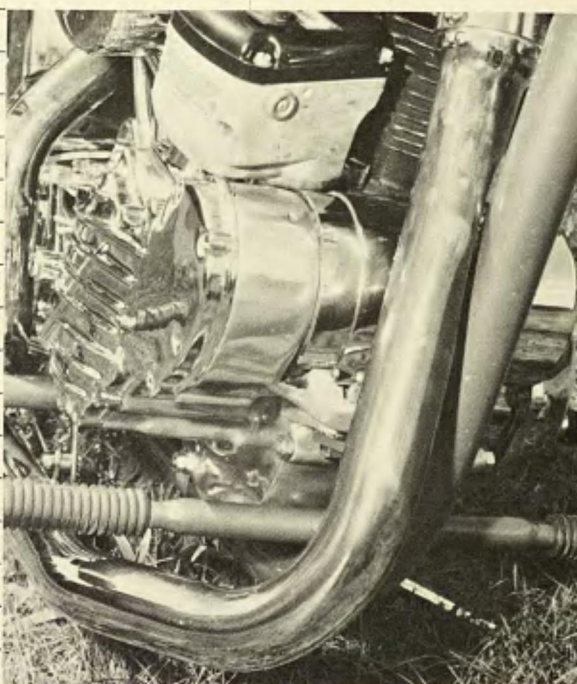
Brake: H-D drum

Special paint: Spindrifft and Mirra flake

Other special modifications: Barnett clutch lever, mousetrap eliminator &

clutch pack; brake pedal is Sportster kicker arm; brake linkage by owner;

all welding by owner. Most engineering by Joe Fuller, who died of cancer in the spring of 1975.



Jealous of Climaxes

I'm jealous. I think it's unfair for a chick to climax repeatedly when I only get a few times to her hundreds. Do you think that's fair?

Dan Dump
New York, N.Y.

● Yafuckinga, man. As I've said previously, you'll find sympathy between shit and syphilis in the dictionary.

Toe Freak

I'm worried. I have a strange attraction for my chick's toes. Do you think I'm a pervert? Should I be concerned? I really want to suck those toes.

Concerned
Tenafly, N.J.

● I don't think you're a pervert—but then I don't think anyone is. Well, with the exception of the dude who wanted to crap on my tits. I'll crap on his chest, but crappin' on mine is out.

Onion Rings

I dig gluing onion rings together and then balling them. My ol' lady thinks I'm weird. Do you agree?

Lima, Ohio
Slider

● Please write me again—you left out why your ol' lady thinks you're weird.

Can't Come

I've been balling my ol' man for about three months now. His big crank rips my gash good enough and he's great in the sack. But my problem is, with all the huffin' and puffin' I do, I just can't come. What's wrong with me?

Numb Cunt
Uxbridge, Mass.

● A hot, wet tongue would do wonders.

Oiled Crank

My ol' lady sez that I have to spring for lubricant for

the trusty crank. I really want to impress her. Which is better? Castrol 60 weight or Harley racing oil? I want to show that I really care about her. Also, should I use it hot out of the bike or would it be hipper to let it cool?

Bunyan
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● Her spit would be the best—let her have a deep throat job and you'll both be lubricated.

Competition

I saw a broad in a movie who blew out candles with her snatch, smoked a cigarette with it, blew baby powder all over everybody with it, and played a little flute with it. I just thought I'd let you know that you have some pretty stiff competition.

Tom Sweet
Lafayette, Calif.

● I don't have any competition anywhere. Shit, I can even pick up a quart of beer with my lips. They don't call me the snapper for nothing.

Cucumbers

I can never get enough from my ol' man. Do cucumbers really work?

D. B.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● They do in the beginning, but after a while you'll have to move up to summer squash or gourds.

Relief For Athlete's Foot

My cell mate masterbates and then comes on his ath-

lete's foot because he tells me it stops the burning sensation. Do you think he's trying to put me on?

Dan Norton
Lebanon, Ohio

● No. It works with me too.

Big Box

I hear a dude can run a chopper right up your box, pop a wheelie, then turn around and come back out if he takes the right turn. Is this true? Also, I wonder if you've lost any in there.

Jig Saw
Memphis, Tenn.

● No man, I wish it were true, but the closest I came to having a scoot inside me is when I slid down on the rear tire while going 60mph. An instant shave, man!

Too Many Joints

Your picture has me so turned on that the other morning I had such a hard-on I didn't have enough skin left over to blink my eyes.

Larry Bugeye
Champaign, Ill.

● I am nice, aren't I?

Piss Freak

I have a similar problem to the dude in the last issue. My boyfriend loves to piss on me. He makes me get into a bathtub and then lets 'er rip—all over me. My complaint is that he offers to pay after he does it. Do you think he really loves me?

Pissed Paula
Phoenix, Ariz.

● Sure he does—and for a

little love jolt, you might surprise him by taking an electric toaster into the tub with you, and when he gets carried away, let him pee into the turned-on toaster. After that, take his bread and call the coroner.

Not Normal

Have you ever heard of a chick wantin' to ram her finger up your ass and jerk it out just as you're climaxin'? Christ, whatta rush. Do you think it's normal?

Jason McBride
Atlanta, Ga.

● Man, that's as normal as beln' peed on in a bathtub. The trip I like is for a dude to stuff a knotted cord up my ass and jerk it out just as we both climax. It smarts, but whatta rush!

Pokin' Around

Is there any place on your body where some dude hasn't poked you with his prick?

Interested
Hartford, Mich.

● Come to think about it, I haven't had it in the nose. A dude tried to get me in the nose once. He missed and got me in the eye. I've sniffed some dudes off, but I haven't been poked in the nose. I'll have to speak to Spider about that.

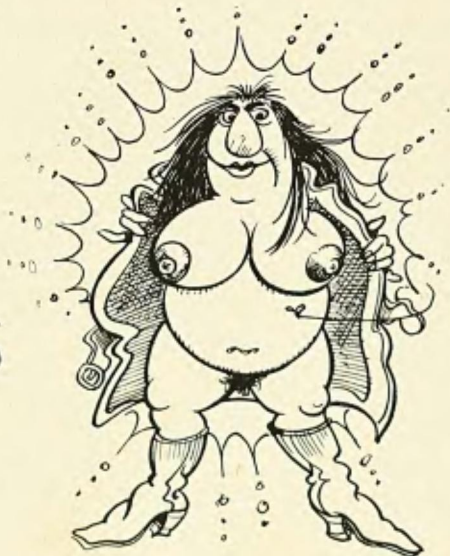
Joint Problem

My ol' lady won't lick my joint properly. What can I do to get her to do it nice and slow? She gets so frantic that she even makes an old party boy like me climax as if I were green teenager.

Peter Rabbit
Malibu, Calif.

● Whatta ya bltchin' about? All I gotta do around this (if you'll excuse the expression) joint is take a swallow of cold beer and then immediately inhale a crank. Blam, one swirl of my tongue and the dudes get off. (Of course, I make more money that way.)

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. ■

In the Wind

First Biker Bash of the Year

There are runs and there are runs, but the run to Daytona, Florida, is different from any other.

It's the first big run of the year. The first opportunity to escape the cold of winter—to get it on the road. It is also the first opportunity to show off the results of all the hours put in building a bike during the months winter did its number. It's the time to profile—man, it's time to welcome in the new riding season.

And welcome they did. They came from everywhere—as much as 3,000 miles away—and turned a tourist trap town into wall-to-wall bikes. All types of bikes and riders. The straights mixed right in with the scooter trash.

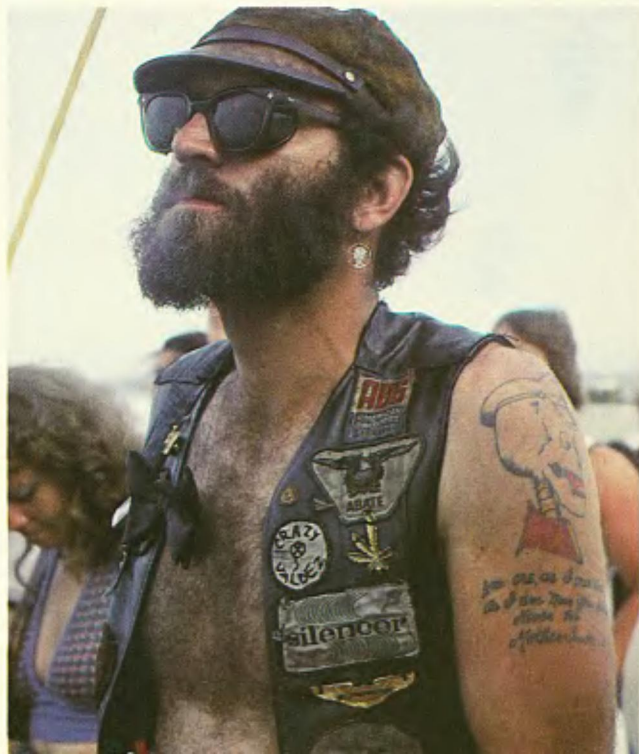
For one solid week bros partied together. There was no hostility, and the only ones who were uptight were—you guessed it—the cops, who freaked as their town was being taken over by bikers.

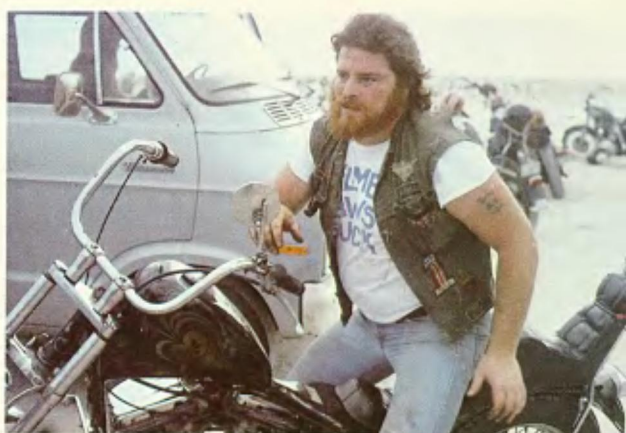
Women. Let me tell you about the women. If you weren't looking at a bitchin' scooter, you were diggin' on a chick. They were everywhere—and for the most part in bathing suits, as the 80-degree sun slowly transformed their white skin to a biteable bronze.

The days were filled with girl watchin'. If you weren't cruisin' the beach (you can drive on the sand in Daytona), eatin' up the sunbathing beauties, you parked and watched the yummys as they walked by, or jiggled by on the back of a scooter.

It was day and night partying. Clubs took over entire motels. Others camped out. But be it night or day, it was party time. The beach was packed during the day and the streets and bars were packed at night—and nowhere were there any hassles between bros. You might say it was brotherhood week.









Photos by Pete Chiodo, Brian Shifrin, and Jake



A meeting place for cold Northern bikers to escape the bleak winter

Daytona coast

On the eastern breakwater for the Gulf of Mexico

Daytona sun

Throbbing rays like a rush from dark Brazilian hash

Fine white sand

Crystal meth as far as you can see

Resort hotels

Giant sand-castles line the Atlantic

Women sleek and tanned

Warm lovers of the glistening ocean and two-wheeled passports

Early in March

Bikers rolling out of snow-crested states for a warm retreat

Scooter people

A hundred thousand bikers involved in racing, women, custom scooters and raunchiness

From a long putt

Out of non-riding weather through stages of improving climate to a tropical oasis

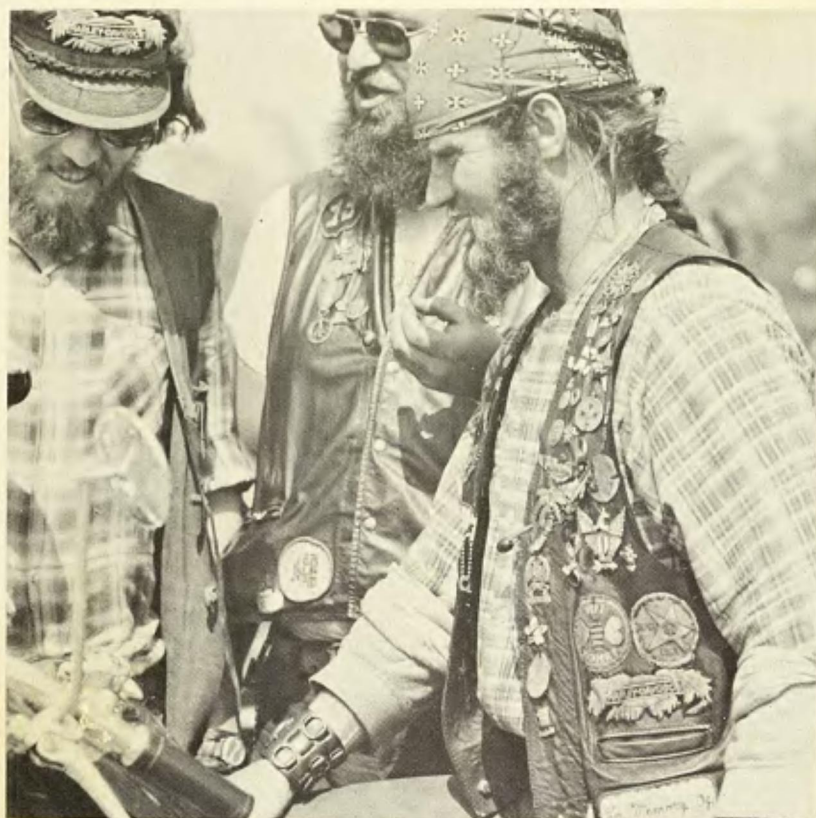
To a gathering

All makes of bikes and scooter people together to party

Everywhere brotherhood

—Renegade







In general the Florida cops, during Daytona week, seem somewhat like marines, fresh out of boot camp, charging a hill. Not too cordial. But just south of Daytona in the small town of Ponce Inlet there appeared to be a different attitude.

The chief of police there, when confronted by the Custom Riders MC about a drag race on the beach, took the attitude that if the bikers would cooperate with him, he and his police force would do the same in return. And his policy has worked successfully for three years now. Every year Chief Lang seals off a portion of the beach. Only the bros runnin' their bikes, and other bikers, are allowed in. The Ponce officers set up a quarter-mile stretch. Then, as the bikes run they are clocked with radar for top speed in the quarter-mile of sand. After the bros are burnt out on jammin' in the sand (or their bikes are),

which takes some time, the officers bring in some fifty-gallon drums for trash (and ice) for the all-night party.

The Custom Riders' half of the agreement is to stay out of the citizens' hair and to clean up the beach area after the party.

This year the Custom Riders charged a quarter a run through the sandy quarter-mile. Then, as a gesture of thanks for the cooperation by Chief Lang and his people, the club donated fifteen cents a run to the department's benefit fund, and ten cents went to the club's treasury. On the surface, it may not sound like much. But at two bikes a run, and they ran constantly for three or four hours, it mounted up.

The event is a rush every year. And it just goes to show that, with a little cooperation, both the police and outlaws can get along and have a good time doing it.





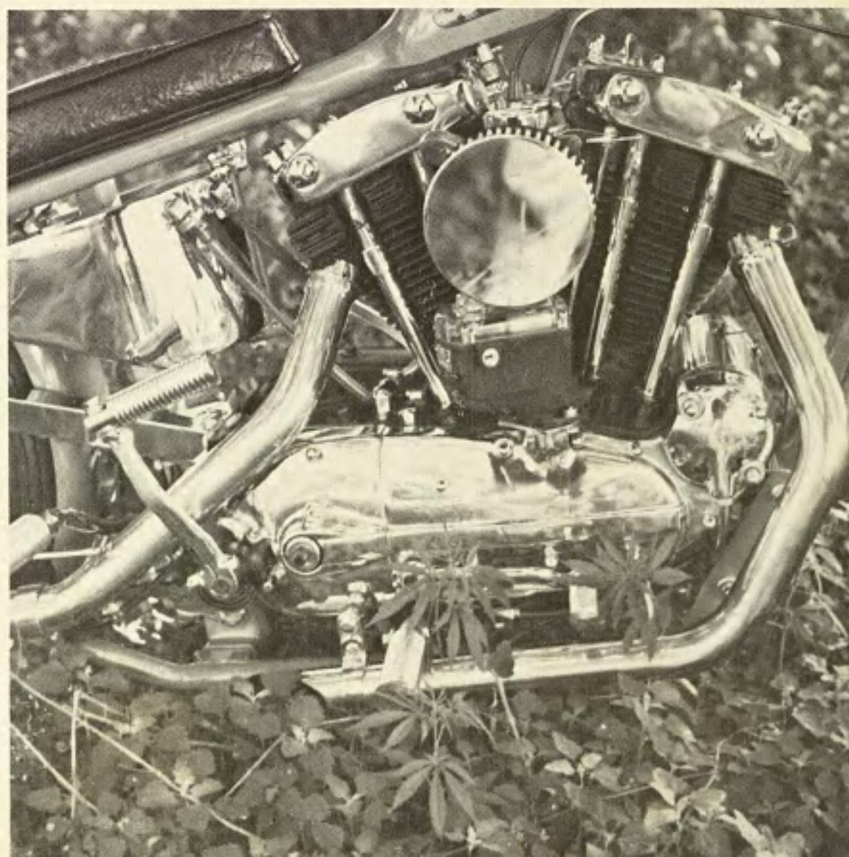




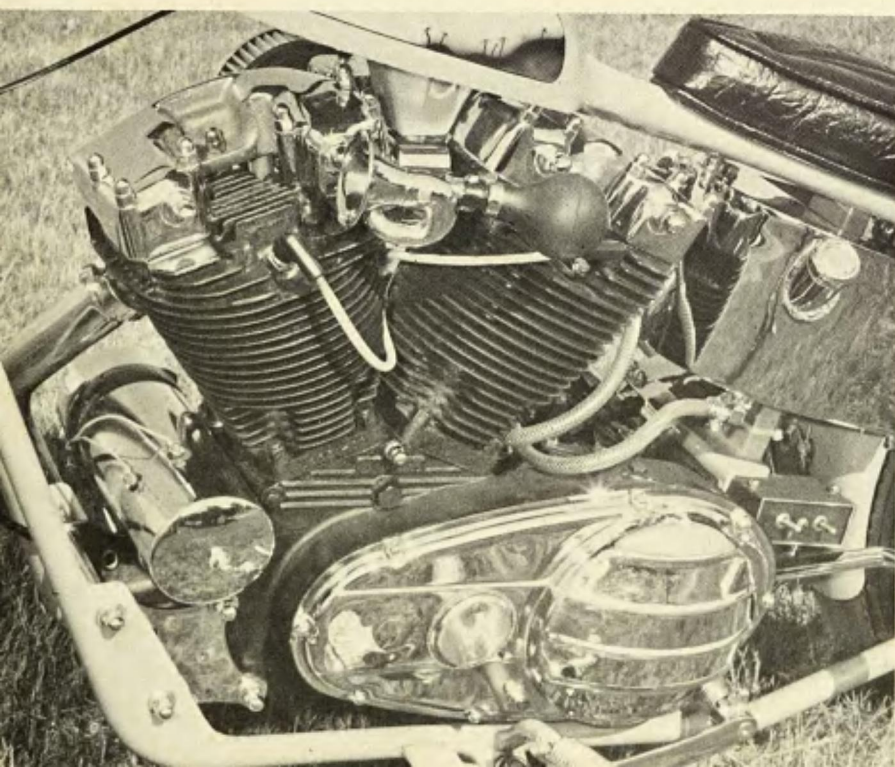
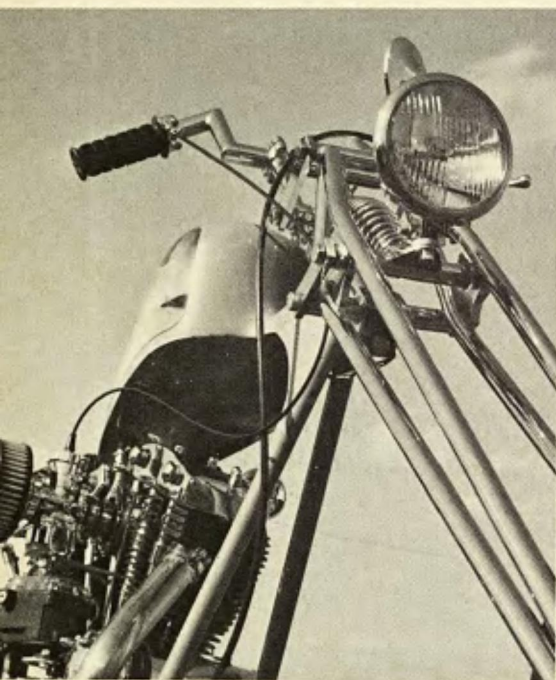
Hey! Park That Scooter Over Here!

Man, we got half a notion to set the torch to this firetrap, pull in all of Silly Tilly's tent stakes and split for Iowa. Don't get us wrong—we dig it out here with all those suntanned yummies that jiggle and joggle their way down the alley. And the air that's so fulla swill the oil companies oughta mine it for chemicals. It's just that, thanks to an ill-advised (or bitchin'-advised, depending on which side of the lawn you smoke) planting program by the G-men back in the forties, Iowa and other midwest areas have got some of the most far-out natural resources north of Acapulco, Panama, and Katmandu—growing there in the sun right in front of God, Mutha Nature, and J. C. Whitney.

Here we was, just photographin' this worthy XL and tryin' to mind our own business, when we wandered into a



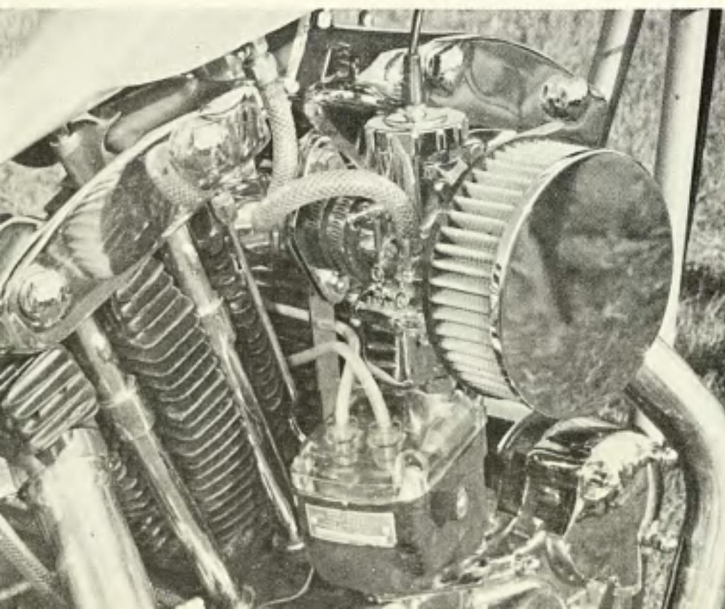
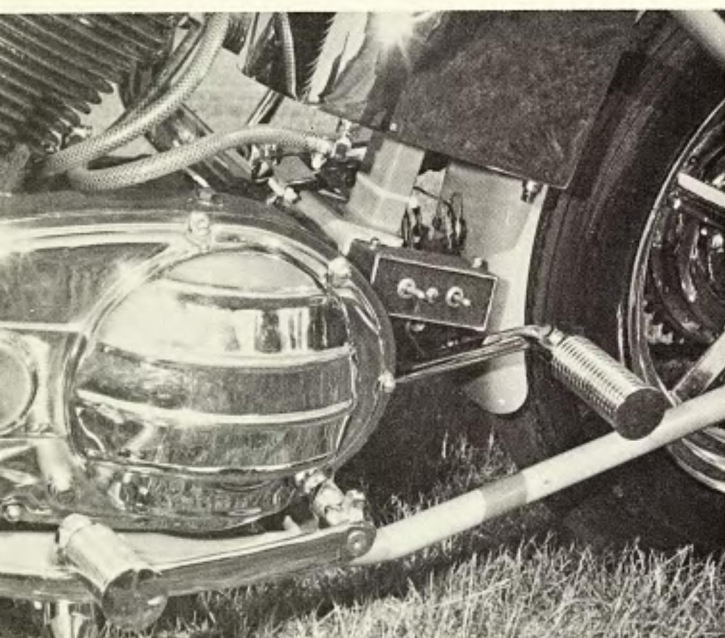
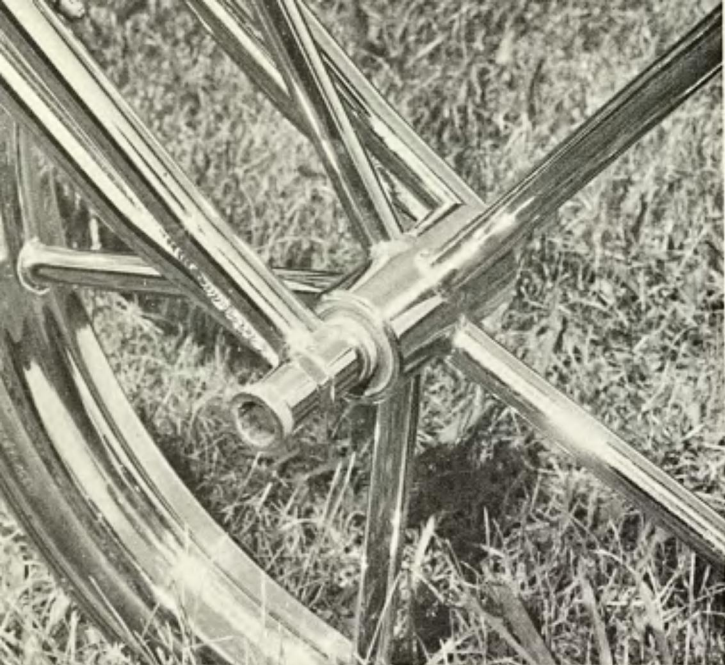
Photos by Jake



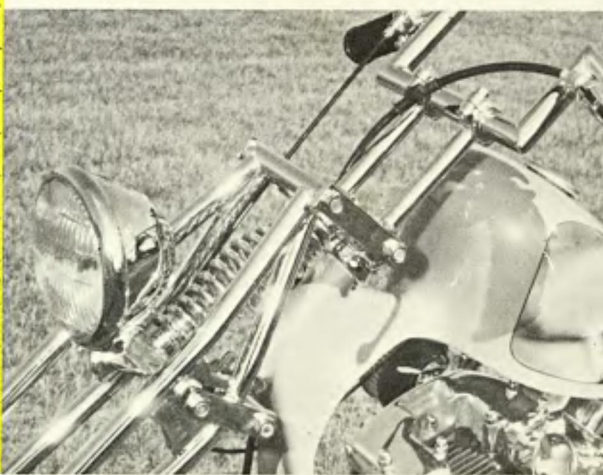
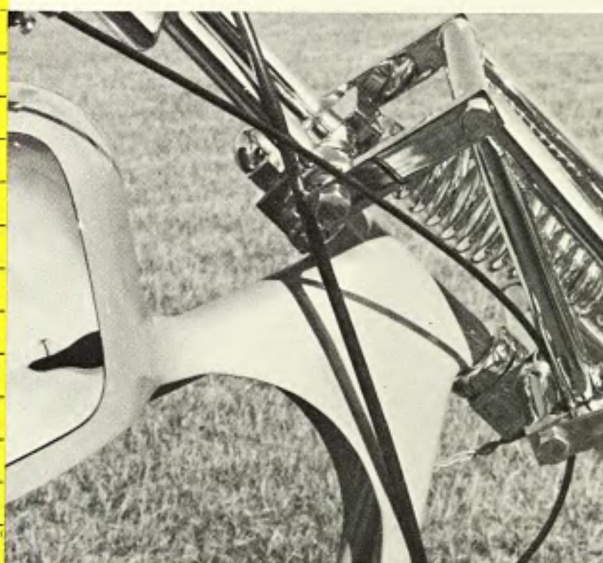
weed patch while decidin' which end of the camera to point at the bike. Now, we was never too hip to botany, but it was obvious once we had snorted every leaf in the joint there was some serious stupor-inducin' shit somewhere in amongst the poison ivy and pewk berries. Euwell Gibbons woulda been proud of the way this greasy city trash got off to nature. The head-mashin' editor of this crew wasn't, though—but Christ, when you're flat on your ass doin' valuable research, how can ya take many pictures?

So anyhow, don't let any of your sly midwest bros feed you the line about how livin' out there is a drag with tornadoes, humid summers, and all that crap. They're just latchin' onto that stash for themselves—without a lotta visitors to get the idea.

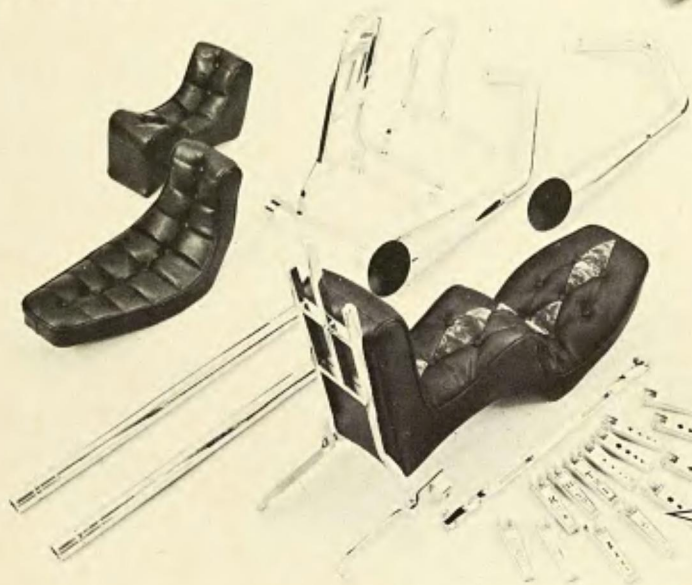
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Owner: Greg DeWeerd		City: Camanche, Iowa	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: new	
Year and make: 1965 H-D		Builder: AEE	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid double loop	
Value: \$3,200		Rake: 43°	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4½ in.	
Time: 8 months		Other alterations: wires thru frame	
Chroming by: Clinton Elec platg.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Z bars	
Year: 1965		Risers: 6 in. plug-ins	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): 5 in. flat	
Rebuilder: H&H Cycle, Tipton		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Joe Hunt mag.		Taillight: Lucas, alloy	
Displacement: 55 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: stock specs		Rear pegs: early Sporty	
Pistons: 9:1 H-D		Electrics: Tarus Cycle, Morrison, Ill.	
Cases: black wrinkle		Gas tank: low tunnel Sporty	
Heads: black wrinkle		Oil tank: Tarus Cycle	
Cam PB's		Oil system: dyed nylon lines	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): 38mm Branch Mikuni		Seat: hand made	
Air cleaner: pleated		Sissy bar: AEE	
Pipes: drag		Height: 15 in.	
Muffler(s): baffles		Material: ⅝ in. square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Cust. Cyc. Design		Type: girder	
Year: 1965		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Calif. Cycle Works	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: internal stops	
Trans sprocket: 21		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 45		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: all lead, owner		Hub: Invader	Hub: Invader
Painter: Jerry Lampe		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: pearl yellow		Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 5:10 Goodyear
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: spool	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: murals by Jerry Lampe			
Other special modifications: regulator mounts on rear fender, switch panel below oil tank, tank molded with steel plate and lead, wife is title owner!			



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Harley Heaven

—Continued from page 15

Was it *his* bike? It was, but it was resurrected in absolute perfection, including those beautiful mag wheels in *gold*. If he'd had every part hand-crafted and forty coats of the most far-out lacquer applied and polished for a year—this was it. He eased over by the bike. Touched the handle bars. It was *his*—no mistake. Was he on some crazy trip from some crazy party?

"Halt there, who are you?" he heard. A tall dude, a biker for sure, stepped out the door. He looked at Grease, and Grease as usual looked past him. He heard some groans and screech sounds. He glanced quickly around. He didn't know what to say.

"Come on in here. You can't just ride out there without my permission," said the tall dude.

"I can ride anywhere I fuckin' ass want," Grease said.

"Well, maybe, and then again, maybe not. First, where ya from? Let me guess—ummm—I'd say earth by the scroungy looks of you."

"Where the fuck am I?"

"Come in here. I wasn't expecting anyone today from earth. I'm on assignment here at the entrance to Harley Heaven. I let bikers in to ride when they deserve it, and if they don't deserve it—well, you'll see. My name's Preacher. What's yours?" He held out his hand for the biker's shake. Grease took it limply.

"Grease—" He was ready to say Grease Stroupe but Preacher cut him off.

"Let's check you. You might get in here and ride and then again you might not ride. That depends. We're all Harley freaks here. It appears you qualify on that point." He glanced at Grease's Harley. "This section of heaven is called Harley Heaven because all old and wrecked Harleys are resurrected here whole and perfect." He walked over to a long bank of computers with lights blinking. He pulled a handle labeled Earth. There were other handles with crazy names Grease had never heard of. In a moment the clicking machine began to spit out a typed sheet with names and lists of data.

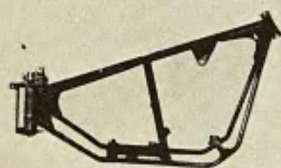
After a few seconds, Preacher cut off the machine. "Grease Lopez," he read. "Earth, Harley freak." He looked at the data beside the name. Then a smile crossed his face. Grease decided he better keep his mouth shut about the wrong name.

"Looks like you got your shit together all right. You aren't an angel by any means, but up here we judge people against the standards that apply to a dude's way of life. You've balled a lot of chicks, some of 'em pretty young. Ummm. Even 14-year-olds. But the chicks liked it, so that's all right. You've beat up a few bikers and been beat up a few times yourself. But mainly, I see you've never fucked your biker brothers. So we accept you here as a rider."

Grease heard the agonized groans again. He scowled, glanced around.

"Never mind them. I told you we get all bikers in Harley Heaven, even the fucked-up ones. Those we tie up beside the road out there. We shave 'em, put 'em in a pressed wool suit and let 'em sit a few thousand years watchin' Harleys go by."

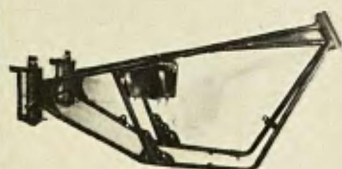
—Continued on page 62



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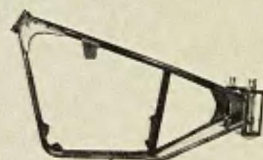


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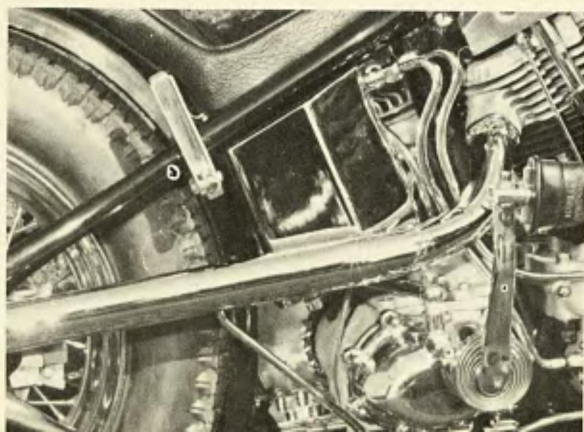
Scooters Are For Ridin'

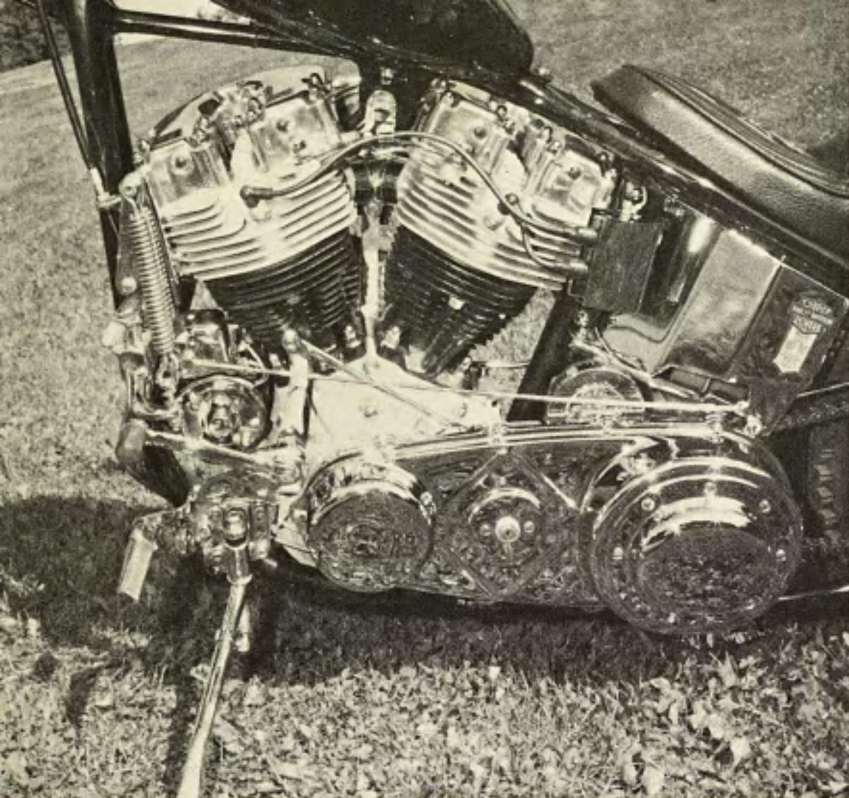
Man, you gotta be some kinda hardcore to ride a custom putt in Pittsburgh. Half the roads are still paved in bricks that musta been laid about the same time as Pocohontas, and if that don't getcha, then the trolley tracks will—they snake all over the place like a rattler fulla whites. The highway department's idea of showin' class is to start tearin' up the street at the four-thirty rush hour and then see how many fumin' citizens stack up behind the bottleneck, just waitin' to cut a two-wheeled bro off—or lettin' the potholes go until July fourth and countin' how many alloy rims get squashed and downtubes flattened. As far as tryin' to license any kinda sled with a front end longer than a gnat's wazoo—it's so bad we won't even rap about it.

But somehow there are some righteous bikes and scooter people in that corner of the world who take pride (and maybe to spite the damn state boondoggle) in



Photos by Jake



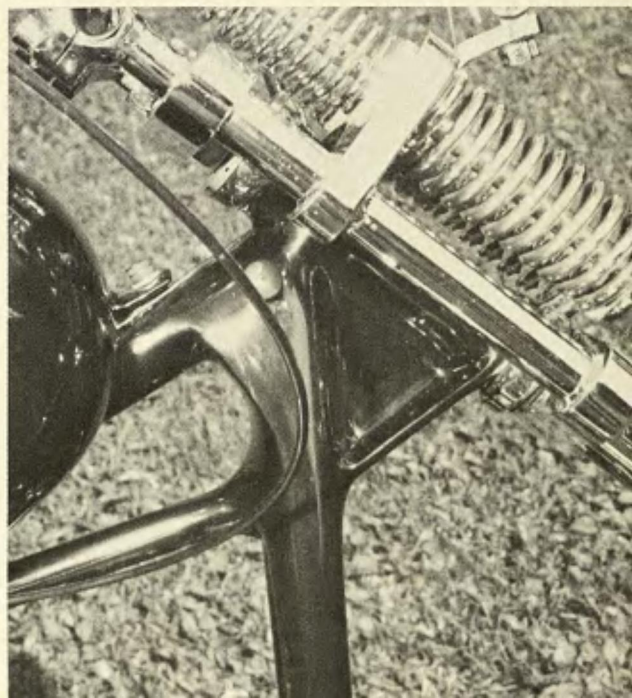
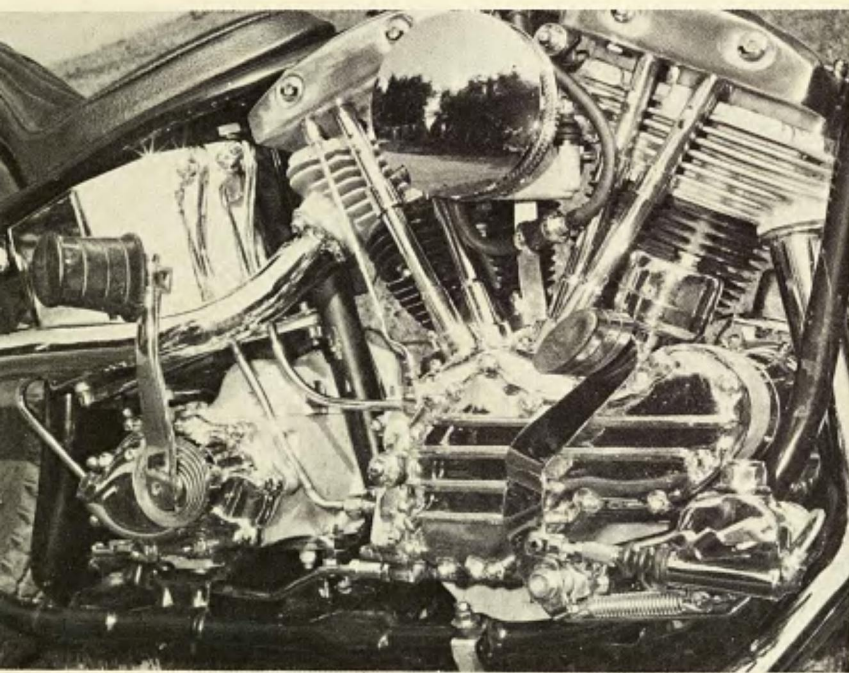


ridin' as much as they can. The crappier and rastier the pavement, the harder and longer they jam it on.

Like Zig Freed's putt—he's even got a custom-made skid plate mounted below the cases that shines like a mirror. But with those potholes, rocks, and an eighty-two inch mill that won't take slow for an answer, he'll probably waste the chrome on the mutha in less than a season. And if that bitchin' paint job holds up to those steel mill fumes longer'n a couple of seasons without shrivelin' up like a dog turd in the sun, it'll be a miracle bigger than Mutha.

But that's what the hell a scooter is for—ridin', and showin' those straight numb-nuts who are responsible for this swill like helmet laws that bros will keep their mills screaming and tires burning regardless of the hassles they have to go through.

—Continued on next page



Owner: Zig Freed

City: Pittsburgh

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 64 front, 36 rear rigid

Year and make: 1958 H-D

Builder: H&H Cycle, Webster, Pa.

Model: 74

Type: double loop rigid

Value: 4 grand

Rake: $\frac{3}{8}$ in.

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 3 years, sorta

Other alterations: forkstops-owner

Chroming by: Fast Frank

Accessories

Engine

Bars: pullback, Cycle Deli

Year: 58 lower, 73 top

Risers: Sportster

Model: FL

Fender(s): 5 in. flat w/bead

Rebuilder: Paul Tommarello

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: 12V coil, distr.

Taillight: Drag Specialties Knightlight

Displacement: 82 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: S&S wheels

Front pegs: Gary Bang

Balancing: S&S

Rear pegs: Gary Bang

Pistons: Venolia 10.5:1

Electrics: Bosch regulator, wires in frame

Cases: bead blasted

Gas tank: Paughco Mustang

Heads: ported & polished

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: Sifton 468

Oil system: overhead oiler for shovels

Lifters: Sifton solid

Primary cover Paughco

Carb(s): 38mm Bendix

Seat: his mother did it!

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Sissy bar: Cycle Deli, Wilkinsburg

Pipes: home-made shotgun

Height: 18 in.

Muffler(s): none

Material: CRS $\frac{5}{8}$ in. bar

Transmission

Forks

Modifications:

Type: Springer

Year: 1958

Extension: 8 in.

Shifting: foot, mousetrap

Builder: Cycle Delicatessen

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: teflon bushings

Trans sprocket: 25

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: stock

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Molding: owner

Hub: Bang spool

Hub: H-D

Painter: Jim Kunze

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: 3.00 Avon

Tire: Avon 5.00

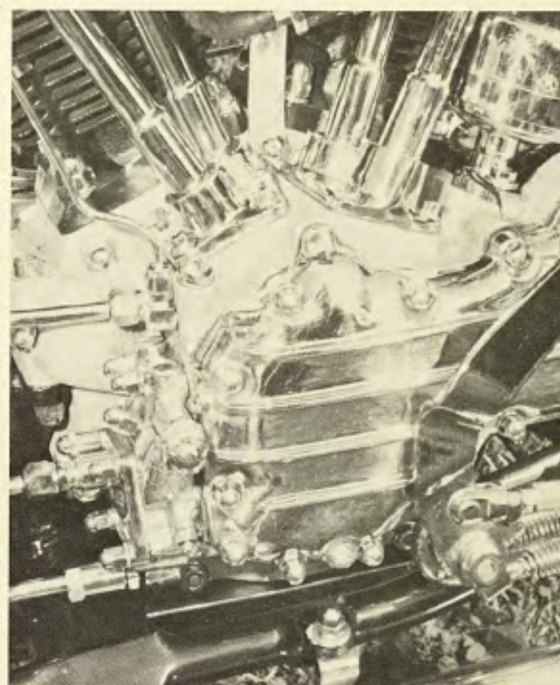
Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: none

Brake: Kelsey Hayes

Special paint: illustrations by Jim Kunze

Other special modifications: FLH spring, Sifton collars & keepers, key switch in primary inspection cover, home-made skid plate, stoplight switch relocated





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Right On!



Harley Heaven

—Continued from page 56

Eventually we'll free them into some other heaven—like the bureaucrats heaven or something like that. Then later—well—time will tell. As for you, Grease, you're free to ride!"

Grease nodded. He just wanted to get on the road before that crazy dude discovered his mistake. Another group of bikers blasted by; the sound was ear-splitting and beautiful. He glanced at the pipes on his bike. *Straight through!* He'd always thought on earth that any fuckin' four-wheeler, including the pigs, who didn't like the sound of straight pipes oughta wear earplugs.

Preacher smiled as Grease stared at his bike. "Looks good, huh? Here we don't have to worry about noise. Anybody who don't like our fuckin' pipes can get the fuck outta here. The gate opens both ways. I never could understand the fuckheads on your earth makin' bikes quieter than factories and trains. I hope Pete sends me that asshole on your earth who claims to be a biker, yet passes the fuckin' laws *against* bikers. I've got special plans for him. He'll be forced to ball chicks by the roadside until he begins to like it, then no more chicks for him. Instead he'll watch others ball until it blows his mind. Then I'll blast an open-piped Harley full chat in his ears—or maybe in his ass if I feel like it—for a thousand years. Then we'll put him on a bike on the hottest days in a full-lined suit of reflective orange and a helmet six inches thick and he'll go on a long ride on roads fucked up with slippery painted stripes, deep pot holes, redneck four-wheel drivers, and deep rain grooves that'll wiggle like a fuckin' snake. Cops will be behind every billboard and they'll run 'im down with sirens and hassle him and write him up and do other fuckin' things to him for punishment. Well, you get the idea. The fucker'll wish he'd been a clerk in a supermarket."

Grease nodded again. Preacher started to talk some more about some bike parts warehouses, but Grease had cranked over his Harley and it blasted out the words. He dialed it on and burned outta there. In a second the speedo read 90. Grease grinned. *Whoever the fuck Grease Lopez is he'll take my place and that'll be tied up beside the road watchin' Harleys go by!*

—Continued on page 65

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Go Wrong?

—Continued from page 12

haven't really changed a bit." I said, "Yeah, you know when it's in your blood you can't stop until you're dead." Frank then asked me a question that jerked me back and reminded me of why I'd left home so quick: "You in trouble, Brad?"

I looked at him hard for a few seconds, and then said, "Just because I look like trouble in your eyes, doesn't mean I'm in it! So why don't you take that shield you hide behind and stick it up your ass." I turned my key on, found the compression stroke and kicked my fire-breathing knuckle into life. I looked back as I kicked it into first and squeezed the clutch in hard and asked myself, "Where the fuck did I go wrong?" I eased the clutch out and nailed it. My girder came up about a foot and stayed there until I hit third.

I started looking for some familiar BBs, bikes and bars. I

finally found an old hangout, JR's. Out front was about \$25,000 worth of motor-driven beauty. I put my wheel among them. I brought my right leg over the seat and the bronze acrylic paint and started up the steps. When I pushed the door open I was greeted by a caressing blast of smoke that offends your senses and draws you in at the same time. I squinted my eyes and looked around and saw a few familiar faces. I went over and started bullshitting. After three brews and one good cigarette, I noticed this hammer at the bar in half-faded jeans and tank top. I quickly decided that she would be better company than these beauties with beards.

I sat down beside her and started laying my best shit down, then out of nowhere some asshole knocked me to the floor. As soon as I flipped around, I saw the ugliest motherfucker in the world looking down at me. It said, "Next time I break you in half, scumbag." As I went for a chair I said, "Let's not wait," and I smashed

it across his head. He dropped like a sack of shit. Next thing I know I'm fighting two of his bros. Then the whole fucking place is fighting and I figured my best bet would be to get back on the road. As I got to the door, I could hear the sirens stopping outside. I stepped out and started for my bike. Then I heard it: "HALT!" I figured fuck it, and kept going. The next sound I heard was an explosion that sent me to the cement.

I felt a heat in my chest like someone was stoking a furnace. As I lay on my back grabbing at my chest, the cause of the explosion was looking down at me. It was my brother. I looked up at him in pain and said, "You asshole, you're supposed to shoot to wound, not kill." His expression of determination didn't change as he spoke. "You're no different than the rest, and with your kind we don't take chances."

I dropped my head and felt another explosion in my chest. I opened my eyes, and I realized where I'd gone wrong: I didn't take him with me when I left. ■

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As he flew along the wide-open road he got to wonderin' where all the woofies he saw came from. There never seemed to be enough for all the bikers on earth. Well, he'd find out. He rode for who knows how long—minutes—or even years. Then he saw a group of bikers in a park area. He intuitively threw the bike into a long slide, and it slid a fuckin' mile sideways, screeching, burning and smoking. Then he putted up to the group, leaned the bike against a tree. There were maybe a hundred dudes and woofies, real low-mileage woofies. Well, maybe they had a lot of miles, but they never showed it in their resurrected perfection.

He listened to various groups rapping. The bikes were all so far out that his brain was in a swirl. Then he saw one bike that was so fuckin' far out that he stood there transfixed. He touched it. *I gotta have this fuckin' bike!* Two 80-inch pans in line, and a front end—he paced it off—27 feet long! A dude came over and introduced himself as Tombstone, owner of the bike. A group gathered and talked while Grease kept lookin' at the bike and then at the woofies. Then he saw her—a slender kid—and she was being fondled by two hairy dudes.

"Hey, Grease," some rider said, "you'll get used to that here. Any time anywhere with whoever you want—that'll have ya, that is. That's Chico Kid. You'll have to try her."

"She's fuckin' jail bait."

"No jail bait here, bro, and besides, we know you fucked 'em young on earth. We heard about your record!"

Grease was about to say he never messed with *kids*; then he remembered that he was now Grease Lopez and *he had*.

"Yeah—yeah," he said, and he stared at the kid. She smiled back at him.

"She was a real good chick on earth. Made pre-teen sex films in Tijuana—then teen sex films. One day some patch, the Gargoyles, I think, was on a run down there to pick up some stuff. She took up with them. At the border some fuckin' narcs stopped them and were about to search the bikes. They split. She hung on and the fuckin' pigs opened fire and wasted her. The dudes got away. So you see why we all give her special good treatment here."

Grease suddenly wanted both Tomb's bike and her. Yeah, he would have them both. He thought he better do some talkin' to keep the dudes from gettin' suspicious of him.

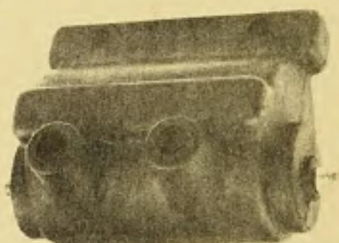
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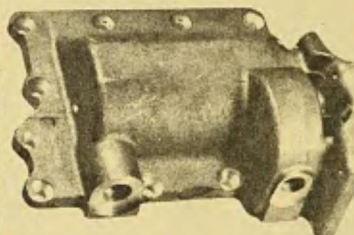
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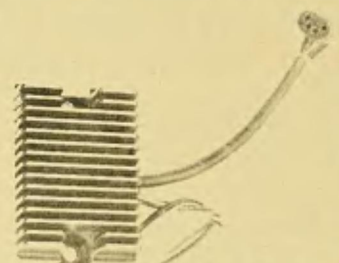
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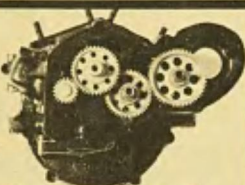


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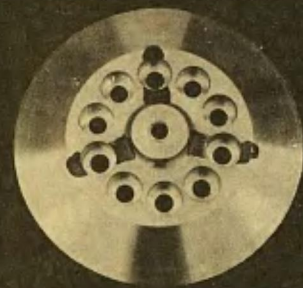
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Especially he noticed Tombstone staring at him with a squinted eye and a scowl.

"Where did all these spaced-out fuckin' woofies come from? I ain't never seen so many. They couldn't all be bikers' chicks; there weren't that many."

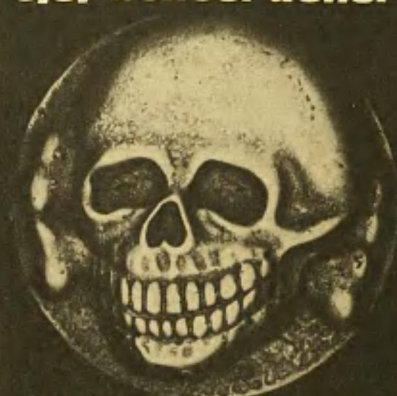
"You seem to dig 'em in a big way, so fuck off." That was Tombstone. He eyed Grease, and Grease shifted his gaze. Maybe Tomb sensed that Grease *had to have his bike*. Another biker with a red beard interrupted.

"Ah, Tomb, he has a right to know where these chicks come from. Grease, I'll tell ya. Some time ago we had a scarcity of real bikers' chicks. You know what a biker's chick is—one that'll give good head to bikers any time anyplace and love it. So we got Preacher to proposition ol' Pete into sending us all them super-righteous chicks who make double-x rated films. Not those fake sex films where they just act, with the dude pumping away with a limp crank. But the real hard-core ones where the chick gets a dude's whammie hard with her mouth and then takes it front, back, and upside down. So ol' Pete agreed, and ever since nobody's got no complaints and the chicks really dig bikin' between times."

Grease nodded acknowledgment. He went over to the fountain for a long drink of beer. He kept his eyes on Tomb's bike. What the fuck did it have? Whatever it was, it was something he had to have. He sat down against a tree. Some chicks came around but he waved 'em away. He was thinkin' how he could rip off Tomb's 27-foot-long-front-end-bike with the twin 80 pans in line and split with the Kid. He planned that at the next party he found, he'd fake it out. Then when everybody was occupied with fuckin' or bein' stoned or whatever, he'd get on that monster, take Chico and split for the uninhabited deep interior. He smiled to himself at his plan—a million acres to get lost in with the bike and the tender woofie. He could wander back again if he got tired of it and claim he freaked out, rode off, got lost and it took 900 years to find his way back. He shut his eyes and he felt like he was ridin' 700mph on that bike with the Kid clinging to him.

He awoke and sure enough she was there strokin' him and lovin' him. She wanted to ball as usual so they played games like he didn't know even existed until now. Then she told him that a big party was

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being planned up the highway—and Grease suddenly remembered his plan.

"Let's ride, Kid," Grease ordered.

On the road time spun around him and through him. He couldn't figure it out. It seemed like he rode a half a lifetime, yet suddenly he was where he wanted to be. Sometimes he felt like he was standing still and the ground was spinning and twisting under him, giving him the illusion he was going someplace while he was going no place.

There was the mile-long slide again and the stop in the meadow among trees and what looked like a million bikes. Grease gazed out over the scene.

"Ain't that somethin', Kid," he said. It wasn't often he felt emotional about anything except stealing a part for his bike.

"Chico," he said seriously. "Be ready to split when I say. We're going' on a long fuckin' trip for a while, and keep yer fuckin' mouth shut, dig me?" Wide-eyed, the nymph nodded. He knew she meant it.

Everywhere the partyers were rapping, smoking, drinking, and balling. But Grease's mind was on the bike. First he had to find it without being obvious about it. Awhile later, suddenly, there it was. Like it appeared there in front of him, just for him.

"Chico," he called automatically, and the Kid was there. He cranked the bike over and swung onto the 160 inches with the Kid behind him. He felt like absolutely nothing could go wrong. The bike was his, anything he wanted was his. They blasted off, the 27-foot front end lifted up 10 feet, and he dialed it on all the way and everything became a long streak of light. He looked at the speedo—950mph!

A trillion miles later, it seemed, he automatically threw the bike over into the long slide and came to a stop. They were in a vast, empty, misty land of warm air and trees and meadow. He wanted a drink and the fountains were there and they drank long draughts of beer. "Let's ball, Kid!" And the Kid was ready. She dropped her dress and he got naked.

What was to happen next never happened. There was an instantaneous ear-shattering blast of 300 db's of sheer noise and, in a swirl of smoke and burning rubber, two Harleys were in front of him and sudden silence returned. There was St. Peter's gatekeeper himself and a stranger. Grease felt like an asshole standing there nude before the

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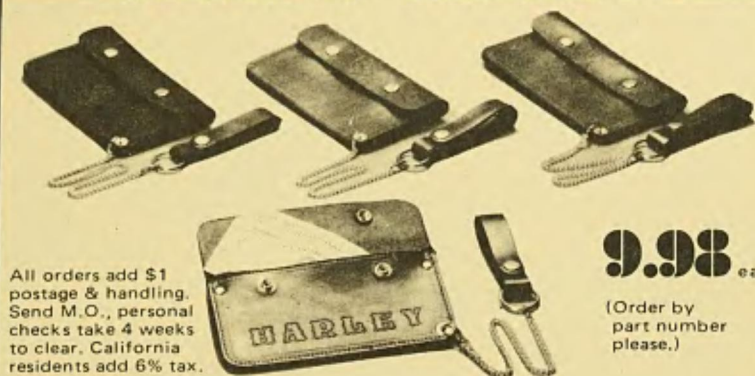
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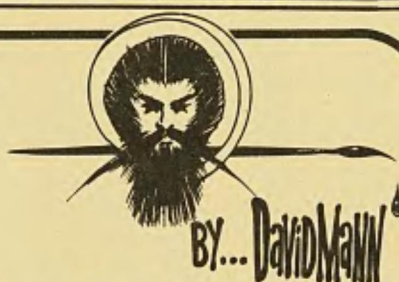
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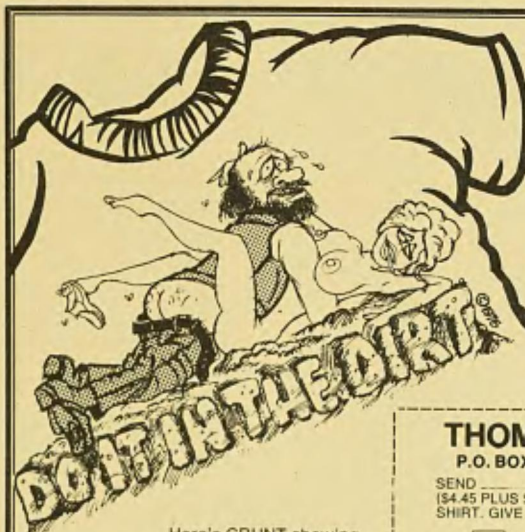
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Preacher's level gaze. "What the muthafuckin' shit you hasslin' me for, Preacher? You a fuckin'-ass CIA agent or somethin'?"

"Grease, let me introduce you to the real Grease Lopez. As to how we found you so easily, that's simple. We attached a bug to Tomb's bike. We figured you to be wantin' to rip it off. Funny thing too, Tomb would have given it to you; he plans to put together a rat bike like you've never seen a rat bike."

Grease was still pantsless. Chico was clinging to him. He shoved her away.

Preacher continued. "Seems Grease Lopez and his bros were partying in your California and he got high and fell off a bank and drowned in the river. But the computer had cranked out *his* name by mistake when you—Grease Stroupe—came to the gate. When the real Grease Lopez came up we accused him of fuckin' his own brothers and gettin' wasted while rippin' off a pair of Harley mag wheels right outta the Righteous Fuckers club barn. We fuckin' near tied the poor dude up beside the road, until Tombstone happened to mention you split with his bike." As the Preacher talked, Grease saw Chico siding up to Grease Lopez, who took her and fondled her naked body there sitting on his bike.

"So, Mr. Stroupe, get yer clothes on. I guess you know what's for you. I've talked to Pete and you're going to the corporation executives' golf course at hole 9, to be staked out there for 10,000 years in a business suit and tie. You'll be showered, shaved, given a crew-cut, and sprayed with the most fragrant underarm deodorant four times a day. A continuous stream of golfers will go by laughing and chatting with their well-coiffured and manicured office girls. They'll be sippin' their cherried manhattans and their dry, dry martinis—forever swinging their golf clubs and yelling *Fore* and then climbing into their golf carts and heading for the next hole."

Grease was rigid; the picture was too horrible to contemplate. Somehow he had to bust their fuckin' heads and split further into the boonies. He snarled, jumped at them, his crank flapping from side to side—but he went limp from a single blow from Preacher.

"Grease," Preacher said softly, "one consolation you'll have out on that rolling meadow at hole 9—there'll be a lotta stock Harley golf carts goin' by!"

Ripe For a Killing

—Continued from page 18

"So where's Charlie?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Inside Mexico by now," replied Fat Dave, who had been sitting down talking to Al but who now rose and called for everybody to shut the fuck up. "All right, this is it. I'll go over the plan in a hurry and we'll get started. This thing has to be timed right or we're all fucked."

Dave glanced at each one of them in turn as he spoke. "Everybody has something to do, and if one guy screws up, he screws up everything. So pay attention. We're heading for Mierda, a little town about 15 miles from Nuevo Laredo. The score has already been set up—2000 pounds waiting for us tonight, and we unload the whole batch tomorrow at a private airfield in Ft. Worth—for cash."

Spider did some rapid mental arithmetic. From Charlie he'd already learned that they were getting the dope for \$25 a pound. Charlie had a regular connection deep in the Mexican interior who apparently would bring the stuff close to the border, but not too close. Charlie had been dealing for some time, but this was the biggest score he'd ever attempted. The buyer from New York had agreed to pay \$65 a pound, so that meant a net profit of \$80,000—\$10,000 for each of the five bikers and a triple share for the respectable Austin businessman who was bankrolling the whole operation. Spider fought down the temptation to daydream about ten grand cash and forced his attention back to Fat Dave, who was still talking.

"So Charlie will have the weed in the truck and ready to go at 9 o'clock tonight. There's a low-water crossing over the Rio Grande that he can drive the truck across. But it's only a couple of hundred yards from the town's police station and the cops keep an eye on it."

"So how do we bring it off?" asked Skunk, finishing off a Lone Star while peering out the window to check on his bike. Even in the country, Skunk was edgy, and force of habit made him look outside periodically.

"That's where the rest of us come in," said Dave. "We blow into town towards dusk and as far as anyone knows we're just a bunch of Texas scum out on a border town run, looking for booze and pussy."

Skunk stood up and walked to the screen door. He chucked his beer

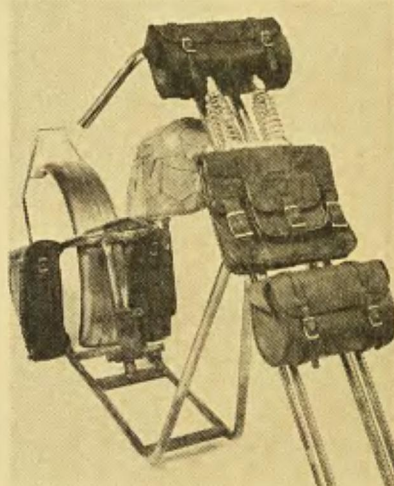
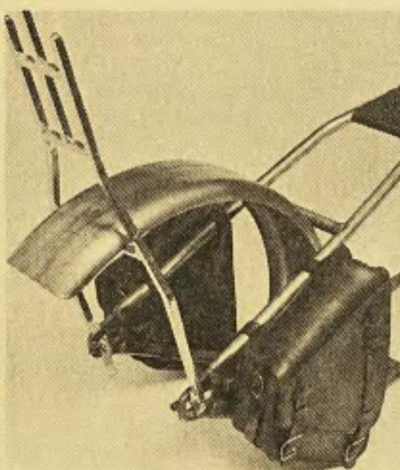
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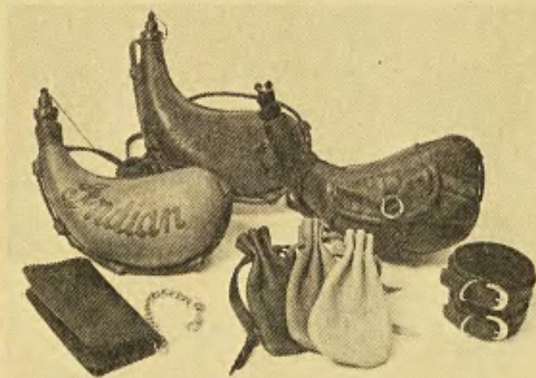
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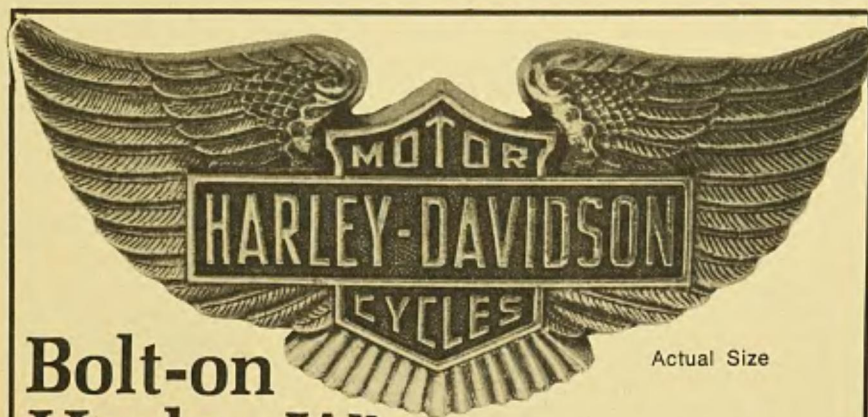
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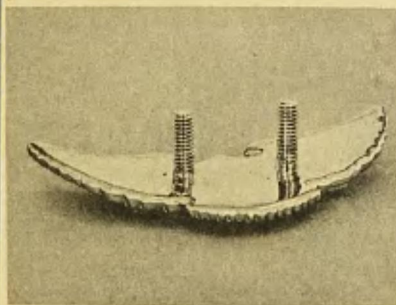
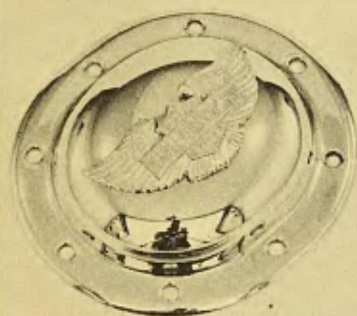
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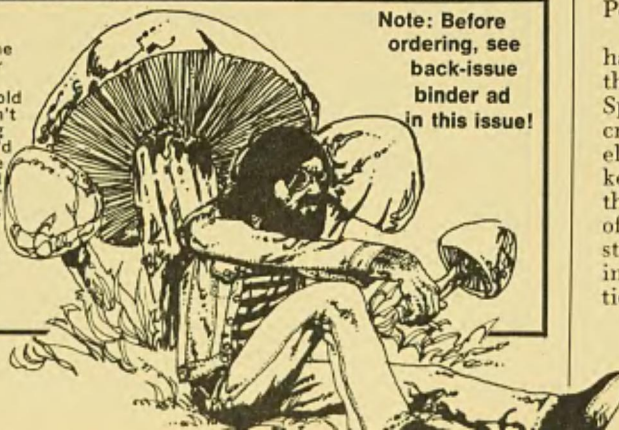
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in this issue!



can into the front yard and turned to face Dave. "Wait a minute. We'll attract attention from every fuckin' clown there—and especially the law."

Dave smiled. "That's the idea. We hang around for a couple of hours drinking beer and running whores until the cops have nothing but us on their minds. Around nine tonight we'll stage a punch-out for their benefit—break a few glasses, scatter the tables, you know."

Big Al had listened in silence, but now he rose, towering over Fat Dave as he stretched his huge frame and yawned. "Fuck this shit, man. You must be too stoned to know what you're saying. We'll wind up in some goddam border jail with nothing to show for it. Forget it."

"Take it easy, Al," Dave said reassuringly. "You don't know Mexican cops. While we're haggling over the price of the damages and how much of a bribe they want to let us go, Charlie drives the truck across. We pay up, head back for Nuevo Laredo, and cross there perfectly legal. Charlie cuts across the scrub country till he hits the road to Zapata. We'll meet him there and provide protection for the truck along the state highway to San Antonio. Then we pick up the Interstate to Ft. Worth. We keep our distance from the truck, but we also keep it in sight. And that's it. Any questions?"

Silence greeted Dave's final remarks. Spider had the nagging sensation that the plan looked okay on paper but that there were too many possibilities for fuckups, and anyhow, this bunch wasn't exactly a hand-picked crack team. But he had downed some more white crosses and the speed was really torquing his nerves. His misgivings were drowned in a teeth-grinding sense of power and confidence that raced through his body.

It was almost 2 o'clock. Four hours to Laredo meant they could devote from 6 p.m. to 9 getting the cops of the little town of Mierda uptight. A fight at 9 and Charlie would have the weed across the river and on the way to Zapata. If all went well, they'd be at the airstrip in Ft. Worth just about dawn. Perfect. . . .

The central Texas sun beat down hard on the men and machines as they cruised south on Interstate 35. Spider had dropped four more crosses before they left and he was electric with energy. It was hard to keep the bike at anything close to the speed limit—the rhythmic bark of the big Hog and the wide, straight highway merged together into a total experience of exhilaration.

"Be cool," Spider told himself.

"This is no time to hassle with a cop even if it's just for speeding." He twisted back on the throttle abruptly and the Harley slowed at once, wobbling under the sudden force of deceleration. Spider set about calming down methodically—he relaxed his clenched jaws, put his feet up on the highway pegs, and held the bike at a steady 55, dropping back to within a few yards of his companions, whom he'd greatly outdistanced during his amphetamine rush.

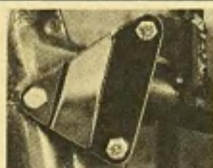
The Laredo-Nuevo Laredo border crossing is the busiest in the western hemisphere, but the bridge is a narrow, 2-lane antique onto which is funneled the downtown congestion of both cities in a mad crush of machinery and foot traffic. The bikers drew stares from the air-conditioned LTDs with northern and midwestern license plates. Spider knew the type—balding salesmen and accountants on their way to be fleeced in lavish tourist traps in Mexico. They would head for a hotel full of other Americans, all of them dressed like redneck pimps in burgandy double-knits with white belts and white patent-leather shoes with brass buckles. They would buy some mass-produced "authentic" curios, get drunk each night, and return to their hotel rooms for a booze-dimmed screw from their pants-suited beehive-haired wives.

Spider caught one of these jerk-offs gaping at him through the window of his station wagon. Spider grinned and began to pick his nose while the traffic inched along toward the Mexican border. He flicked a booger at the asshole's window, where it stuck just under his astounded stare. From then on Mr. Businessman stonily contemplated the trunk of the car ahead.

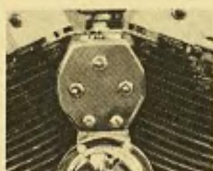
Once into Mexico, everyone fell in behind Fat Dave, who knew the 15-mile route to the little town southeast of Nuevo Laredo. The road was little more than a cowpath and it was difficult to maneuver the big street bikes through the ruts and around the holes. At one point the bikers' progress was halted by a dead goat in the middle of the road. It was stiff and beginning to smell. Finally, they came to the edge of town, and a short way down the dust-filled main street they stopped the bikes in front of a crumbling adobe building whose faded exterior bore the words "El Gato Bar." The inside was surprisingly crowded and noisy—until the four bikers entered and all conversation ceased as if on cue while the crowd of bums and whores examined the gringos.

"Cerveza para todos," Big Al said to the bartender, indicating his

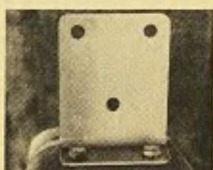
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companions with a wave of his huge hand. Sitting down at the only free table, they began to drink, trying to act nonchalant but still feeling uncomfortable and warily eyeing their audience. Little by little, conversation in the cantina resumed and the bikers breathed easier.

Dave addressed the group at the table, keeping his voice as low as possible under the circumstances, though the blaring jukebox forced him to speak louder than he wished.

"Remember one thing. We're here to draw the attention of the cops but not actually get ourselves arrested. And we have to keep up our act till the time we know Charlie's crossed the river. Drink some beer, screw a whore, whatever—but keep your cool, don't get sloppy drunk, and for crissakes don't say a word about what we're really here for—even to each other."

Three hours later they had established themselves convincingly in the bar as a raucous but friendly bunch of crazy gringos. They were tolerated as an amusing novelty and the bikers had set the whole place up for beer twice. Al went off with one of three whores working the joint and returned shortly, convinced that he'd been given a block-buster dose of the clap.

The jukebox was turned up to an ear-splitting volume that seemed to fill the very cracks in the walls. The gringos' table was littered with empty beer bottles. Spider ate hot sauce on pork skins as he watched Skunk stumble around the floor with a middle-aged whore in a parody of dancing. The strange couple shuffled aimlessly in a sweaty embrace to the tear-jerking lyrics of a Mexican love song. Spider looked at his watch and then at Dave, who gave the signal that it was time to go to work.

"The fuck you mean by that, you lousy cocksucker?" Spider yelled as he slammed Dave in the mouth with a teeth-rattling punch. They had agreed to make the fight look good and Spider had lashed out in a beer and amphetamine mock-fury. Dave was unprepared for the force of the blow and he spun backwards into the adjacent table in an explosion of tamales, beer, glass, and Mexican profanity. He attempted to rise, his mouth already a swollen pulp of blood and saliva.

The group of Mexicans at the overturned table picked themselves up off the floor, cursing in both Spanish and English. They would have had Dave's ass then and there if he and Spider hadn't already crashed to the floor in a mass of flailing arms and legs. The two remaining bikers made apologies while simultaneously offering token efforts to pull the fighters apart.

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Within a couple of minutes the town's entire three-man police force was in the bar and had the gringos at bay in the center of the circle made by the angry crowd. The cops spread out to cover any escape route.

The *jefe* was a squat man with an enormous beer belly that hung over the top of his khaki pants and completely obscured his belt. Large semi-circles of sweat stained the cloth beneath his arms. One of the deputies was a scrawny, aged peasant in battered sandals and pants that were much too short. He would have been laughable, but the 12-gauge pump he leveled at the bikers made him a serious person indeed. The other deputy was a kid, about 18, who wore sunglasses despite the time of night and the bar's dim interior. He carried an AR-15 automatic rifle and wore a belt sporting five extra clips. Mexican cops are inordinately proud of their guns. A town may be dirt-poor and have almost no crime, but the cops still carry first-rate hardware.

The *jefe* held a chrome-plated .45 on the gringos and squinted at the group through half-closed eyes. "You *gabacho* sonsabees," he said in a wheezing voice, "what the hell you up to?"

By pre-arrangement, Spider was to be the spokesman.

"Easy, amigo," Spider said soothingly through what he hoped was his friendliest smile. He took his eyes off the dark hole in the gleaming barrel of the .45 long enough to glance at the *jefe's* face. The *jefe* wasn't smiling.

The *jefe* slowly walked to within a foot of Spider and very gently, almost teasingly, worked the gun barrel inside Spider's shirt between two buttons. Spider felt the cold metal touch his skin just above his belt buckle. The *jefe's* voice was a quiet snarl. "Maybe you silly fuckers like to come talk to me in my jail. Maybe there we watch you do a few treks for me—like eat a handful of cockroaches or maybe lick out the toilet . . . eh?"

Spider's reply was barely audible. He didn't want to dicker over the bribe with anyone but the *jefe* alone. Otherwise, everybody in the place would want in on the hustle.

"Officer, my friends and I are real, real sorry about what happened here. It was just a little misunderstanding and we all had a little too much beer."

The other bikers tried to look sorry while Spider continued. "We'd be very grateful if you'd allow us to pay the owner for the damages and we'd also just love to buy everybody in the joint a drink." His voice now sank to a bare whisper. "And for you and your men, let's say \$50 for the inconvenience."

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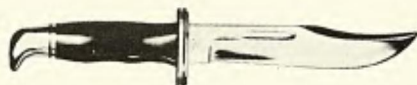
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The jefe still wasn't smiling. "Let's say \$100 for me, my gringo friend, and for my men, let's say—" The jefe stopped abruptly in mid-sentence and cocked his ear towards the door. A puzzled expression began to replace his sneer.

The cantina was hushed—no voices, no music. Spider waited for a long, confused moment. He stared in wonder at the jefe's tilted head and slack mouth. Then it hit him, and he felt his guts contract in panic. Dimly but distinctly, he could hear the unmistakable sound of a straining truck engine and wheels as they spun in mud.

"Motherfucker," he said to himself, "Charlie's stuck." Tiny beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead and collected before running down the bridge of his nose. Time ground to a stop.

The bikers looked at each other while the moment seemed to stretch to the breaking point. For one brief instant, the puzzled cops were all preoccupied, absorbed in quiet, intense concentration, straining to identify the faint sound. The gringos attacked.

Spider slapped the jefe's gun hand aside and rammed his knee straight up into the cop's nuts with all his might. The jefe bellowed like a freshly castrated steer as the force of the kick drove him backwards into his own deputy. The jefe crashed to the floor. The ragged old deputy with the shotgun was knocked from his listening trance and fired in a totally reflex action. The load caught his buddy, Senor Sunglasses, in the belly, lifting him off the floor and slamming him into the bar.

Before the kid's unbelieving killer could move the slide on the 12-gauge for another shot, Big Al's enormous fist slammed him into unconsciousness. At the same instant, Skunk lashed out with his steel-toed boot and buried it in the jefe's flabby gut. He curled up like a fetus and thrashed about the floor convulsively, gasping for breath.

Spider leaped towards the bar where the body of the Sunglasses Kid lay motionless in the center of a spreading pool. Spider grabbed the AR-15 and whirled on the crowd. "Cuidado," he shouted, "no-body move!" Motioning the other bikers to open a path to the door, he held the crowd perfectly still with the rifle resting across one knee as he knelt and removed the five extra clips from the dead man's belt.

He backed in the direction of his retreating friends, never taking his eyes off the rifle off the stunned patrons of El Gato.

"You three run and help Charlie," he yelled over his shoulder,

once he had made it out the door. He stood in the darkened street and faced the cantina. "I'll hold this bunch off while you get the truck moving, but for crissakes hurry—if we don't get the fuck outta here we're dead."

The truck was about 100 yards away now and Spider could see Charlie, his blond beard distinct in the moonlight, stooped over one rear wheel. He was shoving branches under the tire. At that same moment Charlie spotted the trio running towards him. Shouting at them to push, he leaped back into the driver's seat.

Spider slowly walked backwards, keeping the AR-15 trained on the door of the cantina. Occasionally he would dart a quick look over his shoulder. The truck was a panel van—not especially big, but the ton of marijuana made it too heavy for the Rio Grande mud.

Spider had made it halfway to the truck when he heard the blast of a .45 from the cantina and saw the dirt scatter less than six feet in front of him.

He jerked the AR-15 to his shoulder and emptied the clip at the cantina's swinging doors. Wood shrieked and snapped as the high-velocity slugs reduced the doors to shredded sticks. Only the hinges and a few jagged splinters remained when Spider threw down the empty clip and rammed in a fresh one. Moonlight poured into the bar through the shattered doorway and he could see the white shirts of terrified customers as they flattened themselves against the floor.

Spider whirled and ran straight for the truck. He arrived just as a second slug from the bar ripped a hole in the van's roof. "Jesus fuck-in' Christ," he exploded, "why does that asshole want to be a hero so bad?"

He emptied another clip into the cantina. And then a third. Looking behind him, he saw Big Al straining against the rear of the truck. The van lurched forward a bit and the sinews on Al's neck stuck out like taut guyropes. The veins in his arms seemed ready to burst as he heaved against the truck; suddenly the tire found traction and the van abruptly shot forward up onto the dry bank.

Spider sprayed the bar with the remaining two clips just for the hell of it and tossed the rifle into the shallow water. Its hot barrel hissed as Spider ran towards his waiting companions. Charlie threw the truck into gear and they all lurched across the scrubby desert, headed for the road to Zapata—and safety.

Inside the truck the bikers were at first too wired to speak. Spider felt the arteries in his neck beat in

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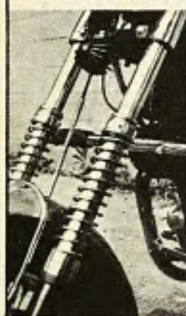
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Fine fork tubes (there is a difference) and front suspension components for **ALL CYCLES** in any length, one piece seamless tubing. Springs, collars, crowns, trees, braces, kickstands, spring conversion kits, rakes and decorative fork tube nuts. Reliable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

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Far-Out Decals



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

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

50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

pounding rhythm with his heart. The plan had been fucked up bad—real bad. But still, they'd made it across with the weed and they were safe and . . . the bikes! They had left the bikes at the cantina, and there was no chance of going back, not with that hero toting a .45 back there. And that dead cop made any future return impossible. Spider was numb, trying to get his mind around the realization that he'd lost his chopper. For good.

Skunk interrupted the general cursing and groaning. "Lissen, man, them bikes ain't gonna do us no good anyhow if that goddam jefe notifies the U.S. feds. He may be on the phone right now and the fuckin' Border Patrol may be on our ass by the time we find the highway."

Dave shook his head. "Naw, man, that ain't gonna happen. Bikes cost a fortune in Mexico, and even then you never see anything bigger than a Honda 350. There's plenty of high-rollin' Mexicans who'll pay through the nose to own a big Hog. That fuckin' cop can retire on what he'll make. And he ain't gonna take a chance on queerin' the deal by talkin' to a bunch of slick wiseass gringo feds. Them bikes are his, man."

A half hour later Charlie had found the road to Zapata and the tires now hummed along the pavement as the bikers rolled toward their Ft. Worth payoff.

Spider slumped against the wall of the van. The interior was thick and acrid with the raw smell of a ton of marijuana stacked in burlap bags on the floor. The air in the truck was dusty with floating particles of weed, and Spider tried to keep from sneezing. The speed was wearing off fast now and he felt sucked dry—gritty and wasted and with a bad head. He was exhausted physically but still remained mentally alert. He found the simultaneous impressions unpleasant. He was half sick from exhaustion and excitement, the depressing mixture of alcohol and adrenalin.

At last, the steady whine of the tires against the cement brought a trance-like drowse to the occupants of the truck. Spider dimly thought of the \$4000 he had invested in his chopper, to say nothing of the sweat and busted knuckles it had cost him.

But, he remembered, \$10,000 was waiting for him in Ft. Worth. Another bike—that left six grand. "Well," he told himself, "I've bought myself a half year of freedom anyhow, and that's more than most poor fuckers ever get hold of. And I've got a hell of a story to tell."

He slept and dreamed as the van rolled on through the warm Texas night.

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.

Lighten up on the hard times, will ya? Write Dennis J. Ormsby #140-158, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Please write, Donald Graf, Box B-34714, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Let us hear from you, John (Badass) Koop #20735, Roy (Buffalo Nuts) Boyd #19030, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

2 to 10 is a while, but you could help. Write Tony Petyth 47-04, P.O. Box B-64122, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

I'm about to go crazy. Write now, Dave (Blue) Coleman #7452, P.O. Box #2 K.S.P., Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Two solid cons want girls to scribe. Henry C. Mendes, P.O. Box B-51656, C.T.F. Central-owing-118, Dennis Reynolds, P.O. Box B-49463, C.T.F. Central-owing-117, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Old Ghost Rider wants to hear from any good people, Don (Little Duke) Magley, Box 41-4020, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Want correspondence from concerned individuals. David "Big Daddy" Jones, #138-288, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Two scooter tramps in slammer. Need righteous ol' ladies. Sparky Seals #139913, George Reno Koenig #139957, Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Together biker wants to hear from together chick. Write John "Coble" Walker #623130, B-14 S-wing, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

Help me with my time. Write George Theriot, P.O. Box 1343812, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Chicken lickin' needs a fixin'. Write Jim Williams, P.O. Box B-38900, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Dude in stir wants to hear from chicks. Joe Cannito #25994, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Two down bros need words from fair ladies almost as bad as we need out. Vic Cumbo #5415 L-2, Joe Dees #63750 B-4, Reidsville, Georgia 30453.

One greasy scooter bum needs mail from wild chicks. Chris (The Nod) Giddings 13409-116, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Outlaw biker doing bad, needs mail. Tom "The Gypsy" Radice, P.O. Box W, 13307-116-C, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Searching for something real. Write Mingo Agin #41517, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Lonely biker temporarily grounded; lost ol' lady and my freedom. Write Butch (Lucifer) Flener, #143-962-Box 5500 R.C., Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Let's get down and communicate. You never can tell. Mike Schlosskey #C-01018, P.O. Box 112, Joliet, Illinois 60434.

Two Death Riders lonely for rap. Chris (Dago) Perra #133843, Art (Savage) Youngcourt #125888, M.C.I., Box 2000, Rt. #3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Write to me and make an Oakland, Calif., area biker happy. Bruce G. Syster, Box B-66995, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

These ol' gray walls surround me, but I can still get mail. Write Charles Miller #86729-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Come on, ladies, we can't ride but we can write. Charles "Bill" Biller 041565/A-32, Otis "Dead-eye" Simmons 034761/A-31, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Another lonely night, and I still need a chick to write. Don Avey, B-51137 C-5368, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm especially interested in bitches in the slammer. Write Antti Tarkka, Kontulankuja 2F 194, 00940 Helsinki 94, Finland.

In the can without my pan, so come on, mama, what's the scam? Nick Frano "Buck" #80016 L-14, P.O. Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

John Boy, stay gone, but let us know you're alive (anonymously). Larry Rackley #86280, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501.

Three lonely bikers shot down in a Jersey joint. If you like to ride, send us a scribe. Rich (Red) McKay 44656, John (Heavy) Teschner 47217, Lannie (Bush) Hickson 46478, P.O. Box #1 W-2-C, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

Need some loving, serious-minded scribes. Fred Medina W.B. 336, Box B-49038 North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I am presently a very lonely convict with no words from out there. Steve Brown #B-61189, P.O. Box 2210 (7212), Susanville, Calif. 96130.

If you dig the bummer I'm on, you'll write. James Cates #2430, Inmate Indiana Reformatory Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

The biggest rush we could get would be enclosed in an envelope. Write Bones Wannager #131390, Gene Boodhoo #132672, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Scribe to me and I'll love ya forever. Spider Harley Wissink #29431, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

I'd get off on someone to relate to. Levi Blue, 913 South Hiawatha, Sapulpa, Oklahoma 74066.

Sweathogs who look better than frogs, I need some mail, so get off your tail. John Arbuckle #6987, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Give me a break quick. Write Steve Clark, Box 2000 S-159 B-23952-A, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Females, tune me in for an hour and I'll be there for life. David Williams, Box A-74475-A, C.T.F.N., Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ladies, please shine some light in a brother's cell. M. Geer #42083, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

California scooter trash down in Hoosie dump. Crazy Joe Herron #7699, C. Stoehr #4475, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Would like to write all people who are beautiful inside. Cornell Reynolds, 103461 P.C.C., State Farm, Virginia 23160.

We don't care where you're at, just let us know. Tom Fiel K-2699, Mike Ferry K-2684, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

Hey, cuties, let's hear something real soon. Write Cory Ressler 88861-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Need a good lovin' woman to fix me right. Richard Kisting, P.O. Box B-53686, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Tramp needs loving lines. Craig (Hobo) Turner, P.O. Box 535-30, Corona, Calif. 91720.

Need contact with Dago people. Al (Buster) Stoehr, Reg. No. 4474, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Write to the original sin. Joey "Sleazy" Guerin #45982, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Could dig hearing from some freakish foxes. Manuel Francis Contreras, P.O. Box 67541, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

If you can write, do it. Frank "Daddy Rabbit" Lawley, Box 58618 R.B. 115, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Two bikers need some hot letters from some hot ladies. Write Mark Busby #87104 and Steve Mister #87112, Box 514, Granite, Oklahoma 73547.

I sure could dig a letter once in a while. Al "Shotgun" Gambill, P.O. Box B-64056, Represa, Calif. 93671.

Two Sacramento whites, mid 20s, would like to hear from chicks anywhere. David "Poindexter" Azeltine B-62038, Lawrence "Fuzy" Pursell B-57842, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I'm on vacation, thanks to crime. Take some time to drop me a line. Gregg Fisher #95975, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

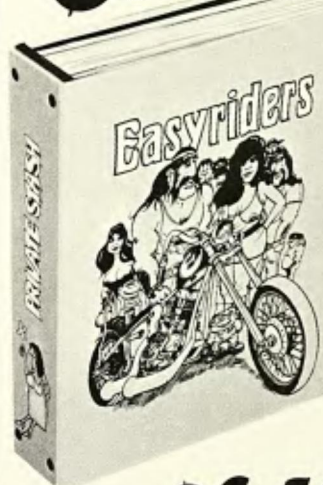
Lonely convict, 27 years old, wants white female for marriage. Purpose, conjugal visits. Rick Beck, B-43504, P.O. Box 126, Georgetown, Calif. 95634.

Hey, ladies, shoot me a page to help brighten this cage. Paul Bridgewater, P.O. Box 1333, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

If you're alone, so am I. Write Danny Barabas, B-61769, B-315 CTF, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I want some mail! Mark Patterson, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wisconsin 54305.

Class



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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 scribbings 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 _____ Zip _____
State _____

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

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.

Custom chrome plating. Copper-nickel-chrome. 11 years experience. Specializing in motorcycle and auto steel and aluminum parts. Kilburn's Plating Co., P.O. Box 244, Adamsville, Tenn. 38310. 901-632-0481. (42)

Seeking horny swingers? "Swinging Times." \$3.00. Box 893ER, Everett, Wash. 98206. (38)

Bud Pearson, I've been trying to find you since you left Denver on January 9, 1976. Want to rap with you more. I've tried to locate you. So I left my phone number with Sue in Craig. Please give me a call as soon as possible. Connie. (38)

Levi halter tops, made from original blue levis. Small, medium, large. \$8.50 postage paid. Also custom embroidery. Send size and \$8.50 to: Passion Flower Halter Tops, Box 165, Copperopolis, Calif. 95228. (38)

Bike-crazy, horny, hip, foxy chicks from anywhere, write! Lonely biker needs companionship or maybe to settle down. Write to: Mike (Dirty Devil) Rommel, 4027 E. Balch, Fresno, Calif. 93702. (38)

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)

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)

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

Harley riders. Don't go touring without our name and address list of all the Harley dealers in the USA. Send \$3.00 to H.D. List, Box 292, Glenhead, New York 11545. (38)

Little Fucker: Miss you. Keep in touch. Party for me. 143. (38)

For sale cheap! 1925 H-D; 1923 with side back; 1934 V.L.D.; 1966 H-D; 1952 H-D; 1947 H-D; 1957 H-D; 23 frames; 17 transmissions; and much, much more. A collector for over 14 years. Send \$10.00 for prices and picture. Jerry, 1217 11th St., Sioux City, Iowa 51105 (38)

Toni Rick: Remember "Loser," Roques, Tacoma? Write P. O. Box 653, Houston, Texas 77001. (38)

Righteous chick from any state to live with and ride one of my two Sportsters. I'm tired of square chicks. If you can, send picture and phone number. Chuck Caesar, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (39)

Debbie Daley of Phoenix, Arizona, contact "Grumpy" at this address: Bob "Grumpy" Lookingbill 133068, P.O. Box 534 MHC, Jessup, Maryland 20794. (38)

Need extra bread fast? Receive 50 letters daily containing \$1.00. Plan, plus 7 formulas. Send \$1.00 and stamped, self-addressed envelope: C. L. McKenzie, Box 2712, Santa Fe Springs, Calif. 90670. (38)

Warning—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it. . . . Clever and amusing sticker. Put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-14, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (38)

\$2,000 worth of hash from one kilo grass. Ordinary weed to "superweed." Both recipes \$3.00. Martin, Box 7443, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33704. (39)

Collectors items. Original Harley-Davidson 1918 repair manual (52 pages) and 1926 parts catalog (80 pages). Both illustrated. Best offer. Don Cushman, Box 513, Belfast, Maine 04915. (38)

We would like to invite all motorcycle clubs to come to our big annual meeting from June 23 to June 28, 1976, at Checotimi Province of Quebec, Canada. The more riders we have, the more fun we have. (We have everything here for a good trip.) El Conquistacheros M/C, Saguenay, Lac St. Jean, Quebec. (38)

"Flash" Stafford, you misfit, how the fuck are ya? Write! Jo and Jeff Johnson, 6858 Woleben Rd., Portland, N.Y. 14769. (38)

Wanted: Short, well-built biker chick to putt on chop through southern states in November. Let's get our shit together. Send picture and specs to Wolf, 474 Princeton Drive #606, Thompson, Manitoba, Canada. (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 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-10, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (38)

Monterey, Calif. Single, employed biker looking for nympho to party and putt. John, 375-1981. (38)

Regulator repair. Harley-Davidsons with alternators (1970-1975 FX and FLH). Send regulator and \$22.50 to: H. D. Electronics, Box 161, Cudahy, Wisconsin 53110. (38)

I'm a lonely GI in Germany. Any foxy biker gals interested? Send photo, please. Sgt. Gerald Lindsey, HHC 708 Maint. Bn., APO New York, N.Y. 09034. (38)

Have 1938 "cherry" knucklehead chop. I'm looking for foxy lady to putt with this summer, maybe move in for a while or whatever. Looking for chick who lives around Wichita, Kansas, area. Send pictures, phone number, whatever the fuck you want to send. Jim Rexroat, Box 127, Rose Hill, Kansas 67133. (38)

German armbands \$3.00. Nazi party pins \$3.00. Earrings (swastika, Harley #1, or Harley uplift wing style) \$3.50 each or \$5.00 pair. Catalog \$1.00 refundable. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (40)

Big, righteous biker, 27, out of prison soon. Harley chopper in storage, alone now, gonna travel. Need chick by June 1976 to travel with. Write "Monk," c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40)

Potent aerosol manstopper. This effective chemical device would leave a charging 300-lb. maniac blinded and incapacitated for up to 15 minutes. One burst fired from up to 8 feet will disable any attacker. Contains 50 bursts. Satisfaction or money back. \$3.50 postpaid. Zorro Products, 38 Louis Circle, Wallingford, Conn. 06492. Conn. residents add 7% sales tax. (38)

Two saddle tramps in desperate need of mail companionship—1 male tramp, 1 female tramp. No restrictions: Just lay it on us! Dick or Terri, c/o Jumpin Jacks, 112 West Manlius St., East Syracuse, New York 13057. (38)

Remember—The life you save may be your own don't Fuck with my bike. . . . Amusing sticker, gets to the point, 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-7, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (38)

VD—Thousands have it and don't know it. To protect your health, send for free book. Enclose 6¢ for postage and handling. Awareness, Box 367, Wrightstown, N.J. 08562. (38)

Fanny, Los Angeles, please write to Bob (Box RGD), c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (38)

Gay and bisexual bikers, write Gene, Box 273, Golden, Colorado 80401. (38)

Horrible Harry, Milwaukee Out-laws, contact Beezer. I would like to hear from you. Box 835, Nederland, Colorado 80466. (38)

For sale. Make your own: Easy-to-follow instructions to make THC, PCP, cocaine, mescaline, and all others. 25¢ postage gets you descriptive brochure. M & M Enterprises, P. O. Box 691-ER1, Saginaw, Mich. 48606. (38)

Females! Trike and Sporty bros need two chicks to jam. Prefer 18-28. Somewhere in eastern New York. Will travel to pick up. Send photo, if possible. Only serious ol' ladies need apply: Durr & Mac, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (38)

Discount headgear catalog: Proven best selling items at discount prices. Send \$1.00 to cover postage and handling. House of Hobbitt, 635 State St., Bristol, Virginia 24201. (38)

E.D.: I really dig that freckle on your gorgeous rod. B.D. (38)

Wanted: Easyriders issue #15 (August 1973). Send details to: Wes, Box 3151, Stn B, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2M4L7. (38)

Wanted: Biking baby. Biker fresh out of slam after 5 flat, pretty lonely. Need solid, together chick, age 17 and up. Lots of traveling, work along routes. Serious inquiries only. No dogs please. All responses will be answered. Send photo and resume to Warlock, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (38)

Need help in getting genuine hair expert to examine & compare some human hairs. Would have to be willing to testify during a retrial for the defense. Mitch T. Blazak, Box B 28599, Florence, Arizona 85232. (38F)

Little chick with big heart for Harleys would dig packing, being in the wind, and doing her own thing. A one-bro chick, not for trade. Pittsburgh, Pa., area. Write Willow, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (38)

Trash, wherever you are, we want to wish you the best of luck at your trials. We hope you beat the rap and get in touch with us if you can. Jo Jo & Hobbitt. (38F)

Wanted: A complete knucklehead engine with papers. Write George Christie, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40F)

Going to California this summer to look for shovelhead trike. About \$1,600 to spend. J. R. Gilbert, 1410 W. Mistletoe, San Antonio, Texas 78201. (38)

Save Gas—Cycle Your Ass: These 3x6 plastic plates bolt to your license plate. They are attention getting and guaranteed against breakage. Here is your chance to let people know where you stand (or sit) when it comes to ecology. Only \$2.00. Cyglo-Signs, 99 Fox St., Oswego, N.Y. 13827. (38)

24-year-old 6' 1" American Indian biker needs new lady who digs bikes and nature. Send pictures and letters to: Cherokee, P.O. Box 201, Alexander City, Alabama 35010. (38)

Willie from Oklahoma City who participated in Run to the Sun with the 550 for sale contact me. B. Cranor, P.O. Box 131, Greens Fork, Indiana 47345. (38)

Beloved dog "Conan" taken from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in October. Lost without him. Please contact Marilyn J. Tobey, 13492 E. Dakota Ave., Aurora, Colo. 80012. (38F)

Easyriders wanted. Back issues #1 through #18. Must be complete. Will pay reasonable price. Contact Martin Jackson, 5015 Olympia Ave., Beltsville, Md. 20705. (38)

Tall, sleek Italian fox seeking possible relationship with unattached tall, dynamic dude or close facsimile. Must love bikes, action, travel, and foxes. 27-32. Write pronto. Foxy, 10491 West 7th Place, Lakewood, Colorado 80215. (38)

For sale: '57 Harley straight-leg rigid frame. 1" rake, \$135.00. Kenneth Myers, 122 West Main St., Middletown, Pa. 17057. (38)

Biker is the publication for bikers. All the news from the street every two weeks. Subscribe for one year (25 issues) for only \$7.00. Biker, 2499 Cerritos Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. 90806. (38)

Late model shovel bottom end parts wanted. Maybe tranny and top end. Stan, 27 Vey Rd., Albany, N.Y. 12205. (38)

Ohio's largest swap meet. June 12-13. Rt. 58-113, Lorain, Ohio. Free camping. For info contact Bill Allen, Box 167, Huron, Ohio 44839. (38)

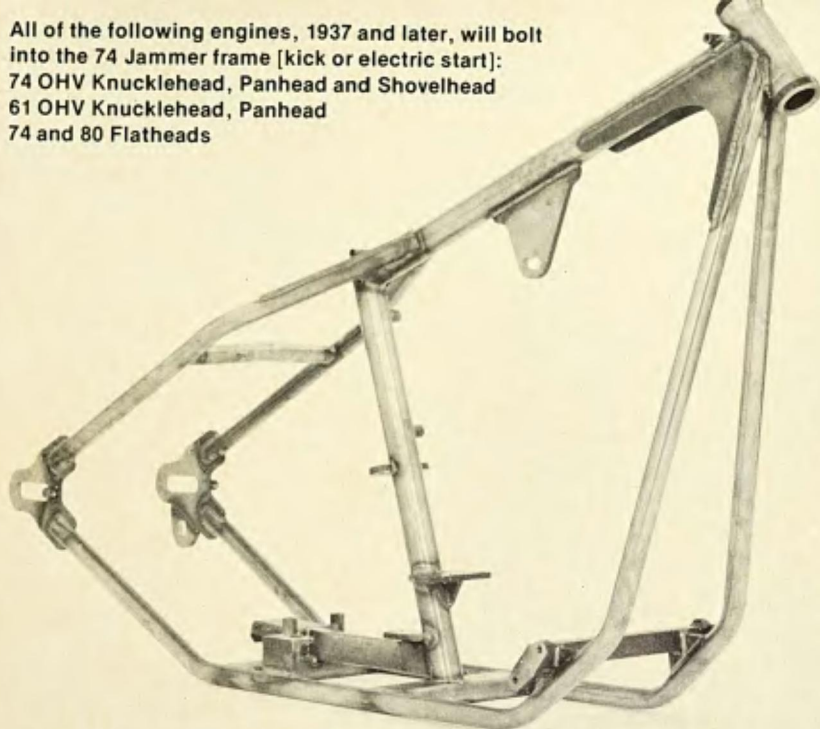
I would like to hear from a foxy chick who digs bikes and lives in Utah (preferably Salt Lake City, but not necessary) or anywhere else in the world. I ride a chopper, race bikes during the summer, and I'm a karate freak. Send picture and phone number, if possible. Write to: Rick, P.O. Box 974, Park City, Utah 84060. (38)

BEEN OUT JAMMIN'?

A black and white photograph of a man with a mullet and sunglasses riding a motorcycle. He is wearing a light-colored jacket and dark pants. The motorcycle is a cruiser style with a large headlight. The background shows a road and trees.

If you have, you probably need a few things for your scoot — like tires, chains & batteries. Because we're aware of this, our Jammer Dealers are having a sale during the month of June on several of these types of items. Kick back & scan the next 16 pages for these money savers & then go in and get acquainted with your local Jammer Dealer.

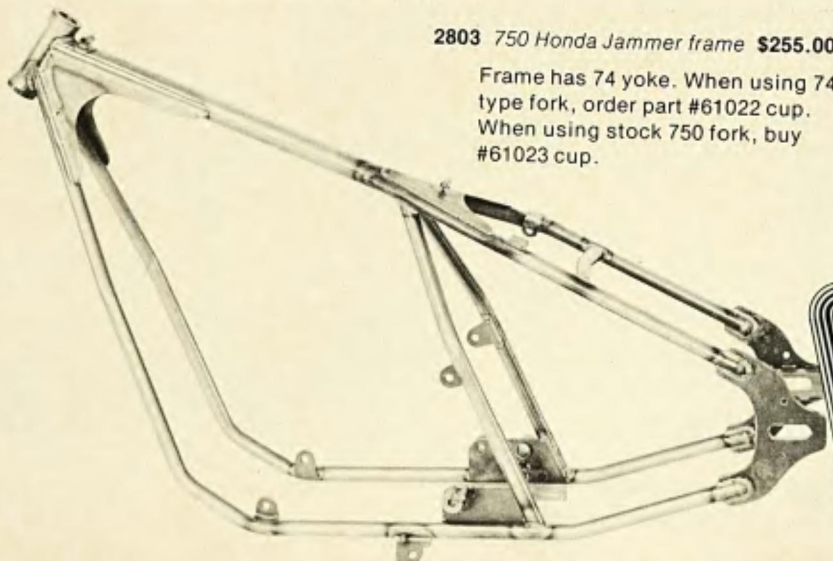
All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame [kick or electric start]:
 74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead and Shovelhead
 61 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead
 74 and 80 Flatheads



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**

2803 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame.

Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **\$305.00**

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.

3601 Sportster Type Tank. Holds 2.2 gallons. High tunnel. Made of steel. **39.95**

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

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

36019 One hole 42.50

36020 Two hole 44.95



3604 HD Type Gas Cap. 2.75

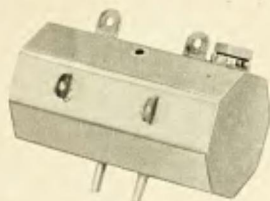
36017 Gas Shut Off. HD type. 3/8—inch pipe size. (will fit stock Sportster tanks.) Has reserve and filter. **11.49**

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

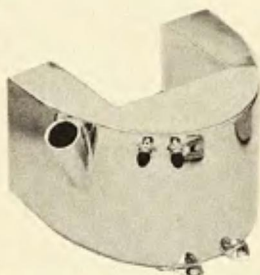
3803 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank for Battery. For use with kick-start battery. **73.95**

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

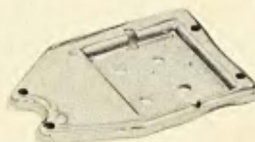
3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank. 88.95

36032 Four Gallon Gas Tank. Combines style with a capacity that will keep you on the road and out of the gas stations. Made of steel. 17" long, 11" wide in front—5" wide in back. 3" wide tunnel. Has two 1/4" outlets and one 3/8" outlet. Takes 3/8" Sportster type petcock. **49.95**

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



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**

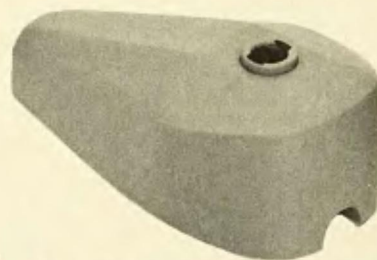
37018 For 74 9.95

37019 For Sportster 9.95

37023 For Honda 750 9.95

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

GAS TANKS



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

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

37015 For Panhead and Knucklehead 29.95

37016 For Shovelhead 49.95



37022

37021

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. **66.95**

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**



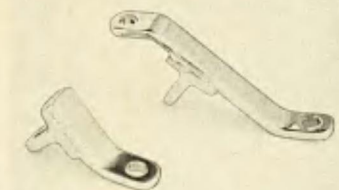
SPRINGER AND PARTS

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

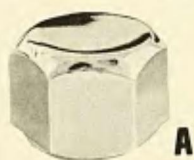


9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **7.95**

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

Jammer

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



A



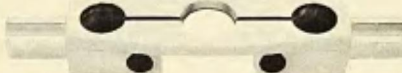
D



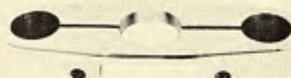
E

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

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



B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears. Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. **26.95 each**



C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears. For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped 1/2 x 20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **26.95 each**



F

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

E 61021 74 Neck Bearing. Can be used as a replacement for stock part on 1948 and later 74 HDs. Our 74 springer is designed for use with this bearing. The same bearing is used on both top and bottom. **4.50 per bearing (Not chromed).**

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

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

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**

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**



VOLT PAKS



NEW! VOLTPAK® MODELS BY ACTION CHOPPERS

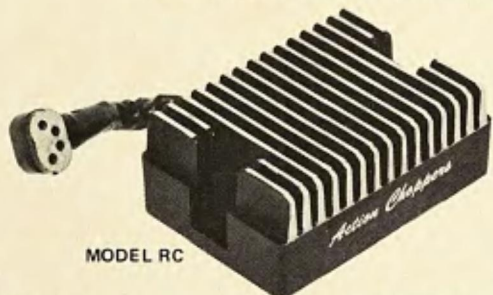
#RC #RA #RX #VP 2 brush #RP 3 brush

ACTION CHOPPERS now offer a complete line of Solid State VOLTPAK units. The appropriate Voltpak unit will significantly and economically upgrade your electrical system and will permanently replace the stock Zener Diode, Battery, Rectifier, Regulator, Relay, Ballast resistors, Inductors, Battery Box, Capacitors, Wiring harness, if any, and all other electrical power consuming devices. Voltpak units can mount almost anywhere. Electrical operation is unaffected by shock, vibration, dust, water, gas, oil, and temperature. They have no points or moving parts to wear out and contain a built in protection against overvoltage, battery reversal and short circuits. Voltage is maintained throughout the complete R.P.M. range. Easy to follow wiring diagram makes re-wiring easy. All Voltpak models are designed where reliability, simplicity, appearance and the elimination of electrical problems are important. All units are small, lightweight, and rugged. Voltpaks are the ultimate package for the show bike and performance minded person. Complete unit is environmentally sealed in an attractive aluminum finned case. No maintenance is ever required. Ideal for states that require lights on at all times.

WARANTEE: 1 FULL YEAR

ALL VOLTPAK models are guaranteed against circuit failure for 1 full year. Contact Action Choppers before returning goods. Copy of purchase receipt should be included. All returned units will be tested and exchanged immediately by Action Choppers if found defective. All Voltpak models are made in U.S.A.

Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
VOLT PAK
Sale!



MODEL RC

MODEL RC-RA-RX-VP
Dimensions - Length 3 1/4"
Width 2-5/8" - Height 1-3/8"
Weight 12 oz.
MODEL RC: 1970
thru 1975
and later Harley 74's
with alternator



MODEL RX: Field Excited Alternators

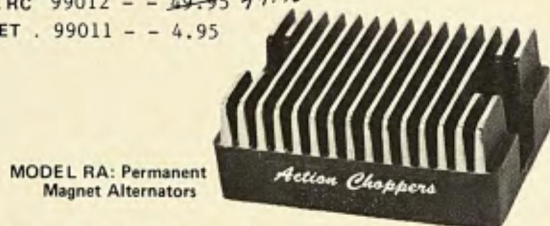
MODEL RC eliminates your stock Regulator/Rectifier, Battery, and Brackets. RC will also keep your electric or kick-start battery fully charged if you wish to retain same. It will supply current to your ignition and lights WITHOUT the use of a battery or magneto. The MODEL RC unit is temperature compensated for easier starting in cold weather. You can mount RC to your stock bracket or use our custom bracket for a cleaner installation. Special plug allows unit to fit firmly into factory outlet.

MODEL RC 99012 - - 49.95 44.95
BRACKET . 99011 - - 4.95

HONDA FOURS 350 to 750
KAWASAKI H1, KZ 400
B.M.W. R50 to R90

SUZUKI GT 380 to 750, RE5 ROTARY
YAMAHA XS1-B-2, TX650, TX750
R3-C-5-B-C, RD 250-350, YD55,
DS6-C, SD6B, CS3B-C

MODEL RX is a single compact unit that will eliminate your stock Regulator, Rectifier, Diodes and the unsightly wiring harness. The RX can be mounted anywhere on your bike. Installation and re-wiring is extremely simple. Ideal when building a clean uncluttered custom bike and space is limited. There is no need to build or purchase an electrical box to hold all of the stock electrical components. Battery must be used with the RX models. MODEL RX 99014 - - 44.95 39.95



MODEL RA: Permanent
Magnet Alternators

HONDA 90 to 450 Singles and Twins
ROYAL ENFIELD 250-350
SUZUKI GT 185-250, TS-400, T 20 to 500
YAMAHA HS1, B, LS2, AS2C, YAS1-C
HARLEY 74' 1976 AND LATER

TRIUMPH alt.
BSA alt.
MATCHLESS alt.
NORTON alt.
A.J.S. alt.

MODEL RA permits operation of the ignition and lights WITHOUT the use of a Battery and will eliminate your stock Regulator, Zener Diode, Rectifier, Capacitor, Battery Box and most of the trouble-some wiring. Installation is simple, requiring mounting and the connection of 4 wires. You may still use your battery if you wish. There is no need to mention all the advantages this RA Model can provide when space is limited and a much more efficient electrical system is required.

One model works
on 6 or 12 volts.
99015 - - 44.95 39.95



VOLT PAK - VP
SOLID STATE REGULATOR
VOLT PAK, VP 6 Volt
9909 - - 44.95 39.95
VOLT PAK, VP 12 Volt
99010 - - 44.95 39.95
NOT SHOWN: Bracket, mounts Volt Pak under generator on '74 H.D.
99011 - - 4.95

VOLT PAK solid state regulator replaces all stock regulators on '74 Harleys and all Sportsters that use the 2-brush generator. It will keep any battery charged at a constant rate. NO battery is needed if your bike is equipped with a magneto. Ideal for states requiring lights on all the time. The VOLT PAK is waterproof, dustproof, vibration proof and has no moving parts. FOOLPROOF! It can be mounted anywhere on bike. Works on Volkswagen generators also. Comes with wiring diagram. Specify 6 or 12 volt. 1 year warranty

Regulates both Voltage and Current.

RELAY PAK, a solid state relay that replaces the old-style Harley mechanical cut-out relay. Designed for all Harleys using the 6 volt 3 brush generator. NO points to stick, NO coils to burn out, NO moving parts. Connects to battery and generator, that's it! 1 year warranty. Must use battery.
RELAY PAK, RP 6 Volt Only
9901 - - 13.95 (Bracket not shown)

RELAY PAK - RP
SOLID STATE RELAY

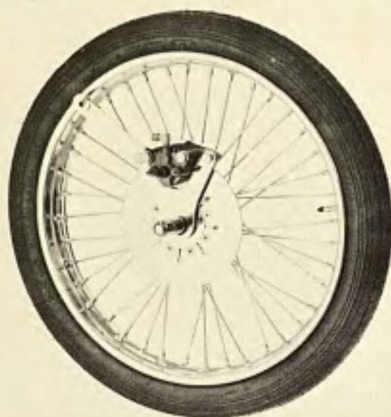


WHEELS AND TIRES

Hallcraft's

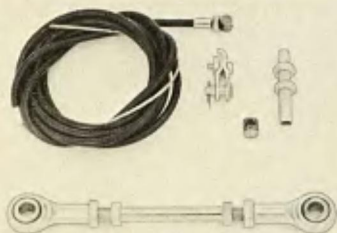


Jammer



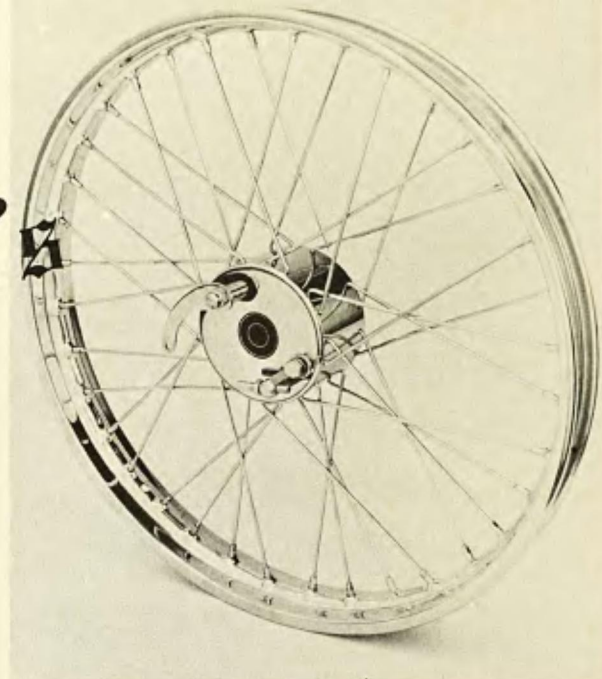
Single Front Disc Brake Wheel. Has excellent stopping powers for street use. Hub is 3-1/2" in width. Disc diameter is 7-3/4". Will fit on most forks. 5/8" bearing I.D. Disc brake kit includes rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), **chromed disc**, caliper and support, linkage arm and hydraulic hose,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

6803	18-inch	267.95
6804	19-inch	267.95
6805	21-inch	267.95



69010 Brake Mounting Kit. For securing Small Brake Wheel to springer, girder or other front end. **22.90**

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



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

6901	18-inch	161.60
6902	19-inch	161.60
6903	21-inch	161.60



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

68012	Spst (with spacers)	379.60
68015	H 750 (with spacers)	379.60
68018	HD 74	363.80

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

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

68020	For rigid frame.	15.80
68021	For swingarm '58 to '66.	15.80
68022	For swingarm '67 and up.	15.80

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

68024	For Sportster.	46.50
68025	For Honda 750.	19.15



Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
TIRE
Sale!

PIRELLI TIRES The best tire for highway use. Made with high-adhesion "cling" rubber.

7302	2.75 x 18	21.45	19.00
7303	3.00 x 18	23.37	21.03
7304	2.75 x 19	23.54	21.19
7305	3.00 x 19	26.19	23.57
73010	5.10 x 16	48.50	43.65

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

73011	5.00 x 16	33.61	31.32
-------	-----------	-------	-------

AVON TIRES

7306	2.75 x 21	28.19	26.73
7307	3.00 x 21	28.19	26.73

**INSIST ON
JAMMER PARTS**

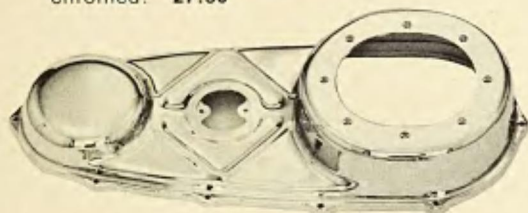
Your local dealer can order any of the
1000 parts in the Jammer line.

COVERS

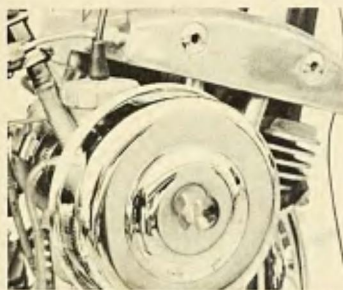


10401 Inner Primary. For HDs 1955 to 1969. Made of steel and chromed. **27.50**

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



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



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

10608 1-3/4" SU **22.25**

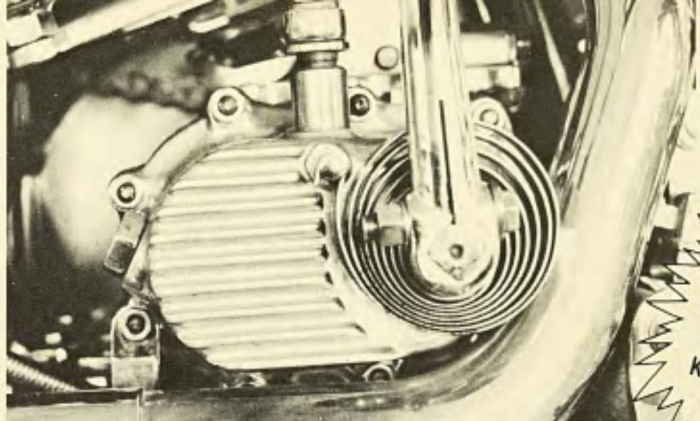
10609 Tillotson & Bendix **22.25**

106010 Linkert **22.25**

106011 38mm Mikuni **22.25**



7300 Tire Breezer. The "Breezer" tire changer eliminates tube pinching and helps prevent scratched rims. Fits all sizes of rims and tires. **7.95**



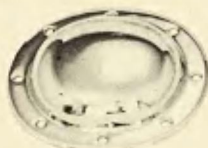
HD Kicker Cover. Solves the problem of the broken kick starter cover. Made of special aircraft aluminum with an additionally reinforced bushing area. Super strong. Fits all HD overhead valve 74 and 61 models and all flat-head 74 and 80 twins. Comes in natural finish.

10308 Finned

31.95 28.75

103010 Plain

31.95 28.75



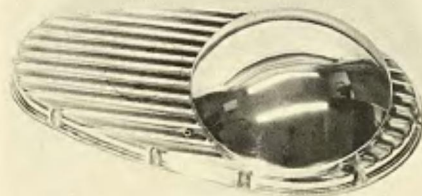
10504 Derby Cover (Plain). Fits perfectly on our outer primary covers. **Custom chromed**. **7.10**

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**



Aluminum Primary Covers. These beautiful chrome plated cast aluminum primary covers are for those riders who are looking for quality and appearance. Included are the screws and gasket.

105013 H.D. '74

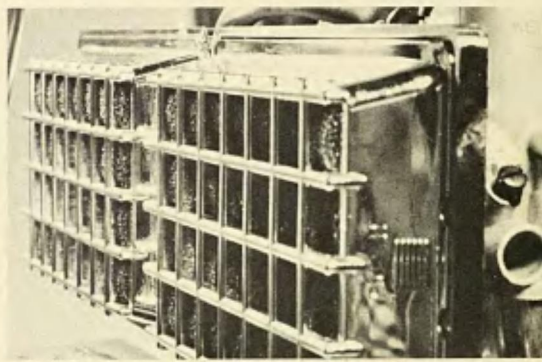
79.95

Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
KICK COVER
Sale!



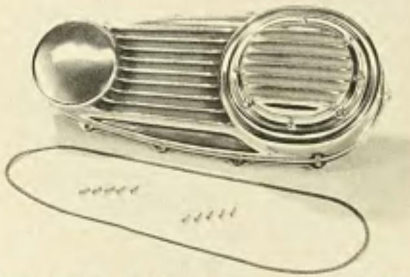
9908 Honda 750 Electric Box.

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



106014 Honda 750 Air Cleaner.

Made of high-impact plastic. Chromed. Includes washable filter. **15.95**

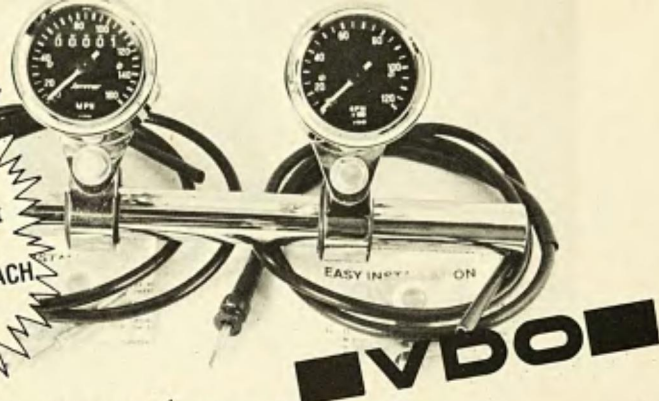


105014 H.D. XLCH Spstr.

63.95

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS

Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
SPEEDO & TACH
Sale!



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.

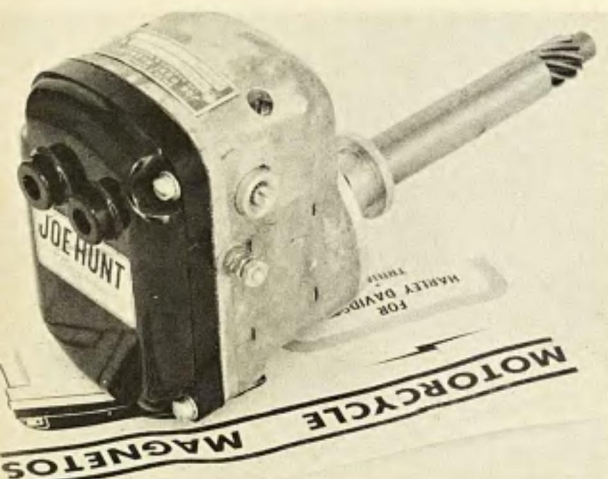
12701	For HD 74 '61-'72	47.95 42.95
12702	For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73	47.95 42.95
12703	For all Honda 750	47.95 42.95

Chopper Tachometer Kit.

12704	For HD 74 '37-'69*	47.95 42.95
12705	For Sportster without magneto	47.95 42.95
12706	For all Honda 750	47.95 42.95

*Modification required.

All kits come with cable, clamps and instructions.



MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS

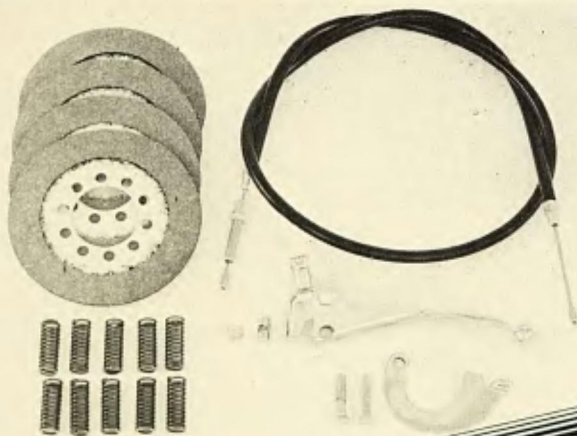
Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

13602 For HD 74 and 61 OHV 1937 to 1969. 159.50

136017 For HD 74 1970 and later. 198.50

13603 For Sportster. Also fits 1938 to 1952 45 twins, 1937 to 1948 HD 74 and 80 side valve, and 1953 to 1954 Servi-car. 159.50

MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT

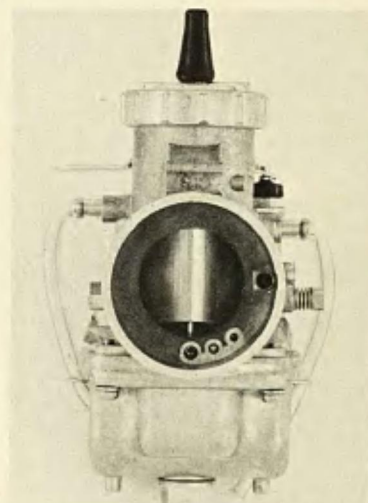


14304 Mousetrap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. 49.95

INSIST ON JAMMER PARTS

Your local dealer can order any of the 1000 parts in the Jammer line.

Jammer



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

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

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

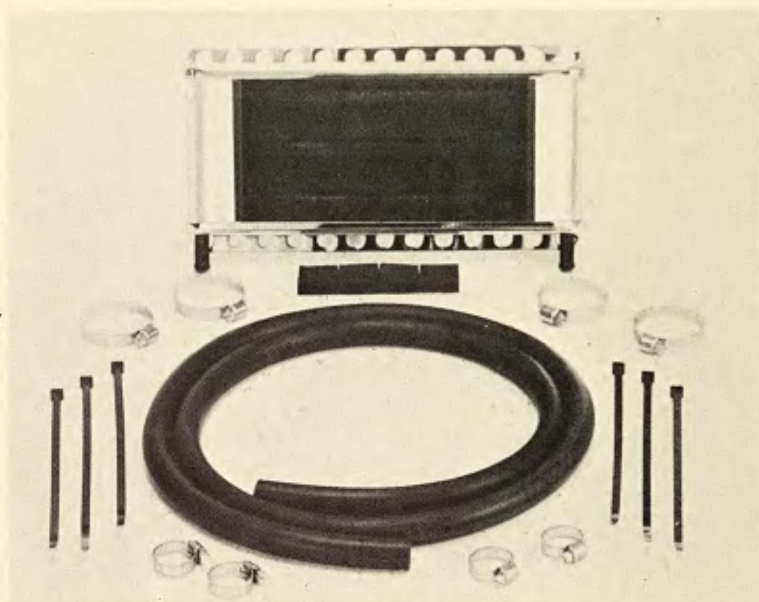
 **HAYDEN**

OIL COOLERS

Swirl-Cool SuperChrome

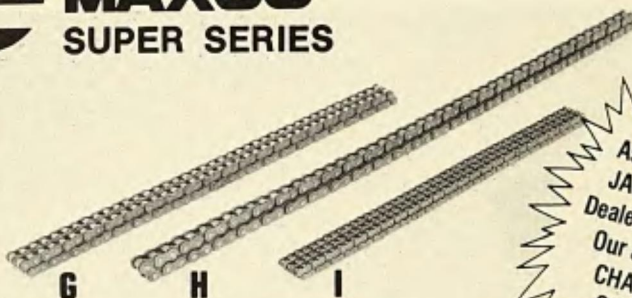
Hayden Swirl-Cool Super Chrome Oil Coolers. The Hayden Cooler was designed for efficient oil cooling and easy installation on most bikes. Oil flows from engine to oil cooler and then to the oil tank where it goes back to the engine, completing the circuit. Oil leaves the engine while hot, is cooled down in the oil cooler and then returns to the tank at reduced temperatures.

37040 Honda ~~\$69.95~~ 62.95
GL-1000, 750, 550, 500, 350
37041 Kawasaki 900 ~~\$69.95~~ 62.95
37042 all Harley Davidson ~~\$54.95~~ 49.45
and on most dry sump bikes.



Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
OIL COOLER
Sale!

SPROCKETS AND CHAINS

 **MAXCO**
SUPER SERIES


Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
CHAIN
Sale!

G 14404 HD Primary Chain. 1937 and later 61, 74, and 80 Twins. 33-30" 30.45

H 14405 HD Rear Chain. Fits all 1935 and later HD Sportster, 74, 45, Servicar and K models. 102 links. 5/8 x 3/8 x .400. 21-90" 19.75

I 14406 Sportster Primary Chain. 1957 and later. 28-70" 26.95

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]

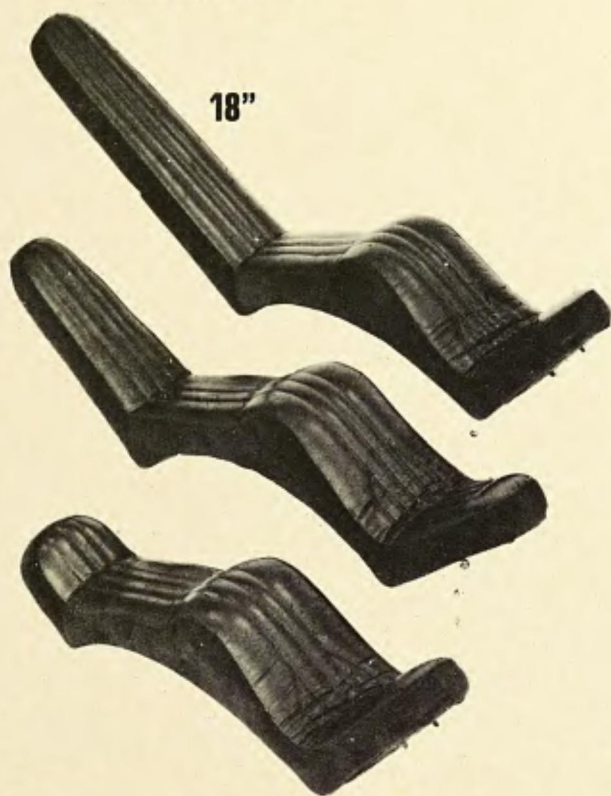
144034 23-tooth 21.95

144035 24-tooth 22.95

144036 25-tooth 23.95

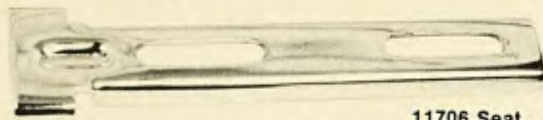
For more clutches and sprockets refer to Jammer's Handbook.

SEATS



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

INSIST ON JAMMER PARTS
Your local dealer can order any of the 1000 parts in the Jammer line.

Jammer

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 14" Elite has a built-in steel back support and needs no sissybar. (Tufted shown)



The Rigid "TWO PIECE"

Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

RIGID "TWO PIECE" II

(Hump Seat)

115035 Square Tufted Black 57.95

RIGID "TWO PIECE" 14" BACK

(Built-in Sissy Bar)

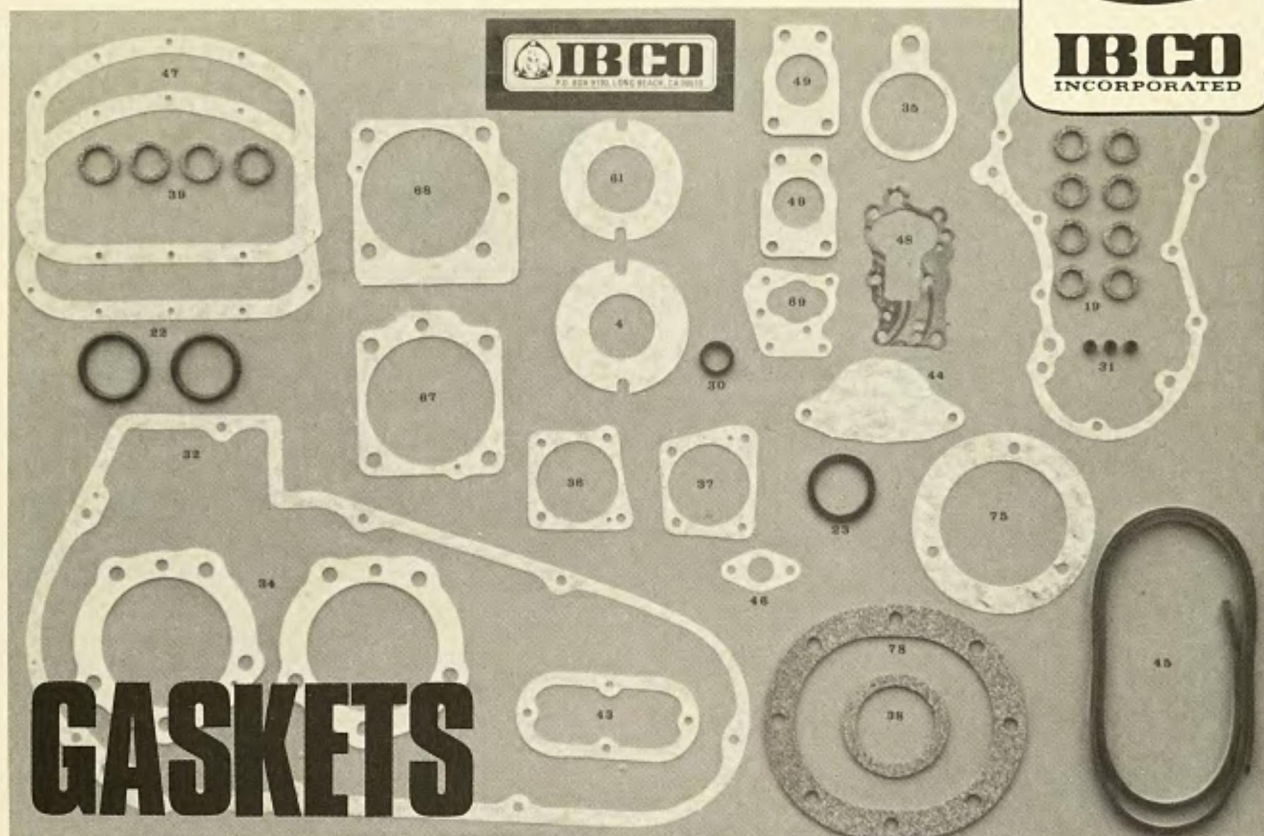
115036 Square Tufted Black 62.95



The IBCO Gasket line is specially designed and engineered for the performance and street motorcycle market. Sixteen years of testing and research have made it possible for them to produce the best quality line in the industry. IBCO assures you of superior quality and performance, whether it be for competition, customizing or touring. Their high manufacturing standards and highly trained engineering staff have made it possible for us to present you with the most complete gasket line currently available.



IBCO
INCORPORATED



Harley-Davidson

Complete Kit

9701 Shovelhead 1966-76, 74" OHV Kit includes 51 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17029-66. **\$19.95**

Complete Kit

9702 Sportster 1957-1971 Kit includes 55 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17026-71. **\$16.25**

Complete Kit

9703 Sportster 1972 - early 1973 Kit includes 42 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17026-71. **\$12.95**

Complete Kit

9704 Sportster late 1973 - 1976 Kit includes 42 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17026-71. **\$12.95**

Complete Kit

9705 Pan Head 1948 - 1954 61" and 74" OHV Kit includes 32 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17028-48. **\$11.25**

Complete Kit

9706 Pan Head 1955 - 1965 74" OHV Kit includes 43 pieces. Replaces OEM Part #17028-58. **\$13.25**

Honda

Kit

9401 CB750 To K5 Top End Set includes 31 pieces. **\$18.60**

Kit

9402 CB750 To K5 Lower Set includes 21 pieces. **\$7.75**

Kit

9403 CB 550 Top End Set includes 29 pieces. **\$20.75**

Kit

9404 CB 550 Lower Set includes 5 pieces. **\$6.95**

Kit

9405 CB 500 Top End Set includes 26 pieces. **\$19.25**

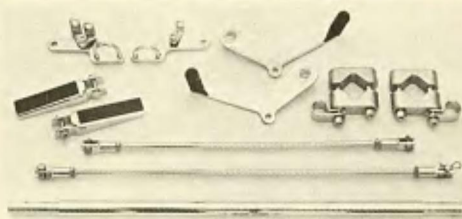
Kit

9406 CB 500 Lower Set includes 5 pieces. **\$7.00**

FORGED TRUE



Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
BIG BORE KIT
Sale!



Forgetrue's New Controller Kit. This brand new controller kit is not only A-1 in appearance, but also gets the same rating for comfort on those long rides. **\$84.95**

15407

15408

15409

76.95

750 Honda
500/550 Honda
900Z1 Kawasaki

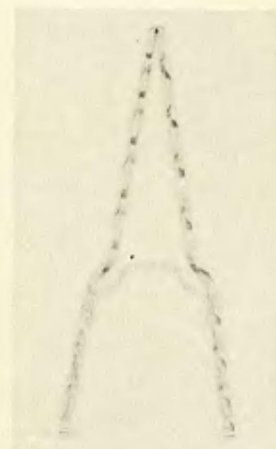
High quality forged pistons for big bore Honda's. Kit is complete with rings, pins, clips and head gasket.

Part No.	Bore Size	
133041	811cc	\$136.00 122.95
133042	836cc	\$136.00 122.95

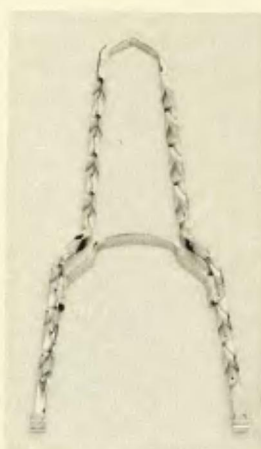
SISSY BARS

Rigid Frame Sissy Bars.

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



36"

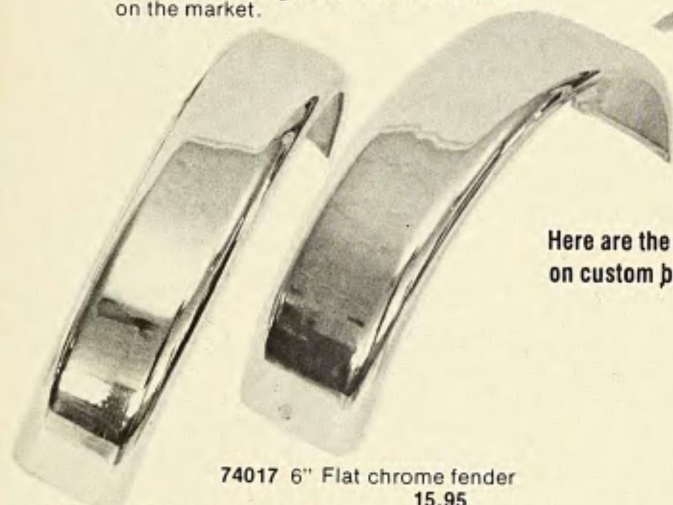


28"



21"

Chrome Fenders. These 16 gauge triple chromed fenders made to our specs give you the best lengths, contour and looks on the market.



74017 6" Flat chrome fender
15.95

74016 5" Flat chrome fender
14.95

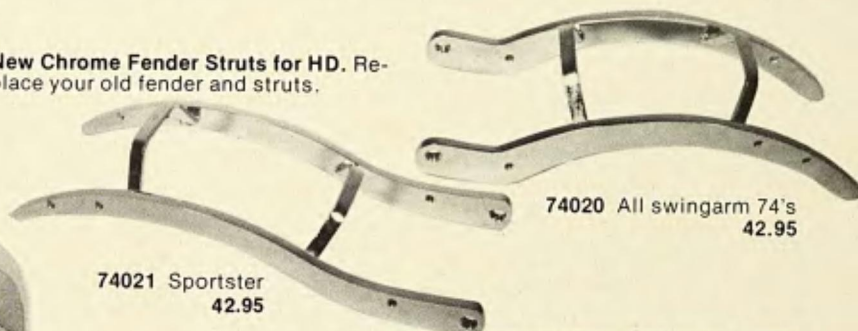


7407 Plain 4" 29" 16.95
(Chromed)



Fat Bob Fender. Heavy gauge steel stamping. No ripples or die marks—easy to prime and paint. Fully beaded edge and cut-out for chain. 37" x 7-1/2".
74012 Left side chain 31.25
74013 Right side chain 31.25

New Chrome Fender Struts for HD. Replace your old fender and struts.



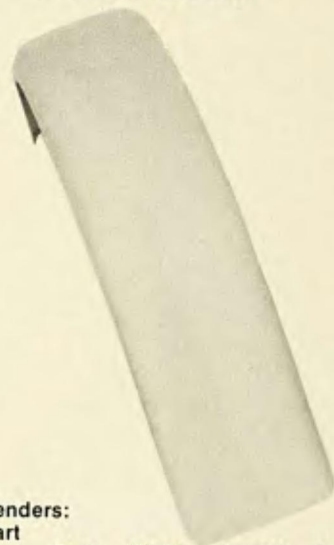
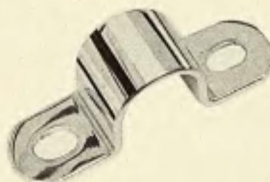
74020 All swingarm 74's
42.95

74021 Sportster
42.95

Here are the most popular type fenders used on custom bikes. All are made of steel.

FENDERS

74010 "U" Clamp. For rear fender. Can be used for all applications where custom mounted fenders should have maximum strength. Chromed. 2.75 each



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

INSIST ON JAMMER PARTS

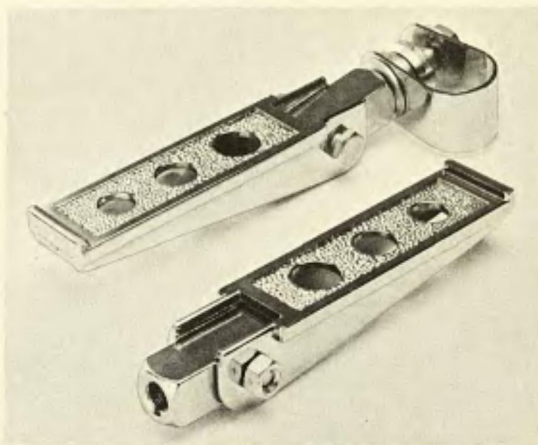
Your local dealer can order any of the 1000 parts in the Jammer line.

PEGS AND STANDS



15401 Chromed Foot Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 6.35 pair

15402 Chromed Foot Pegs with Clamp. Clamp is designed for a one-inch bar. Sold in pairs only. 8.95 pair



15406 Hole Pegs with Clamp. Clamp fits all one-inch bars. Sold in pairs only. 8.95 pair

15405 Hole Pegs. Sold in pairs only. 6.35 pair

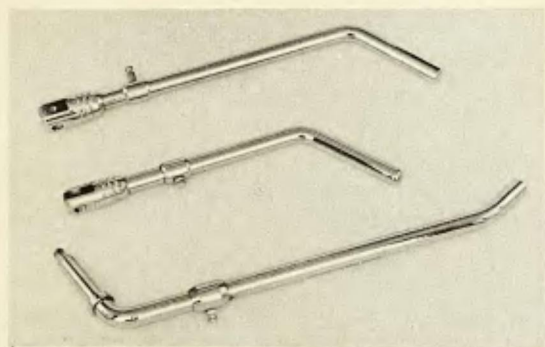
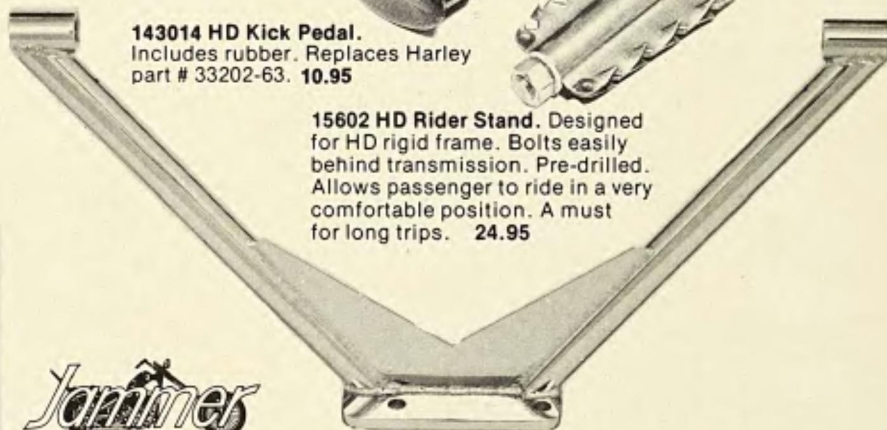


155016 Kickstand Leg Bracket. Replaces Harley part #50049-58. Chromed. 10.95



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.

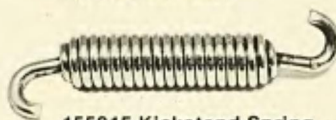
155019 Honda Standard Kick Stand 17.95
155011 extended 17.95



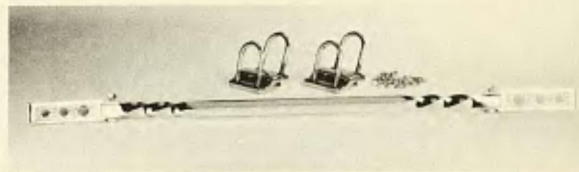
155014 Kickstand Leg Stop. Replaces Harley part # 50036-36. Chromed. 2.75



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



COLLECTOR PIPES

Collector Pipes. Designed for the rider who wants both fine looks and good performance. All necessary mounting brackets are welded on. Chromed.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Harley-Davidson. All H-D header pipes are 2 into 1 with turn-out muffler.

Part No.	Model	Years	Description	Type of Frame	Foot-note	Price
151011	Sportster XLCH	57-up	Kick start only	Rigid	1-3	\$110
A 151012	Sportster XLCH-XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	S/A	5-6 3-5	\$110
151013	Knucklehead	36-47	Kick start	Rigid	1-3	\$110
151014	Panhead	48-65	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3-5	\$110
B 151015	Panhead	58-65	Kick or electric	S/A	3-5	\$110
C 151016	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
151017	Shovelhead	66-69	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
151018	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	70-74	Kick or electric	S/A	3	\$110
151019	Shovelhead FLH, FX, FXE	66-74	Equal length Kick or electric	All	3-4	\$110
151020	Shovelhead	70-74	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3	\$110
151022	Sportster-XLCH, XLH	57-up	Equal length Kick or electric	Sw/Arm	3-5-6	\$115
D 151023	Sportster XLCH, XLH	57-up	Kick or electric	Rigid	1-3 5-6	\$115

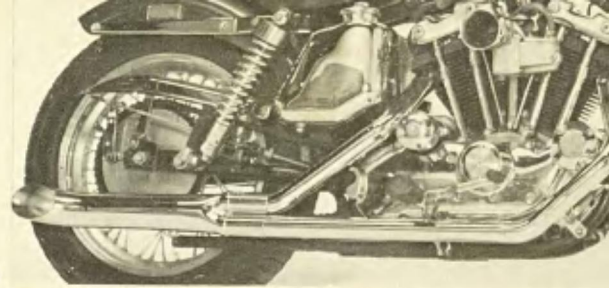
HONDA

151024	CB350 & 400 4 Cyl.	72-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$140
151025	CB450 & 550-4 Cyl.	71-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$140
E 151026	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	All		\$140
151027	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 1, w/Mega-phone Muffler	All		\$139
151028	CB750-4 Cyl.	69-74	4 in 2, w/Turn-Out Mufflers	Rigid	1	\$160

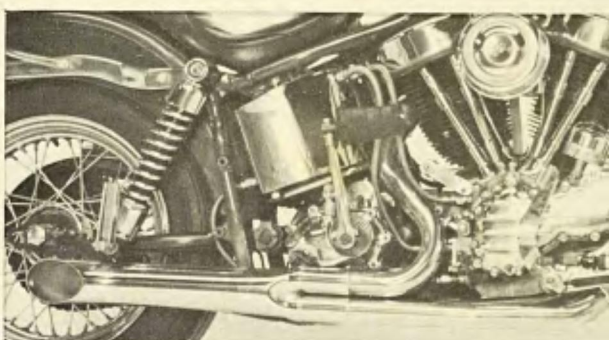
Footnotes

- 1 Muffler has 15 degree up-sweep for rigid frame application.
- 2 CB rear brake lever and right foot peg must be used on CL Models.
- 3 It may be necessary to modify kicker arm for proper installation of headers.
- 4 We recommend using 70-up FLH brake pedal w/front mounted master cylinder or 72-up FX-FXE brake pedal w/rear mounted master cylinder for proper installation of equal length headers.
- 5 We recommend using Header Clamps when installing this exhaust system.
- 6 It may be necessary to modify foot-shift lever for proper installation of headers.

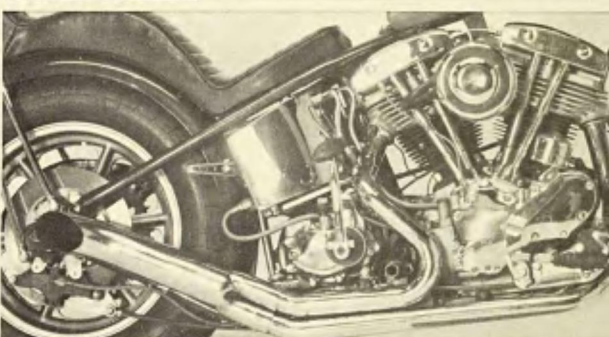
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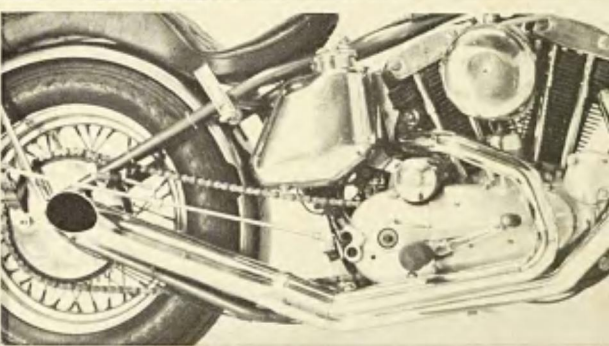
B



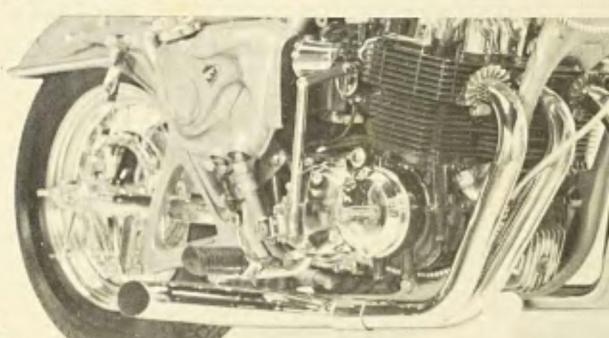
C



D



E



Header Clamps. Stainless steel, aircraft quality. For Harley-Davidson 74's and Sportsters.

152017 HD 74, '48-'65 8.95 pair

152018 Sportster, '57 & up 8.95 pair

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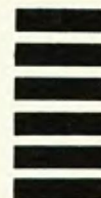
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BATTERIES

Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our June
BATTERY
Sale!



#98011 H-12 12-V Battery
H/D 1965 - 1975 FL, FLH1200, XL
~~34.95~~ 31.45



#98013 JB-9 12-V Battery
Honda CB750/K1/K2/K3/K4/K5
Kawasaki Z1, Z1A, Z1B
~~32.85~~
29.45

#9802 H-2 6-V Battery
H/D 1937 & later 74, 80, S.V. Twin Service
Cars, with 45 S.V. Twin
H/D 1964 & earlier FL & FLH 1200
~~23.25~~
20.95

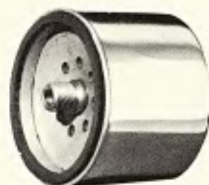


#98012 JB-10 12-V Battery
H/D 1970 - 1975 XLCH
H/D 1971 - 1975 FX 1200 (Kick Start)
~~20.85~~
18.45

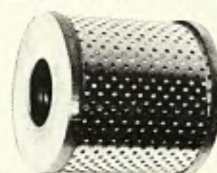
#98010 H-3 6-V Battery
H/D 1937 & later 165, 125 Sportster, K's
H/D 1937 & later K(45 S.V.), KH(55 S.V.)
H/D 1953 - 1959 ST
H/D 1954 - 1964 XLH Sportsters
~~19.15~~
17.45



#98017 G-2 6-V Battery
H/D 1965 - 1966 XLH Sportsters
~~13.95~~
12.45



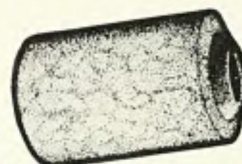
37028 All New Chrome-Plated Spin-On
Oil Filter for Honda. Replaces present
cartridge filter. Easier and quicker to
change. Fits all 4 cyl. Honda's. 5.05



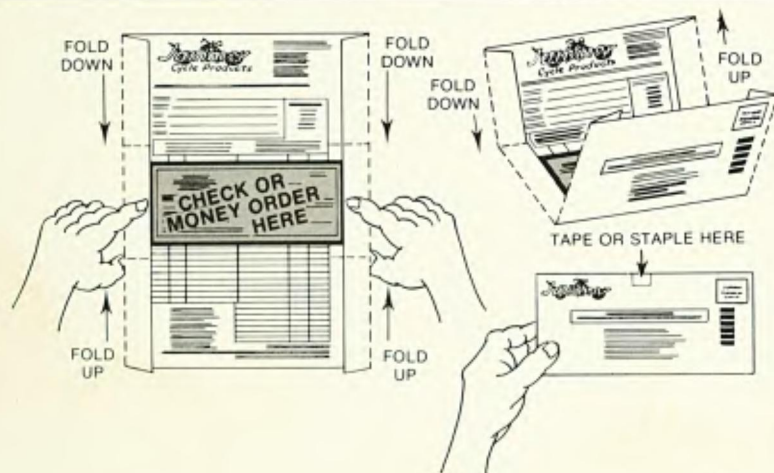
37026 Kawasaki Replacement Oil
Filter Element. Replaces O.E.M. part #
16009-002. Fits Kawasaki 900's. 2.68



37025 Honda-Kawasaki Replacement
Oil Filter Element. Replaces O.E. M.
part #'s 15412-300-024, 16009-002. Fits
all 4 cyl. Honda's and Kawasaki 400's.
1.30



37027 H.D. Replacement Filter
Element. Replaces O.E. M. part #
63839-53. Complete with new seals and
washers. Fits all late model HD. 2.68



Jammer
Cycle Products

If you're in California, drop by our showroom at
800 S. San Fernando Blvd. in Burbank.

In Minneapolis our showroom is located in our warehouse
at 858 Decatur Avenue North in Golden Valley.

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Drop by your local dealer!

**He stocks or can order
the JAMMER parts
you need.**



Jammer

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Deduct the \$3 price from your first \$20 order.

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