

Easyriders

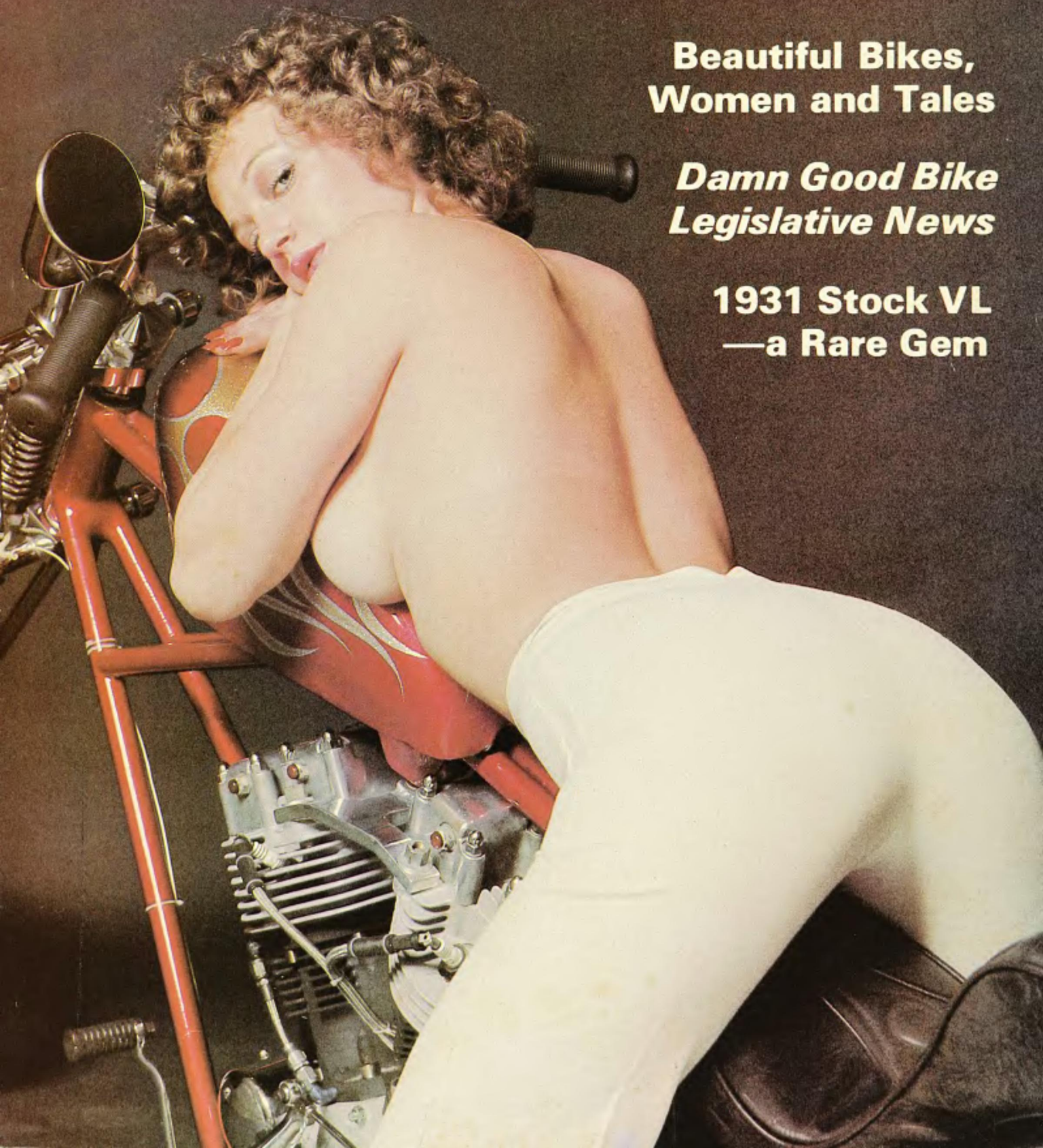
70p

October, 1976
One Dollar

**Beautiful Bikes,
Women and Tales**

***Damn Good Bike
Legislative News***

**1931 Stock VL
—a Rare Gem**



Black Easyriders T-shirts

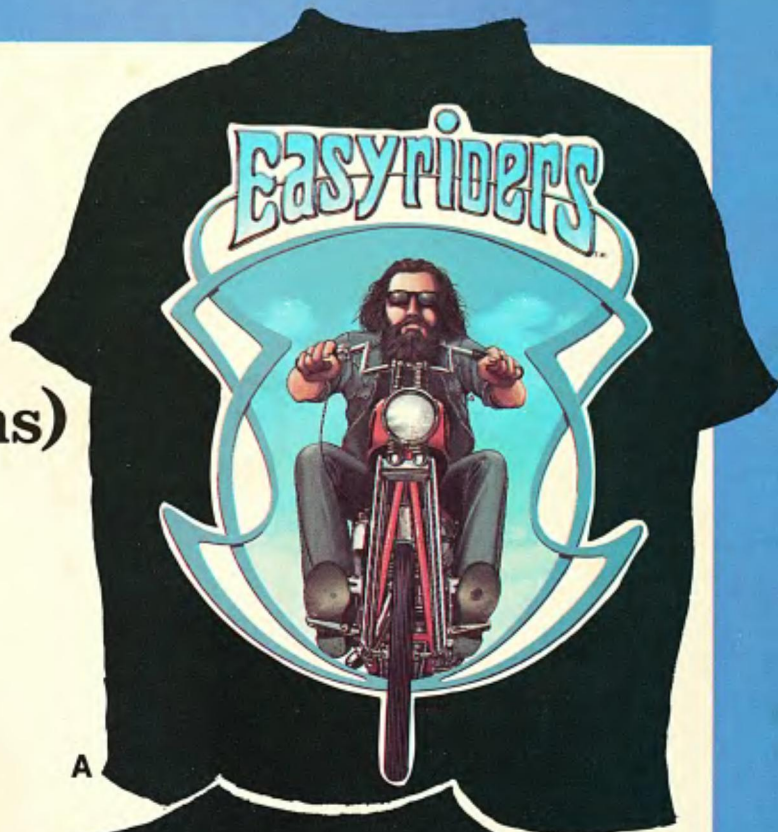
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

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.

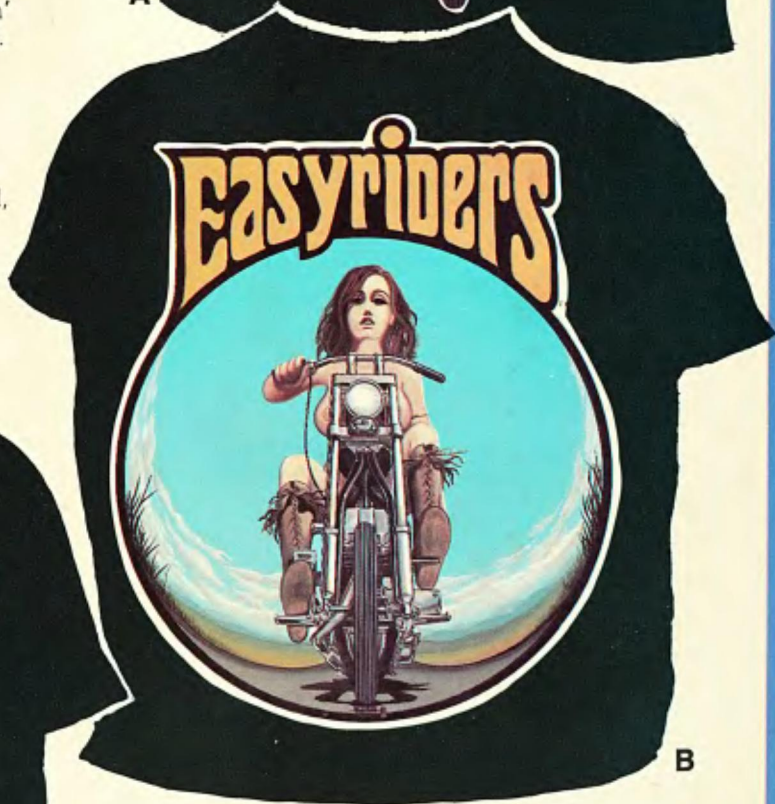
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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

Send your order today to:

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.



Easyriders

Number 40

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STAFF: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Marvin, White Rat, and Willard. Executive Janitor and Contact: Spider. Subscription Hassles: Lori Parker. King of the Assholes (Bookkeeper): Pilhead Smiley. Young Man About Town: Brian, Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Wine Taster and Chugalong Champ: Dudley. Office Sex Symbol: Deon. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Rogue, Wino Joe, Dave Fitzgerald, Charles Flett. Cartoon Editor: The one and only Hal Robinson. Art Directors: Art Honcho. Artists: Dave Mann, Duffy Duggan, Harriett Janes, Mac Haserot, Tom Kuntze. Production and Paste Up: Here today, gone tomorrow Denise Pierson. Overworked Editor: Louis (License Plate) Bosque. Fearless Eastern Photog: Jake Roca. Wordhead: Frank (The Hermit) Harding. Photo Editor: Pete (Tit Freak) Chiodo. Associate Editor: Carl (Garbage) Kohler. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Editor-at-Large: Mil (Hog Expert) Blair. Managing Editor: Joe (Super Hog) Teresi. Editor: Lou (barf) Kimzey and a cast of thousands!

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FTW

Cover photo of Cynthia Wells by Pete Chiodo

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale September 28th.

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.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a measly \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Warning to any chicks readin' this mess: A study has shown that too much sleep can shorten your life—but on the other hand, sex can make ya live longer. Scouts honor—I'm not shittin' ya.

Talk about cold: Did you read about the dude who hacksawed off his right hand and flung it into the the river, then took a screwdriver and gouged out his right eye? The reason? He said, "It's better to get rid of the parts of your body that have sinned than have the whole body thrown into hell!" (Good thing he was a virgin.)

Here's another strange one: A chick in California set herself afire and did herself in. Why? Well, according to a note she left, she wanted to know "what it feels like to die."

In case your lights get turned off for non-payment, remember you can generate enough electricity to light a 75-watt bulb by quickly stroking a cat's fur 9,200,000 times!

A survey of whores has revealed that politicians, corporate chieftains, and high rollers in general prefer "kinky" sex. Flagellation, bondage, shittin', pissin'—you name it. So what else is new?

In a recent issue of this rag we had a contest to give away 100 photos of "Miss Easyriders." Well, all the photos were sent out—but one was returned from a prison. On the envelope was scrawled "Return to sender—Inmate escaped!"

Drizzlin' shits file: A cop in Los Angeles stopped a car, shot the driver in that old "he reached for a gun" line. But the driver didn't have a gun so the cop whipped out the ol' trusty "throw-away" gun and planted it on the dead

dude. Now get this: The cop stole the gun, filed off the numbers, killed a guy, and planted the gun on him to justify shooting him. Did he get ten to life? Did he get any jail time? Hell no—he was fined a measly \$625! (And to top it off, the dead dude hadn't done anything to be pulled over for. It was what cops call a hunch stop—the kind bikers get all the time.

Then there was this judge who ordered a 168-pound Great Dane to be destroyed because it was dangerous. After deciding the dog should be snuffed, the judge gave it a friendly pat. The dog tore hell outta his hand.

Bros beware: The FBI is spending \$7 million a year to maintain a network of paid informants described as "vacuum cleaners" who report virtually everything they observe.

A Beauty queen just dropped a few tips on how to win a Miss America contest. Take a good healthy shit in order to flatten your tummy before the swim suit competition; grease your teeth with petroleum jelly to keep them shiny; and bring a lot of padding.

If you're afraid of number 13, you've got Triskaidekaphobia.

You'd think it'd take a lot of balls to be the first man ever to use a parachute--wouldn't ya? Well, the guy who gets the credit in all the books wasn't the first user. The asshole threw his dog over first. It worked, and then he jumped.

Did you hear about the chick who was examining her family cow's tongue when the bovine inhaled and sucked off her wedding ring? Her neighbors thought she'd sniffed too much glue when they saw her catching every pancake the cow dropped—to see if her ring was in it.

Keepin' eye on your ol' lady dept: Women who take uppers are more fertile than other women, and chicks that smoke pot are less fertile.

Leg-wettin' fact file: The length of a mature hippo's stomach is about 10 feet; and you can get rabies from a cow. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Doin' His Duty

□ Could you print this message to the impostor biker from Pleasanton, Calif. on a fine chop, with long hair and a beard, who said he had to do his duty? He stopped a van coming from court and told them that two of the prisoners had jumped out, which caught my partner on his twelfth escape. Fuck you, punk.

Potts
Pleasanton, Calif.

Thanks

□ Just writing to let you know that we appreciate the free subscription to your rag that you sent to our prison library. Since us bikers ain't got our scoots or ol' ladies, your rag is a real shot of life!

Paddy "Roman"
Tommy "Tee"
Sing Sing, N.Y.

■ We'll still send free copies to prison libraries, but prison librarians must make the request. We don't have the bucks to send the rag to individuals, so we send it to libraries for everyone to read.

Goin' Monthly

□ Your rag is, with no doubt, the best, but you fuckers are all screwed up in publishing it every six weeks. I have nothing to look forward to but your rag (except for my bike, fuckin', and drugs) so how about coming out every month?

Magic Mark
Staten Island, N.Y.

■ Starting with the next issue you can find this thing on sale on the last Tuesday of every month.

Help For AMF

□ Seems like a few people are getting a little pissed at AMF for the late model shit they're putting out. I don't

think these people are true bikers. We all know if you're gonna ride a Hog, you gotta have dirty fingernails. If AMF wants to put out a little bit of shit, let's just teach ourselves how to correct the problems. We did it with knuckles and pans, and fuck, we can do it again.

Redeye
San Antonio, Tex.

■ Yeah—and maybe we should go direct to the AMF factory and build our own sleds!

More Pie

□ The stories you ran in your last issue deserve an extra portion of raisin pie. Your rag never lets me down.

Barbara
Long Island, N.Y.

Straight Shit

□ Your alleged magazine is pathetic. Even though I admittedly haven't "been around," I believe our country would be better off without trashy publications, and when I become a lawyer I'll work to put people like you out of business.

Fred Halverson
San Francisco, Calif.

Bite me.

Inventor

□ Wanna stash an ounce or two on your scooter without The Man finding it? I simply welded another side-fill tube on the other side of my oil tank. It's not actually hooked into the tank; it just gives that impression. Then I rechromed the whole mess (which needed it). Hope someone can use this idea. It's the only one I've ever had.

Big Bill
Methuen, Mass.

Request

□ Lately we've been hassled frequently by bros wearing well-known patch-

es. We're a peace-loving club. We're not interested in wasting time, energies, ourselves or others in wars of any kind. We really mean this, bros. But we would like to get in touch with anyone and everyone willing to protest the helmet law in this state. Again, we don't want trouble at all. We just want to ride and be free.

Rotten Rusty
VP, Facawes M/C
Morgan City, La.

Sniveler

□ Maybe somebody else feels the way I do about all the goddam memorial patches that have begun showing up on every other bro. It's nice to be remembered but this shit is gettin' outa control. What a morbid, fuckin' fad it's mushrooming into. Worse, some of those patches are misleading as hell. Several in my area (where I knew the departed personally) laud the memory of genuine assholes.

Tooker
Cincinnati, Ohio

Catty?

□ How do you assholes keep the flies off those broads long enough to shoot fotos of the ugly bitches for your mag?

Righteous Squaw
Clearfield, Pa.

Kite Tale

□ 1½ cheers for the New York State Department of Corrections. Now we can write to anyone, say whatever the fuck we please, and seal our own mail.

Eddie Harris #75A4358
Attica, N.Y.

Rare Find

□ Would you fuckers believe I finally found a chick who can actually keep her goddam yap shut while jammin', and is so righteous-lookin' that small boys drool and hairy bros

slobber frenziedly wherever I pack her? After seven years of packin' mouthy beasts or ridin' solo (a piss-poor choice), I feel like a fuckin' winner.

Fat Stick
Fallbrook, Calif.

No shit?

Last Straw

□ Being hassled by the police has become a way of life, but when they force their way into my pad (without a warrant), shove my ol' lady against the wall and tear the goddam place apart lookin' for plants—that's the last fuckin' straw. I thought 1984 ain't for eight more years.

Harley Charley
Imperial Beach, Calif.

Where have you been?

Toe Freak

□ If ya really wanna blow your woman away, try toe-fuckin' her—but be sure ya trim those nails on your big toes or it's a bummer.

Pervert John's Ol' Lady
Van Nuys, Calif.

■ Mutha says she digs long toenails.

Sensible

□ You dudes are doing a righteous job by combining yummy bread with bikes, but I sure would like to see some tech stories in each issue, too.

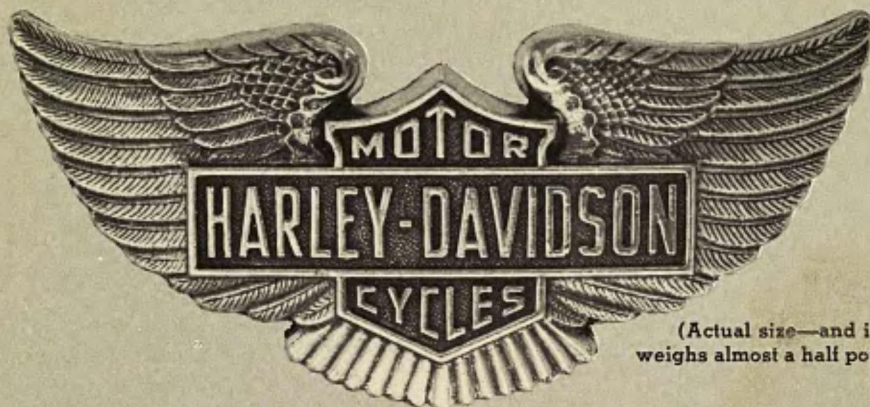
Blues Zblewski
Joliet, Ill.

Harley Convert

□ After five years of riding a two-stroke single over hills, through woods, and breakin' my goddam bike frequently—I've finally seen the light! Had my first ride on a Sporty and now nothin' else will do. There's just no comparison. Haulin' ass down a highway—gettin' splattered with bugs and passing every cage—is the

The Original

made from steel dies—not from a cheap,
low quality rubber mold process!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

HARLEY EARRINGS

**Genuine
Gold or
Silver**



Enlarged 300% to show detail

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



life! Anybody wanna buy a Honda two-stroke?

Wing
Chesterton, Ind.

Dogooder

☐ Your Male Call section is a fucking good idea. Chicks who pass it by have no heart. Three pennies, a dime and a little time can send an awful lot of hope to some poor dude who's doin' time.

Tami (Sunshine)
Silverman
Naples, Florida

Gimmick

☐ On the premise that "it takes a thief to catch a thief" we're planning a political slate of candidates (now that inmates can legally vote) to run for everything from U.S. Senator down to dogcatcher.

Mike Brown, #81856
Terre Haute, Ind.

Helpmate

☐ In answer to your "Painless Ways Of Getting Your Word To The Lawmakers," it's even more painless for a lazy bastard like me to order my ol' lady up off her ass to write letters—just like she's writing this one!

Rusty Harvey
Aransas Pass, Tex.

Opinionated

☐ Despite the "How To Fuck A Turnip" articles, and the fact that you feature more honeys than Hogs—your good shit does bring bros together.

Mack
Grim Reapers M/C
Wellston, Ohio

Sniveler II

☐ Hey, I've got a panhead, a broad, a workless income, total freedom — and still something's missin'.

Marauder Pucci
Reno, Nevada

■ Dope?

See No Evil

☐ Evel Knievel has his head up his red, white and blue, star-spangled ass. I watched him jump at King's Island, Ohio, on the tube. The major theme of that so-called event was the "safety and importance of wearing helmets" but not one fuckin' word concerning the dangers of wearing the damn things. Let's get it to-

gether and boycott Knievel.
Junker Steve
Carson City, Nev.

Free Advice

☐ If you get hit with a no-helmet ticket, don't hire a lawyer. Most of them will give you an expensive shaft job. If the judge comments, "Anyone who legally represents himself has a fool for a client," your comeback is "Which lawyer said that, Your Honor?" It stops him every time. No shit.

Kelly Wendeln
Wichita, Kans.

Hang On

☐ Wanna know how much a Z1 costs here? A new one? (Plant your fat ass on something steady.) Ready? \$6,000. Screw on that.

Antti Tarkla
Helsinki, Finland

Biker Freak

☐ Bikers are better lovers in every way. I wish that there were more of the horny, virile bastards around.

Bellybutton
Milwaukee, W.

Mellow Maggots

☐ Spider's mention of cabbage maggots being repelled by killer weed (Aug. '76) makes me wonder what kinda worms are infest'ing my personal grass farm. The fat, slimy little muthas have munched the patch to the goddam ground.

Farmer
Eureka, Calif.

Craves Cranks

☐ I'm locked up. Why don't you fuckers flash some heavy cranks across a few pages now and then, to show what I like and miss? It sure ain't tits.

Sandi
Indiana Women's Prison
Indianapolis, Ind.

Keeps Her Company

☐ Your rag keeps me company through plenty of long, cold nights when my dude is workin' on his gorgeous scooter.

Dave's Ol' Lady
New Orleans, La.

Achtung!

☐ To the cocksucker who ripped off my Triumph (laugh, you bastards, it's all I could afford) 500 hardtail:

I don't know who or where you are—yet—but when I find you, it's gonna be over for one of us, you pussy-assed punk.

David C. Pigott
Virginia Beach, Va.

☐ Somewhere there's a shithead who lured my woman into a goddam van, convinced the dumb bltch that my cash and stash (that'll teach me to ever let a cunt hold for me), and her righteous bod, would be safer with him. I'll know the prick when our roads cross again—and his own mother won't recognize him when I'm finished reshaping his face.

Tin Grin Gillerson
Benson, Arizona

☐ All bros ridin' through Rockport, Texas, oughta know there's this bike-hatin', murderous mutha-fucker who pops caps (.22) at passing sleds after dark on highway #35 between the Dairy Queen and the eastern edge of town. So far, he's hit nine dudes and a broad during the past six months. Nobody wasted—yet. The local heat can't find the snipin' bastard. It figures, don't it!

Chigger Chops
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Loud Mouth

☐ It takes balls to charge a buck for the magazine you print. Get out of the publishing business and open a delicatessen. Then you can make bikers eat shit instead of reading it.

Mofo-C
Dorchester, Mass.

Person

☐ I'm a motorcycle momma. I'm no floozy. I don't go around showing off my boobs or the shape of my love box. I'm a person who gets off riding behind my ol' man on his putt. I just want you to know that there's much more to the bike scene than you people show.

Louise Burns
Springfield, Ore.

■ Will you run that past me again?

Pussy Freak

☐ How come a mag for the biggest, baddest dudes air-brushes out the crack in a



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.

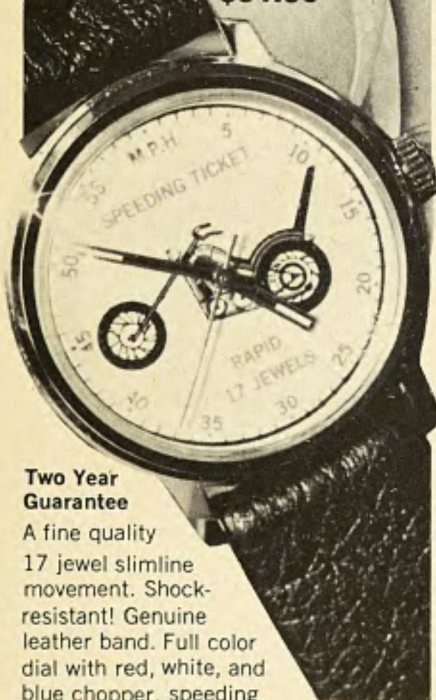
You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

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

(California residents add 5% for tax)

**Strap
A
Chopper
Watch
On
Your
Wrist**

**For
\$31.50**



**Two Year
Guarantee**

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

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

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid
watch(es) price: \$31.50 each.
Calif. Residents add 6% tax, \$1.58.
Enclosed find ☐ Money Order
☐ Check for \$_____. Please,
No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Immediate Delivery

woman's crotch? Gross
ain't always cool, but when
ya try pretendin' there ain't
livin' flesh between a broad's
legs, you're on a lame trip.
Give this some thought.

T-Bird Spencer
Amherst, N.Y.

■ We do—constantly. (But
we don't airbrush snatches.)

Anxious But Willing

☐ I want my hip tattooed
but I heard it hurts like all
hell. I found a capable ar-
tist, dropped my britches
and braced myself — and
chickened out when those
buzzin' needles neared my
flesh. I'm a for-real chick
who seriously wants a tat-
too. Does anybody know
how I can get an ink job
without too much pain?

Nervous Nelli
Arlington, Va.

■ Your ol' man could put
you away with five to the
mouth.

Retorts To Zort

☐ In reply to W. "Zort" Al-
bee: I dunno where your
head's at but it ain't with
your bros. Man, we're tryin'
to get the helmet laws re-
pealed because it just ain't
right for any fucker to force
us to do something for our
own good.

Chugger Kloczowski
Oregon City, Oregon

☐ Zort Albee can eat my
shorts. After reading his
views on helmets, it's a
cinch that under his be-
loved helmet is a shapeless
blob of shit.

Keith (Shark) Hansen
Racine, Wis.

☐ Okay, this asshole W.
"Zort" Albee wants one
good reason why all bikers
shouldn't wear helmets.
Here's mine: If I grant you
your right to wear one, you
must grant me my right to do
without one—or you're try-
ing to live my life for me, no
matter what you think.

Andi Birren
Morton Grove, Ill.

Personal Reference

☐ Wanna real pro's opinion
of bikers as cocksman? I
peddle my ass for a luxuri-
ous living and, every now
and again, I get a biker cli-
ent. I've been nibbled, drib-
bled, lunched, punched,
and even orgasmed (I'm no

dyke) by all types of dudes
for three years now—and
you sled cranks are the
best balls in this fuckin'
business. No shit.

Tight Twat
Yonkers, N.Y.

Photo Tripping

☐ You fuckers must really
be horny to put that no-tilts
broad (page 20, Aug. '76) in
your otherwise "Entertain-
ment For Adult Bikers." Get
your shit together.

Knuckles
Ambler, Pa.

☐ The August thingie is
heavy except for two fuck-
ups: (1) that titless wonder,
and (2) Greaser only gettin'
a 10,000-year stretch. Any
shit-gobblin' bastard who
rips off his bros deserves
an eternity of being tied
belly - against - stake in a
heaven for butt-fuckin' fag-
gots.

Murf
El Cajon, Calif.

☐ Others will probably
bitch about the cafe racer
in the August issue but I'm
here to tell you that I'm
crank-over-heels in love
with the jailbait blonde in
that feature. Can I have
her?

Luther Scheffy
Port Orford, Ore.

■ Have her what?

Unbelievers

That dipshit "Don't Die"

Laurien (Aug. '76) wrote the
wildest goddam kite I've
ever seen in all these years
of getting your rag, and I'll
bet there are assholes
who'll believe him!

Cuntbreath Mott
Golden Skulls M/C
Deep Creek, Wis.

☐ I'd like to see Lizard
Laurien explain to some bro
who's been mangled by a
sadistic motorist (and, may-
be, snuffin' out the slow,
hard way on the roadside)
that he "doesn't have to
die." You fuckers better
start screening out the
screwball element.

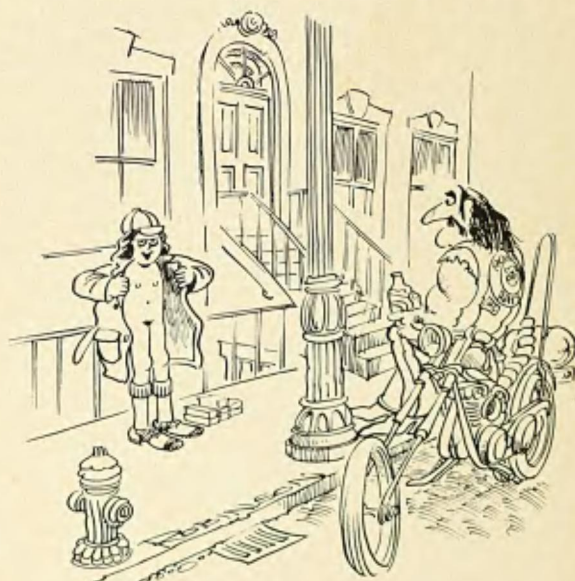
John (Realist) Miller
Baytown, Texas

Incredible

☐ Your rag is good, and if
it's an example of biker spirit
and feeling, then we could
all be the brothers we're
supposed to be by followin'
your example a little. (Don't
sprain your arms patten'
yourselves on the back. A
few of your issues have
been so fucked up, it's in-
credible.)

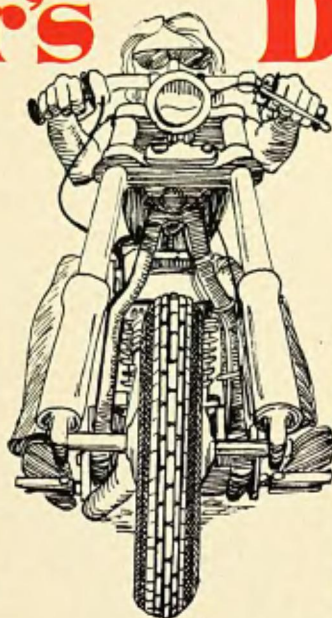
Strawman
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

*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.*



"Wanna buy some mints, mister?"

Biker's Digest



No kiddin'?

I have discovered from personal experience that basically my theory holds true all over our country. Given a choice, the average lawman will grab a two-wheeled vehicle in preference to a four-wheeled one every time.

—Roger Hull
Motorcycle Weekly

Unacceptable word

Why the change?

Quite simply for two important reasons. First, the word "chopper" has never been quite totally acceptable to our readers and advertisers. The word still carries the stigma of heavy booted, greasy Levi-ed, chain swinging, grubby outlaw bikers, and will likely never lose it in some quarters. Alone, this would not be reason to change.

The second, and by far the most important reason, is the word chopper no longer fits the majority of custom bikes being built today.

—Custom Chopper

Maybe weird . . .

I know a cover shot with the people wearing space costumes might be considered just a little different (or maybe weird) but what the heck, we all have to have a little fun once in a while anyway.

—Steve Stillwell
Street Chopper

Happy dealers . . .

It pays to keep your local motorcycle dealer smiling. Why? Because it's a fact that he'll have a say in such matters as: how fast it takes your bike to be serviced; how good that service will be; and how good a deal you'll get when you decide to trade-up. It stands to reason that if you and he are on good terms, you'll benefit. Good motorcycle dealers are hard to come by. When you find one, cultivate him a little, and even cherish him.

There are some obvious

ways to keep a dealer smiling, and some not so obvious. The obvious are such things as knowing exactly what you want in a bike before entering his showroom, so as not to waste his time; not wasting his time with long, drawn-out bargaining before plunking your money down; not bringing the bike back to him for too-frequent maintenance; and so on. These things would bring a smile to any dealer's face.

—Ron Swartley
Biker

Absolute jerks . . .

It should be duly noted that guys who drag their feet from starts look like absolute jerks—not only to the general public, but to the motorcyclists all around you. These days, chances are about one in 15 that there will be a motorcycle enthusiast either on a bike or in a car at any busy intersection. Can you guess what he's thinking if you can't perform the simplest act in motor-cycling without a putrid display of basic incompetency?

—Oan Hunt
Cycle World

First to fight against helmets . . .

Giving credit where due, it was the Hells Angels who originally saved the California scene. When the California legislature met to consider the helmet question in their oak-shaded imitation of Capitol Hill, suddenly, there were the Angels, as real as chains and

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

boots. No legislator will admit to being intimidated, but that day they voted with the Angels. Shortly thereafter, the Nixon-Reagan forces of law and order dealt with those scurvy devils in the same stark manner that they found effective in dealing with Kent students, SLA radicals, Black Panthers, white kids, and Southeast Asians. Which is to say they killed as many as possible and put the rest in jail. Some year the survivors will be tried, probably for the crimes of being foul-mouthed and dirty.

—Ron Schneiders
Cycle Guide

Chick bike market . . .

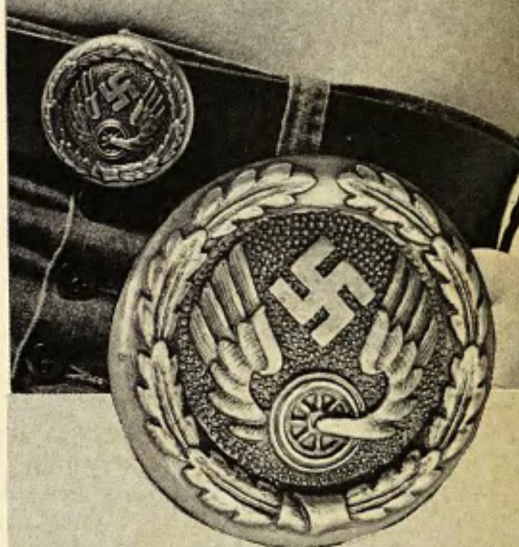
The untapped female market is significant. Recently, increasing numbers of women have taken up cycling. At present, however, this market remains virtually untapped.

The continuing breakdown of traditional male/female roles will open up this potentially very large, new market. An indication of this coming development is provided by a United Airlines ad entitled "Women don't travel like they used to" in which a young female is shown on a cycle. The accompanying text includes the following: "Used to be a lady only tagged along. But not today. Today's woman goes far on her own merits . . . You know the only limits are in a lady's head."

A recent article appearing in *Cosmopolitan* Magazine promoted motorcycling as an activity which *Cosmopolitan* women should consider. Excerpts from the text of the article, written in typical *Cosmopolitan*ese, follows: "Motorcycles are tough, right? Well, so are you, baby. You deserve the freedom of wind-in-your-face, fast take-offs as much as any Easy Rider male (why should men have all the revving-up fun?)."

—Motorcycle
Dealer News

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



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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTeous
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740





philip 7/72

The Mouse

By John Watson

The Mouse slipped into the dimly lit beer joint. He saw his friends sitting at the bar, and prided himself on the fact that they had neither seen nor heard him enter. Had they done so, he would not have lived up to his name, for his ability to slip in and about, unobtrusively, was his only claim to fame in life.

The Mouse was thin to the point of emaciation. He had thin, skeletal hands that flitted about, constantly patting pockets, touching his face, touching glasses and ash trays. Just touching. His sloping forehead, close-set eyes and long, thin nose, over a small mouth and receding chin, gave him the very appearance for which he was named.

When riding his chopper, an old 101 Indian Scout that had been slightly modernized and lowered a bit so that his feet would touch the ground, he looked like a small child stealing a ride on his big brother's dresser. The Mouse had a sense of humor, too, although it often got him into trouble.

He slipped up behind Big Mac just as the president of The Devil's Dozen was putting a cigarette in his mouth. Quickly, Mouse withdrew from a pocket a cigarette lighter, shaped like a small automatic pistol, reached up and around Big Mac, and pulled the trigger. Flame sprang up, and Big Mac leaned back, cursing, then quickly regained his composure. He lighted his cigarette, and as The Mouse returned the lighter to his pocket, Big Mac grabbed the puny fellow's arm and lifted him to the bar stool beside him.

"You little bastard," he swore, grinning. "Some day I'm gonna stick that lighter up your ass. That is if some pig don't shoot you first for packing it around."

Mouse giggled as the bartender slid a beer in front of him, noting that all of the guys along the bar were smiling and laughing at the joke he had played on Big Mac.

The beer was free. Mouse got almost all of his drinks free, wherever he went, for he furnished the small amount of comic relief that was necessary to the life style of

his companions. Never harmful or mean or embarrassing, although he had made a mistake or two and been quickly flattened for his error in judgment, he tried to maintain a constantly friendly relationship with everyone.

Sometimes, in his eagerness to indulge in conversation he had said too much, and suffered for it, but most of the time he was pretty cool.

"Hey, man, how ya bin," he said, giving Big Mac a hit on the arm with all his strength. It felt, to the big man, like a fly landing on his arm. "I ain't seen ya since ya got outta th' joint. Where ya been?"

"I've been around. Where've you been? I've been doin' a lot of catchin' up. That ninety-dayer just about dried me up."

"Aw," Mouse answered, "I rode up to Salt Lake City, then went on a run with the guys up there. Just got back yesterday an' I heard you was back, so I come lookin' for ya." He chugalugged his beer, and as if by magic another appeared.

The Mouse enjoyed his popularity with the big man. Although he had not seen him for quite a long time, he felt good that their friendship still remained. The Mouse worried constantly about friendships, for, being so small and weak, he felt he needed the security of these clubbers, who allowed him to share in their partying and other activities. He felt, also, a sense of protection toward them, and often went out of his way to relay some bit of information, should he happen to hear anything, that might help them from being taken or being lied to or cheated by others.

"How's, uh, how's Rosie," Mouse asked, looking straight ahead over his beer. "Are ya still engaged to her?"

"Nope," Big Mac answered, laconically.

"Oh, wow, man," Mouse said, happily. "I was startin' to git worried, you gettin' so serious an' all that."

Big Mac turned and looked down at the little fellow, a frowning, quizzical expression on his face. "Whatta ya mean?" he asked.

"Well, you know, I didn't wanna say anything before, 'cause I knew you'd find out sooner or later, but she was allus runnin' aroun' behind yer back, layin' all yer pals. I bet she screwed th' whole club while you was gone." He took a long drink of beer. "What happened?" he went on. "Did ya find out what she was doin' an' kick her ass out?"

"Nope," Big Mac said. He downed the rest of the beer in his glass, slowly wiped his mouth and reached out for the little gabber. And as he did so, he said, "I married her yesterday."

The Mouse slipped out of the big man's grasp and flew out the door of the bar, never looking back. He leaped onto his little 101 Scout, thanking God that it fired on the first kick, and careened out of the parking lot and down the street.

"Me an' my big mouth," he said to himself, cursing. "Now I'll hafta lay low an' drink someplace else till he gits over bein' mad."

Back at the bar, everyone was laughing uproariously.

"Did you see how that mother flew out of here," Big Mac said, holding his stomach and laughing until tears came to his eyes. "That little bastard is the funniest son-of-a-bitch I've ever seen." He wiped his eyes on his bar napkin. "Get married," he said, still laughing. "Sheeit! I wouldn't marry Raquel Welsh if she begged me." He slapped Wino, his sidekick, on the back, and went on. "And even if I did, she could chug right along with you guys, just like Rosie, for all I give a fuck." Everyone had a laugh.

The Mouse cruised along side streets until he reached the freeway turn-on, entered it and headed far across town, where he knew another chopper rider's bar that was always good for free drinks and friendly conversation.

"Only this time," he told himself, "I'm gonna keep my mouth shut."

As he cruised along the freeway, he thought about some of the predicaments he had gotten himself into in the past. He remembered the time he had been riding with the gang through Norwalk, and a cop on a

—Continued on page 60



THE GAME

By Larry (Rabbit) Cole

Four and a half years shot to hell! Four and a half years of cells and guards and walls and bullshit. Four and a half years of games. Memorize the answers and then wait for the questions to be asked. Make it all sound honest and sincere. Tell 'em what they want to hear and make goddam sure it's said the way they want to hear it said. Play The Game. The age-old game.

Some of the lowriders think it's a copout to do that. At first I did too, but after a while you get sick of banging your head off that fuckin' wall. You get tired. Really tired. Old beyond your years. You see too much, feel too much, and you get sick. Sick of lying in that 4x9 cell dreamin' of the runs you used to go on. Your head starts to hurt from livin' and relivin' the old parties. Yesterday's runs. They don't satisfy your head any more, and that little voice inside starts yellin' for freedom. "Play the fuckin' game!" it

screams. "Play their fuckin' game and play it well! Get us out of here so we can stop dreamin' of the old runs and make some new ones!"

So, you learn the answers. You wait for the questions and you lay down your game. You lay it down to the max!

My palms were sweating. I wiped them on my prison blues and then lit another cigarette. Two-thirty! Jesus fuck! Why ain't they called my name yet? Fuckin' parole board! Sit on their lazy asses takin' their time! I gotta be cool! Gotta calm down. If I get uptight now I could blow it for sure! Easy then. Nice and easy. After all, you got a lot goin' for you. High school diploma, printing trade. Clean conduct. Ha! That should blow their fuckin' minds! But that's what you gotta do to the parole board. You find out all the "reasons" they use to deny parole and you close the doors on 'em. I closed them all. Now I gotta

maintain a cool head till I get through this interview. Then The Game will be complete.

"Martin? You're next." I nodded at the guard.

The buzzer that signaled for me to enter the parole board room was still ringing in my head as I opened the door.

"B-11654?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have a seat, Mr. Martin."

I took the chair that was placed in front of the long dark desk. It was facing the two parole board members of the California adult authority. Demigods dressed in their two-hundred-dollar suits. Surrounded by their own importance. Shuffling through piles of papers that were stuffed neatly inside large manila folders. Folders filled with every known detail of the man whose name and number were printed on the front.

I watched with anticipation while

one dude appeared to be reading my file so goddam intently. Playing his part in this fuckin' game called rehabilitation. "A poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more!"

Wonder what this fucker would say if he knew I was sitting here thinkin' of lines from Shakespeare. After all, ain't bikers a bunch of dumb shits who don't know nothin'? Wrong, muthafuckers! There's a lot of bros who have their shit together. They just don't feel the need to impress nobody with it. Look at Junior, one oil painting sonofabitch! And Booger Red. He knows a Harley inside and out! And Jason, he can—

"Finished your trade?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmmm. Quite a bit of difference from the last time we saw you."

"Yes, sir."

"No bad conduct reports either."

"No, sir."

"Got a job?"

"Yes, sir. Working in a warehouse in Los Angeles. Four-fifty an hour to start."

Wonder if that nod of his head was one of approval or just an acknowledgment.

"Any questions, Mr. Martin?"

"No, sir."

"Then that's it. You'll get your results next week."

Then that's it. Man, I sure hope that's it. Get my results next week? Why not now? Another part of the game? Yeah, another part of The Game!

The next week really drags by and you start wondering if some dipshit ain't found a way to put 48 hours in one day! "And this, too, shall pass." Yeah, but it sure as hell could pass a little faster!

The sergeant calls your name on the loudspeaker. Report to his office. You get that feelin' in your gut. The same kind of feeling you have when some dumbass pulls his \$75 car into the path of your \$3,000 knucklehead and you ain't got no place to go but down!

"Looks like you really pulled the wool over their eyes this time, Tennessee!"

Sonofabitch! Even the smartass sergeant has his part in this game!

I take the slip of paper, sign the receipt that says I got it, and walk outside.

The sarge gave it up, but I stand there, really enjoying the victory. "Parole Effective 2/27/75!" Right on! Now it's over! Finally over! No more of these jiveass games! I played

it all well and the slip of paper proves it. Score one for the biker, zero for The Man! End of The Game!

"Here's \$58.27. The rest of your money will be sent to your parole officer via state check. You pick that up from him on your report date. That's Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Don't be late!"

Clang! One of these days I'd like to meet the fuckers that designed the front gates of prisons! Even though I have to admit, it has a lot different sound when you're on the way out to freedom!

That same gate slammed shut when I was on my way in, and that clang rang inside my head for well over four years. Four and a half years of the same old games.

"Now then. Here's a list of the rules for parole. Study them. They're your bible. Adhering to them will keep you out of prison. Break one and it's back to the cell on a violation charge."

Why do I keep getting the feeling that this goddam game ain't over yet?

"Special conditions of your parole: No booze—and I'm adding one. No bike clubs. If I catch you with a club patch, back to the joint. Understand?"

"Yeah, right."

"Report once a month to my office. If you miss, you better have a damn good excuse. That's it."

Shit! Where have I heard those words before? Looks like it was only the end of the first quarter, instead of the end of the fuckin' game.

Tote that barge! Lift that bale! Work your fuckin' nuts off for a piece of paper. Cash that paper in for more paper. Bitch about how much Big Brother takes outta your check. Bitch, because you know he uses that same money as a lever to force Joe Blow into passing laws that effect the one thing in life you really love. Choppers. Ridin'. Freedom. But you gotta pay. It's part of The Game.

Seems like I'll never get this fuckin' panhead built! Not enough hours in a day. Shit! That's funny! Not too long ago it seemed like there was too many hours in a day, and now there's not enough!

I can't ride with the club no more. It just doesn't seem the same as before. New faces, new rules. Too many young dudes trying to work their way up. Time to step aside. Time to retire. Most of the original bros are gone. Dead or busted or

whatever. But gone. I always said if the day ever came that I can't fly my patch the way it should be flown, then it's time to retire it. Being tied up in this game with The Man is causing me to doubt. So, it looks like that day is here. Done. Not an easy decision. Maybe after all this is over I'll be back, but I gotta play it out first. Same goes with my ol' lady. Gotta cut her loose too. So be it. Anything for a win in The Game.

"Well, Martin. You been out a year now. Maintained gainful employment. Kept all your appointments, stayed out of trouble. So, I'm recommending discharge from parole. Congratulations. Not many men make it."

Ironie! Every time I turn around somebody's handing me a piece of fuckin' paper. One thing for sure. It's the fourth quarter. Final paper. End of The Game. At long last. The end of the muthafuckin' game!

The expressway lies invitingly before me as the panhead eats up the miles. Feels good. Wind in my face. Avon's singin' my song. Puttin', ridin' free, and the ride is even sweeter because I know I beat The Man. I played his game, in his stadium, and by God, I won!

Strange. My cutoff feels light. Oh yeah, I retired my patch. Almost forgot. Had to, to win The Game!

My ol' lady would really dig this ride. Too bad I had to cut her loose, but I had to play The Game.

Wish the bros were here now. Man, we'd really have ourselves a party! Had to cut it loose too though. Had to win The Game.

Win?

Did I say I had to win the game?

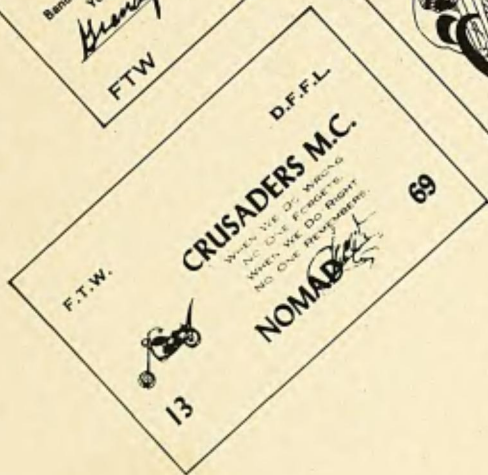
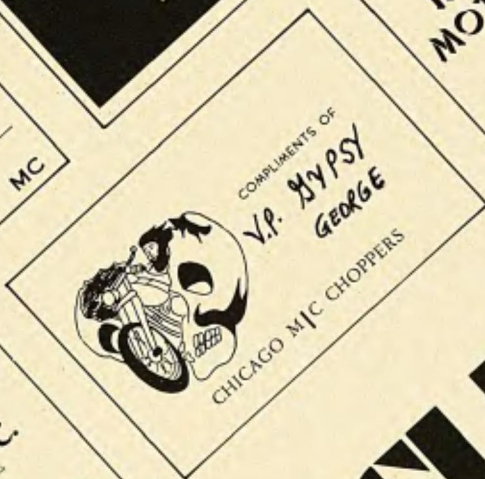
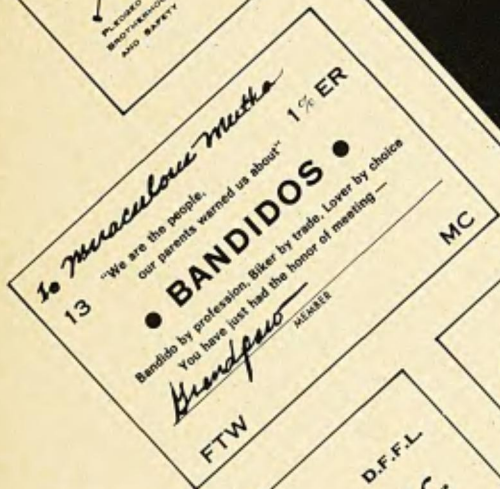
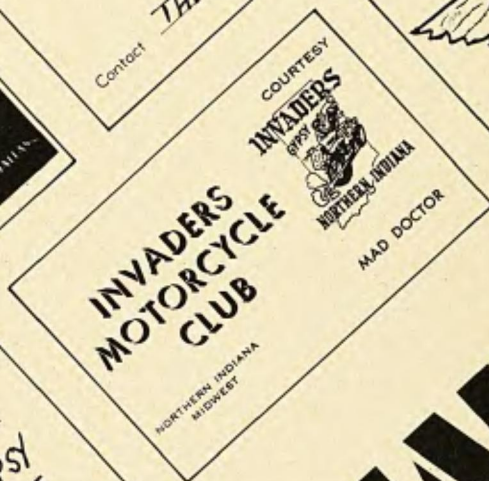
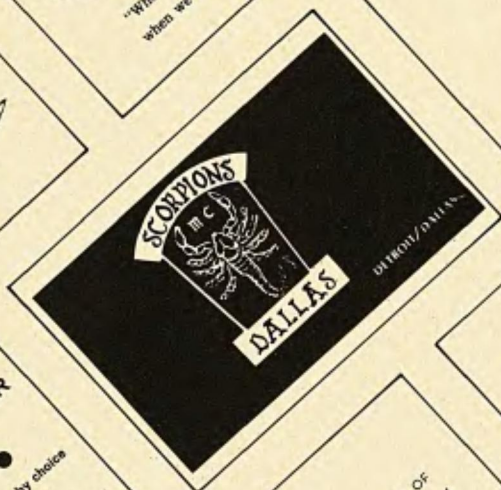
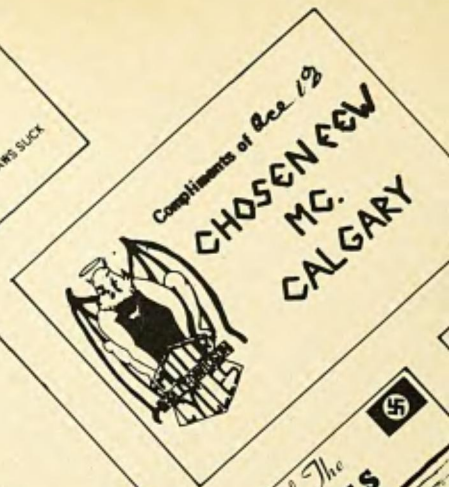
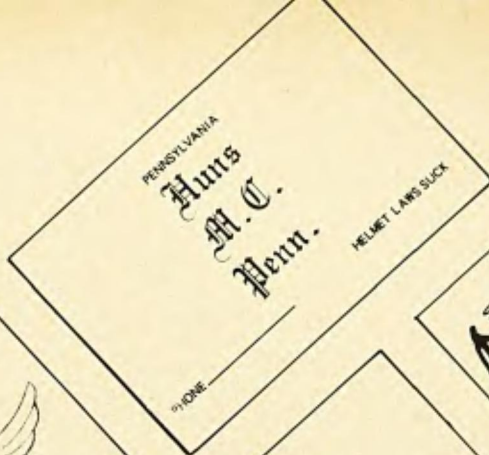
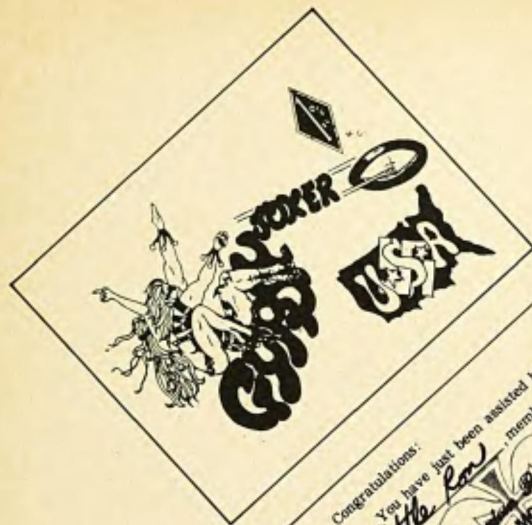
Look around, man. No brothers, no patch, no ol' lady.

Win?

Now I see it all. So wrapped up in The Game, so lost in the thought of winning, that I now find the truth. The truth doesn't say win. Instead it says I lost.

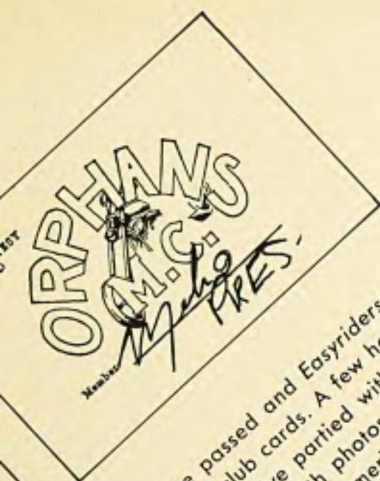
Lost my brothers. My patch and my ol' lady. Lost! Yeah, lost the whole fuckin' game!

"On the local scene a lone rider was killed instantly when he lost control of his modified motorcycle and crashed into a stalled vehicle on the expressway this morning. James E. Martin was pronounced dead on arrival at County Hospital. Sports-wise, the Los Angeles, San Diego contest was rained out. However, tomorrow looks like a good day for the game!" ■

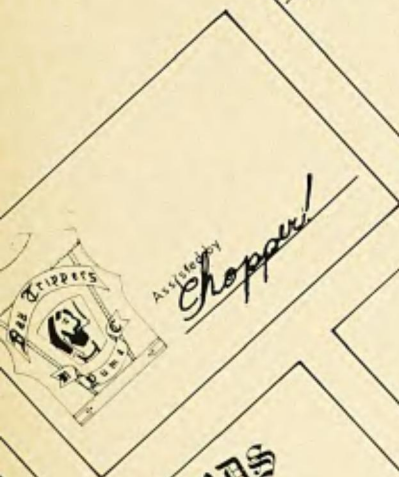


CLUB CARD COLLECTION



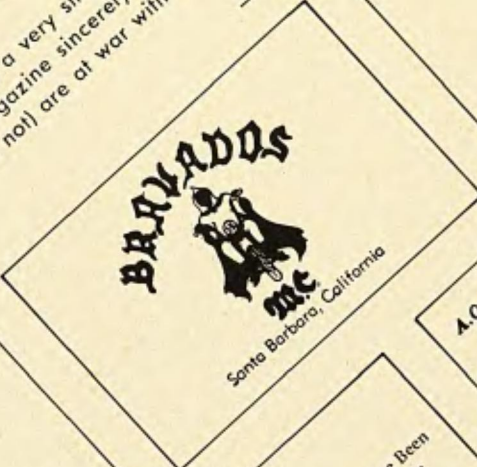


RS.

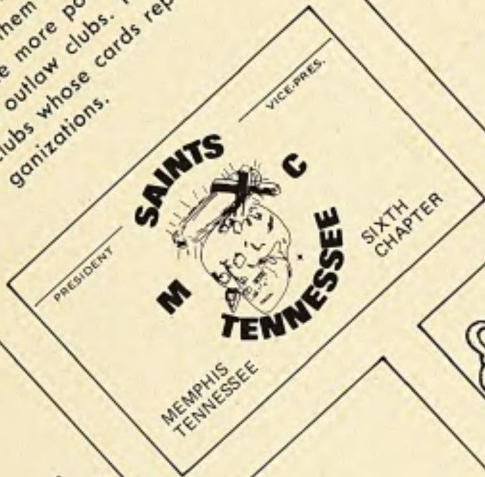


As the years have passed and Easyriders has aged, we have accumulated a good number of club cards. A few have been from people we've dealt with and some from bros we've parted with and some just from good people who enclosed their club card with photos or a letter. So we felt we'd give a small tribute to the outlaw clubs of America and display our collection of cards. They're an example of a brother's commitment to his club, not something to be messed with. The patch-holders shared a part of their clubs with us, and we're One more point. These cards represent only a very small cross section of all the outlaw clubs. The bikers behind this magazine sincerely hope none of the clubs whose cards represent them here (or not) are at war with other outlaw or-

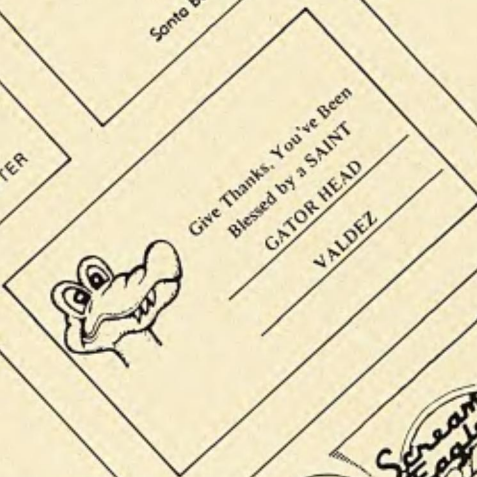
—Renegade



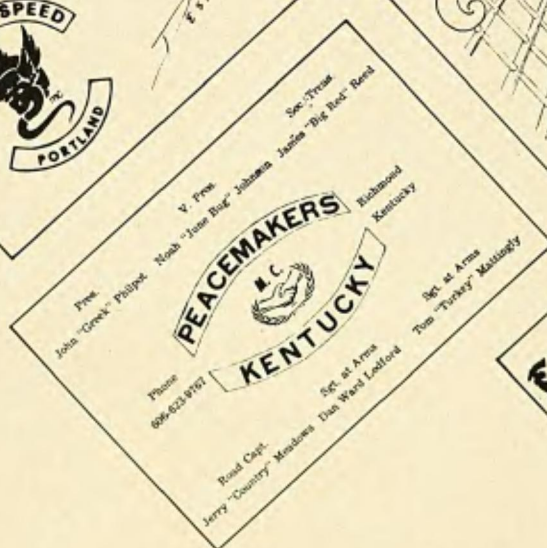
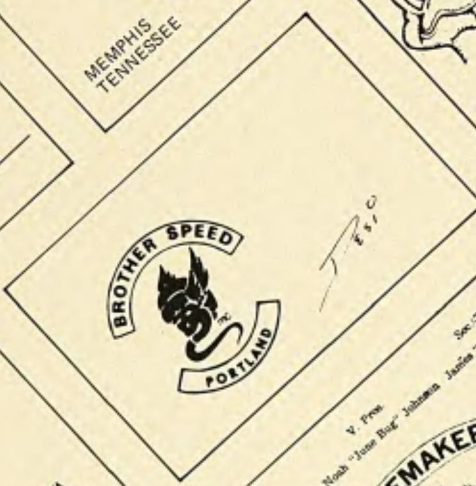
Santa Barbara, California



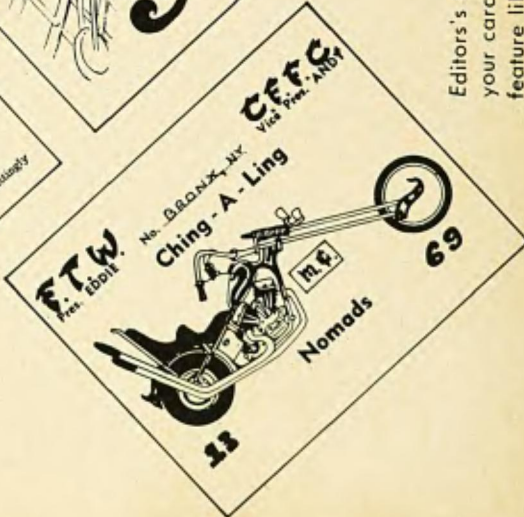
PRESIDENT
VICE-PRES.
SIXTH CHAPTER
MEMPHIS TENNESSEE



Give Thanks, You've Been Blessed by a SAINT
GATOR HEAD
VALDEZ



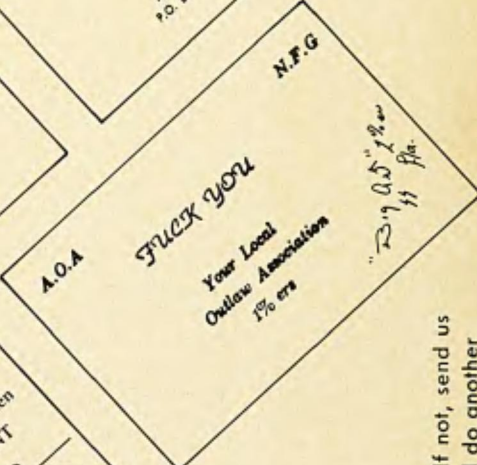
Pres. John "Greek" Phipps
V. Pres. Noah "June Bug" Johnson
Sec. "True" Julie "Big Red" Reed
Phone 606-623-9767
Road Capt. Jerry "Country" Madonia
Sgt. at Arms Dan Ward
Set. at Arms Tom "Turkey" Mattingly
Richmond Kentucky



Pres. Ed. No. 0000000000
Vice Pres. Andy
Ching-A-Ling
Nomads
69



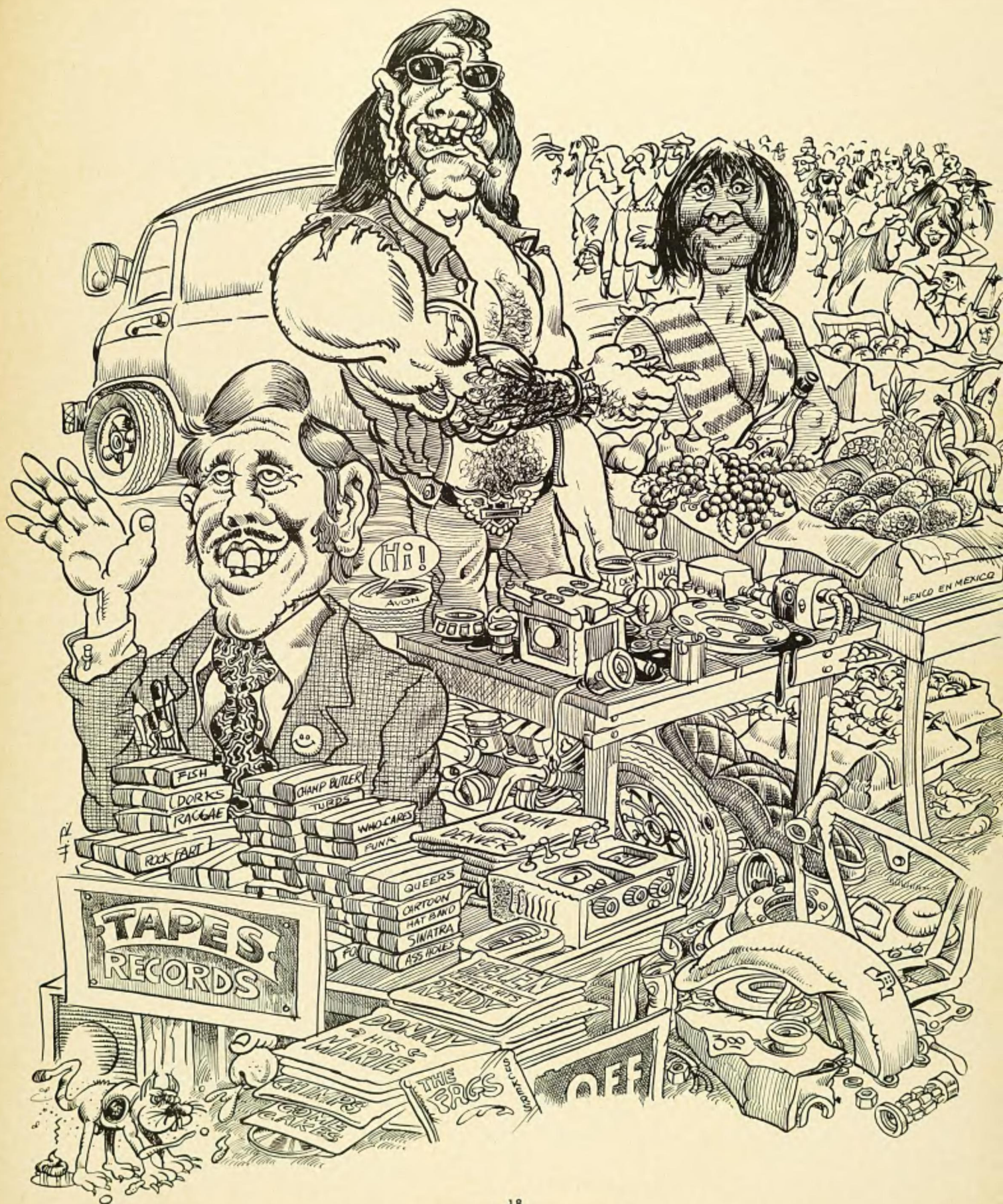
NSWPP — Local Group Uroba
P.O. Box 2173, Uroba, Mich. 48151



A.O.A.
Suck you
Your Local
Outlaw Association
I'll be

"Big 0.5" 1st
H. Fla.

Editors's note: Was your club represented here? If not, send us your card, and when we get enough of them we'll do another feature like this.



I was lying on my back, staring at the garage ceiling. It was a great day to feel sorry for yourself: Friday—sun shining; the little feathered bastards singing their asses off. Real summer dreamin'.

I thought back: My ol' lady split about four days ago, mumbling something about not putting up with any more of my shit.

"Well, how about a quickie then, before you go?" Might as well get it while you can, I figured.

"I mean it, Vince. I'm splitting; I just can't handle it any more. It's time to grow up." She put one hand on a scrumptious hip. "Life isn't just one big brawling and boozing party!"

"You left out ridin' an screwin'," I helped out.

"This is your last chance," she threatened. Her lower lip full as ever; her double-D tits straining a denim halter top. Long blond hair just touching the curve of that healthy ass of hers.

I gave it a full second of serious consideration:

"Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out, then!"

That was that. Now I'd have to ride solo to a little get-together we had set up for the weekend. But what the shit; what can you do?

After she left, I figured I might as well take a little cruise to the Dump (that's the name of a bar, not my opinion. Though, in this case they're one and the same) and see who was there. Slurp a few beers, bullshit awhile—get it together for the weekend.

Even though my ol' lady's splitting bummed me out somewhat, I got the same rush I always did as I mounted my black panhead. Fuck a buncha bad vibes! This was real. Two kicks, and monster exhaust was beating uneven pagan tribute to Harley. Every time I started that bike, I felt like I put to life a portion of my own being.

My religious experience was cut short, though, by a sacrilegious old fossil in a 1953 DeSoto. You know the story—left turn from the right lane. I got off with nothing serious: scrapes and scratches. My pan didn't do so well. Entire 12-over, custom-made-to-my-order, 450-fuckin'-dollars worth of springer, plus front wheel—bent to shit. (Didn't snap, though!) Molding cracked. Engine bolt snapped.

Of course the cops were real helpful:

"You know you should have been wearing a helmet."

Then, after taking a closer look at my hair and beard:

"You sure you weren't trying to

cause this lady here any trouble?"

(Go shit in your helmet, you dumb pig.)

The old lady was insured, but the cops made it real clear that due to "peculiar circumstances" (like maybe it was some asshole biker who got fucked?) an intensive investigation would have to be launched.

After my brothers helped me get my scooter back home, we all sat around—passed a few numbers, drank some wine. It felt like visiting a very sick relative.

"I'll tell ya what," Dog had said to me, trying to break the mood, "I'll let you pack with me. All you gotta do is wear your pants backwards an' leave the zipper down. Just in case we don't run into some women."

I had to smile.

"You mean in case you don't run into any sheep," I told him. . . .

Well, anyway, that's why I was lying on my back, in my garage, taking alternate sips out of a quart bottle of Country Club and a half-gallon jug of sangria. Feeling sorrier than shit for myself. My bros had taken off early this morning. But not before riding down to my place, raising all kinda hell, and pissing in the neighbors' shrubs.

Why the fuck didn't I go with them in the beer an' tools pickup? Pretty considerate of the pricks.

Well, at least they shared my misery; felt as bad as I did:

"Fuck you then, turd head," Dropout yelled in compassionate farewell.

Far-fuckin'-out. Everybody gone, and my scooter down with a mean dose of the no-bread-to-fix-it clap.

About the time I was ready to get another quart, I happened to notice an old bike magazine collecting dust in the corner. Since it was easier to reach for the magazine than it was to get up, I scooped up the old rag and leafed through it.

Among all them squeaky clean bikes was an article: "Make \$\$\$; Sell Your Old Bike Parts At The Swap Meet."

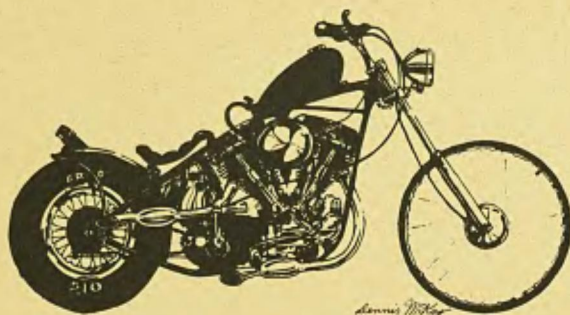
That struck me about as original as water in a goldfish bowl. But, what the shit? I scratched and read. What the dude who wrote the article was trying to say was: sell your old parts at a swap meet. Except I had to read four pages before he got finished. Musta got paid by the word. So big deal. I took a healthy tug on the sangria. The more grape I had the better the idea sounded.

Why not? I had enough parts to sell. More than enough. What I didn't have was some front end.

Swap Meet Blues

By Kol Kola

—Continued on page 66



Miles of Styles

Here's one artist's idea of the different style of chops, and in some ways a history of the chopper style of building bikes. But how the hell can anyone possibly lay down the entire trip behind buildin' scooters? We've been through so many changes for so many varied reasons that it would be almost impossible to document where we've been or where we're going.

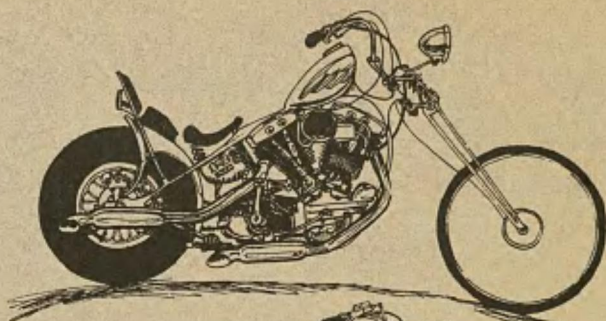
Years ago, or in the beginning—whatever—bikers didn't do anything except remove surplus crap from their scoots. Later they tore off the hinged section of the fatbob fender and put a solo seat and pillion pad on in place of the large seat. Then came risers that raised the stock bars and next came the higher bars, etc. From that point on it evolved into an endless series of innovations—slowing only long enough for a new idea to emerge.

Take, for instance, a rider who may have been riding for about ten years. If he had flicks of every bike he had ever owned or built, they'd be a history in themselves. I know many of us started out with fatbobs, tore them off, then years later, and a lot less gas (that costs a lot more), we're right back to fat tanks.

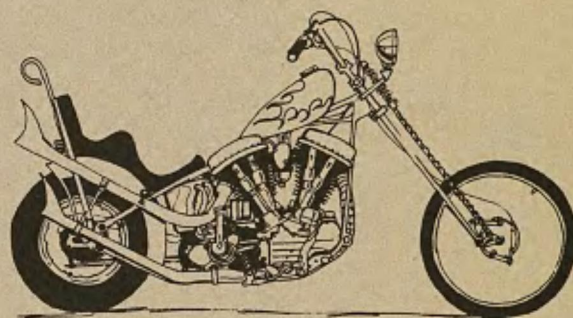
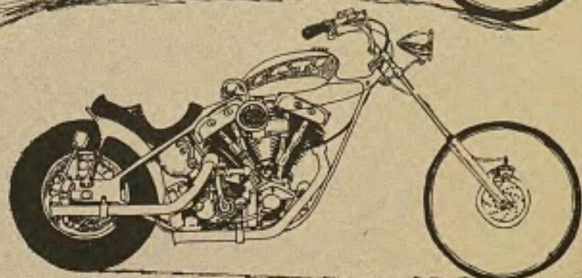
Some areas of the country have evolved in different ways than others. Some have been race, hot-shoe builders from the gate. Other areas have been into flash and doodads since the first extended front end. But no matter what the characteristic that sticks with an area, the racers continue to build badder bikes, and glitter freaks get flashier.

So actually who gives a shit how we've progressed or who gets the credit for the ideas and innovations as long as we can continue to progress, do our thing, and, of course, ride 'em. But for the sake of trippin', here are one artist's ideas of styles of scoots from different areas and different eras.

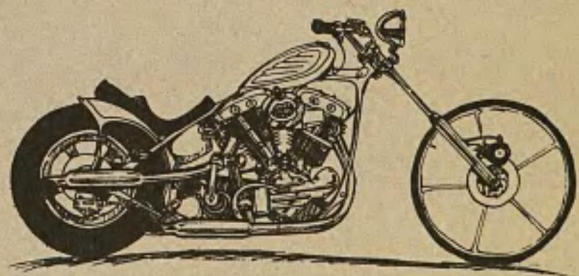
—Shotgun



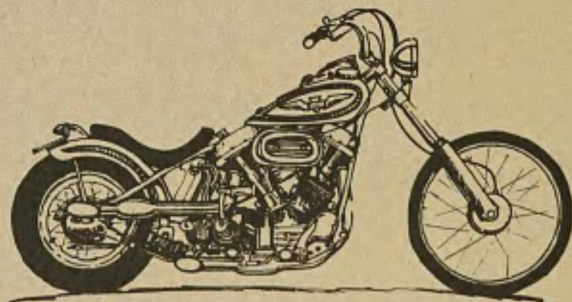
A machinist's nightmare or the creative builder's expression with every possible part hand constructed or machined.



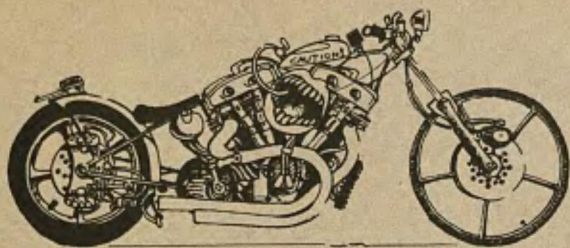
At one time most bikes were somewhat conservative and somewhat the same—time for change.



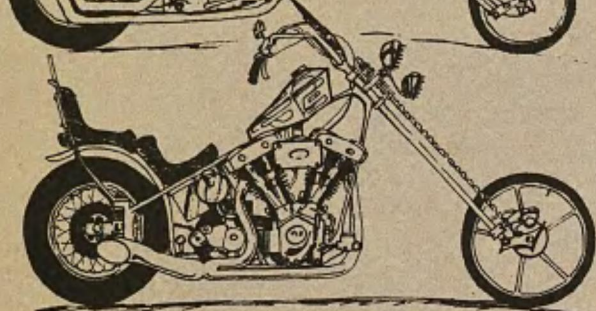
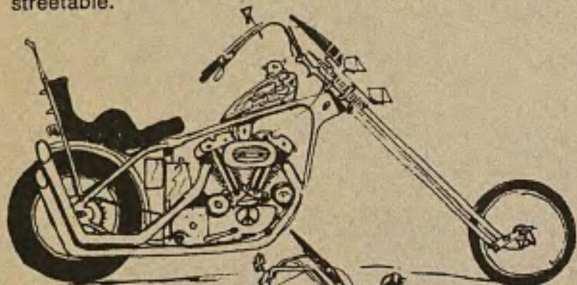
An almost solo styling machine. Simple, clean, and innovative.



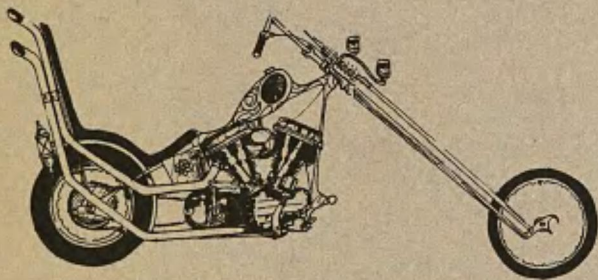
A moderately modified fatbob that by most would be described as a good road bike.



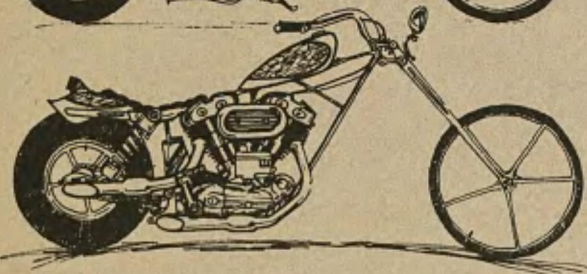
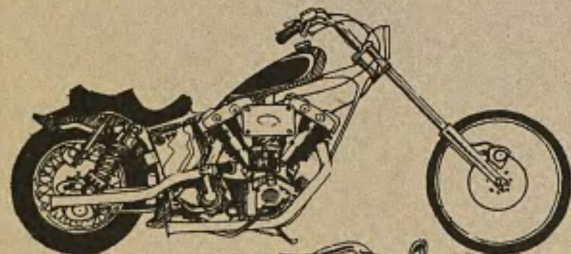
A not always that practical, part-lunching drag bike with just enough on it to make the asphalt streaker streetable.



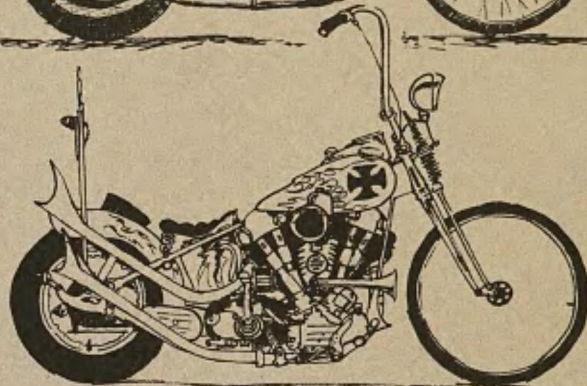
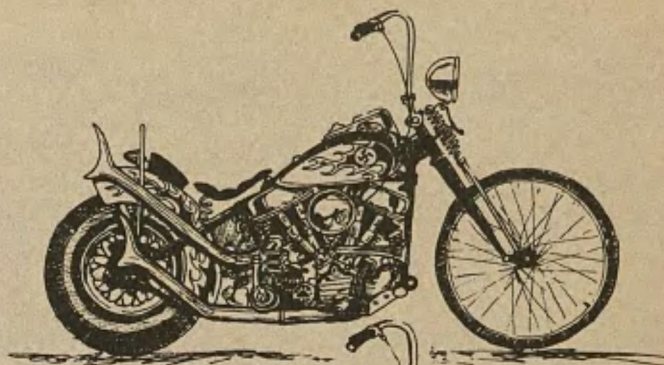
From the front to the rear, a custom accessory bolt-together machine. Or a possible example of a flash machine.



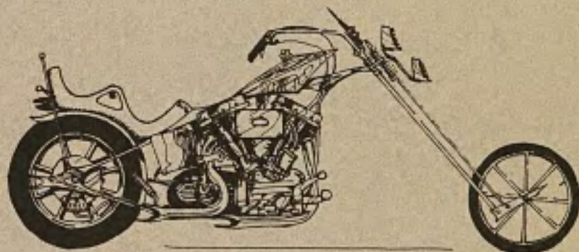
Stretched frame and upsweeps. A combination not often seen together.



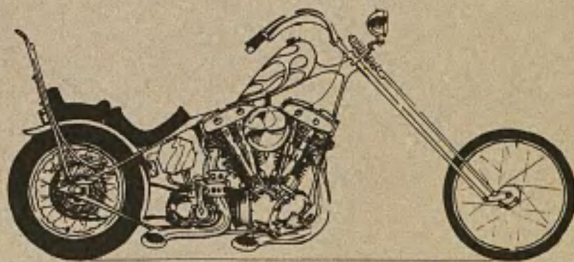
A northern California sleek style.



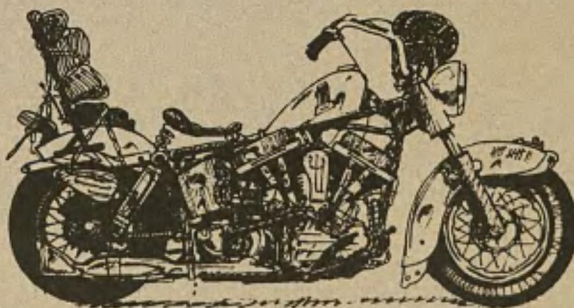
It's hard to tell what year this fatbob came from—yesterday or ten years ago.



A jagged example of what was once considered an Eastern angular styled scooter.

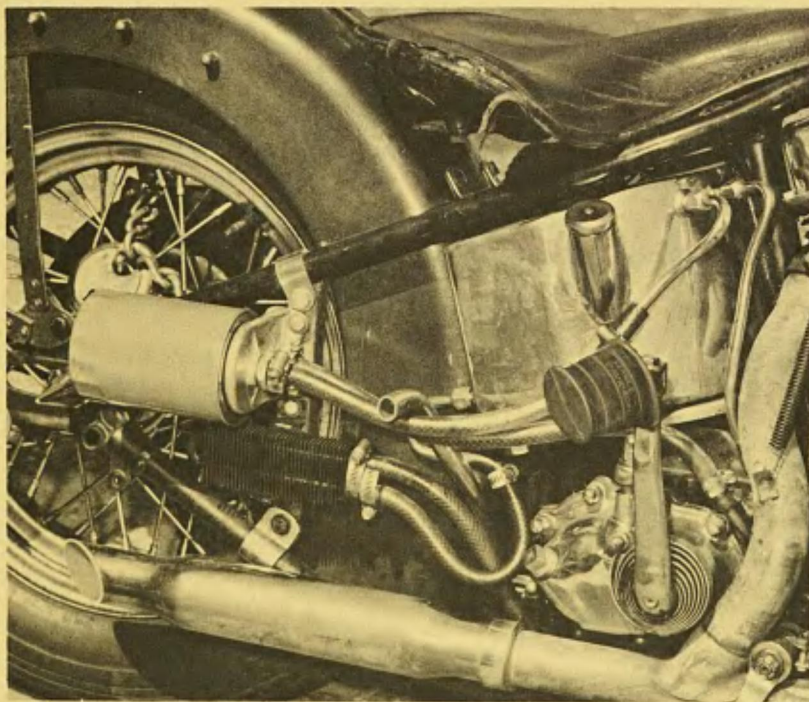
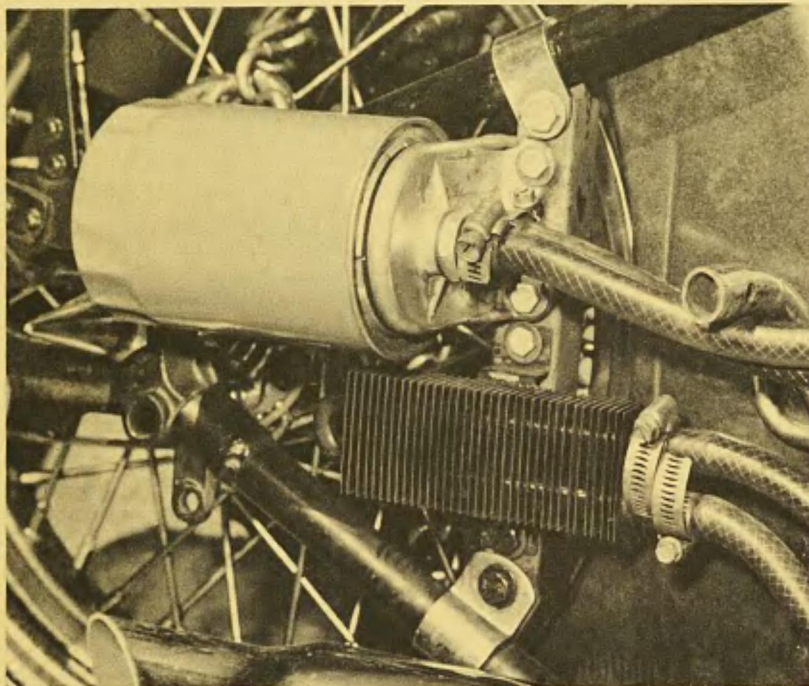


Maybe a later version of the earlier up-sweep panhead road chop.



Ya gotta start somewhere.

Engine Savers



All right, they're weird, ugly, bulky—all sorts of downers. But they're not for takin' or holdin' reds. They're to keep my pan together longer—hopefully. The stock oil system for old 74s doesn't lend itself (too much) to cleaning or cooling the oil.

So there you have it, an EMPI (sold in K-marts and discount stores) VW accessory oil cleaner mounting and a Cad power steering oil cooler.

There are smaller filter elements that can be had, which will fit the EMPI bracket. But basically I said, "Screw the looks, I want this '48 to stay on the road."

So the cooler is spliced into the main oil feed line and the filter to the main return. The only modification to the filter is that the oil holes in the fittings (supplied with the mounting) must be drilled out for better flow.

Look at it this way. The EMPI doodad costs about seven bucks, the filter element costs four, the cooler costs five, and the lines and clamps run about five or six bucks. So there was around twenty bucks sunk into that horrible-lookin' unit. But dig it. How much does it cost, just for the parts, to rebuild an engine—huh?

—Weed



Cinnamon

In reply to "Come Breath," Hawaii, in the May issue, I have an answer—an ideal natural breath freshener! Put lots of cinnamon in your ol' man's food (toast, rolls, meat, sugar, cookies, etc.). This natural spice spices your ol' man's come.

Sergeant "Rock"
APO New York, N.Y.

● Actually, who thinks of the taste of come when you're freaking out? My entire attention is on getting as much in my mouth as possible and wishing I could bite it off and keep it.

Puckered Poopchute

My ol' man digs slipping a finger up my poopchute during warmup time—and I can't stand it. To me, that's not what real love's all about. I think it's perverted. What do you think? He always reads your column.

Renee
Intercourse, Pa.

● Only a finger? Hell, the slobbs around this place have used everything from a rusty nail all the way up to a crescent wrench on me and I dig it. (It **does** take a while to get used to it—and you know you're there when you start doing it to yourself.)

No Feeling With Rubber

My ol' lady objects to my wearing a condom. She says it just doesn't feel good.

Joe R.
Tallahassee, Fla.

● If she doesn't like one, put on a dozen, and slip some small rocks between them. (Be prepared for complaints from the neighbors about her shouts of ecstasy.)

Big Lips

Is it true that the lips on your snatch hang down like mud flaps on a Mack truck?

If so, how do you keep them from getting caught in the chain when you're thumpin' around on the back of Spider's Hawg?

Pussy Lip Lickin' Joe
Edwardsville, Ill.

● They don't hang down to the chain—but they do flip-flap on the rear spokes. Whatta rush!

Freaky Farts

I work in a large factory and have heard that you can get off on smelling farts. So I went to the men's restroom door and took a deep whiff of the vapors seeping out of the keyhole. It damned near made me puke. What are your views on this subject?

Sally Gross
Cimarron, Okla.

● Well, first off, there's a big difference between a discreet fart and a load that's just been dumped into the bowl. You just got too much at one time. It's highly recommended if you take it in steps.

More On Smells

I often hear and read about people getting off on the smell of sweat. It turns me off. What's wrong with me, if anything?

Harriet Pits
Houston, Tex.

● Hell, there's sweat and then there's sweat. There's some that's pretty damned gamy (or ripe). But anyone who can get off on amyls would really dig having a go at a raunchy arm pit—or crotch for that matter.

Don't Knock It

I have recently started dating a chick who had her cunt sewn up. What should I do?

Waiting in stitches,
Nowhere, Nevada

● She obviously didn't sew up her poopchute, and her mouth can still open, can't it? You'll be glad she sewed her cunt after you get off on the other avenues of sex kicks.

Dog Gets Crank

I was gettin' a deep throat job from the neighbor's Shepherd when the fuckin' dog clamped down on my crank. I had to carry it home in a box. Now it's lying in the corner collecting flies. What can I do?

Hook
La Mesa, Calif.

● Get a fly swatter.

Tightwad

I've heard you're so cheap that when you wipe your ass, if there isn't enough shit on the paper, you'll blow your nose in it. Is this true?

Tattoo Pete
Sacramento, Calif.

● Gimme some slack. They don't pay very much around here, ya know.

Vibrators

There's a lot of vibrators on the market. Which one do you prefer?

J. Marshall
Louisville, Ky.

● Actually, I prefer a hot tongue—any tongue; man, woman, or beast.

Digs Hot Tongue

Most of the dudes from the South think that going down on a woman is gross. My ol' man is from the South, and I need to know how to convince him how good it is.

Elaine
Bowman, Ga.

● You should probably just shitcan him and hunt around for some dude who digs it. Or you could give him a wild knob job. After that he'll do whatever you ask.

Speed Freak

My ol' man digs head and climaxing while driving down the expressway during the rush hour. He says it's the ultimate trip. Have you ever heard of this trip?

Loretta
Butte, Mont.

● I'm for whatever pleases the dude I'm with. Hell, I've done the same thing while puttin' on a bike, and just the other day I did some kids on skate boards.

Squirrels?

I'm stuck here in Montana, and I ain't seen no ass in six months. We've got a lot of little ground squirrels that run around this place, and I've been thinking about catching one, fuckin' the piss out of it, and whatever else I feel like doing while it's still warm.

Grubs
Anaconda, Mont.

● So?

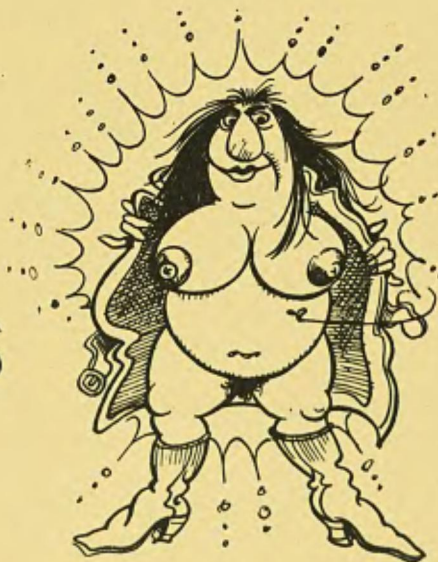
Distracting Office Help

I have a very sensuous secretary. She wears low-cut blouses, push-up bras, and her tits have little freckles all over them—they look yummy. I'm really frustrated because I can't think of anything else other than bending over and slobbering my thick tongue all over them. How do I let her know my desires?

Ape
South Gate, Calif.

● Bend over and slobber your thick tongue all over them.

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. ■



Sick Tilly

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

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

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

A dude walked into a bar and ordered twelve boiler-makers. The bartender asked him what was the occasion—what was he celebrating?

"My first blow job," the dude said as he downed a shot of booze.

"Hey, that's an important event," said the bartender. "Let me set you up a free drink."

"No, thanks," the dude said between gulps of beer. "If all this doesn't get the taste out of my mouth nothing will."

—Will Senkinsky
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

A bad biker was sitting in the local bar when a big ugly broad walked in with a duck under her arm. "Hey," the biker said, "that's some pig you got there."

The broad growled, "It ain't a pig, dumbfuck—it's a duck."

The biker grinned. "I was talkin' to the duck."

—Jake Cook
Conover, N.C.

This biker and his ol' lady were down on their luck, so he suggested she sell her tail for a while.

The next evening, she came home and told her ol' man she'd made twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. He asked her who the cheap bastard was who paid her the quarter and she said, "All of them."

—Dennis Hollin
Harrison, Ohio

A cop was walking his beat when he caught a young boy masturbating. "Young man," the cop said, "if you don't stop that, you're going to go blind."

The kid zipped up his pants and took off running.

Next day, the same cop found the same kid pounding his meat. "Young man, I thought I told you that if you didn't stop that, you'd go blind."

The kid stopped his pounding and said, "I know, officer, but it feels so good, I decided to do it till I need glasses."

—Bear Tanner
San Quentin, Calif.

Did you hear the one about the cop who was at a pie eating contest and broke his hand? The cow stepped on it.

—Chris Christensen
Missoula, Montana

These two bikers were traveling around the country when they both had the urge to take a crap. They spotted an outdoor john, a two-seater at that. As they were finishing up, a nickel dropped out of the one bro's pants pocket and fell down the shitter. The one who had dropped the nickel disgustingly took all his change and threw it down the john.

His bro said, open-mouthed, "Hey, man, why did you do that?"

"You didn't think I was gonna go down there just for a nickel, did you," the other scooter freak replied.

—Danny Compagnari
Pendleton, Indiana

This ol' scooter tramp was starting to get on in age. And his ol' lady wanted him to clean up his act around the kids, so they would grow up to be good citizens. The kids were pretty vulgar little things and would always give the ol' lady a hard time. And it was about time that the man came down on his rug-rats.

Well, one day at breakfast the ol' lady asked one of the tikes what he wanted for breakfast.

The kid replied, "Gimme a bowl of fuckin' cornflakes!" The tramp picked him up, threw him on the floor, and started beating the shit outta him. Blood went all over the place, he broke his arm and kicked out a couple of the curtain climber's teeth. All the while this was goin on, the other kid was sitting there real quiet-like, not uttering a sound.

When the bro got through messing up the other kid, he turned to the quiet one and asked, "And what do you want for breakfast?"

The kid answered, "I'd sure be a dumb cut to ask for cornflakes."

—Gary Gruber
Rancho Mirage, Calif.

Bored with the straights she'd been laying, the chick decided to find out if bikers were really the heavy cocksman they were reputed to be. Allowing herself to be picked up by a gigantic, hairy bro, she went with him to his pad. Stripped and ready for action, she was astonished to see that his crank was only two inches long—fully erected.

"Who," she demanded scornfully, "do you think you're gonna satisfy with that?"

Grinning confidently, the bro said: "Me!"

—Jim Taylor
Oceanside, Calif.

Nympho that she was, shapely little sexpot Sue was lining up the facts concerning her newest biker boyfriend between kisses and feels.

"You must be awful big," she cooed.

"Six-seven tall," mused the bro. "Weigh two-forty. Fifty-nine-inch chest, twenty-seven-inch waist. Does that ring your chimes, baby?"

"How long is your swingin' meat?" she panted.

He thought a moment. "The last time I checked, it was barely four inches."

"Four inches!" she said, disappointedly.

"Yeah, from the floor."

—James Guepntrog
Spencer, Wisconsin

New drink: Made with vodka, tomato juice and Jello. It's called a Blood Clot.

—D. W. Burggraf
Mt. Gilead, Ohio

Three morticians were swapping tales of unusual experiences in their line of work. One said: "I had a tough biker who was blown out while partying and it required four hours of careful effort to make him look even halfway natural." "That's nothing," chortled the second mortician, "compared to the dude I got once, who had been shot eleven times in the skull. It took nearly six and a half hours to bondo his ugly mug back into shape." The third mortician shrugged indifferently. "You guys are beginners. Last week I had this hooker who committed suicide by leaping from the roof of a high building, landing on a fireplug with her legs spread. Hell, it took me over twelve hours just to wipe the goddam smile off her face!"

—J. J. Gross
Jacksonville, North Carolina

Visiting his grandparents, the biker's brat was taking a walk with his grandfather when they encountered a pair of dogs heatedly doing their thing. Hurriedly the old man explained: "The dog on top has injured his paws. The dog on the bottom is helping his hurt friend home."

For a long moment the kid stared thoughtfully at the humping canines, then murmured: "Shit, they're just like people, Gramps. Try to give somebody a helping hand and they'll fuck you every time!"

—Jack W. Heim
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

The jury had found Big Jake guilty of several crimes and—due to the horrible nature of the crimes—the judge ordered a public execution. Jake was led to an electric chair, strapped into it and wires attached to his head, arms and chest. To put the wires on his legs, the guards were forced to cut off his trousers at the knees. Suddenly there was a mass ripple of laughter from the spectators as they spotted the bulging head of Jake's whanger jutting out from the shortened pants-leg in mammoth view.

Glaring at the snickering crowd, Jake bellowed: "Laugh, ya motherfuckers! If you were as scared as I am, your crank would shrink up, too!"

—L. A. Bauer
Morrison, Illinois

There's one thing that always tells you when you've had too much to drink, when you come right down to it—the goddam floor.

—Ron Kelly
Denver, Colorado

Biker Crude met his pathetic bro, Gargoyle—who had been blinded and lost a leg in a rumble—limping along the street on his wooden peg, led by a listless seeing-eye dog.

While the bros were rapping, the dog suddenly lifted a leg and pissed all over his master's wooden peg.

"Here, boy—here, boy!" called Gargoyle, digging in his jeans for a handful of dog biscuits with one hand and groping for the dog with the other.

"You gonna reward that son of a bitch for wetting all over your peg?" gasped Crude.

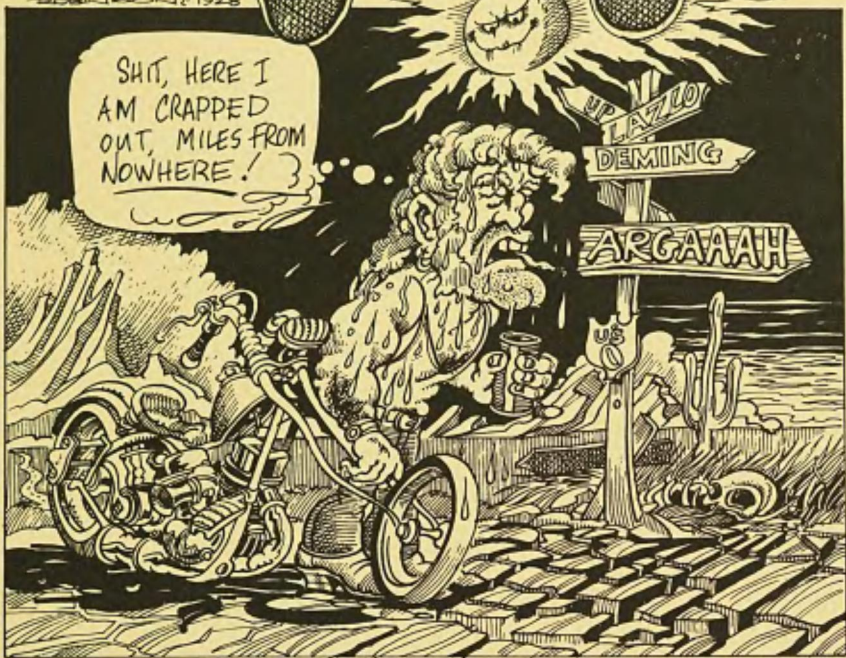
"Shit, no!" growled Gargoyle. "I'm just tryin' to find his fuckin' head so I can knock it off!"

—Danny Compagnari
Goshen, Indiana

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3 DAYS LATER

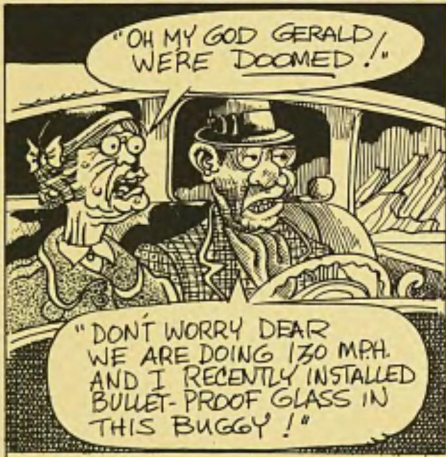
STONED AGAIN FRIENDS



SHIT, HERE I AM CRAPPED OUT, MILES FROM NOWHERE!

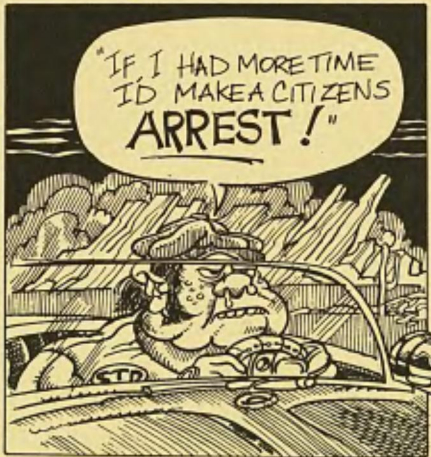


NO SWEAT SOMEBODY ALWAYS STOPS



"OH MY GOD GERALD! WE'RE DOOMED!"

"DON'T WORRY DEAR WE ARE DOING 130 MPH. AND I RECENTLY INSTALLED BULLET-PROOF GLASS IN THIS BUGGY!"



"IF I HAD MORE TIME I'D MAKE A CITIZENS ARREST!"



"LOOK! A BIKER LET'S GIVE HIM A RIDE!"

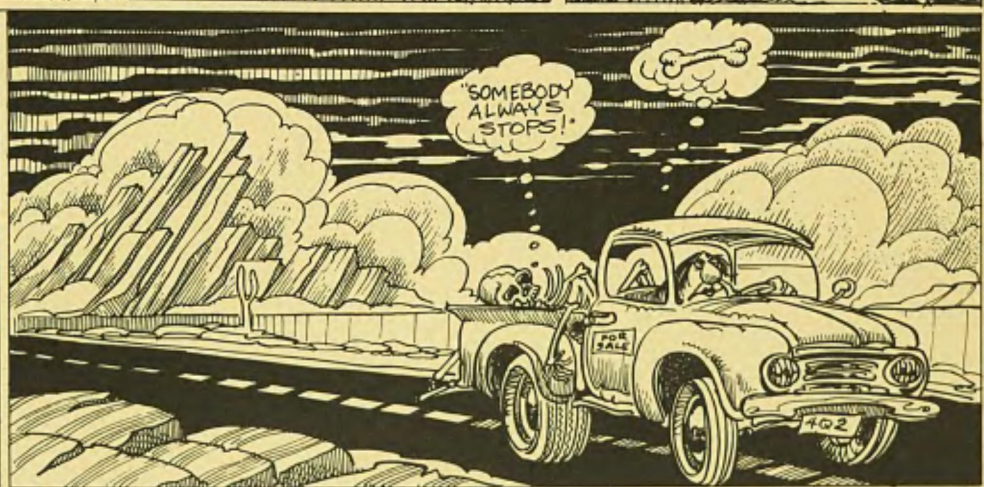
"WHAT?, AND GET OUR LUNGS RIPPED OUT!"

TROMP ON IT SHIRLEY!

HE'S CUTE



LACE



"SOMEBODY ALWAYS STOPS!"





A Mama In A Million

By J. J. Solari

"I've been walking in this rain for five hours trying to find this address!" the drenched girl said loudly, competing for attention with the slashing rain torrents.

"Howzzat?" I yelled through the crack in the slightly opened door, having heard her but being dazzled by the fierceness of the storm.

"Didn't you advertise for a mama?" she yelled, ending the question with a brief cough.

"Yeah! Yeah, I did!" I said, remembering. "Need one by next weekend for a run or I get kicked out of the club!" I said, getting wet and closing the door.

I took a step toward the kitchen but a loud knocking at the front door stopped me.

"Yes?" I said, opening the door a hair again and peeking out.

"I want to try out for the job!" the same girl hollered, her eyelids quivering open and closed against repeated blasts of spray, her shirt and Levi's nearly transparent from moist exposure.

"Okay," I said, closing the door once more and trying to get to the kitchen again.

The knocking came again.

I turned in my tracks, returned to the door and opened it slightly. "Yes?" I said.

"Raappst gblnngbl fribillif!"

"Speak up!" I advised. "Your words are all slurred!"

She ran the bottom of her shirt across her not-too-badly shaped lips.

"Will you interview me? I'd like to get in out of the rain!"

"Yes, of course!" I yelled. "But I was going to eat dinner first!"

"I'll wait! I'll be more than happy to wait!" she said abruptly.

I broiled up a couple of steaks, some asparagus and rice, and set an order before Sandy and one for myself. She eyed the meal with eager anticipation and then downed it as I did mine.

Leaning back in my chair afterwards I slapped my belly and looked out at the rain pelting the window.

"Good meal, ey Sandy?" I said,

looking into her brown eyes.

"Arf!" Sandy said, wagging her tail and leaping little happy leaps around her empty dog dish.

"Well," I said, barragging out a long, gross belch of relaxation, "I gotta go interview the new girl." And getting up I went back to the front door.

"Now, have you ever been with a bike club before?" I asked, leaning into the tiny crack in the slightly opened door, wincing against the splattering near-misses.

"I've been in town about three days, searching for a job! I've had nothing to eat, no place to stay, and I've been walking in the rain for five hours! Do you think maybe I could just possibly come in?" she said, nearly all in one breath.

"Well, you know, I've been interviewing outside, and I don't want you to think that if I let you in it means you're necessarily going to get the job. I mean I wouldn't want you to get your hopes up unnecessarily. Especially since you're not very pretty. I mean, you're no cockroach with fuckin' fungus drippin' out your nose, but you're no beauty either, you realize. But despite your looks, here's the deal: I need a mama to stay in my club. So I figured, fuck the hit-or-miss method; why not put an ad in the paper for one and get something that really knows the ropes, you know? Can you appreciate my thinking on that?"

She sneezed in slow succession about fifteen times, by my count, and then said, "Let me in the goddam house, you ignorant sonofabitch! Can't you see I'm dying of pneumonia out here?"

"That's a good reason for me *not* to let you in, wouldn't you say? How's about if I rammed the toe of my boot up your sloppy little twat, you fucking no-brained, prickless, vacuum-groined jerk? Would that give you a little common courtesy?"

"I . . . I'm sorry," she said. "Look, I'm sorry I blew up on you just now. It's just that you started yelling and . . . well, I just don't like people

yelling at me is all. Try and understand *my* feelings. So. I appologize. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Now then. I'd like to get right to the most important question right away. One thing I have to know is—"

"May I come in please?"

"Oh, yes. Of course," I said, opening the door wide enough to admit her. "Now when you come in, stay put just on the other side of the door, okay?"

She nodded slightly and I opened the door and she ran in.

She was dripping rather heavily onto the floor, and I could see from the look of her that something would have to be done.

"Try and keep your legs as close together as you can," I suggested. "That way the puddle will be hopefully a little smaller."

"I'm s-s-so c-c-c-cold-d," she said, shaking.

I went and turned up the heat and then returned.

"Now as I was saying," I began, "I'd like to ask you the most important question right off."

"Y-you m-mean . . . Would I l-like t-to get d-dry?"

"No. It's about your vagina. Do you have one of those funny flesh strips that runs along the middle of your crack and hangs down like a piece of old rubber? I can't stand those things. You don't have one of them, do you?"

"Wh-wh-wh . . . huh?" she said, still shaking and now starting to cry—apparently having one.

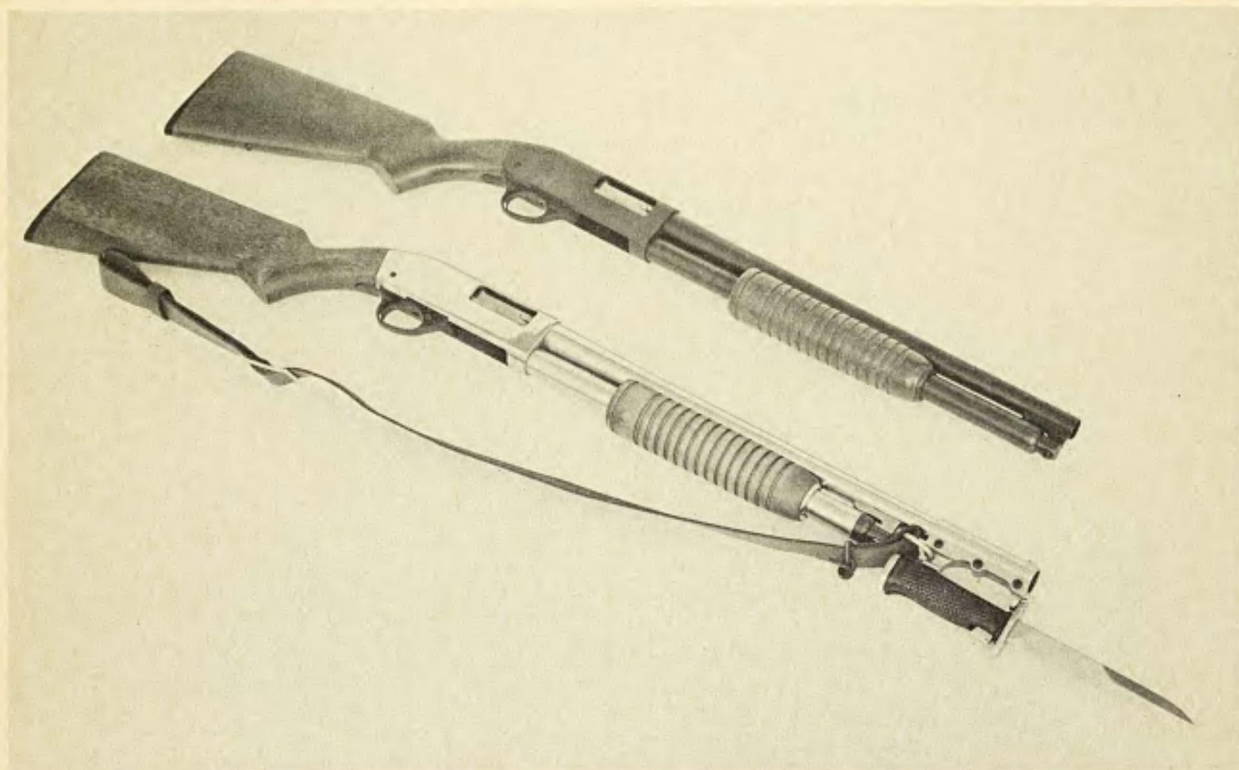
"I'm trying to make this as easy on the both of us as I can . . . ah . . . what's your name?"

"J-J-J-Jessica."

"Jessica," I echoed. "What a pretty name!"

For the first time I began to look at this girl, and I could see that her name was merely a pleasant introduction to the overall beauty that it labeled, with the exception of her average face. Her "prison" shirt was matted tightly and in wet reve-

—Continued on page 70



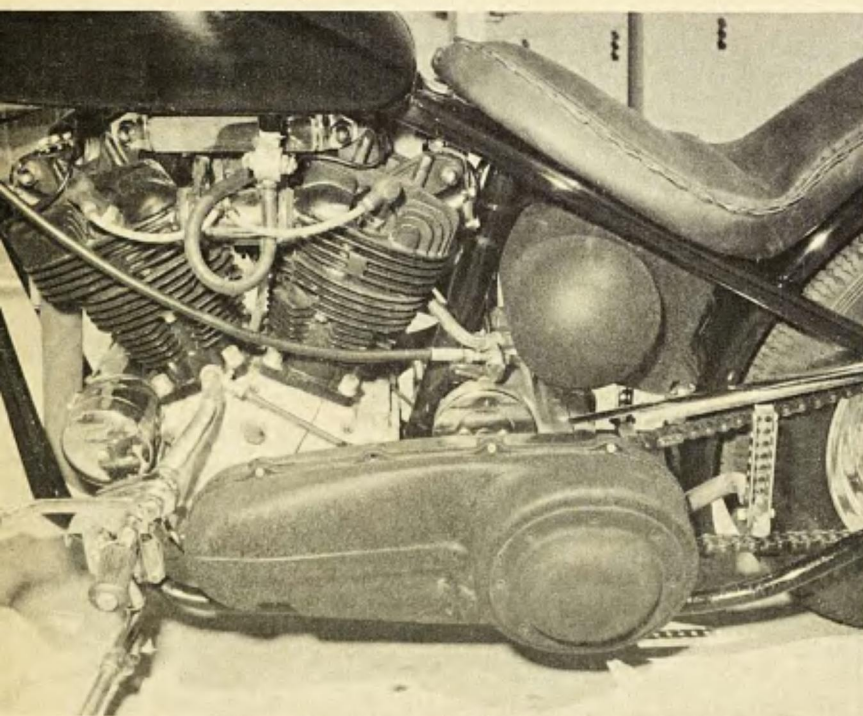
Blind Man's Weapon

*Just pull the trigger,
you're bound to hit the target*

If you're not a split-hair marksman but you want to be sure that no one is going to walk away with your scooter or your stereo one dark and dismal night, this might be the type of room cleaner you need. The top model is a High Standard, 12-gauge, pump shotgun. It has an 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch barrel, and with one round in the chamber and the magazine full, it will pump out 7 rounds. That's about enough powder and pellets to blow the front out of your house. Its catalog number is 8111.

The chromed gun below has a longer barrel (by 2 inches) and holds one less round. The riot shotgun was customed chromed, but the bayonet is a High Standard riot product. The catalog number for the flashy police weapon is 8291. Both weapons are from High Standard, 1817 Dixwell Avenue, Hamden, Conn. 06514, (203-248-5531). ■

Fresh Scooter



It's seldom a righteous
notion to break in
a new sled
on a thousand-mile putt

It's never been a particularly bright idea to take a scooter that's just been finished and go on a thousand-mile putt. Bolting a sled together, then immediately jammin' down the goddam road for a coupla hundred miles (much less a thousand, fer crissakes!) is just plain askin' for trouble. Really.

Shit, one time I putted with a bro who left on a run without bolting down his trans—and this dude usually had his shit together—but there are those times when our heads do get foggy. Right? You bet your sweet stash they do, man!

Bob, the owner of this clean, innova-

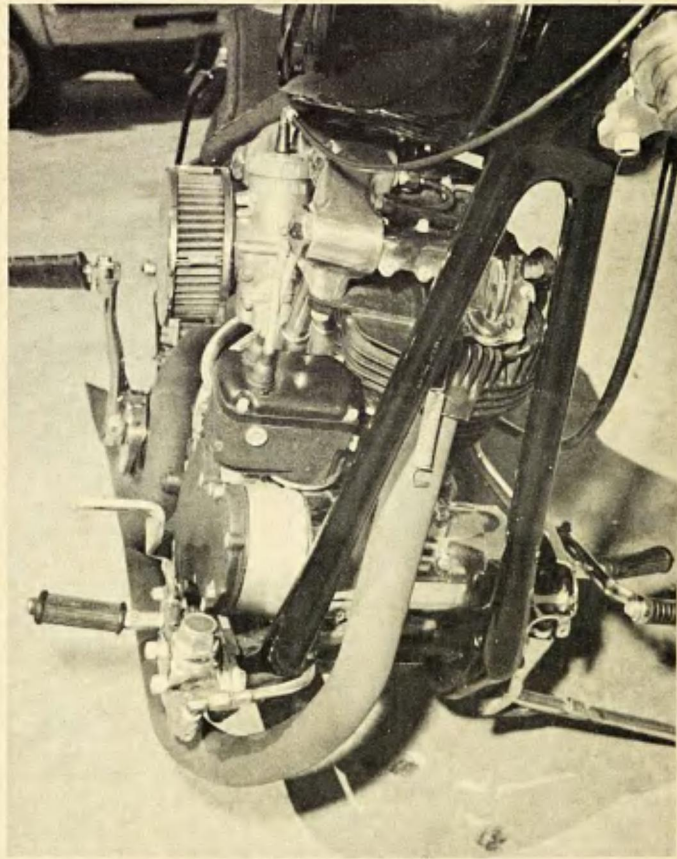
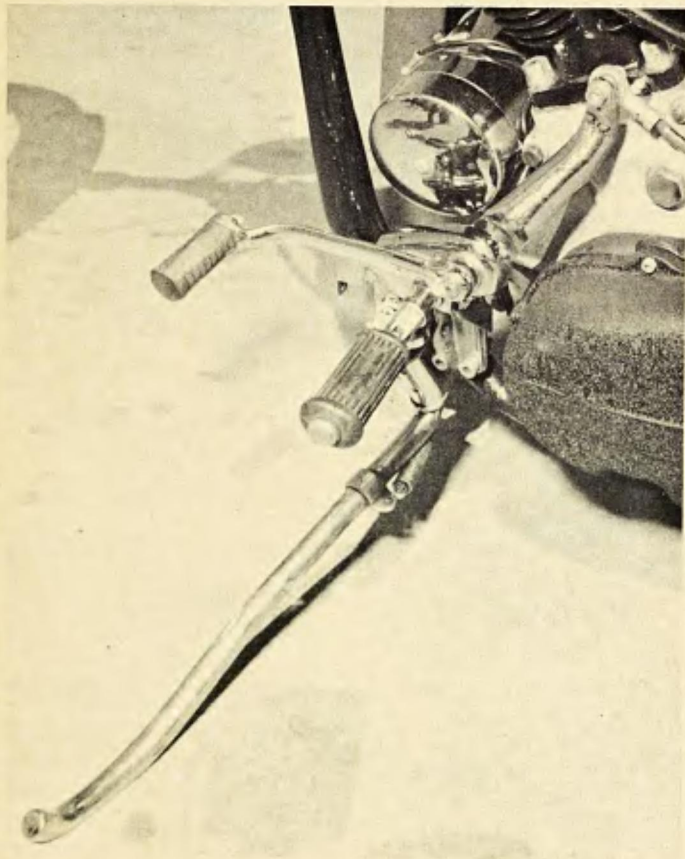
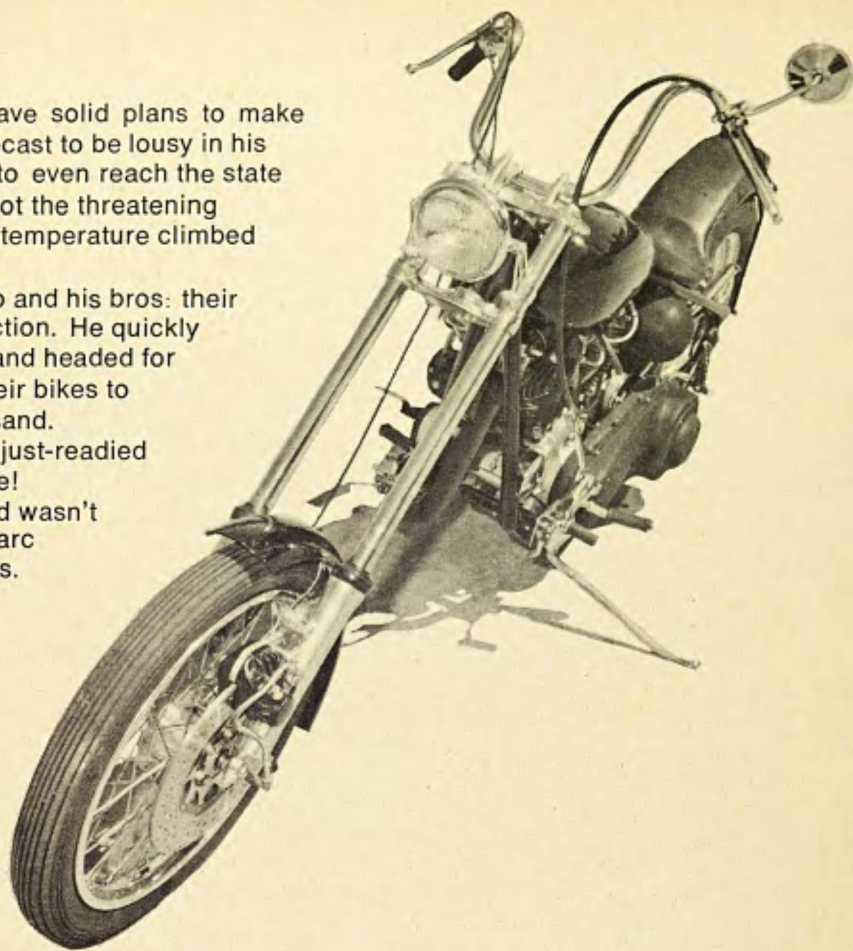
tive putt, lives in Michigan. He really didn't have solid plans to make it to Daytona. This year the weather was forecast to be lousy in his area, and it would likely have been a bitch to even reach the state line. As he completed construction of his scoot the threatening storm clouds unexpectedly vanished and the temperature climbed to a decent 60 degrees.

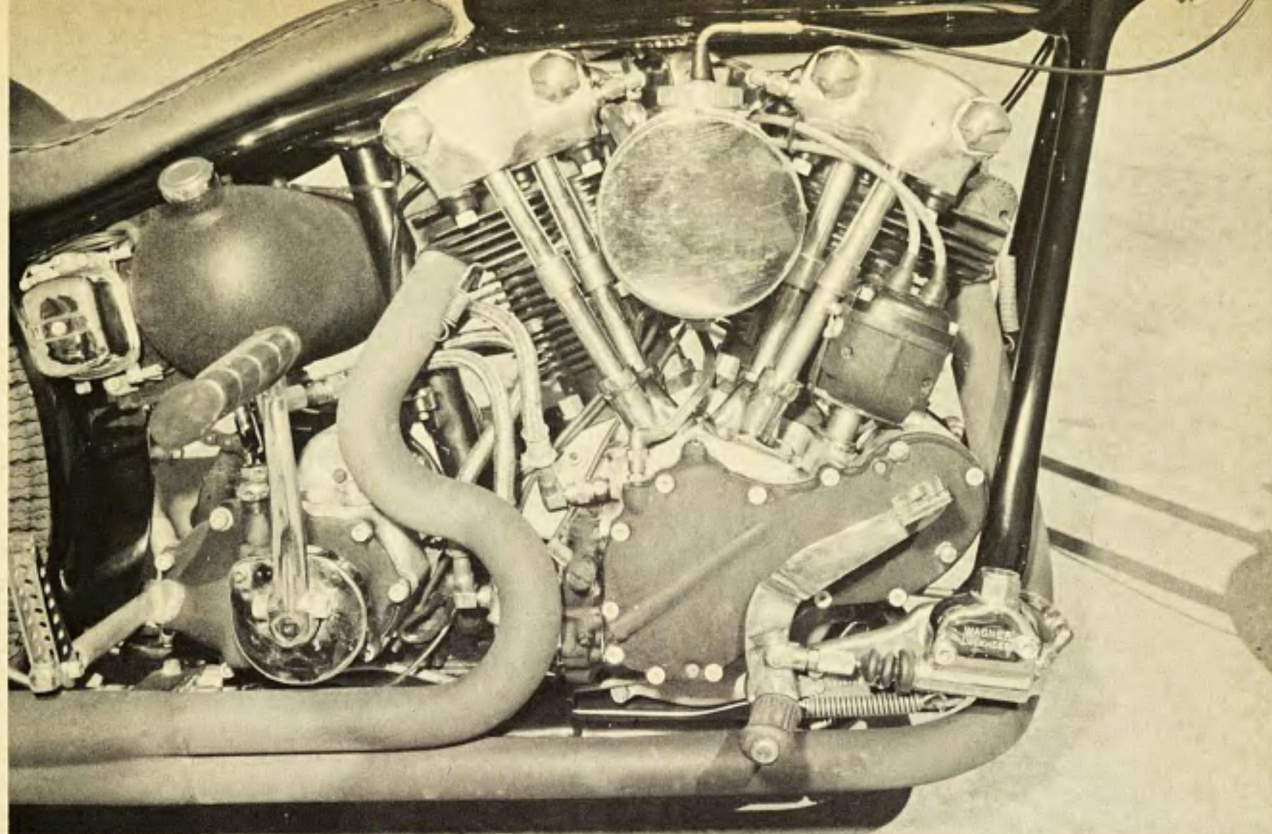
This weather shift was a turn-on for Bob and his bros: their plans for Daytona instantly solidifying into action. He quickly proceeded to give his sled the final touches and headed for the East Coast. He and the others trucked their bikes to Georgia; then putted on down to the Florida sand.

These were the first miles he put on the just-readied scoot and the entire run was breakdown free! Grinning wryly, Bob admitted that what he did wasn't too smart, and that he was as nervous as a narc at a hype rally during the trip. Which figures.

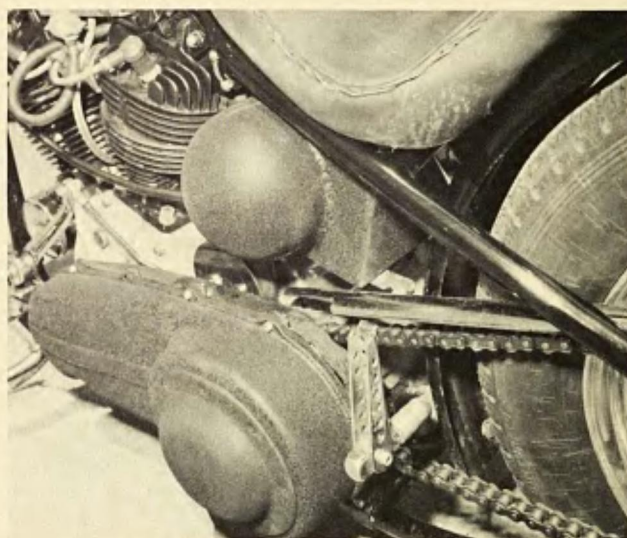
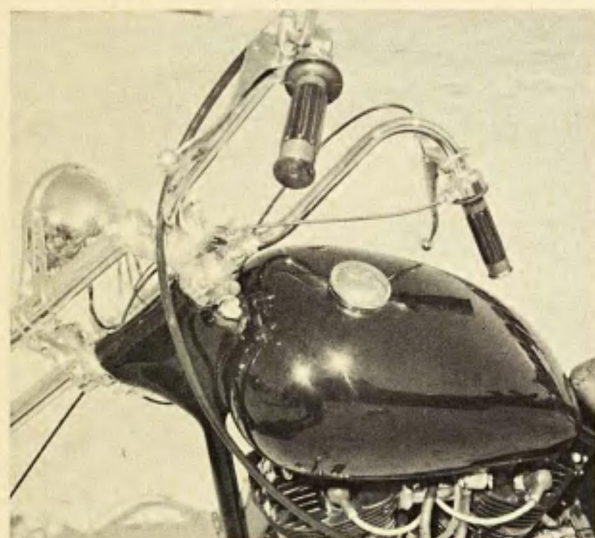
Between you and me, a close look at this putt clearly indicates that he knows exactly what it takes to put a solid scooter on the road to stay. And that's a hell of a lot better than chancy good luck every damn day of the week, man.

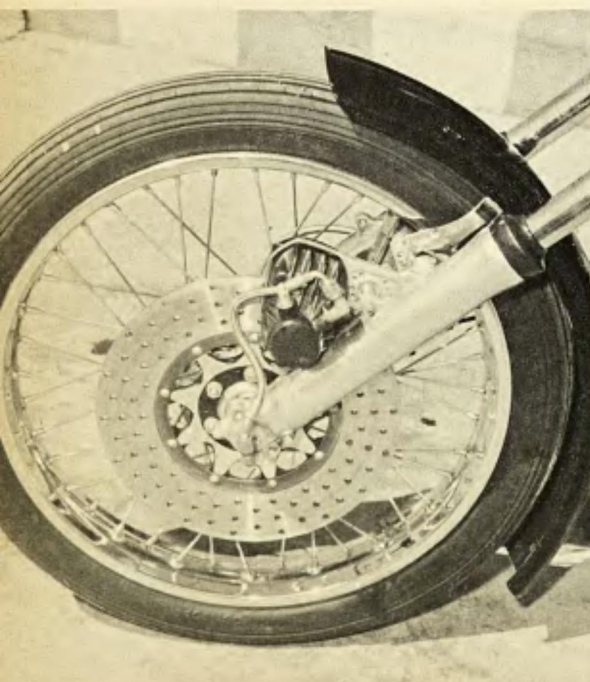
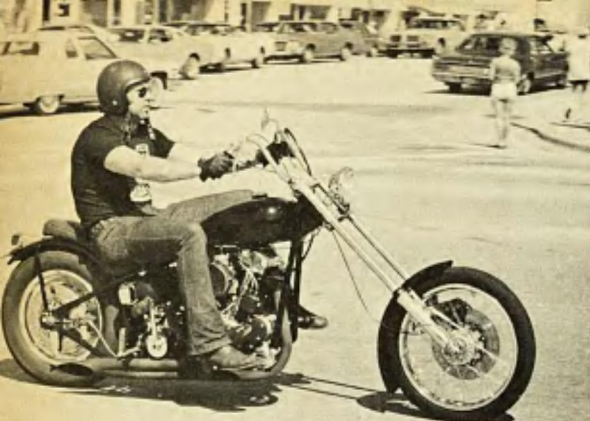
—Renegade





Photos by Pete Chiodo





Owner: Bob Hamilton		City: Dearborn	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1946	
Year and make: 1946 H-D		Builder: H-D & owner	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: 1 1/4 inches	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: continuous		Other alterations: strengthened	
Chroming by: Fini Finish		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: handle	
Year: 1946		Risers: none	
Model: Knuckle		Fender(s): Honda front, 6 in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Bomar magneto		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Chico		Front pegs: Sportster rear	
Balancing: Raceland		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: 9 1/2 :1 Venolia		Electrics: 12 v. Sportster	
Cases: sandblasted		Gas tank: Superglide	
Heads: polished by owner		Oil tank: owner	
Cam: H-D Lightning		Oil system: teflon	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: H-D & owner	
Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: K & N		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: owner		Height:	
Muffler(s): baffled collector		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: Honda	
Year: 1965		Extension: 8 inches over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Honda & owner	
Engine sprocket: 22		Special features: brake line thru axles	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 47		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Honda	Hub: owner
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: 4.5 in.
Color: super black		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: 1.55x15
Type: none		Brake: Honda	Brake: owner
Special paint: none		Other special modifications: Cam and timing gears run in needle bearings, matched intake and exhaust lengths, reworked oil pump, all engine oil passages and lines enlarged, heads and oil tank aluminum sprayed for better heat dissipation, all engine bolt and stud holes re-taped, all pressure fluid lines are teflon lined stainless with A-N fittings, primary chain adjuster shoe (Sportster style), all nuts and bolts stainless or aircraft quality cad-plated.	



I can't threaten my ol' man if he doesn't subscribe!

You see—he digs being pounded on! Any punishment I give him, he really eats it up. But actually, I don't have to threaten him because he's already a subscriber. When he saw that free decal offer, he freaked and subscribed immediately. To hell with the magazine, he only wanted a free decal—so I lucked out and now I get to read his copy.

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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

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Easyriders Magazine
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

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Check one:

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$6.99 for a one-year subscription.
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 it's only a lousy penny.

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☐ Here's \$13.00 for a two-year subscription.
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☐ Please extend my present subscription

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

ORGASM MACHINE

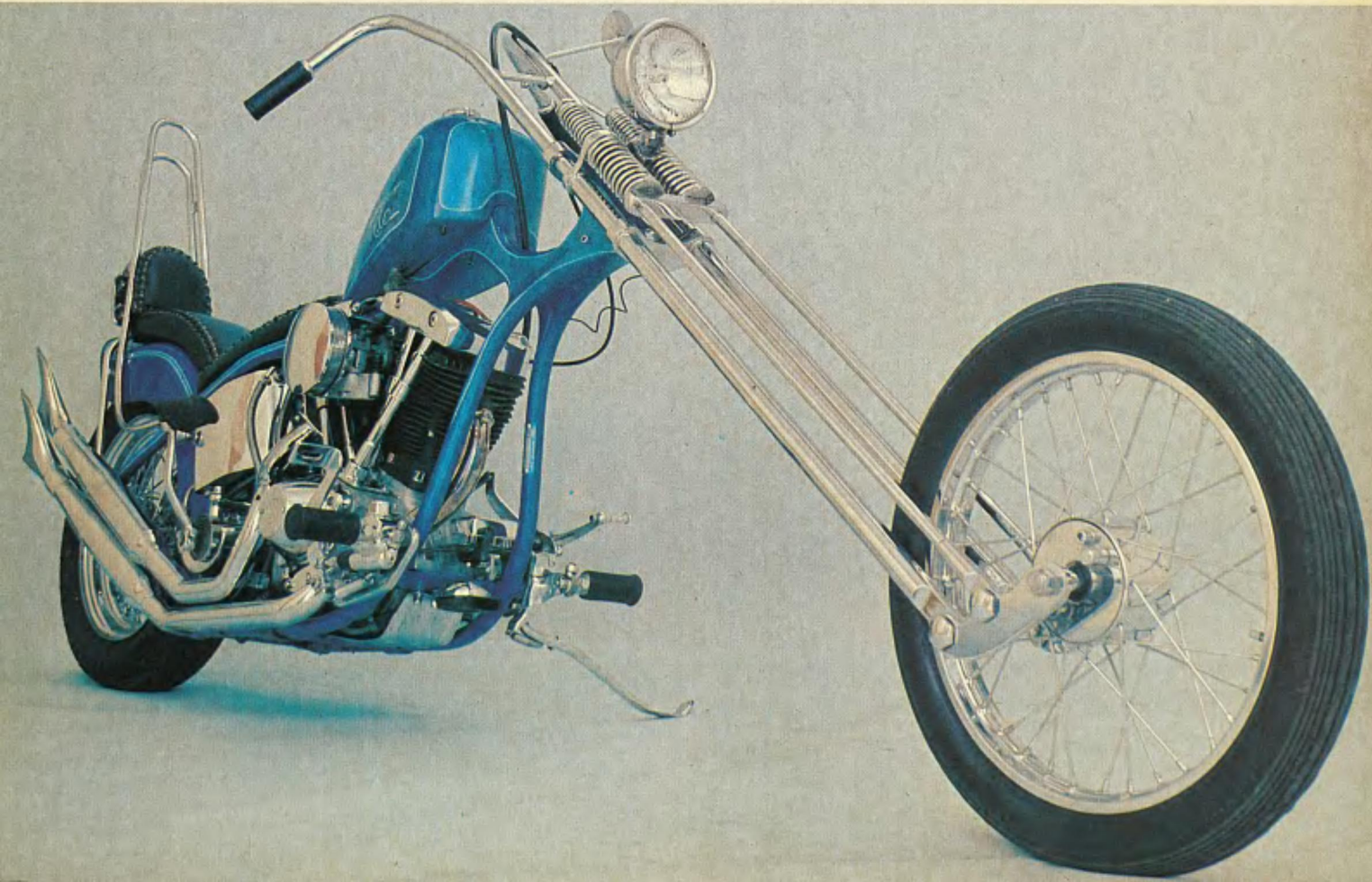


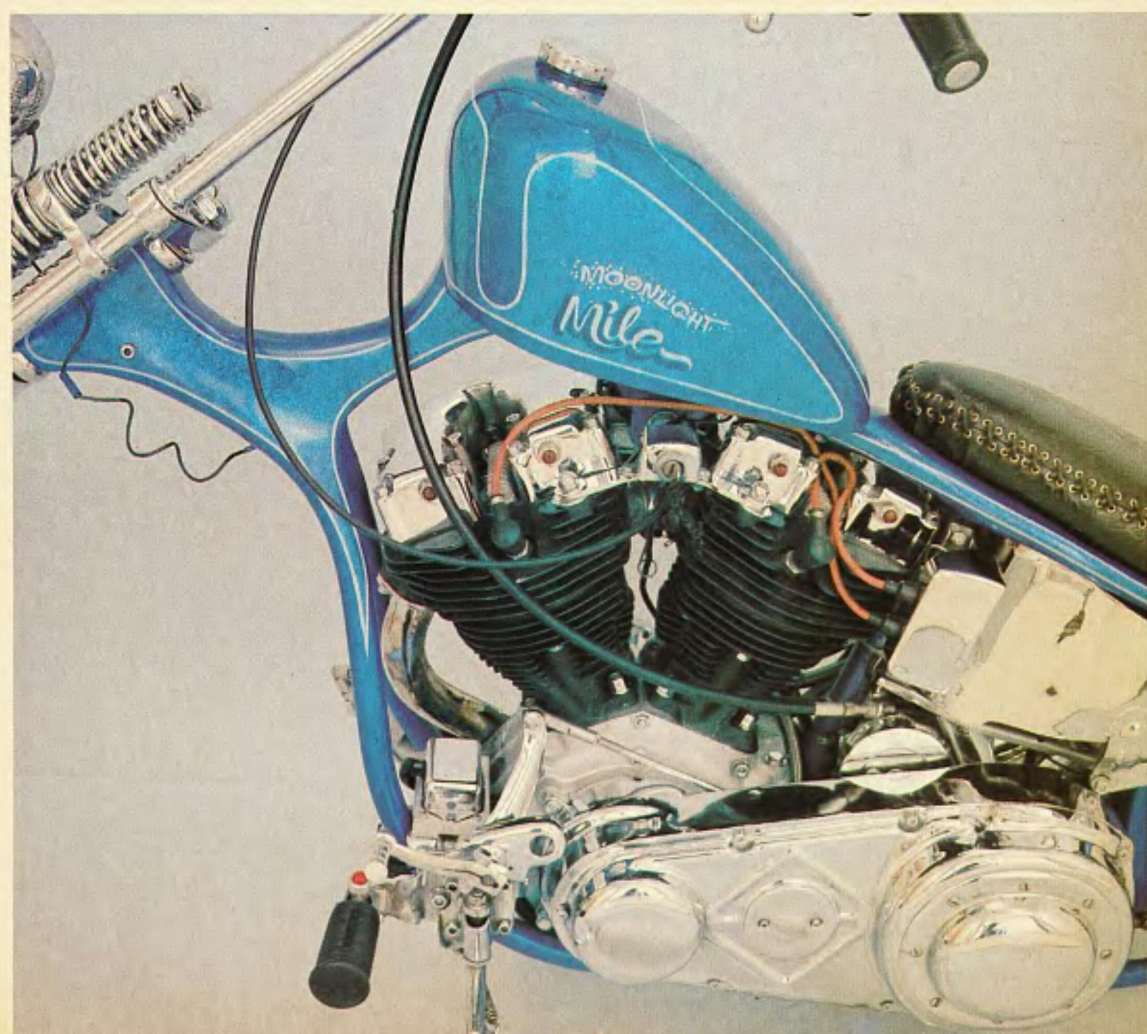
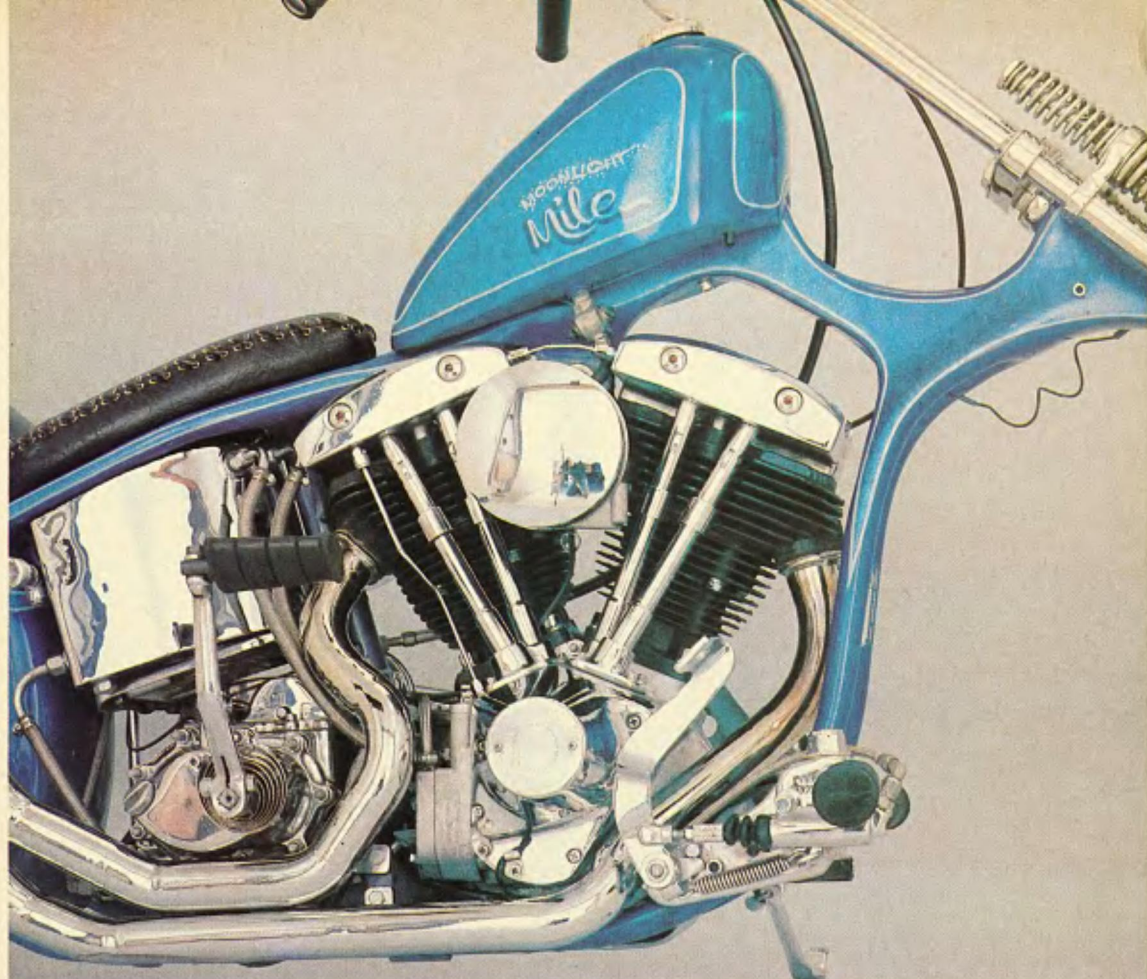
These people have got to be members of the swinging set of the H-D clique. Shit, they get off just straddling a 74, like most of us have a favorite balling position. They both get their righteous gun but each in his own style of riding—and this ain't bullshit.

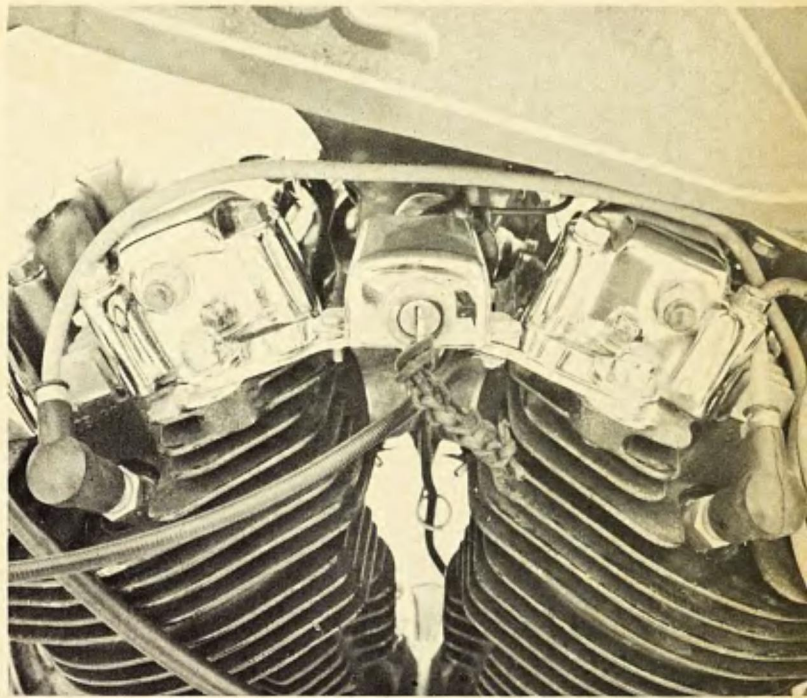
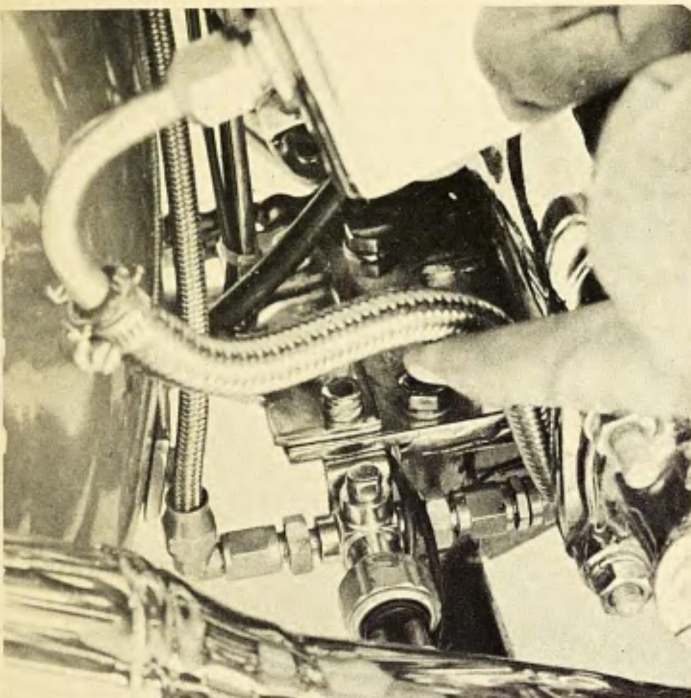
Alan's tale matches some of Evel Knievel's stunts. Around the summer of '72, Alan owned a Sporty. In the hills with some bros partying, as the sun started down, they began cleaning up their wine bottles and readying to split for a warmer spot (or somebody's pad) to prolong the festivities.

It was close to dusk and damn near starry when the pack of half a dozen swerving bikes started navigating their way down the snaky canyon roads to the

wicked city below. It wasn't Alan's style of riding to poke along at the pace of the lumbering pack. He started the itchy-throttle business and boogied. Out of sight of the other, he reached a junction where the choice was which road to take. Jammin' just fast enough to pick the most negotiable turn, he took it. Minutes later, the pack took the alternate route. Alan wasn't wondering about the others. His head was buzzing. The new Sporty was humming that crisp tune all V-twins **should** sing, and the mountain road became a controlled roller coaster ride with Alan in supposed control. He felt that euphoric over-confidence the wine may have fed into his brain. The trip **had** him, mind, balls and all!







Mesmerized by what was happening in the sun-faded afternoon, Alan entered (and wasn't aware of) the danger lurking in the curve immediately ahead. The first curves had given him confidence as his sled gained speed around each turn. But the next one was deadly. It had his name on it and he was in a trance—unable to fight it. Without panic or corrective control, he merely went straight!

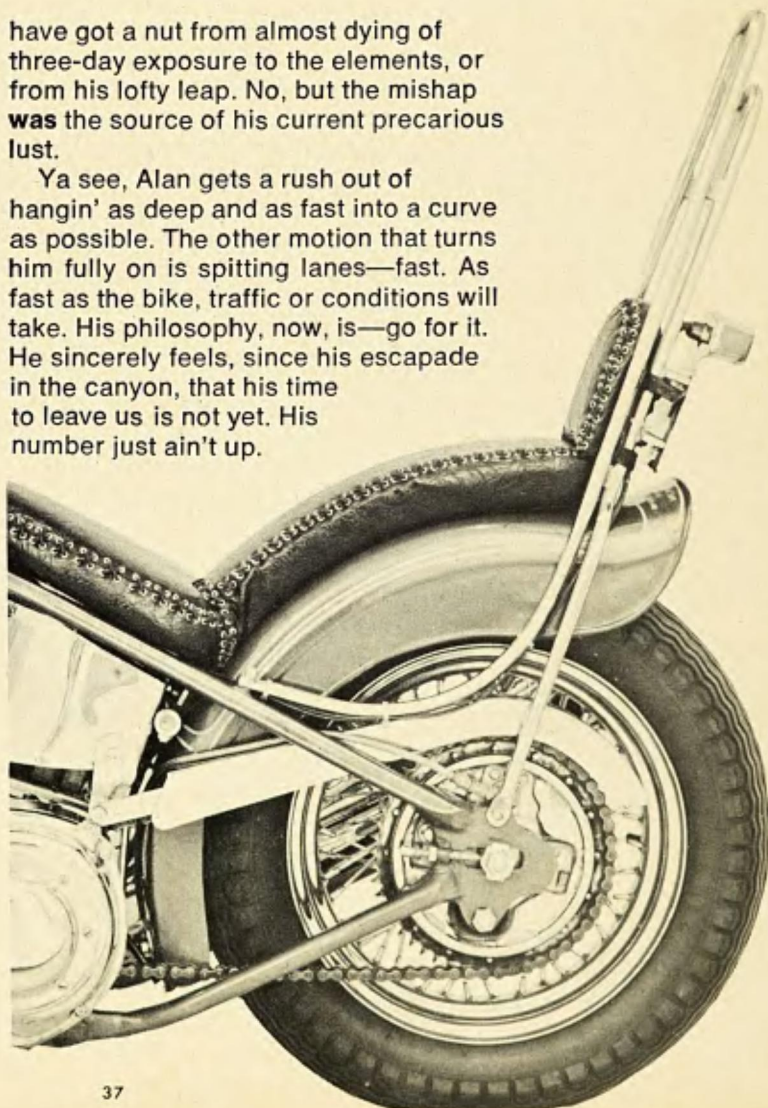
Fortunately, somewhere in mid-flight, he parted from the soaring bike, making his own descent over the cliff and down to the brutal terrain below. His canyon jump got him a score of 300 feet—all down. The diehard Harley pushed on for another 1500 feet. The bike was snuffed. But Alan, in a safely loose condition, bounced off shrubs and tree limbs, until he stopped, totally unconscious.

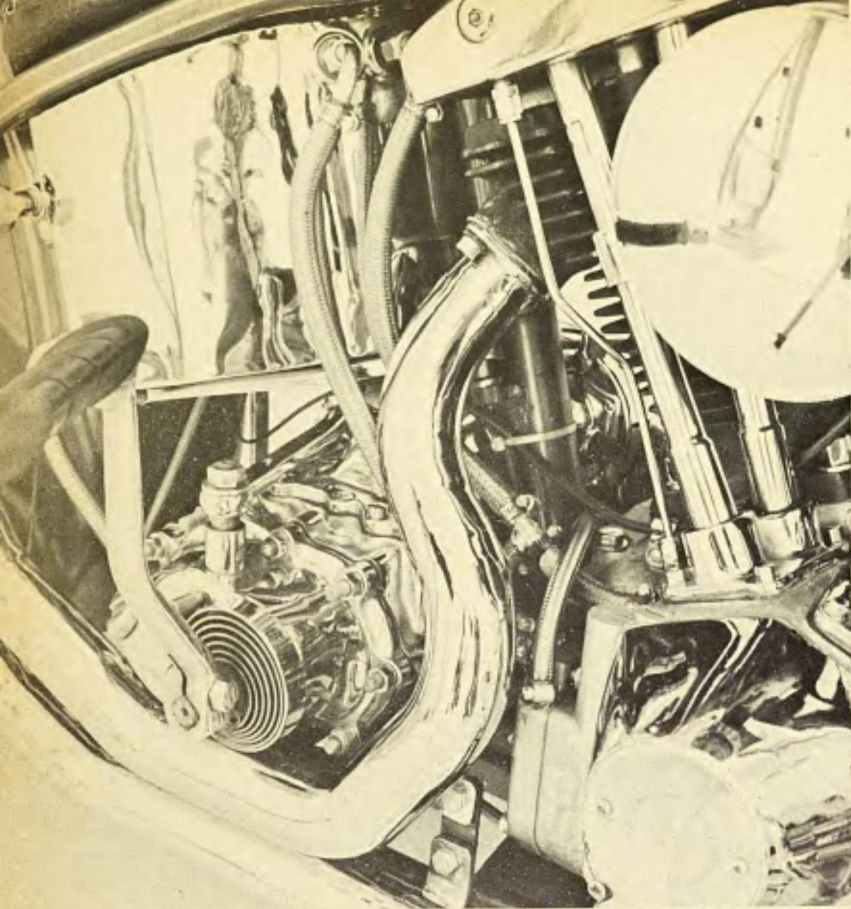
His buddies went to wherever, got wasted, and never gave leapin' Alan another thought. Three days later they were notified that Alan had been discovered on the canyon's bottom, still unconscious and almost dead from exposure. In the hospital he was diagnosed as having no broken bones, only a minor concussion, a helluva suntan, and was thirty pounds lighter. A fuckin' miracle!

All right. Got to admit that this is quite a tale. But we began this scribe talking about sex. Unless Alan is one of the world's greatest masochists, he couldn't

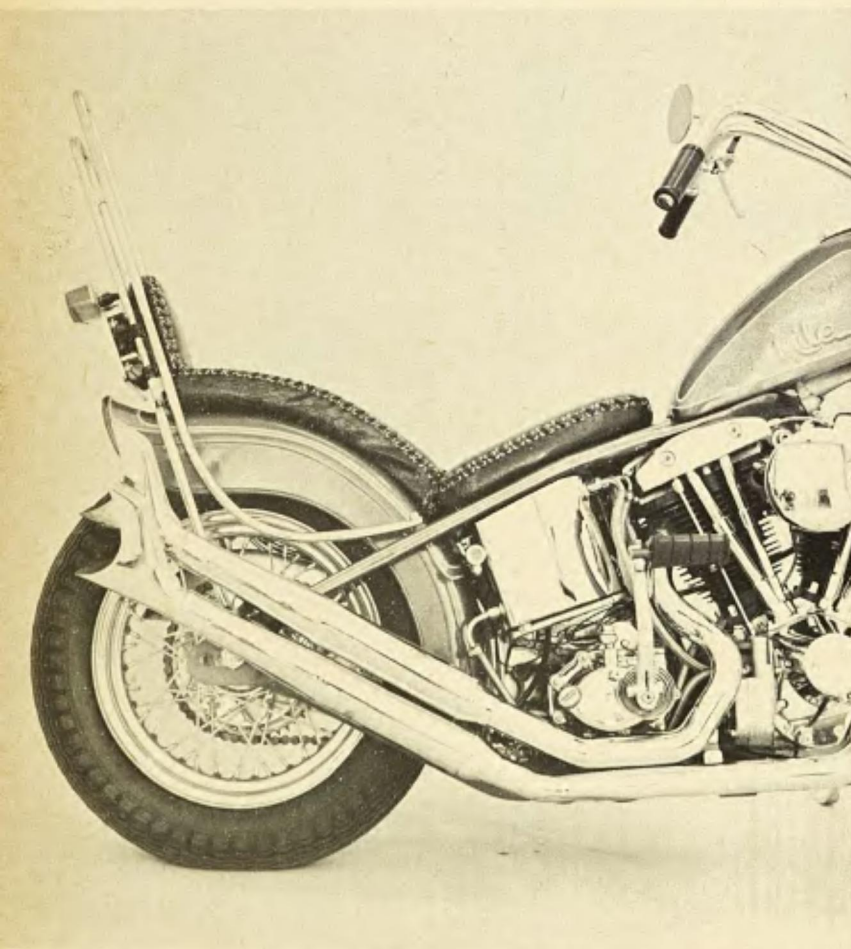
have got a nut from almost dying of three-day exposure to the elements, or from his lofty leap. No, but the mishap **was** the source of his current precarious lust.

Ya see, Alan gets a rush out of hangin' as deep and as fast into a curve as possible. The other motion that turns him fully on is spitting lanes—fast. As fast as the bike, traffic or conditions will take. His philosophy, now, is—go for it. He sincerely feels, since his escapade in the canyon, that his time to leave us is not yet. His number just ain't up.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



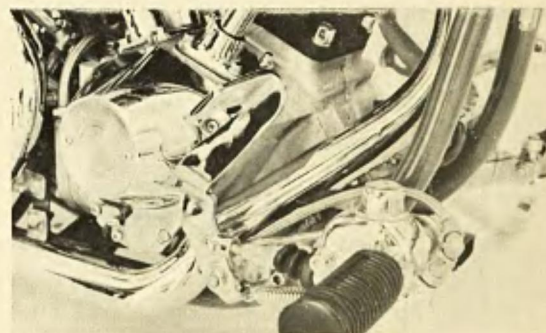
Simply speaking, he's undestructible. So the rush of pushing the long scooter and his bod into the imminent danger range, while cornering, is his idea of the ultimate nut. Well, each to his own thrill plan, eh?

Fortunately, his ol' lady, Gina, doesn't get her gun squealing tires around some dangling curve on a towering precipice, or they would likely be smeared into a wall by now. But take Gina for a putt down a not-so-smooth mountain road, let the springer fluctuate against the irregularities of the pavement and the rigid frame vibrate the road's surface through the hand-made seat to her tight levis, and—well, she tingles. Even while her ol' man rapped about the way the long, narrow springer lifted and bounced against small obstructions in the street, she started squirming, her face heating up, and a sensual, restless look flooding her sparkly eyes.

Often, with a long front end, if the rider bounces slightly in his seat, thrusting some additional weight onto the narrow front wheel, the chrome springs controlling the front suspension will flex and compress. The bike will, in turn, bounce slightly. Well, if Gina gets the urge for a little sexual gratification on the road, Alan can start his scooter into the manipulating motion, driving Gina right up the packer-bar, shrieking as they go!

Just jawin' about the subject sent this couple climbin' all over their scooter. They both agreed that they want to take a "Wind" photo of Gina, leaning back against the gas tank, nude, while her ol' man guides the scooter and balls her at the same time. Now, that's just the type of "Wind" shots we dig. Well, it sure is good to find scooter people (especially chicks) who have their heads where Gina's and Alan's are at.

—Bandit



Owners: Alan Atkinson

City: Redondo Beach, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1974 H-D

Model: FLH

Value: \$5,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: long

Chroming by: Supreme

Frame

Year: 1972

Builder: Skip Fisk

Type: gooseneck

Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ inch

Stretch: whatever

Other alterations: Fisk hardtail

Accessories

Bars: Fisk

Risers: none

Fender(s): replica fatbob

Headlight: Jap

Taillight: Jap

Speedo: never

Front pegs: dresser pegs

Rear pegs: Dirty Rich, telescopic

Electrics: 12 v. battery

Gas tank: Sporty without tunnel

Oil tank: wraparound

Oil system: braided steel lines

Primary cover: shaved steel

Seat: Linda of Manhattan Beach

Sissy bar: Fisk

Height: 18 inches above fender

Material: $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch round stock

Engine

Year: 1974

Model: FLH

Rebuilder: Red, Long Bch. Harley

Ignition: distributor, coil

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end: stock

Balancing: stock

Pistons: stock

Cases: stock

Heads: stock

Cam: stock

Lifters: hydraulic

Carb(s): Bendix

Air cleaner: Drag Specialties

Pipes: Dirty Rich

Muffler(s): Sportster

Forks

Type: springer

Extension: 16 inches

Builder: Dick Allen style

Special features: 90° trees for turning

Wheels

Front

Size: 17

Hub: small brake

Rim width: 2 in.

Tire: Jap

Brake: Hallcraft

Rear

Size: 16

Hub: stock

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Arvann

Brake: H-D juice

Painting

Molding: Steve Madden

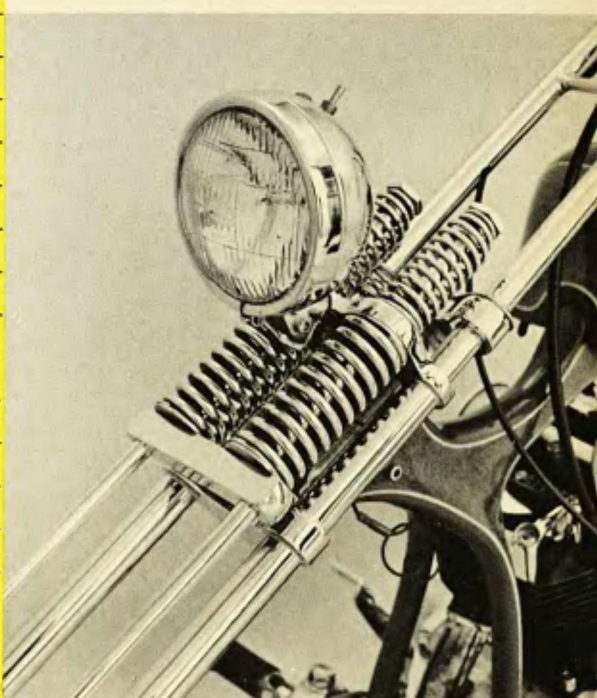
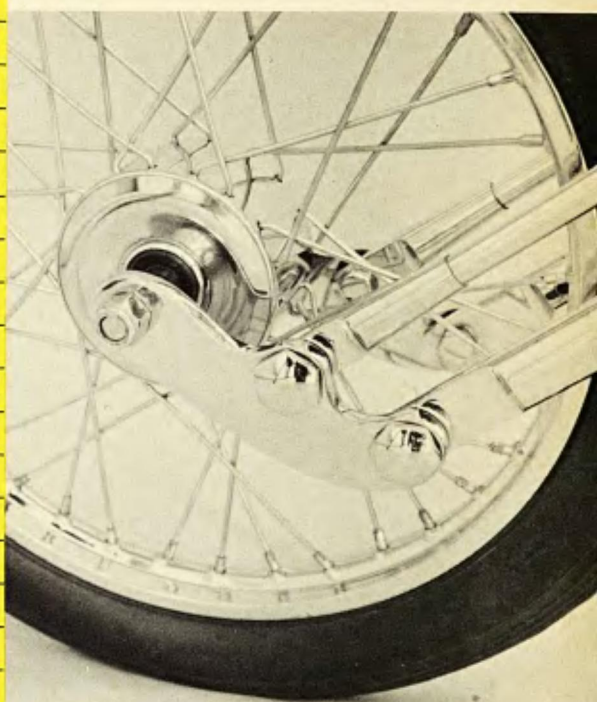
Painter: Steve Madden

Color: blue

Type: Lacquer, prism, flake

Special paint: Striping by Fineberg

Other special modifications:





In the Wind

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

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

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



—from Art Kormer, Buffalo, N.Y.

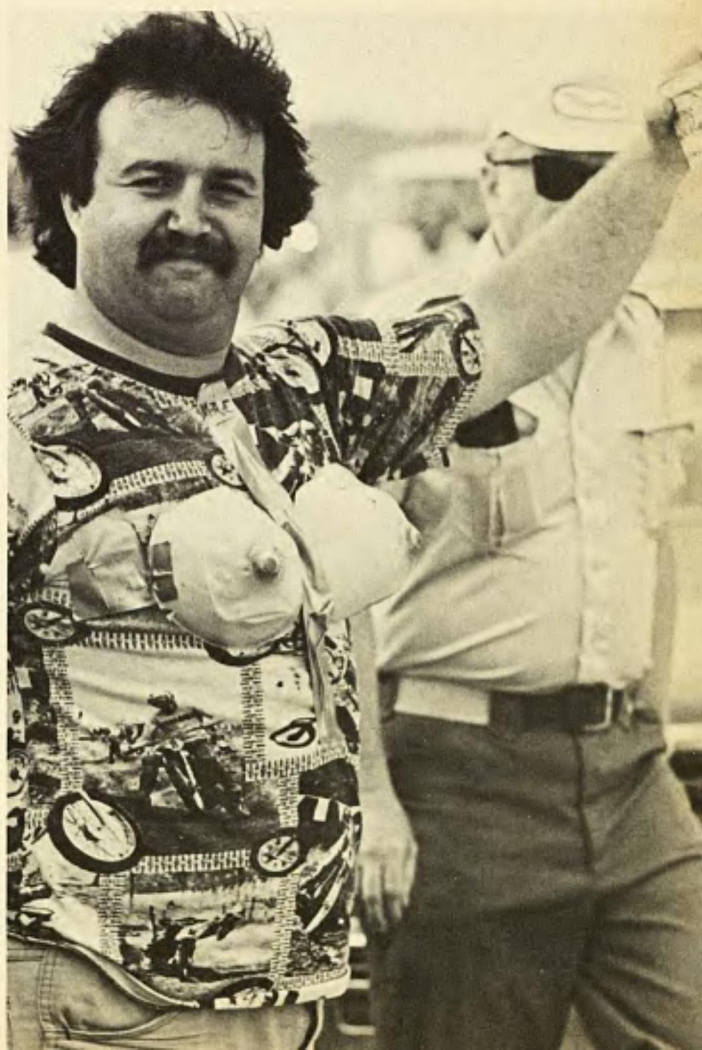




—from The Light Factory, Delaware, Ohio



—from Gerard Perreault, Merrimack, New Hampshire



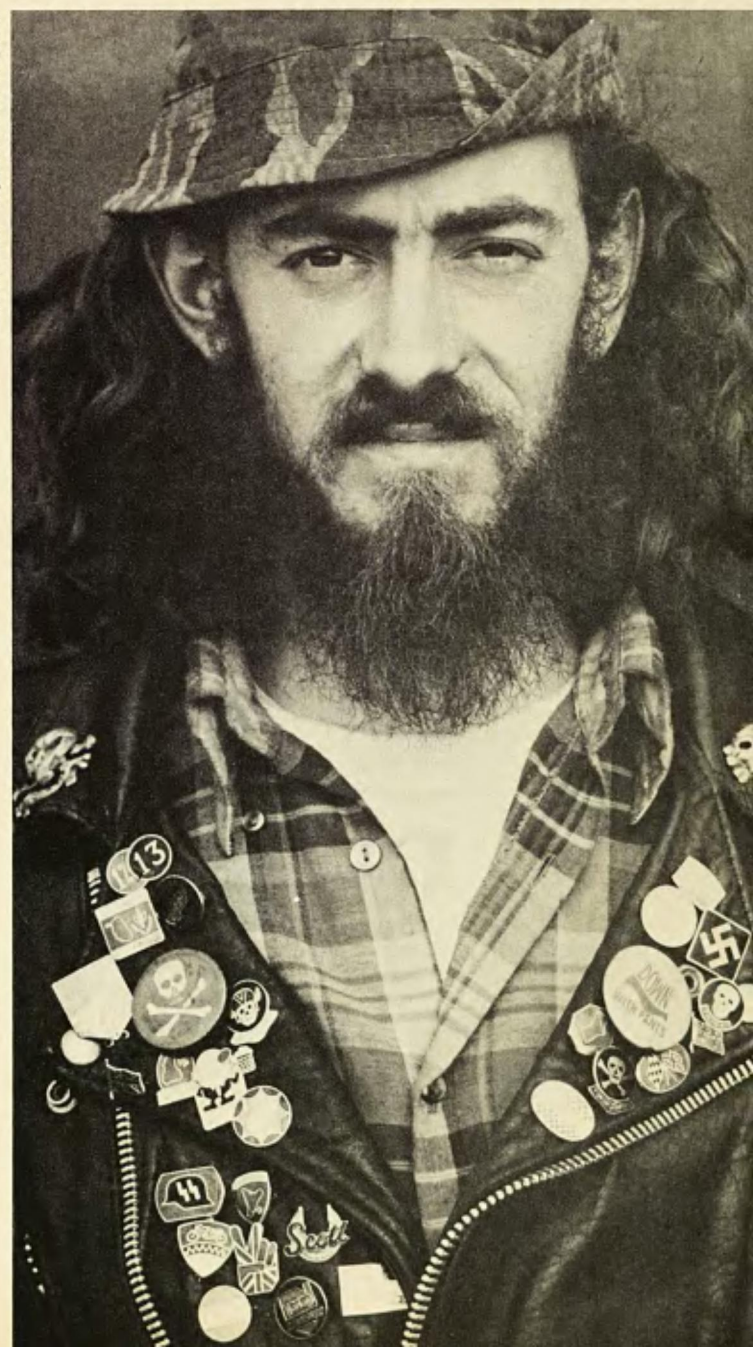


—from John Kessler, Ft. Wayne, Ind.



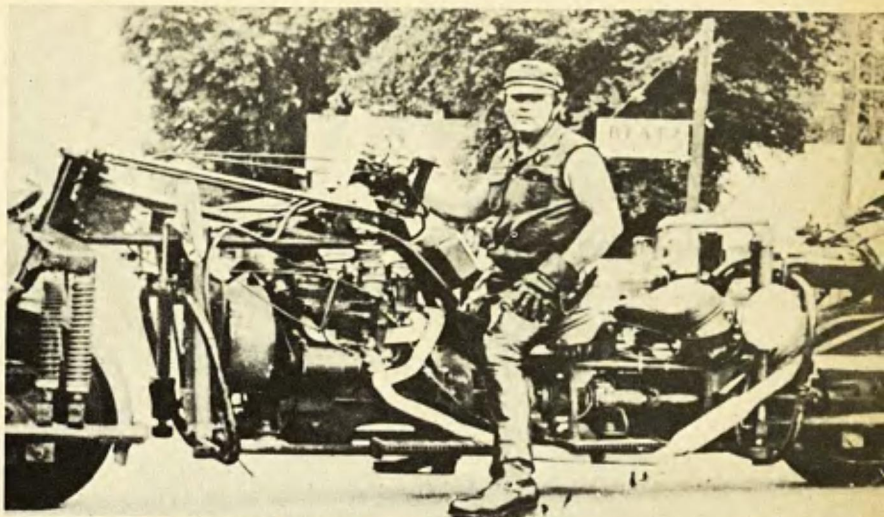
—from Joe Lambert, Hawaii

—from "Rat" Taylor, Hertis., England





—from Jay Derrick, Florham Park, New Jersey



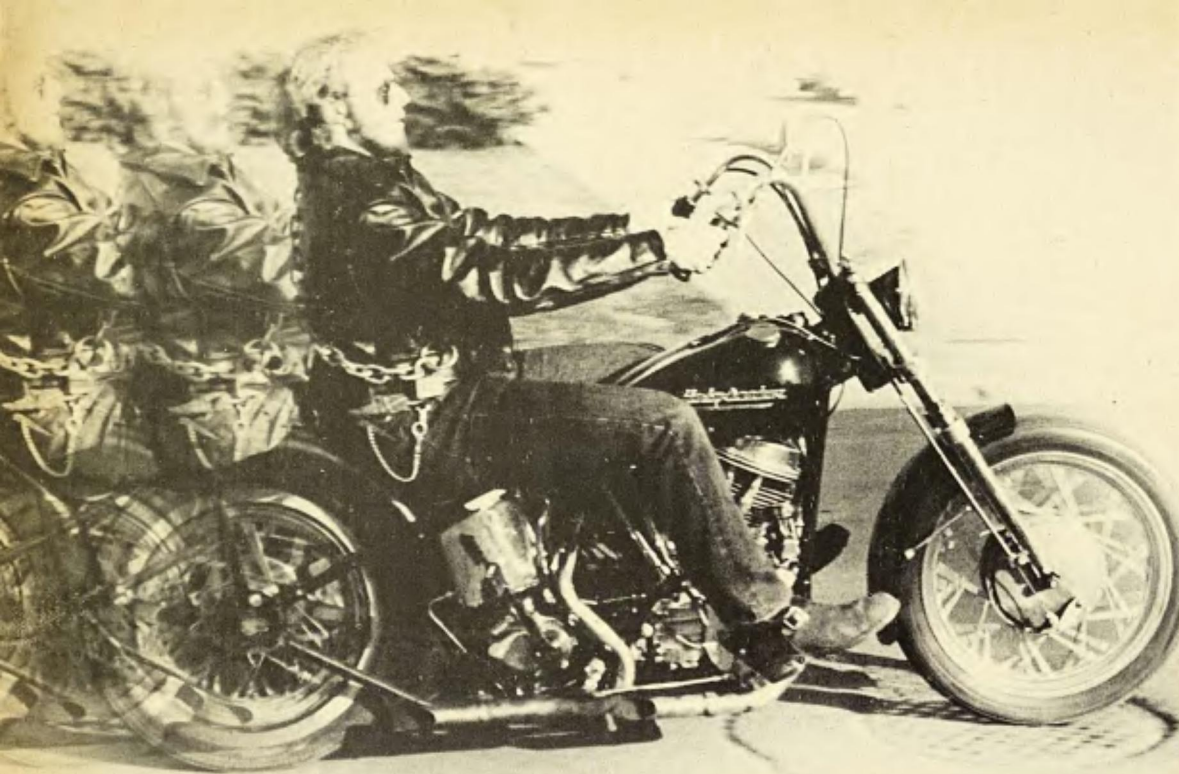
—from Tom Cross, Winchendon, Mass.



—from Brian Shifrin



—from James William Tinney, Houston, Texas



—from Rick Brown, Aurora, Colorado



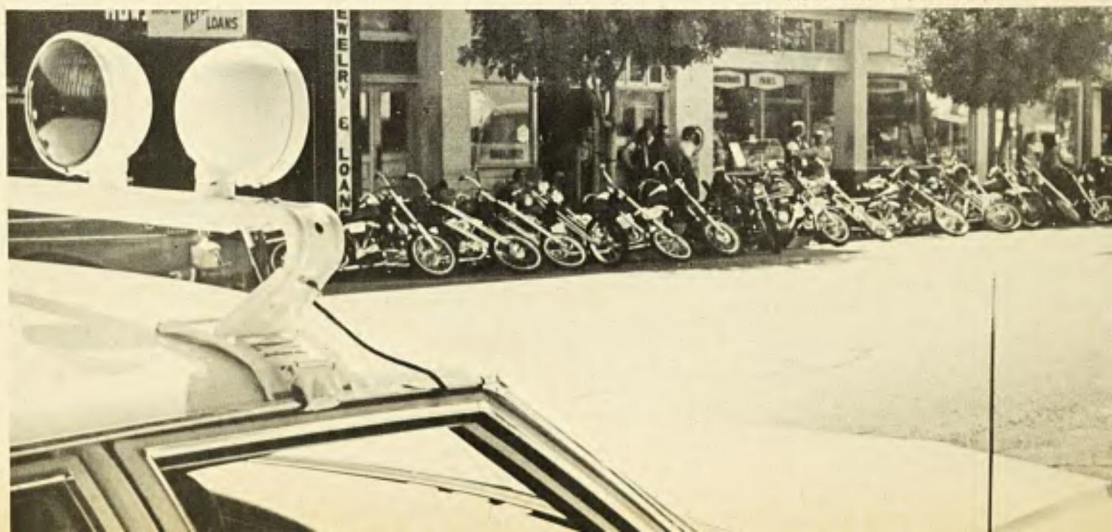
—from Brian, Malibu, California



—from Wino Joe

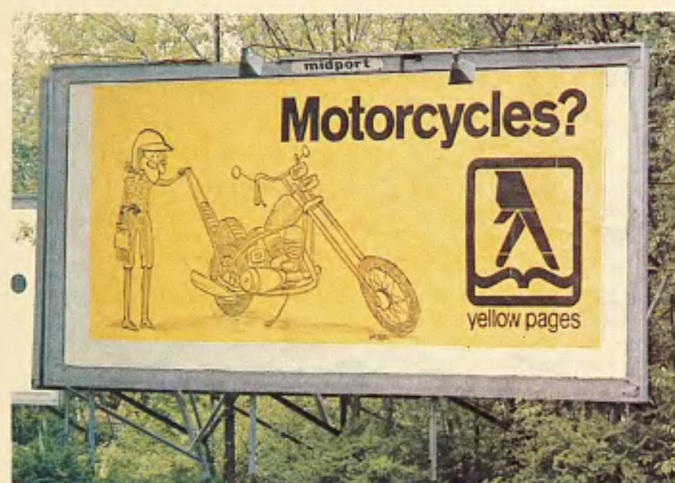


—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California





—from Brian, Malibu, California



—from Scott Cannon, Florida, New York



—from Gene Bertolette, Alliance, Ohio



—from Quicksilver, Hartsville, Ind.



—from Joe Lambert, Honolulu, Hawaii



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



—from Jim Barrett, Fremont, Calif.

—from Wino Joe



Easyriders will pay \$10 for black & white print photos, and \$20 for color slides



—from James William Tinney, Houston, Texas



—from Rosemary Mello, Pasadena, Texas



—from Don Sharpe, Warrington, England

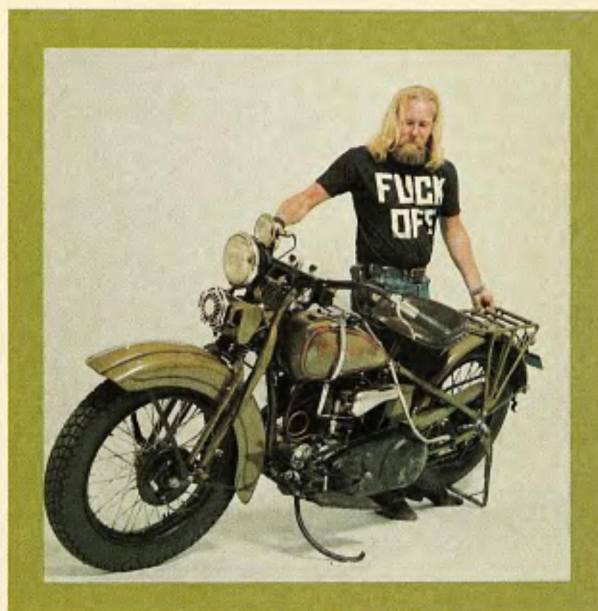








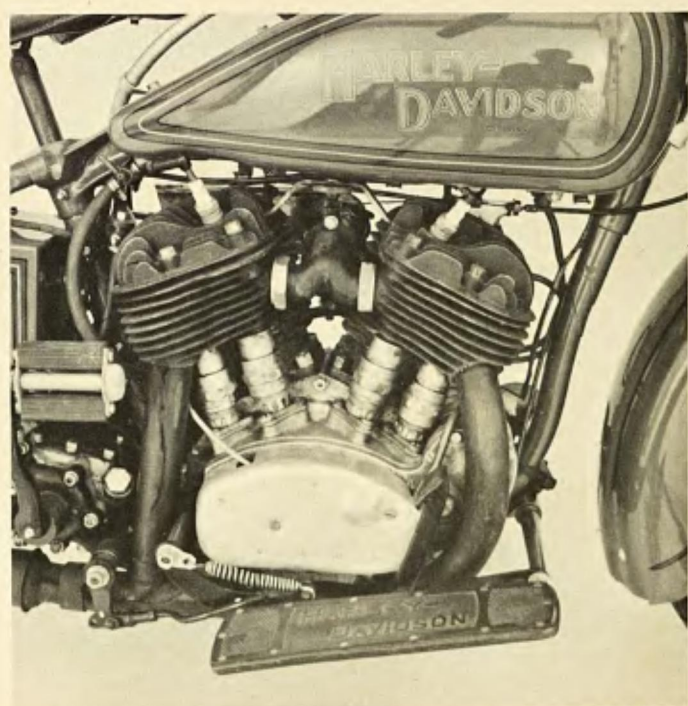
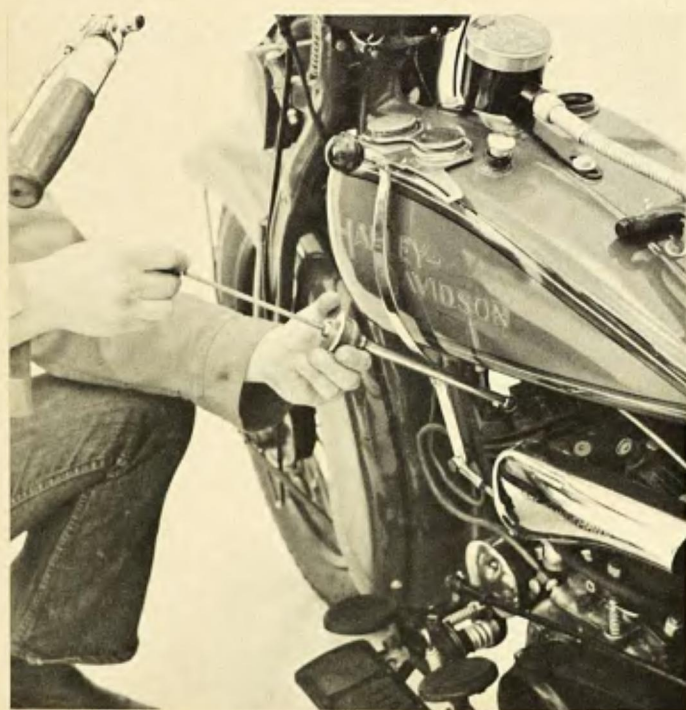
ANTIQUE FLYER

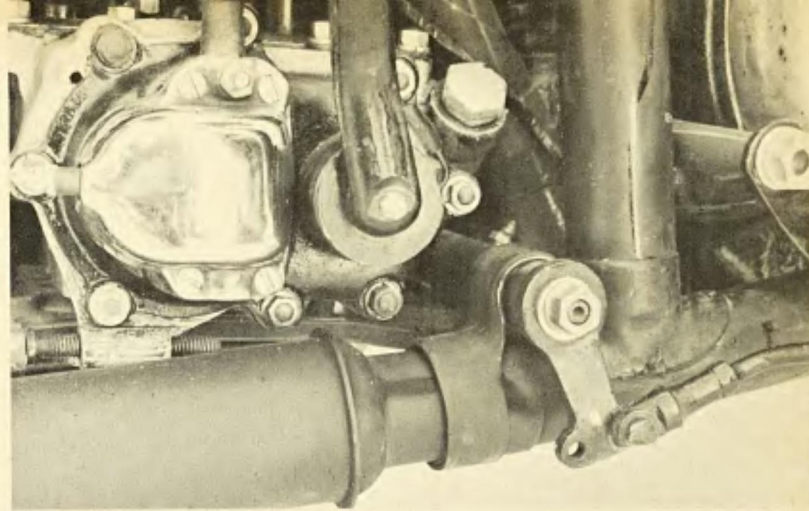
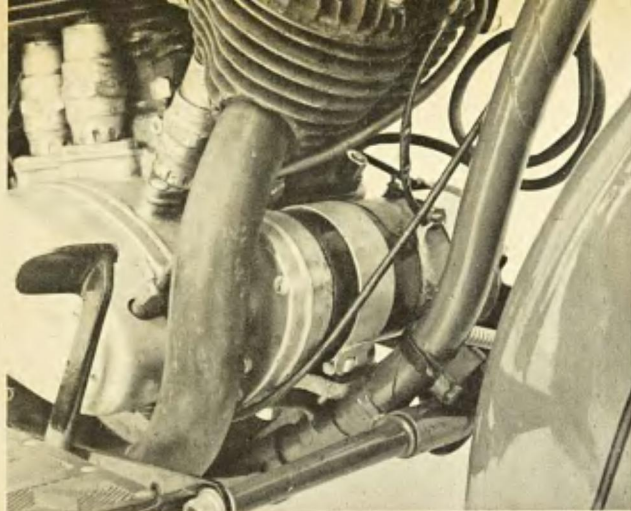


An original 1931 Harley
that's ridden every day

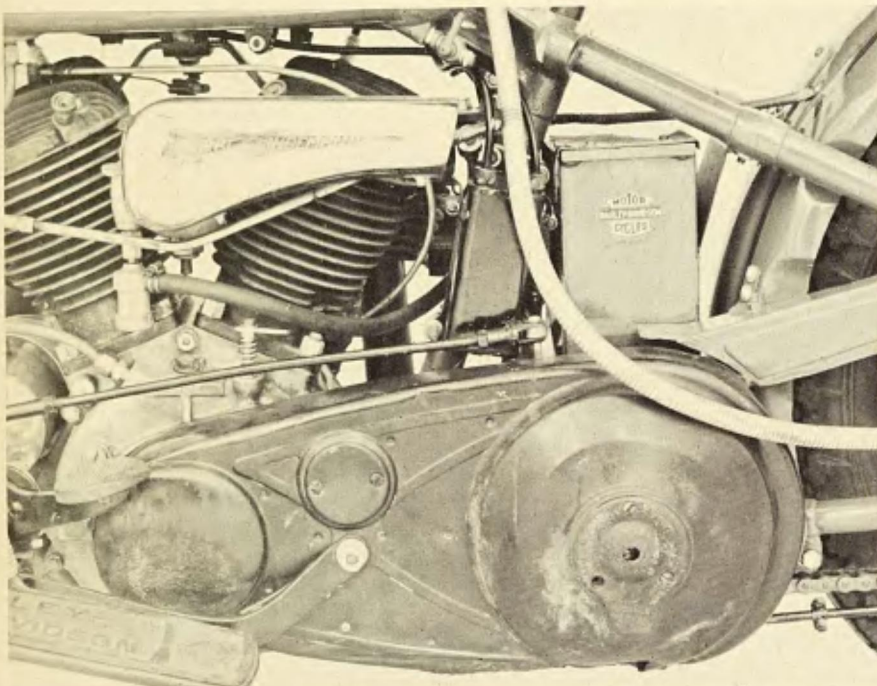
Not every day do people flash on even a restored, antique auto tooling along the freeway or a country road. A restored bike—almost never. But there's always the first turd in a punch bowl. (Or should that be the first pearl in the shitter?)

The story began when a couple of us lunkheads were cordially told to get our fat asses down to a shop that was having a grand opening. It was to be held on a Sunday. After frantic Friday and smoked-under Saturday, Sunday was supposed to pass quietly in a dream. No way. Ol' ladies were instructed to jump up and down on our chests until we revived from the night before. Unfortunately for us, they did as they were ordered. Shit. Some therapy!





Photos by Pete Chiodo

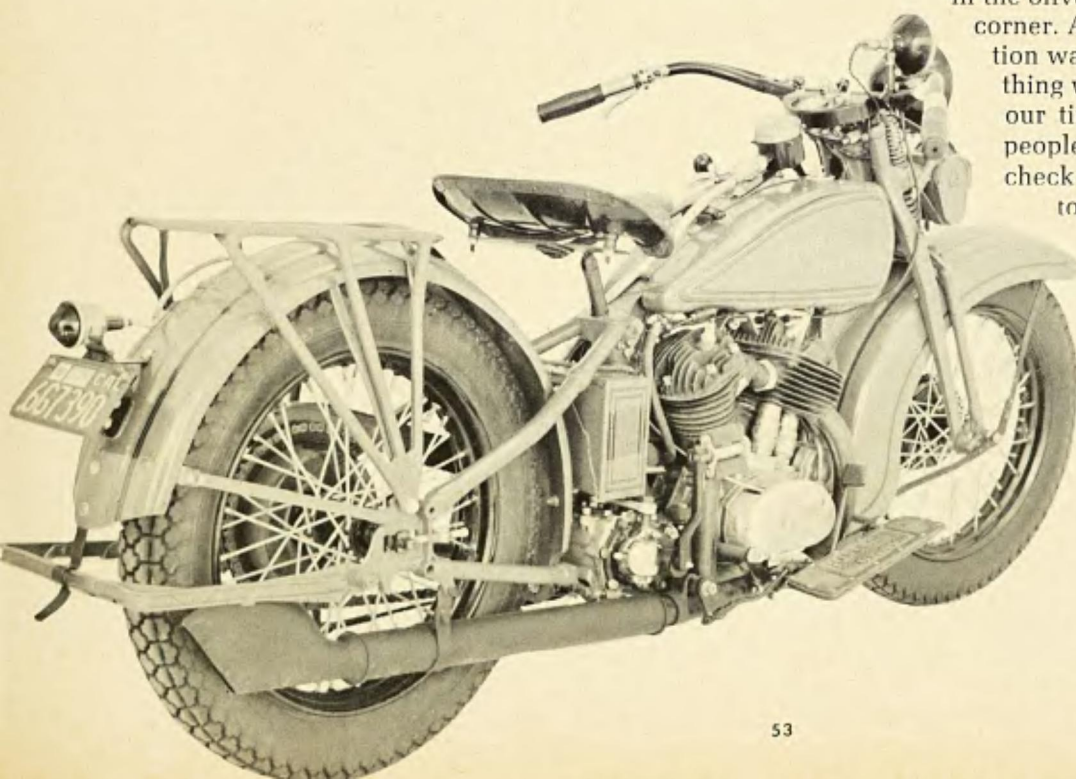


It was one of those mornings when we wished we had electric-start bikes. But once on the road the cool air gave us the false impression that we were still alive. Needless to say, we arrived. And it wasn't long before Friday night started all over again. There were the normal array of sharp-to-sloppy 74s and Sportsters around the shop. It wasn't long before the entire clan of bikers were stumblin' around the kegs of foam'n' beer set up by the shop owners. Well, to give this staggering story some vague meaning, let's get on with it. It was the time in the afternoon when our eyes were beginning to cross and do figure-eights in their flooded sockets that Doug came buzzing up behind the goddam shop in his 31 VL. We were sprawled on the asphalt parking lot on, around and over our scooters. A real lively group.

At first glance, red eyeballs only took in the olive-drab smear rounding the corner. Although the V-twin configuration was familiar, the bike wasn't anything we had ever actually focused our tired eyeballs on before. But people were beginning to get up to check it out. Somehow we managed to do the same.

To us creeps, Doug and Jori's putt was a reborn rush. But, then, they have antique cars and bikes running out their ears. (Including an antique airplane in their back yard. No shit.) Rapping with these two would make any group of drunks believe that old scooters are everywhere.

—Weed



—Continued on next page

Owners: Doug Cammeron **City:** Santa Ana, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1931
Year and make: 1931 H-D	Builder: H-D
Model: VL	Type: single loop
Value: \$4,500	Rake: mystery
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none
Time: years	Other alterations:
Chroming by: ?	

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1931	Bars: stock
Model: VL	Risers: none
Rebuilder: owner	Fender(s): H-D
Ignition: breaker-point, dual coil	Headlight: rare
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Taillight: stock rare
Lower end: owner	Speedo: gear drive Corbin
Balancing: Harley God	Front pegs: footboards
Pistons: 5 1/2 to 1, 3 comp. rings	Rear pegs: back of footboards
Cases: legal	Electrics: Autolite generator
Heads: flat	Gas tank: stock
Cam: stranger yet	Oil tank: portion of gas tank
Lifters: solid & noisy	Oil system: constant loss
Carb(s): 461 Linkert	Primary cover: stock rare
Air cleaner: stock	Seat: stock leather
Pipes: stock fishtail	Sissy bar: none
Muffler(s): copy of orig., owner	Height:
	Material:

Transmission

Forks

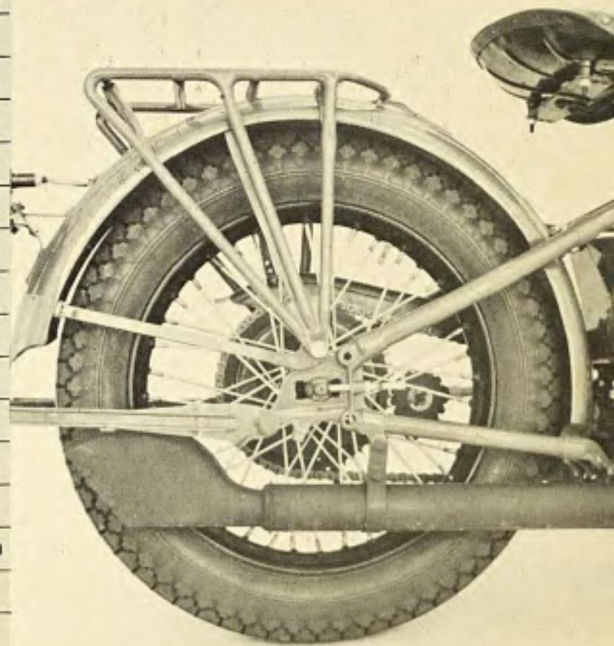
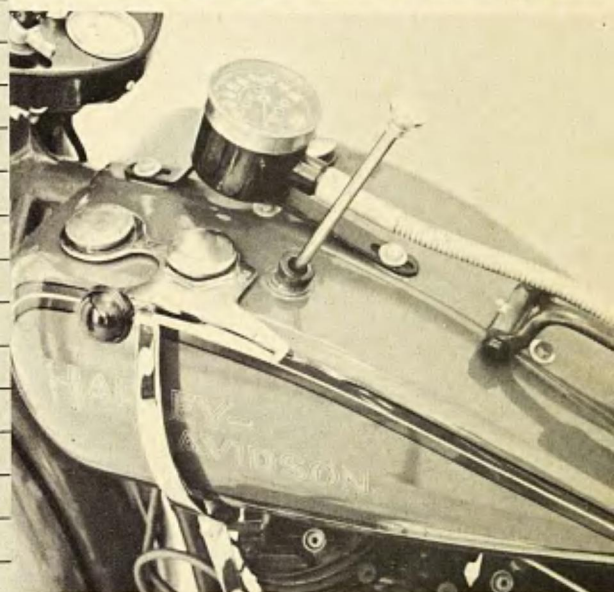
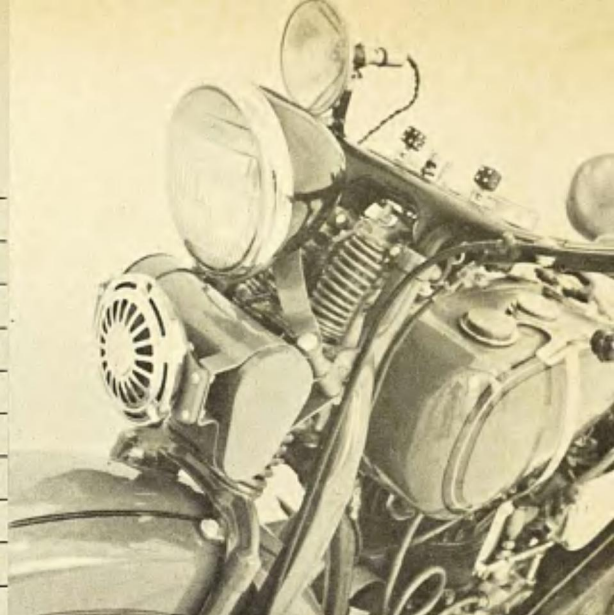
Modifications: none	Type: VL
Year: 1931	Extension: none
Shifting: 3 speed tank shift	Builder: H-D
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: "I" beam rear leg
Trans sprocket: 24	

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Wheel sprocket: shot 33	Size: 18	Size: 18
	Hub: quick change	Hub: quick change
	Rim width: 4 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
	Tire: 400 Frstne.	Tire: 400 Frstne.
	Brake: drum	Brake: bigger drum

Painting

Molding: none	
Painter: owner	
Color: H-D green	
Type: enamel	
Special paint: Shakey Jake pinstriping	
Other special modifications: Early spot light accessory on bars	



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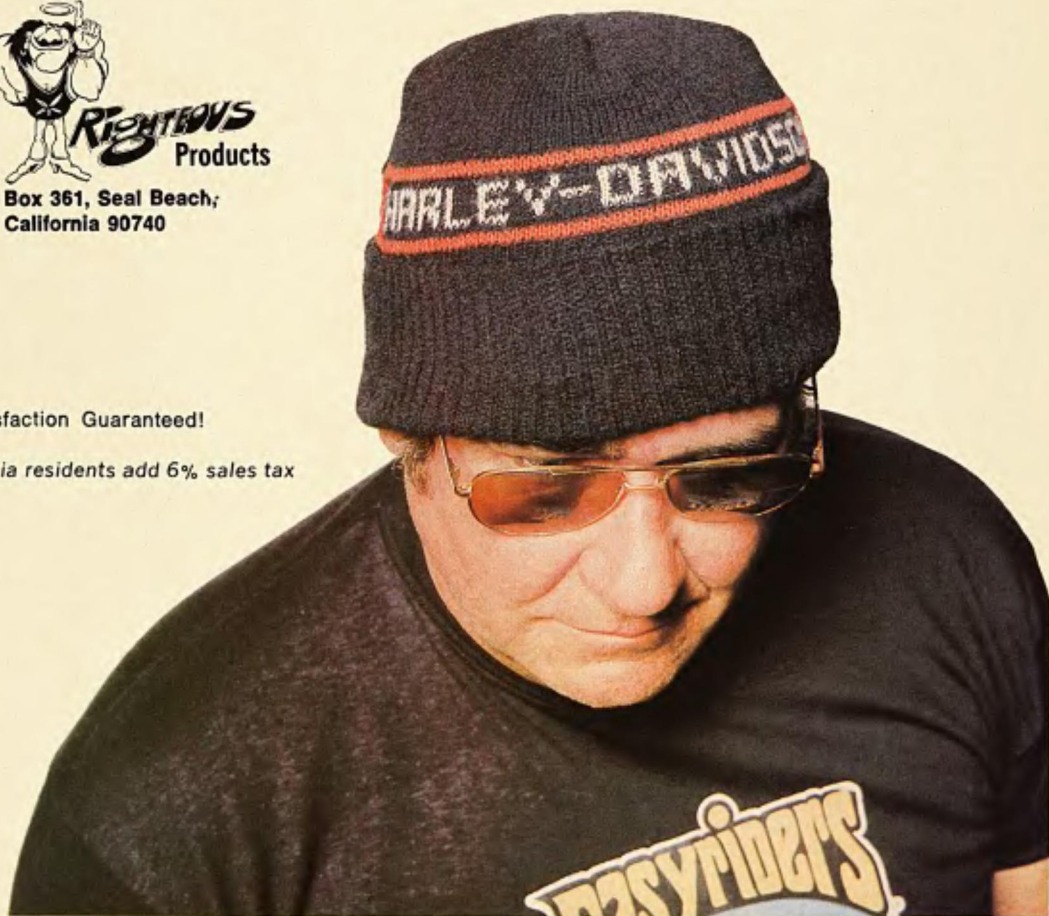
Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!

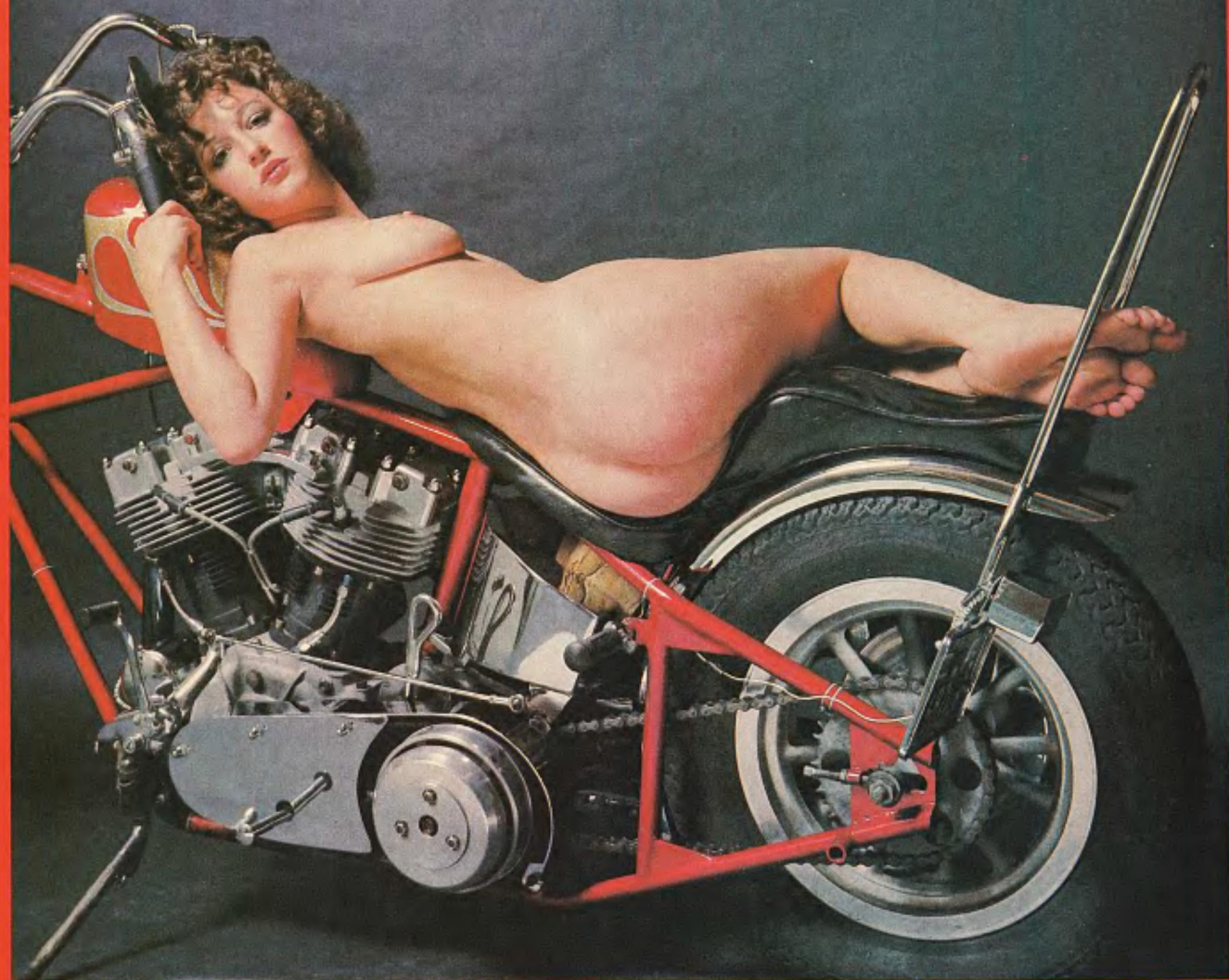


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Cindy

She Keeps Movin' Toward Tomorrow

This cute little fox, Cindy Wells, originally hailed from Mukegon, Michigan, the annual location for the National Hill Climb Championships. She really digs bikers. After all, hordes of them storm into her hometown every year. But she likes to keep movin' now. Roamin' all over the country, she's hip to crash pads from the Big Apple, south to Miami and west to L.A. No particular place is Cindy's home or pivot point. She parties in any town till the parties poop out. If somethin' dead comes down, she smoothly and quietly splits for elsewhere.



Cindy was partyin' in the Midwest some moons ago. During the night several local clubs joined in. It wasn't long before everyone was gettin' down. As a prank (not really a funny one), one of the bros loaded his pistola with blanks and shot at a brother he had clued to the gag. The "victim" clutched his supposedly riddled body toppling to the floor. Naturally, Cindy freaked. When the prank was confessed, she regarded the whole dumb scene as lacking class. Soon after, she hit the road for fresh faces, places and a better grade of fun-times.

Violence just ain't Cindy's trip. She enjoys all the good things of life. Included in her list of rushes: getting off, gettin' it on or gettin' fucked up **and** just plain fuckin' up. A flexible fox, eh? It doesn't matter how she's involved, so long as party action is included.

No doubt you bleary-eyed brothers noticed all those poop-butts crowding one of the photos. The story behind that particular shot is this: The lucky owner and builder of the 113-inch shovel in the flicks was too busy to make the session. So his partners generously brought the bike down for the photo date. Well, we were gonna snap a photo of someone with Cindy and the bike. One of the scooter freaks who showed up, feverishly volunteered. As we began shooting various angles, the rest of the group suddenly realized that if the owner saw only one dude in the photo posing as the alleged owner of **his** bike he would blow it—some excuse. They decided if all of them were happily leering at the owner from the photo with Cindy, he would hafta stomp the whole fuckin' group or shine it on. Anything to get next to Cindy's naked bod.



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Libra (September 22—October 22)

At last you can stop draggin' your dong in the dirt. Even your bros will take notice of your "got the world by the balls" attitude! It still isn't the time to tell the boss he has something in common with sodomy because he's a real pain in the ass! Be careful lifting heavy equipment the middle of the month. You could end up with a horrible case of hissing hemorrhoids. Don't let yourself be drawn into a scheme where others could be hurt in order for you to become accepted as a member of a crowd. You're far too busy for the lungs and the bungs!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

This is the time to promote some of those mind-boggling ideas (schemes?) of yours. Just be sure they are in terms of long-range plans. Your sign is always good at working with metal. Maybe a course in auto body or welding would be the trip for ya. Otherwise, you're better off bedding down with your bike right now. Your usual gourmet taste is a little down this month. All you'll get is a turd tongue, or worse yet something funny and runny!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

You'd still best be extra careful of anything you put in writing. Put some of that excess energy to good use. Take care of that wrenchin' you've been puttin' off. Strange things could happen to you during this period (like being held prisoner in a whorehouse). If you've been slushing the suds and it's starting to show, it's time to shape up. Or you'll end up too big to get to it and only get to chew it!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

If you can't trust your partners, who can you trust? This month you could find that carrying a friendship too far could lead to considerations. If he can't understand where

you're coming from, he ain't a real bro! Don't you pass up a deal on some good herbs now, or you might be in for a dry and not so high winter. Too bad money is tighter than pussy now. So rack up your balls and shoot your best shot!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

There is still some behind-the-scenes trouble at the pad. A general misunderstanding of intentions could give way to some power play. Don't put up with the bullshit or take any sass from her ass. Get it together once and for all. Give her a choice—either shape up or ship out! Take off for a few days and clear the ol' head up. Could be what was once finger-lickin' good has soured on your bone!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

The wheels on your scooter aren't the only thing going around now. You'll be turning out some great ideas. At least one will be rarer than a virgin in a whorehouse! Be sure not to give out any information you want kept secret. A partner will surprise ya by paying back an old loan along with a "thanks motherfucker lid!"

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Past efforts will be rewarded and incoming bread will help you get out of the red. On the other hand, someone will make you a far out business deal. Watch out! Better put off your decision until the end of the month. If you've worked yourself up with your typical rammin' and jammin', ease up! All it will get you is a summer rash and a limp nut sack. Relax with more putts and less sluts!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

No bullshit! It's time to watch expenses and don't make any commitments, unless you check out all the facts. Make use of what you have, since a purchase made now would be about as valuable as an empty "Red Mountain" bottle.

Otherwise, you can still enjoy those young eager beavers who are standing in line for your stroking and poking. Remember, stingy on the bucks and heavy on the fucks!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

After last month, you're afraid to bend over without grabbing your goodies. Seems the pressures at home could put a worse strain on you than a trapped turd! Some legal hassles should begin to ease up. But remember, it's still illegal to flash your stash! You're still able to talk a twat into almost anything. Watch out for minors; even though it's already hairy, it can be scary!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You may have some problems with that redneck asshole who moved in next to you. Could it be you tuned your toilet mouth on his ol' lady and their rug rats? Or was it that weekend party with a dozen bikes starting up at three o'clock in the morning? Tell the aging anus to lighten up, or you'll perk up his ol' lady's tired twat! Since she's been eye-ballin' the bulge in your drawers anyway. If you still want to fix him, train your dog to crap on his Sunday paper!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

You're subject to some changes in your environment, possibly because of a job at a distance. So if you've been wanting to get the fuck away, do it now. You might get the charge of your life, if you're not extra careful around electrical objects. Sorry, but your sex life is on the rag now. Just when you're about to pounce on some pussy, your zipper will jam! By the end of the month, it will be a treat to beat your meat!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

This is your birthday month. So it's time to get loose with the juice and lax with the grass! Remember, you can do whatever ya want on that special day. Even take a dump on your ol' lady for that case of pit power she got ya. (After you ask for a Dick Allen or a Johnson front end.) Even worse, her people got you a set of red, white, and blue mudflaps. Well, fuck it! Your bulge in the middle is ready to diddle. Point your prong at some clits and tits!

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The Mouse

—Continued from page 13

three-wheeler had given chase. Knowing that he would be easy to outrun, they had accelerated and split up. He had tried following Wino, for a few blocks, but the other fellow's highly tuned Hog had quickly outdistanced him, and he soon found himself running alone, with the three-wheeler still coming along behind, having apparently chosen him as the easiest quarry. Mouse had turned down a side street, glancing back as he did so, and drove right up the back ramp of a moving truck to crash amid tables, chairs and other household furnishings. That one had cost him a broken arm and ninety days in jail, but it had led to a friendlier relationship with the group, later, and he was the object of admiration and laughter for a long time after.

He remembered, too, the time he had almost had his ear cut off, and all because he wanted so badly to belong.

He had been in a strange bar with Citizen, a great hulk of a chopper rider, shooting pool and drinking beer, when an argument broke out. Citizen stood toe to toe, nose to nose, with one of the bar regulars, arguing heatedly, and Mouse had seen a fight coming so he had prepared himself. When Citizen threw a smashing blow to his opponent's jaw, knocking the man backward over several bar stools, Mouse turned and swung mightily, hitting the man next to him in the stomach. It felt to him, he thought later, like hitting a stone wall, and as the other fellow's fist whistled past his chin, he dashed out the door and down the street, never looking back.

He had run for almost two blocks like an Olympic star, head back, elbows tucked in, giving it everything he had, and all the while listening for following footsteps. All he had heard, on exiting the bar, was glass breaking and the sound of cursing.

At last, feeling that he was safe, he had stopped running, and turned, panting. The big man he had hit was less than an arm's length away, holding a broken beer bottle in his hand, and it was coming down on him.

Mouse remembered the burning sensation as the broken glass had zipped across his outstretched hand, cutting his palm to the bone, but deflecting the blow. He could still feel,

with a shudder, the cold glass sliding alongside his face and digging into the side of his head to leave his ear dangling by a thread, and remembered how one of the big-titted nurses had laughed as he passed out on the operating table, because his last words, before falling asleep, had been, "Be sure you sew it on straight, doc."

"Well," the Mouse said, parking his chopped Scout in front of the bar, at the end of his ride, "some-day I'm gonna do somethin' really big that will let all these guys know that I'm tougher than I look, an' that I'm good for somethin' other than to be laughed at."

He put a thin cigar in his mouth and tried to look tough, squaring his shoulders and taking out his pistol lighter. An old lady, passing by, saw the shiny piece in his hand, and, hugging her purse tightly to her body she scurried off along the sidewalk. Mouse grinned. "Bang," he shouted, and she ran. He lit the cigar and went into the bar.

* * *

It took about a week for Mouse to decide what course of action he must take to become a bad guy. Never very rich, but having seen a lot of movies, he knew what he would do. He would rob a bank. He was gleeful about the prospect, and from the movies he had seen, he knew exactly how to go about casing a bank and laying plans. For another week he hung around the neighborhood of a small suburban shopping center that held a branch of a national bank. He went inside a few times to cash small bills for change, talking to the pretty tellers and getting the lay of the place.

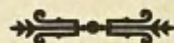
Just before noon, every day, the lone bank guard took a break and disappeared, as did several of the other employees. He would wear a wig to hide his long, mouse-blond hair, glue on a phony mustache, and simply walk in and out, taking the money with him, and his cigarette lighter automatic would do for a weapon. He wouldn't take it out unless necessary. Just show its outline in his pocket and demand the cash. He selected the day before the Fourth of July.

On that day a parade was planned, and the streets were crowded. The bank would be virtually empty, and if he left his Scout idling in front, no one would even notice it.

* * *

Mouse backed his Scout up to the curb in front of the bank, taking a

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few minutes to adjust the idle until it was just right and the engine would not die on him. The street was crowded with people and cars, and flags festooned light standards and overhead wires. The attention of the public was on other things. Traffic was quite heavy, but he knew that he would be able to weave his way along the street in his escape, making a chase difficult. There were no police cars in sight, although a tow truck, bearing the symbol of the Highway Patrol painted on its door, was parked across the street, while the driver sat inside a doughnut shop, drinking coffee and flirting with the waitress there.

The wig felt uncomfortable, and the phony mustache tickled his nose, but Mouse wrinkled his features into what he thought to be an appropriately tough look and sauntered into the bank.

He strolled up to a teller's window, leaned toward the smiling girl, and whispered, "Gimme alla yer paper an' don't make a move."

"What, sir?" the girl said, leaning forward a bit, still smiling.

"Shit," Mouse breathed. "I said"

—and the loudness of his voice startled him, although, glancing about, he noticed that no one was paying attention—"I said, gimme alla yer cash before I blow yer fuckin' brains out, stupid!"

The girl gasped, looking at the bulging pocket of his jacket as he extended it toward her, fearing more, it seemed, the vulgar language he was using. Her smile faded quickly, and although her eyes darted about frantically, she began stuffing bills of large and small denominations into a large, brown envelope. She pushed it across the counter toward him.

"Now," Mouse said, menacingly, "put yer hands flat on the counter an' don't move till I'm gone." The girl did as she was ordered. Mouse turned and, just as casually as he had entered, he sauntered out of the bank, being careful not to look directly ahead so that the T.V. cameras could get a good look at him.

In front of the bank he stopped and gasped. The tow truck was just driving away, his precious Scout dangling and banging at its rear,

suspended by a chain, and a dark sedan, with two T-shirt-clad young men now sat where his bike had been parked.

Quickly, Mouse leaped into the back seat of the car, his hand still in his pocket holding the gun-shaped cigarette lighter and said, trying to sound like Humphrey Bogart, "Let's get goin', boys. I just held up that bank an' killed the teller, an' I'll kill you if you don't git movin'."

The front seat passenger, a nice-looking young man with an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips, turned, smiling. One hand raised above the level of the front seat, and in it he held a police service revolver. The hole in the end looked as big as the Alaska pipeline.

Mouse fell back in the seat with a sigh. "Goddam," he cursed, softly. "Double fuckin' goddam!"

And then, from force of habit, he smiled and took the cigarette lighter out of his pocket, pulling the trigger and extending it toward the unlit cigarette. He neither heard nor felt the blast as his mouse-like brains splattered over the back seat of the unmarked police car.

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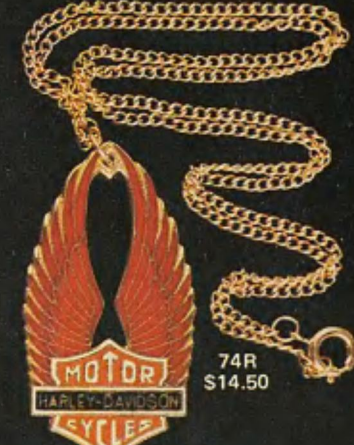
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Insurance companies won't insure helmet manufacturers

The letter below should blow your mind. It was written to a helmet manufacturer by Ivan J. Wager of the Safety Helmet Council of America. It spells out how dangerous and unreliable helmets are, despite propaganda to the contrary.

Mr. Ken Miller, Arthur Fulmer Company, Memphis, Tennessee. Dear Ken: Thank you for your letter of March 17th regarding your concern over your company's increase in Products Liability insurance premiums.

You are not alone. One other major helmet manufacturer informs me that his annual premium now is \$180,000. That manufactur-

er builds less than 200,000 helmets per year; therefore, he is looking at \$1.00 per helmet at his basic cost.

At this point in time, it looks like we have about 30 products liability cases against dealers and manufacturers for a total dollar value of about \$50,000,000.

Since the Riddell football helmet case hit the wire services in mid-December, 1975, I now receive at least three phone calls per week from products liability attorneys. Ken, this is going to get much worse before it gets better. I think that products liability suits against the helmet industry will equal or exceed the medical malpractice

situation that is receiving so much publicity.

I would like to assure you that I am making every effort to locate an insurance carrier to grant a group products liability policy for the SHCA. Unfortunately, over the past six months of trying, I have learned that most carriers, regardless of premiums, will not under any circumstances insure dealers and manufacturers of motorcycle rider helmets.

I will continue to try to interest a major insurance carrier in the rigid Safety Helmet Council of America Quality Assurance program and will keep you informed of the results. Sincerely, Ivan J. Wager.

Three More Lid Laws Dusted

Three more helmet laws have faded into history. That's right. Louisiana, Arizona and Rhode Island passed repeals. Now a total of seven states have repealed helmet laws this year. The other four fortunate states are South Dakota, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Connecticut.

It looks as though there is not one ounce of excuse or justified cop-out for being an apathetic biker. The brothers out there who don't believe in joining biker organizations or writing letters ought to be pounding their thick skulls into their gas tanks about now. There have been a small number of brothers (compared with the total biker population) out there beating the streets of their state capitals for us in an effort to straighten out our legislative hassles. They don't number in the thousands; just a handful of solid, flat-out bikers who have seen to it that we

no longer endure helmet laws in seven states. It shows something, a lesson of which we should all be aware: Their efforts have demonstrated the necessity of becoming involved, even if it means just writing a couple of letters. If a few brothers have chased a repeal from its introduction until it's signed, from one side of a state capital to the other and back again, speaking through thick beards and scruffy hair, and illustrating before straight politicians the lack of logic supporting helmet laws, showing evidence proving that helmets do cause accidents, and, finally accomplishing a state-wide repeal—then what might bikers as a national group accomplish?

It's up to all of us to act as a unit in our struggle for freedom and fair legislation. Now it's obvious that it can be accomplished. So no cop-outs—get involved, bros.

Cycle emission standards held expensive, useless

The White House economic watchdog agency said that proposed emissions standards for motorcycles would not do much to help the national air quality but would cost consumers a lot of money.

The council on wage and price stability told the environmental protection agency that the standards proposed last October would probably have costs in excess of many benefits.

The council said that EPA had failed to establish that pollution from motorcycles was a serious national problem that requires federal regulation.

James C. Miller, III, the council's acting assistant director for government operations and research,

said it is "another case of EPA overkill."

On Oct. 22, EPA proposed to apply to motorcycles equivalent crankcase and exhaust emissions standards for carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxide and hydrocarbons that now apply to cars and light-duty trucks.

The proposed standards, which would take effect in two stages between 1978 and 1980, are slightly different than preliminary ones the environmental agency put forth early this year. Comments on the proposed regulations will be accepted until Jan. 20.

The wage-price council, set up last year to monitor economic developments both in government and the economy at large, challenged EPA to establish that motorcycle pollution is a serious national problem.

In 1970, the council said, EPA estimated that motorcycles contributed 0.15 per cent of total hydrocarbon emissions and 0.17 per cent of total carbon monoxide emissions.

The council said only nine urban areas—all of them in the West—will have substantial motorcycle populations in the 1980s.

Motorcycle emission standards will be costly, however. In addition, because there is such a wide variation among emissions characteristics of the four basic motorcycle engine types, the EPA proposals would place the heaviest cost burden on the motorcycles which are already the lowest polluters (the four-stroke engine).

"Given the estimated level and cost of controls, as well as the composition of registered bikes, the owners of four-stroke vehicles will be paying dearly for their relatively small contribution towards cleaner air," the council said in its filing with the EPA.

The council said emission controls for motorcycles would not be nearly as cost efficient as such controls are for cars and light-duty trucks. For example, the average cost of control for a ton of hydrocarbons is \$303 in a light-duty vehicle.

For the four-stroke motorcycle, that cost could go as high as \$9,060 a ton. EPA itself estimates that the standard would cost consumers between \$304 million and \$665 million during the five years from 1978 through 1982.

On a per-vehicle basis, that means a range of \$50 to \$130—between 4.9 percent and 14 to 15.2 percent.

Because of this sharp increase in motorcycle prices, consumers might shift purchases to cheaper motorcycles, called off-road bikes

—which are not regulated under the law.

These cycles, which a council spokesman said are smaller and usually do not have to be registered, can be adapted to use in city traffic.

Michael H. Moskow, director of the council, said EPA should not put the standards into effect.

EPA should first consider whether motorcycles are a problem sufficient to require nationwide regulation in the public interest. If the answer to that question is in the affirmative, EPA then should consider the promulgation of standards applicable only to the types of motorcycles and motorcycle use for which they are cost efficient," Moskow said. —By James L. Rowe, Jr., Washington Post staff writer.

Marihuana Detection Process Simplified

A major advance has been made in the development of a simpler laboratory method for the detection of the presence in the body of the principal ingredient in marihuana.

Research sponsored by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety has developed a method that is simpler than present tests, which are complicated and often expensive. The new method is suitable for routine use in the detection of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), the psychoactive substance in marihuana.

One of the long standing problems in attempts to determine the extent to which marihuana use has contributed to fatal and other motor vehicle crashes has been the cumbersome nature of the only laboratory methods available for determining the extent of its presence in the bodies of those killed or seriously injured.

The new method uses a chemical compound that links to THC so that it can be detected by fluorescent means. The researchers describe the method as "suitable for routine use for the detection of THC in blood, serum or plasma."

The method was found to be "specific," meaning that it gives a result specifically for THC and distinguishes THC from other drugs that may be present, such as morphine or barbiturates. The method is also sensitive, since it is able

to detect THC in blood in concentrations of less than one part in a billion.

"Detection of Tetrahydrocannabinol in Blood Using a New Fluorescent Derivative and Thin Layer Chromatography," by Joe Vinson, Dinu Patel and Arun Patel, of the University of Scranton, Pa. 18510, was presented at the American Academy of Forensic Sciences meeting in February in Washington, D.C.

Biker Legislative News

Arizona: One of the states to pass a recent helmet repeal. Arizona brothers have the Arizona Association of Concerned Motorcyclists to thank for this positive action. Brothers 18 and older will no longer have to wear the Snell shells.

The AACM worked closely with Rep. Bob Frick to see the repeal bill through. Rep. Frick moved the bill through the house and managed to get an emergency amendment attached. Consequently, once the governor signed the legislation, the bill went into effect. Congratulations are due to the AACM and Representative Frick. The address for the AACM is 3638 N. 59th lane, Phoenix, Arizona 85033.

Connecticut: John Herlihy ("Rogue") has resigned as international president of the Huns MC to accept a new position as president of the Connecticut Motorcycle Association. John has been working for years to bring about better motorcycle legislation. Two of his brothers, Bill Malone and the late Pappy, have also hung up their patches (temporarily, in Bill's case). Bill did it to help John see that the Connecticut Motorcycle Association remains under what could be considered responsive and responsible leadership. Give John your support by giving the C.M.A. support. Their address is Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601.

New Jersey: ABATE of New Jersey is in the process of repealing the helmet law. They are also involved in a fight against a proposed lights-on law. The AMA is helping through an active trustee. Mark Rosen, also a member of ABATE, is working with Art Brzustowski (ABATE Coordinator for New Jersey) against this unjustified lights-on legislation. Get involved, New Jersey brothers. There are people in your state supporting your

rights. Contact ABATE of New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

Idaho: We sent questionnaires to all the state legislators, asking their position on rider training, driver awareness, special licensing, mandatory lights for daytime riding, and mandatory helmets. We are getting a good response. So far, some have been for us, a few completely against us, but most either want more information or indicate they will listen before they decide. We intend preparing factual information for them in hopes of convincing them to see things our way. —ABATE of Idaho, 208 S. Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Michigan: The Michigan legislature has once again tried to come down on the biker. Two different bills (HB-4662 and SB-1268), setting a noise level for motorcycles, are presently being reviewed by committees. Why set an unusually low noise level for bikes and not for other vehicles? Ruth Kunzi asked the same question and submitted an alternate bill that would correct the situation. Her proposal of a 90db. limit for all vehicles is being favorably considered by lawmakers.

No apparent progress has been made in passing Michigan's House Bill 4849 (restricting front-end modifications), which isn't bad news for us. ABATE of Michigan is still trying to get a helmet repeal bill introduced. Although some legislators agree with us, this is a busy time of year for them. If you know a Michigan senator or representative who will introduce a helmet repeal bill for us now, contact ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

Here's another example of the good which outlaw clubs have accomplished in our snot-slinging society. The Flying Horsemen, of Warren, are sponsoring a Boy Scout troop in Roseville, Michigan. It seems that many citizens want only to bad-mouth bike clubs. But in the last few years outlaws have supported legislative endeavors, acted as security guards at runs, helped people with roadside breakdowns, organized fund-raising events, and now the Flying Horsemen are bringing two elements of our society together by sponsoring a Boy Scout Troop. Hear, Hear!

Ohio: There's a small ABATE chapter in Ohio that needs your support. It's a bitch starting an organization. It's even more difficult to keep a group going and fight laws

at the same time. So it's up to us, as bikers, to support and assist brothers who are working in our behalf. ABATE of Portage County is doing just that—working to keep our life-style alive. —ABATE of Portage County, c/o Wes Meyers, 3272 Waterbury Circle, Ravenna, Ohio 44266.

Virginia: President Ford signed the Highway Safety Act of 1975 on May 5 at 3:00 p.m. As you should know by now, the Act contained an amendment that prohibits the Secretary of Transportation from withholding funds from any state because it has no helmet law. Bro Johnny King has worked long and hard to convince Delegate Frank Slayton, of South Boston, that we want to repeal the Virginia helmet law. Mr. Slayton has promised to introduce a bill repealing the entire law (VC 46.1-172). This law contains the mandate for helmets, eye protection, and various other mickey mouse regulations, although the amendment in the Highway Act stipulates exemption for all those over the age of 18 years. We'll work to repeal the entire code because a 17-year-old should have the same right to decide personal safety as an 18-year-old, and helmets kill people.

All you bros who have been lying back, letting somebody else do all the work, had better sit down now and write a letter to your delegate. You have no excuses. We'll send you a free list of all Virginia Delegates, or we'll even send a pre-addressed, stamped envelope for a lousy 25 cents. —ABATE of Virginia, P.O. Box 138, Vienna, Virginia 22180.

Illinois: ABATE of Illinois is starting a push to repeal the mandatory lights-on law for motorcycles. They're trying to find a sponsor for the repeal. You bros out there—whether you like to run with lights on or not—let's put down the law. If you prefer, you can still run with your lights on—no law against that. But there are those of us who would rather not burn up batteries, bulbs and circuits by constantly using lights.

Not a single state can show any lessening of accident rates attributable to the lights-on law. A four-wheeler driver who can't see a big moving bike without lights on in an intersection isn't likely to see him with lights on in direct sunlight anywhere else. Nor will such a driver notice a pedestrian, for that matter.

Write your state rep and senator, telling them to back a lights-on repeal bill. Better, sponsor or co-sponsor it. If we can win this,

then each of us can turn lights on when we want, or not—whatever. Should you need to know who your reps and senators are, go to your town hall or even write me, Ed Armstrong, ABATE of Chicago, 215 Grove Ave., Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021.

Oklahoma: As the helmet law was being repealed, a headlight-on law was almost enacted. It seems that a headlight law was attached to the helmet repeal. But the Citizens Against Motorcycle Helmet Laws, of Oklahoma, notified us that the headlight amendment was narrowly defeated.

The amendment was attached during a meeting of the Senate Public Safety and Penal Affairs Committees. Afterwards, Senator James Inhofe gave CAMHL as much time as they might need to compile a case against the amendment. Senator Inhofe said he would leave it up to the organization as to when they wanted the bill introduced in the senate. Although they had such great cooperation from the senator, they experienced nothing but hassles while trying to compile enough data to contest the lights-on law.

CAMHL were anxious to see the helmet repeal through. Consequently, after waiting as long as possible, the bill was brought before the senators. Without the promised statistics from the AMA, CAMHL proceeded to contest the amendment as well as they could. Fortunately they were barely successful. The proposed amendment was defeated in the senate by a vote of 21 to 20, while simultaneously a helmet law repeal was passed.

Louisiana: We have been informed that Louisiana has probably passed a helmet repeal. It has been confirmed that the Transportation Committee passed the measure. The vote was 8 to 4. They also gave it a favorable recommendation. However, before Louisiana brothers start burning their helmets, they should check with an informed individual regarding the status of the law.

We can congratulate several people on this favorable legislative move, but we'll hold it to one individual and a seemingly new group in Louisiana. Perry Thigpen has been working on the helmet law for the last five years. He is a Louisiana brother who deserves your respect and support.

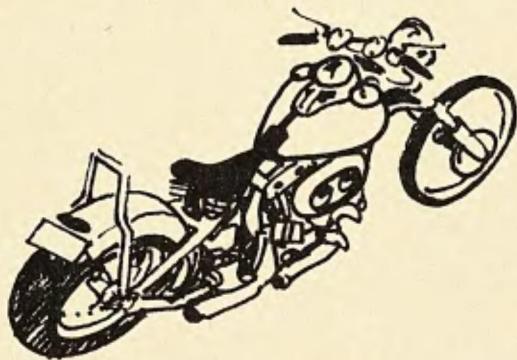
Recently we've received a couple of news letters from an organization in the Southern state. The impression from their newsletter is that they must have had a number

of their representatives following and supporting this repeal. The Louisiana Motorcycle Riders Association is located at 2415 Lee St., Alexandria, La. 71301. Support the brothers who are supporting you.

New Mexico: Bro Karl Samuelson, from Albuquerque, has taken his helmet tickets to court more than once and claims he's always got his money back. Some time ago, Karl went to District Court in Albq., before Judge Maloney. Maloney postponed Karl's jury trial for 364 days to await a state repeal of the fiberglass-hat law. Karl agreed so he could devote more time to working for the repeal. He is considering qualifying for a helmet ticket from state police and going before a different court and judge. If just twenty or so bikers in Albq. would follow Karl and take tickets to court, it would put a lot of pres-

Navy: Brother Steve Workman is behind the bulkheads of the Navy and has found the man to write to regarding helmet regulations on Navy bases. He is trying to convince this man that motorcycle training and not helmet laws will save lives. If you agree with Steve, write C. W. Eisele, Jr., Head, Motor Vehicle Safety Division, Naval Safety Center, Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia 23511.

Florida: The ABATE brothers of Florida have been wrestling with helmet repeals for three years now. Each year they find a sponsor to introduce a repeal, present the facts, attend hearings, and in general conform to the Florida legislative process. And each time their efforts have been squashed by the Department of Transportation's whisper in a few legislators' ears. And again this year they faced the same act.



sure on the court and aid a repeal. Karl sure isn't the only biker doing this, but more bros should get involved in cities around the state. Take your next ticket and demand a jury trial. ABATE of New Mexico will help anyone as much as we can. —ABATE of New Mexico, Box 368, Gallup, N.M. 87301.

South Carolina: Helmet law violations in South Carolina can cost you bucks but not points. However, if you are involved in an accident while riding lidless, you will be presumed to be at fault because you were violating a law at the time. Same applies with the lights-on law. Ever try to demonstrate your headlight with it scattered all over the street? You can bet the driver who destroyed your headlight is going to insist that you didn't have it on unless he's scrupulously honest. Accidents do strange things to some normally honest people. Who will the police believe?—Alex Smyth, Box 1907, Greenville, S.C. 29602. ABATE of South Carolina, c/o Jesse McDugald, 116 Beaufain St., Charleston, S.C. 29401.

This year the Committee on Transportation met at 10:30 a.m. on April 15, 1976, to consider the helmet repeal. ABATE of Florida even managed to introduce two bills, HB-2643 sponsored by Rep. Roger Wilson, and HB-2474 sponsored and introduced by Rep. Steve Pajic. The vote went 12 to 2 against the repeal only a few days after the DOT had met with the Transportation Committee.

Utah: This is going to be hard to swallow, but believe it or not, our greasy brother, state coordinator in Utah, has given up fighting the system, so he's running for the state senate. That's right, Wheelz has got his ass into the thick of things this time. Even Teach, one of his bros, was dazed as he told us the news. Well, at least if he makes it, we'll have a guaranteed vote for the helmet repeal, which may pass before he's elected (keep writing those letters). Support Wheelz, if he makes the ballot. For once you'll know for sure that you have a brother in the state capitol. —ABATE of Utah, c/o W. C. Wheelz, 462 S. 2nd W., Salt Lake City, Utah 84102.

Washington: Good vibes from Washington state. The Washington State Motorcycle Rights Organization has decided to go ABATE and work along with our coordinator, Monty Tadique, for a more effective organization in Washington. If you were a member of the WSMRO, you are now a member of ABATE of Washington. And if you're not a member of either group, contact ABATE of Washington, P.O. Box 85, Auburn, Wash. 98002.

Oregon: ABATE of Oregon wants the bikers of Oregon to get off their asses. If they're going to off the helmet law they need bikers' letters flowing into senators' and representatives' offices. With enough public support Oregon may be another state to eliminate the lid law. ABATE of Oregon, c/o Luke Metcalf, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Road, Portland, Oregon 97201.

Alaska: We received the following information in the mail without a return address. Consequently we don't know who it came from. However, according to the anonymous letter, a helmet repeal was introduced in brisk Alaska. The number of the repeal is S.C.R. #59. If you're interested in its passage, contact your local rep, find out what's hapening with the bill and pass the word on.

Rhode Island: R.I. is another of the states that recently repealed their helmet law. This was accomplished through the efforts of the Rhode Island Motorcycle Association and ABATE of Rhode Island. The R.I. repeal is the first to be really complete. The law no longer applies even to riders below the age of 18. It went into effect upon the governor's signing it.

Another first came when the Joint Committee on Highway Safety approved the legislation unanimously. Then the house voted on it 67-5, and the senate voted 32-12.

Walt Boober, coordinator for ABATE of Rhode Island, felt that the repeal was successful due to a few strong elements of his campaign. He feels that overwhelming public support kept the pressure on the legislators. Accurate testimony by a number of authoritative motorcycling enthusiasts carried a great deal of weight. Finally, substantial statistics swayed the representatives to the realization that helmets aren't all they're made out to be—as we know. Congratulations to Walt and to Rhode Island. The ABATE address in Rhode Island is: c/o Walt Boober, 90 Rosemary Drive, North Kingstown, R.I. 02852.

Swap Meet Blues

—Continued from page 19

Why the fuck not? I had nothing to do.

I got on the phone to my flesh and blood brother—he owned a van. After my asking, threatening to kick his ass, and finally promising to pay back the fifty I owed, he agreed to tool on down to the swap meet with me. In fact, the idea that he might actually get back that fifty got his rocks off so hard that he volunteered to set the whole thing up.

He called back—everything was all set. He'd pick me up at five the next morning. Kinda early. But I had a fortune in parts here. I really started getting into this.

The next morning my brother showed up and spilled the remainder of a half-empty Coors bottle on my face as a morning greeting. I guess it was around five.

"That's good beer yer wāstin', asshole," I said, giving him some brotherly advice. My head felt like it had spent the night between the thighs of a circus fat lady.

"Don't bitch," he told me. "Now you don't have to wash." Smart-assed kid.

"How come you got no trouble gettin' up," I managed between grunts, groans, and farts.

"I'm just gettin' in," he announced proudly and went to move his van into the driveway.

I started looking for a pair of

Levi's, and thought about my kid brother Dave. Kind of a weird kid. But I guess all kids are sorta strange. I mean, at 18, he didn't exactly look like one of the New York Dolls, but he wasn't too far right of David Bowie. Platform shoes, strange clothes; the whole bit. But then, what the shit? You gotta lead your own life. He don't slam my scene; I don't hassle his.

"Hey now," he told me as he clumped in on his cosmic cowboy shoes, "try not to fuck up my van, huh?"

That was another thing—his van. He musta put seven grand into that thing. The whole shot: mags, low-profile tires, trick portholes, trick paint job—the list went on. But, once again, to each his own. I may not be able to see it, but I respect the work he put into it. Maybe he felt the same about my bike. Anyway, we had an understanding, my brother and me. Though we never talked about it.

"Okay, Dave, don't piss in your embroidery, I'll treat it like a forty-year-old virgin."

Between the two of us we fitted in a lotta good shit. I figured there was a whole bunch of money sitting there. I mean, this was dynamite stuff. We put in: chrome tranny cases (2), oil tanks (3), some heads, pistons, ratchets, a mousetrap eliminator, some Lucas lights, a "45" engine and trans, a couple of seats, three tanks and two fenders, plus a couple of boxes of assorted goodies. I had my shit together. Watch out!

We got to the Starbright Drive In Theater around 6:30. It must have been a cheap drive in, or the folks around there dug old movies. Their advertised feature was *The Wild Bunch*. I guess some of the locals wanted to liven things up a bit, 'cause somebody had stolen the "c" and "h" from *bunch*. I might have watched that show.

The trip over did nothing for my headache. And the headache did nothing for my attitude.

We pulled up to the ticket booth, and Dave gave the dude inside the rickety shack our name. He mumbled something about five dollars.

"Huh?" It was my turn to mumble.

"You know, five dollars seller's fee."

"Hey, what the fuck! You charge for sellin', for buyin', for eatin', for pissin', for—"

"Here you go." Dave handed the dude a bill.

The guy, who looked like he shoveled shit for a living before landing this job, gave me a dirty look and told Dave: "Stall 13 A." Then added in a quiet whisper: "We don't want no trouble here."

I was about to tell him to keep his ass away from 13 A and there

HELMET LAW T-Shirts & Tank Tops



Hey man, wear the shirt that tells it like it is! This shirt speaks louder than words. Northern California bros have been buying and wearing this shirt for a year now. We figured it was about time the rest of ya bums got in on it. Especially since all of us need to get this helmet law shit straightened out. So dig into your jeans, or your old ladies jeans, or cut off her beer for a week, or whatever it takes to get the green.



Can be washed and dried any way you want, on or off your bod, with or without your old lady's help. The whole shirt is American Made (same as old Harley iron) out of 100% cotton. Designed by a biker for bikers.

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

Name _____

Address _____

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For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.

It's gonna cost ya:

\$5.00 for a dingy gray shirt with black writing.

\$5.50 for an already black shirt with white writing.

\$5.50 for a neat type light blue Tank Top with navy print and trim.

Send the bucks for the shirts plus 50¢ for trucking charges to E.T. Products, P.O. Box 1364, Oakdale, Calif.

Don't be a cheap-ass, buy one for the old lady too.

wouldn't be no trouble, but Dave had taken off. That was another thing about Dave: he somehow got the notion that I and, for that matter, all bikers were basically violent people—always gettin' into hassles, and doin' all kinda shit they can't show on family viewing time. What he didn't realize—yet—is that most bikers are very direct people. They're where they are 'cause they want to be, not 'cause they have to. And after dealing with your bros and having things up front, it gets hard sometimes to face and put up with all the bullshit and rip-offs and two-faced games. 'Course the majority of the nine-to-fivers know how to handle it: Cut off your balls, stick your tail between your legs—the rest comes natural.

Anyway, that's why he drove off. He still believes in the basic goodness of man.

"That's fifty-five," was all he said.

When we drove in, I began to have doubts about the whole idea. When we found 13 A, I was about ready to kick the dude who wrote the article square in the balls. 13 A was between some Mexican dude selling oranges, apples, and . . . well, you name the fruit, he had it; and some cat selling 8-track tapes of classical music. Even though I was no expert on the art of swap meets, I kinda figured this wasn't what you call your prime spot.

By the time we had everything unloaded it was around seven. Too early for anything except screwin', ridin' or sleepin'. Apparently the people who ran the swap meet thought so too, 'cause the gates didn't open till 8:30. Pretty fuckin' bright if you ask me.

Dave crawled into his van for a well-earned crash. I sat on an old wooden milk crate and thought about not mixing malt liquor and sangria ever again.

The dude in the next stall—the Chicano with all the fruit—must have been an expert at suffering, 'cause he sure recognized it when he looked at me. He mumbled something in Spanish and threw me an orange the size of a grapefruit.

That seemed like a damned good idea, so I nodded my thanks and ate

breakfast. It made me feel a helluva lot better.

Better, that is, until the clown with the classical tapes started crankin' his cookies off testing them fuckers. I noticed the Chicano didn't throw him no oranges. Though from the looks he gave him, Tape Man shoulda been glad the Chicano wasn't selling eggs.

Finally he saw us looking at him, and figuring from our expressions that we weren't opera lovers, he turned the damned thing off. That felt good. Sorta like not hittin' your head with a hammer anymore—it feels so peaceful.

While I was starting to think that maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all, this short guy with glasses like coke bottle bottoms was coming my way with bouncy little footsteps. He stopped in front of my stuff, and with jerky little movements started to check it all out.

"Hey," I told him, "I thought they don't let anyone in till after eight."

"Oh!" He jumped like he hadn't seen me sitting there all along, tripping on him.

"Oh," he chirped again, "you must be new; not a regular swapper." (Swapper? For chrissake!)

"This is the real fun," he continued with quick glances to my parts, to me, and to the orange peels in front of me.

I didn't say anything. If somebody was gonna show me how all this shit was gonna turn into something close to fun, I didn't want to interrupt.

"This is the time when us swappers can look over each other's merchandise, before the fish come in." He took a longer scope at my parts. "But you've come to the wrong swap meet. This is all motorcycle stuff."

"No shit," I observed.

"Yeah," he jumped right back in, eyelashes flapping like windmills behind his plate glass glasses, "you should have gone to a motorcycle swap meet."

Well, I couldn't argue with that.

"I'll tell you what, though"—and I noticed that all of a sudden he wasn't as nervous or as jerky—"yeah, I'll tell you what—I'll give you \$200 for the whole works. No questions asked."

"You'll what!" I yelled jumping

"Havin' these books keeps me safe from bein' helplessly horny. They're real road maps to raunchy adventure. No shit!"

—Garbage



How To Pick Up Girls might be merely an interesting book if *America's Pickup Spots* hadn't been published—thereby arming every prowling dude with everything he needs to know about finding chicks and scoring with them.

These fact-jammed, savvy tomes go together like tread and pavement, fresh air and sunshine, people and partying. What a complete set of tools and mechanical knowhow are to a biker's riding freedom, this matched set of detailed, easy-reading books are to every scooter tramp's love life.

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America's Best Pickup Spots effectively guides the reader to 900 national places where man-hungry, willing beauties gather, and many locations usually overlooked by guys on the make.

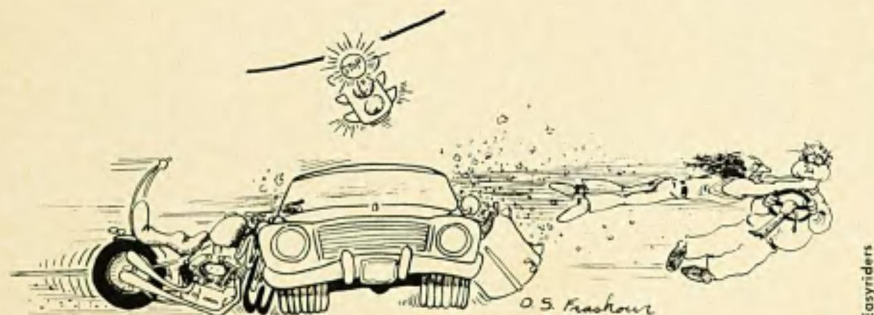
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up, knocking the milk crate over, and making my head hurt again. "You got any idea how much this shit is worth? Anyway, what's this no-questions-asked bullshit?"

"What I mean is"—he was talking a whole lot slower now; pretty sure of himself—"do you have papers for all this stuff?"

"What the fuck papers? I ain't sellin' the goddam Queen Mary, just some bike parts!"

"Well then, how'd you get 'em," he challenged. And I couldn't get over how this dude had changed from one mousy little weirdo into this obnoxious asshole. At any rate, whatever game the fucker was runnin', the bastard sure seemed at home with it.

Only trouble was: as far as I was concerned, it had gotten a little outta hand.

"As far as I can tell," I let him know, "that really ain't none of your business."

He just looked at me as though he had me by the balls, and might give me a mean squeeze.

"That's right," he grunted, "but it might interest the cops when they get here and start checking for numbers." Then he laughed. A nasty kinda laugh. "Whadda ya say, brother, two hundred."

That was it. There were only two things that kept me from stomping the son of a bitch. One, he was about two heads shorter than me, and more important, I hate getting shit on my boots.

"Lissen good," I told him quietly, "I got some bros who call me brother, and I gotta real-life brother who can do the same, but I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let some little bloodsucker, tryin' to run a hustle, do it again." I took a step forward, and he took three back. "Now I'd suggest you get the fuck outta here."

He moved back. Then, when he figured he had gone a safe distance, he turned around and yelled: "You'll be sorry, just wait. Mark my words. You'll be sorry. I'm not finished yet."

Nervy little mother. I looked around, and saw the Chicano looking back at me, shaking his head with an understanding smile. He threw me a banana. I was gonna be one healthy fucker if this kept up.

I ate the banana while opening the van. Dave was still asleep—not a care in the world. I reached into the cooler and came up with two sixteen ounces of Coors. I popped them and walked over to the Chicano and gave him one.

He nodded and took a healthy pull, then wiped his enormous blue-black mustache with the back of his hand.

"Hey, tell me." I tried to talk simple. "The cops. They come here much?"

"Sure," he answered and took another hit from the can. And from the way he said "sure," I knew he talked better English than me. We stood and drank and studied each other. He was about forty or so, with deep green eyes that told me he could raise a whole lotta hell when he wanted to.

"Yeah," he finally continued, "they come all the time. Check for serials, papers. If they don't like what they see, they take it with them. 'Suspicious merchandise,' they call it."

I nodded. He went on: "They're really cabron when it comes to bike parts. And with your hair and beard? Kiss it off." He took a quick swallow of beer. "Anything you got is suspicious, eh, hombre?"

Well, I didn't need no lightning bolt to tell me things weren't turning for the better. And by now, they'd opened the gates and people were starting to trickle in.

I was in kind of a weird predicament. I mean, I didn't actually go and steal any of that shit. I just don't go for that kinda shit. I busted my ass to build my scooter, and I wouldn't hesitate to blow off any fucker's head who tried to burn me for my sled. And I'd expect the same. But the thing is, the parts I had were accumulated over a hell of a lotta years. Traded; given for favors; bought from some dude or other. In other words, they had made the circle a dozen times over. And when it came down to it, I wouldn't bet my left ball and half my dick that every single part was pure and virgin.

When I thought about it, and the way the local Gestapo felt about bikers, I figured the smartest move I could make would be to get the hell outta there.

I opened up the van. "Get your ass up and help me load this shit back in."

"What . . . we're all . . . uh . . ." Dave was mumbling, not knowing what was coming off.

"You wanna spend the weekend in jail?" I asked, real quiet.

That woke his ass up in a big hurry, and he was out there loading the shit in. The Chicano came over and gave us a hand.

When everything was loaded and I was getting ready to close the doors from inside, I spotted the short fucker who'd tried to shake me down for the parts. He was a couple of aisles down; talking to two uniformed cops, hands flying and pointing in my direction.

Son of a bitch! I grabbed a Coors and tossed it to the Chicano, "Adios, podner." I slammed the double doors shut.

"David, let's get the fuck outta here!"

The cops were about an aisle away from us. Say what you will about Dave, but he comes through when he has to. When I told him to go, he did. Right then.

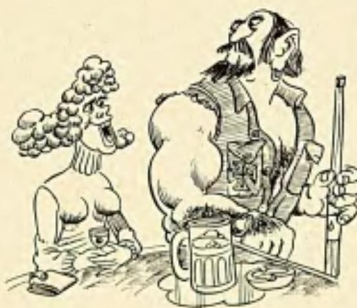
But it was hard to get any speed, because by now there were quite a few people nose-picking about. When the cops saw us take off, they started to run. I was watching them through the side mirror. Then it was Keystone Kops time. All of a sudden they started stumbling and falling as about 50 oranges and apples rolled in their way from a "broken" crate. I could see the Chicano raise his hands in a way to tell the cops he spoke no English.

By now we had covered a good amount of distance. I was still looking into the mirror, and could see the cops scramble up. But you could tell the chase was out of them.

By this time we were close to the exit. When, what do you know? Who should have himself a choice location—right by the fence? Who else but righteous citizen friend of the police, in person.

"Stop!" I yelled to Dave. Which he did.

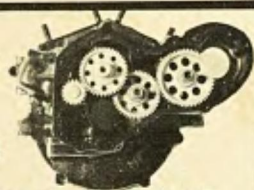
I scrambled to the back and came up with a cracked flywheel. The little asshole hadn't figured out who we were yet. Of course he figured that by now I would be in the back of a police car, with the cops snidely winking at each other, holding on to their clubs, and loudly complain-



"Really, despite popular opinion, I think that, underneath it all, bikers are actually kind and gentle!"



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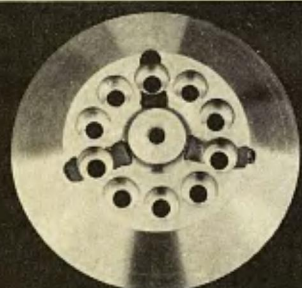
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ing about how bad biker trash stunk.

I opened the door of the van. "Hey, tit-high!" I called to him. He recognized me, and I could read the surprise in his eyes real clear, thanks to those magnifiers on his nose. He was sellin' all kinda shit, and you could bet your gonies that he had some kind of paper for his shit. Or maybe he just got a green light for fingering. Who knows?

"I decided to let you have my stuff after all," I let him know. And right before my eyes he turned back into the squirrely little twitcher I'd first met. "Course I don't want you to get no pig in a poke. So I'll tell you what: I'll give you something in advance—free o' charge. Then—maybe I see you again—I'll let you have some more." With that I sailed the flywheel like a lopsided frisbee through the windshield of his '76 GMC four-wheel-drive pickup.

We were toolin' on home, doin' up a number, when I turned to Dave: "Well, that was some swap meet you picked, asshole."

He looked at me and turned all red. Then stammered: "Vince, I'm sorry, I guess I really blew it. Man, I'm—"

"Hey, fuck you, I'm just bustin' your balls!" I didn't expect him to take it that serious. Like I said before, he's a hell of a good kid. Just needs some more life behind him.

Well, the swap meet may not have been the breakthrough of the year (as a matter of fact, I use that article now to catch oil drippings) but the rest of the day wasn't a total wipeout.

When I got home there was an official-looking letter sitting in my rusty mailbox. I opened it, and just about ruined a good pair of Levi's. The old toad who started all this shit? It was from her insurance company. Inside the letter was a check for \$3000, along with the explanation that "endorsement of enclosed monetary compensation" would settle everything. Also, I would "forfeit the right to any further legal action." So all right, if I sign I can't sue.

Apparently the investigation had shown that Granny was 100% in the wrong. Now the insurance company was running scared.

I had read an article, once, in an underground paper which said that if you told big insurance companies to fuck off the first time they offered you a settlement, they would *always* make you another offer—at least 50% higher.

But, then again, I read an article telling me what a ball-breaking success swap meets were.

I signed that fucker and started waiting for the banks to open. ■



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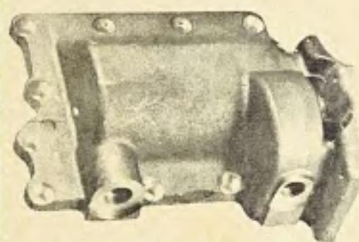
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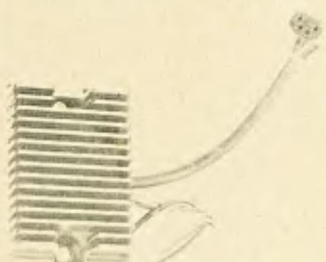
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A Mama in a Million

—Continued from page 27

lation against two rounded bunkers of flesh. Her waist nearly disappeared into a sliver of pure art with her hips then flaring gently into view, her drenched Levi's displaying the contours of her slim, firm, almost muscular legs—the healthy lines of her lower abdomen and buttocks showing strength; endurance; suggesting lithe, rhythmical contractions, squeezings, envelopings . . . surging and relaxing . . . surging and relaxing . . . surging . . . animal feverish grinding twisting screaming. . .

"Would you like to fuck, Jessica?" I asked matter-of-factly from out of some mental haze.

"A-all-I I wan-nt-t is to get-t d-dry," she said almost silently in one great violent shiver, grasping her arms more tightly and driving her chin down into her chest.

"Yes . . . get dry," I said, still in a drifty mental sidestreet, my eyes traveling down her denim-pressed crotch—wet slip of fleshy walls; pulling, yanking on trapped, swollen meat; sperm wells dry; shot dry and in pain. . .

"I could make you moan like a crazed jackal in heat," I said, my eyes rising up to meet hers, macho self-assurance tingling in every nerve ending.

She crumpled into a heap on the floor—an over-aroused female. But she was now distributing water along a 5' 2" front, her upper body baptizing a throw rug, her lower body extending the small puddle previously assigned to her across the floor. Her animal passions having been deeply sparked by my careless talk, giant gooseflesh covered her bare arms.

I ran as fast as I could for a blanket. Returning, I wrapped it tightly around her. She began to moan softly and, slapping her face, I brought her around.

"Un . . . cumf . . . terble," she said.

I began to sing softly. "Weeer poor lit-ul lammz hooo hav . . ."

Her moaning became much louder and she was squeezing her eyes shut as if in objection. I figured if my presence was making her bitter, my absence could only improve things and I went to bed.

The next morning I got up and made two dozen flapjacks, a pint of homemade maple syrup, and got two quarts of ice-cold milk from the fridge.

Each forkful of flapjack, soaked in tangy syrup, brought with it a dry, tugging thirst begging for

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slaking with milk in long, arctic bolts, the cycle continuing again and again until at last all was gone.

I filled the room once more with lazy, slothful belches and clacked my tongue in maple stickiness for a long time.

"Good, ey Sandy?"

"Arf!" she yelped enthusiastically, finishing her share.

I went into the hall to try and rouse Jessica, but to no avail. I got a glass of ice water and threw it in her face. Two bloodshot eyes appeared from beneath the sunken, opening lids, and a rather shoddy lifelight began to animate them.

"Where am I?" Jessica asked.

"4715 S. Brigham Drive," I answered. "Why?"

"Where am I?" she asked.

"4715 Brigham Drive. Here, let me kneel down close to you here so you can hear better. Now then, there are a few things I didn't get a chance to tell you yesterday because you fell asleep, so I'd like to brief you on them now while I still have a minute. Okay?"

"Where am I?"

"4715 Brigham Drive. Now, most of the stuff concerns my sexual needs, so it won't be as though you're going to have to concentrate on a million different things. Roughly, your main purpose will be to satisfy my horniness whenever and wherever I tell you to. Fortunately, most of the time it will be in the bedroom because I ain't much for strange surroundings when I fuck, and mostly it will be in the morning, which is about the only time I get a hardon stiff enough to maintain itself through a quick masturbating session. Most of the time when I jack off the thing deflates like a tired balloon, but those morning boners . . . well, the sad truth of it is, only a broad can fully unload it. Seems a shame too, in a way, 'cause otherwise I wouldn't need a damn slut at all, busy as I am, an' everything. But, no sense in bothering you with all that shit, I suppose. Anyway, you are going to have to blow me every night before I fall asleep, and then, after I do drop off, you will have to stay awake and gently massage my genitals until I begin to snore peacefully. In the morning, when I get my pre-awakening erection, you will either have to straddle it or liplock it—I give you a choice on that one—and gently stimulate me awake so that just at the precise moment my eyes open, I am ejaculating. Now, I had a girl once who could never get this quite right; she'd either get me off too quick and I'd wake up just at the last little dribble, or else she would wake me up too soon—then she'd have to give me the full treatment: two and a



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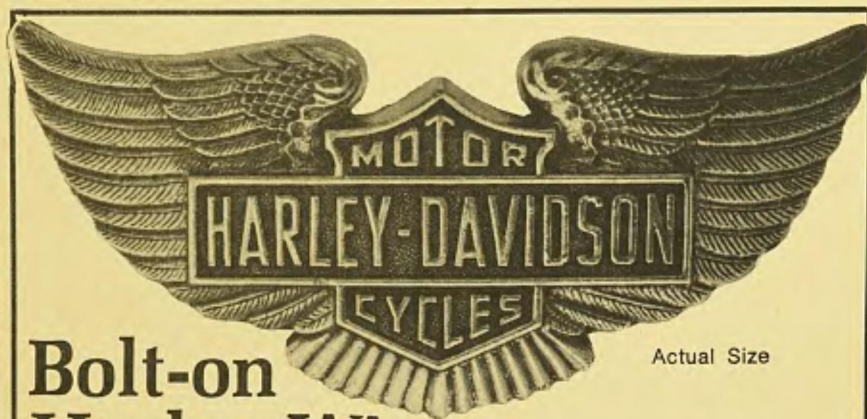


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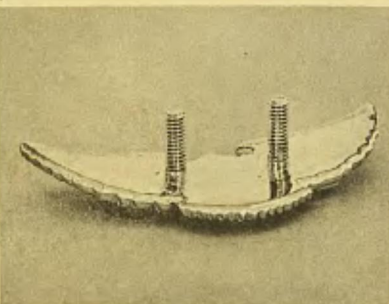
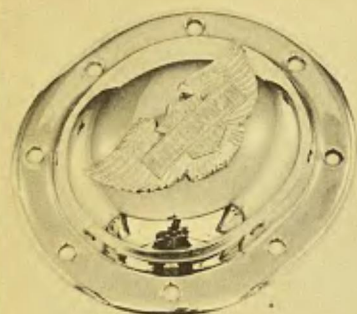
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half hours of pre-squirt foreplay, 'cause the fact of it is, once I know I'm getting a blow or fuck job in the morning, I don't want just a quickie. 'Course, I've missed a lot of club activities because of this eccentricity, but that's neither here or there. What's important is that I wake up just a second or two before I jizz and no sooner, or else you'll be workin' on me all morning.

"Another thing—and this is very important—I don't want to hear any of this shit about you not getting yours just because I got my nuts off too quick. When I'm done, I'm done. If you can't keep up, that's your tough luck. You can come a dozen times to my once anyway, so don't be giving me any of that frustration bullshit. When I am fully and completely saturated with exhaustion and fucking pleasure, you can sit there and ream yourself with your finger or something all night long and have a damn fair time of it, ya fuckin' joyjuice factory.

"As for the rest, on the whole your sole purpose will be to be at my beck and call generally twenty-four hours a day and to devote yourself to my comfort before you do anything else. What this boils down to is, for example, I'll expect you to get me a cold beer a whole hell of a lot faster than I'd expect you to, say, scrub the entire refrigerator or do the yard work.

"In general, though, you'll be doing pretty good if you can just keep in mind that your primary function is just one thing and one thing only: to provide a hole—and I ain't too particular what hole it is—for my stiffer. And maybe to cook something once in a while—though I've yet to meet the slut who could make anything she cooked taste like more than creamed dogshit. And maybe some light typing . . . if I got a letter or something to do, I'll let you type it.

"Any questions?"

"Where am I?"

The blanket she was in was now all wet, and changing it, I laid her back down, told her where she was again, and got ready to go to the chrome shop to see about pricing some work.

"Bye, Jessica," I said at the door. "I'll be back at noon. Have a big bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich ready and a couple of Pepsis. There's no Pepsis here but the store's only two blocks north, there's a fiver on the dresser, and the storm's over so you shouldn't have any trouble. Because of your bitchin' body, I'm goin' to put you on hold for a couple of days, even though you're still not very pretty. Oh, well. We'll see what happens. No sweat. Bye!"

"Where am I?" she asked.

"4715 S. Brigham Drive," I answered wearily, leaving. . .

I got home and zapped straight into the kitchen—famished.

No sandwich. No Pepsis.

Jessica was out of the blanket, at least, but she was sleeping on the bed.

"You've got plenty to do, lady, besides sleep!" I said angrily, pulling her out into the kitchen. "I'll go for the goddam Pepsis myself. Everything else you need is in the box. I want one BT. Give Sandy a can of Recipe and have something for yourself."

Jessica had a sneezing attack and toppled against the sink, barely managing to save herself from crashing to the floor.

"Quit the clowning and hurry," I said, going into the garage.

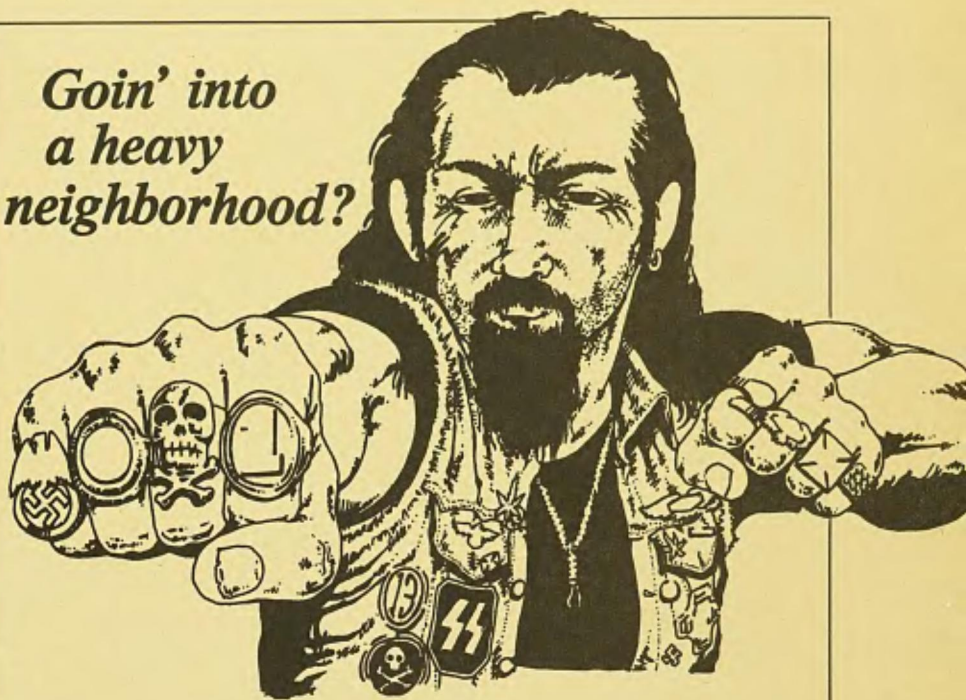
I got back from the store and sat down before what had been placed before me. The bacon was not only raw, it was still partially frozen. The lettuce was one huge leaf which overran the sandwich on all sides for a distance of four inches. The tomato gave the sandwich thickness because it was whole and uncut. If nothing else, though, the sandwich was substantial, having a slice of bread on the upper side and the entire table on the bottom.

I sat there looking at the little monument, and made several passes at trying to actually grab hold of the thing, but then I figured that even if I did manage to lift the table from the floor without pulverizing the top part of the sandwich in the process, I probably wouldn't



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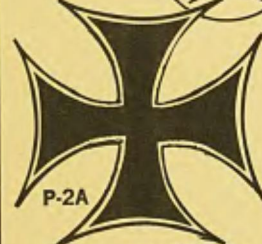
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be able to eat it. I slipped my hand beneath the mess, leaving the table alone, and lifted it up and examined it. Then I just put it down, disgusted.

Jessica was unconscious again, in front of the open freezer door this time, the cold clouds of congealed vapor wrapping themselves around her and frosting over her still damp clothes.

"Great. Once that stuff melts she'll be dripping the place up again," I said with a sigh. I carried her into the bedroom, laid her on the floor and removed her clothes to put some of my own on her. Opportunities presented themselves, the nature of which would not surprise a total idiot, but I estimated her outer body temperature at 40°, and while I'm horny, I'm not a horny fool. There would be other occasions for that.

I lifted her onto the bed and she began to stir.

"So . . . hungry," she said.

"Well, hunger is no problem with the efficient staff I have!" I said, running out to the kitchen, scraping the BT onto a plate and bringing it back. "Here," I said, placing the vittles under her nose. She became somewhat awake and made a weak grab for the lunch, but I pulled it back again and said "Wait. Let me fix it more to your liking." I then stood up, dropped the BT to the floor and stepped on it, flattening the whole thing under my dirty, greasy boot. I then handed it back to her on the plate. She reeled back and I snatched the plate from her.

"It isn't much fun being served garbage, is it. Doesn't do much for the appetite, does it."

I set the plate on the floor and put a fatherly arm around her. "Now, of course, I'm not going to make you eat that. I'm merely trying to demonstrate that you have a lot to learn about pleasing your man, and if I make you my mama, I'm going to expect some small degree of attention. In the future, you're going to have to try a little harder or, so help me, I'm going to get someone else. As it is, your body's all that's saved you so far. Incidentally, I changed your clothes."

"Must . . . eat. Must have . . . food now," she said in a spinning-eyed tremor.

"Christ!" I said in disbelief, leaning over and taking a gander at the pile of filth on the floor. "Don't you want me to wash it off or anything?"

She fell back on the bed and began to moan weakly, her clothes beginning to take on a sticky look—from perspiration now.

"Okayokay," I said. "Don't get tense! I get hungry too, occasionally, but I don't fuckin' break out about it. Here!" I said, placing the plate

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on the bed. "But do me a favor, will-
ya? Don't start eating till I get out
of the fucking room!" And I got
the hell out of there.

I spent the next half hour tending
to my bike—the first fifteen minutes
trying to remove an aluminum screw
from the primary, and the next
fifteen minutes beating at the shred-
ded nub with a crowbar, then went
inside again, completely exhausted
and 154 dollars in debt—the last
five swings with the crowbar having
been directed at the headlight, ex-
haust pipe, rear spokes, brake cable
and gas tank.

I went into the bedroom and found
Jessica asleep again, the plate of
stomped dirt, lint, oil, and God-
knows-what-else-covered raw bacon,
lettuce and tomato untouched.

Any other time this kind of in-
difference would have infuriated me,
but after the misery in the garage,
it only broke my spirit for a while,
and walking over to her I sat on the
bed and began to shake her shoulder.
"C'mon, c'mon," I said pathetically,
"I think you've been sleeping enough
these two days to hold you. Get up
and I'll take you for a putt to the
beach or something." She rose slowly
to a sitting position. "4715 S. Brig-
ham Drive," I said dully, antici-
pating a question.

"Must . . . eat . . ." was all she
said.

"You should have taken care of
that a long time ago," I said,
reaching over to get the plate. I was
beaten psychologically, I was almost
feeling gallant, and picking up the
fork I wincingly sliced off a black-
ened corner of the so-called sand-
wich and placed it before her mouth.
"Here," I said. "The sooner you get
this weird meal over the sooner we
can go." I poked her lips indifferently,
and she opened her mouth and
I placed the fork inside and pulled
the utensil away. She lethargically
chewed it a couple of times, then ex-
ploded off the bed onto the floor
on her knees, puking all over my
leather jacket.

I rolled my eyes heavenward and
said "Oh well, what the fuck" to
God and threw the entire planeload
of sewage onto my jacket and walked
out of there in a fog.

I fixed my own lunch, having had
to settle for some oven-broiled pork
chops peppered heavily, giant, ripe
ears of corn on the cob dripping with
hot butter, hot mashed potatoes,
homemade gravy and a quart of ice-
cold Coca-Cola. But to be perfectly
honest, when you have your noon-
time heart set on a bacon, lettuce
and tomato sandwich, nothing else
can really substitute.

Sandy and I both cleaned our
plates, though Sandy gobbled down
the cobs too and I thought idly that
Sandy's appetite was almost as

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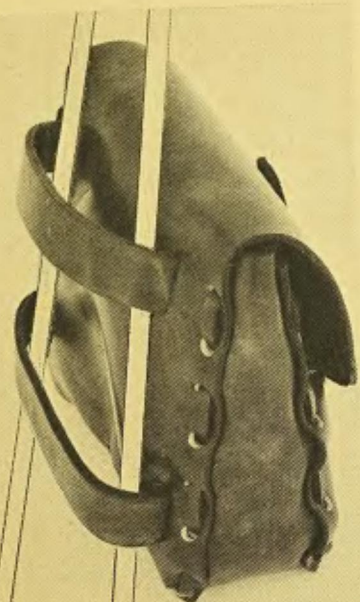
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fucked as Jessica's. Seeing in this quirk of Sandy's a similarity to Jessica's own, I grabbed up my battered cobs, taking care to shake off the remaining butter which she might find offensive, and brought them in to her.

Jessica was huddled in the corner of the room farthest away from my jacket, three or four blankets wrapped around her, her whole body trembling and loud watery coughs being hacked up from her lungs without interruption.

"Do you know where you are?" I asked, getting the jump on her.

"In hell?" she answered weakly, a sad expression on her face.

"Hardly," I said, pulling up a chair and sitting next to her. "But you been laziness your way around here for two days doin' your best to put me through hell. But, fuck it. I like arrogance and opposition. It keeps me alert. Here," I said, placing the two cobs on her lap. "Maybe you can eat these. If you don't want them, say so. Don't just heave them back up anyplace you damn well please." Her arm emerged from the blankets and she began to suck on one of the cobs in a relaxed sort of way. "Okay. That's better," I said. "Now when you're done there, toss that jacket out in the yard so I can try and hose it off."

She sat there and sucked the first cob dry, chewing on some of it, and was working on the second one when she toppled over sideways, asleep again.

"You gotta be the rummiest red freak I've ever seen!" I said to the unconscious body in sudden understanding and wondering where she was hiding the stuff. I pulled her up again and took off the blankets. "You're just blowin' to shitland all the good those downers could be doing you if you used them in relative moderation. But this OD crap is a loser," and I took off her clothes again and placed her sitting in the shower and turned on the cold water. In no time her eyes popped open, and backing away slowly to make sure she was just going to sit there calmly and not hurt herself, I left the bathroom and zipped into the kitchen. Not having any stimulants on hand more potent than coffee, I got my big beer mug and put a half-dozen tablespoons of coffee into the bottom, heated some milk to take the edge off the bitterness, then returned with a piping load. I dragged her out of the shower and got her dressed again and told her to drink. I chatted pleasantly with her, discussing her chores for tomorrow, and after a few minutes the cup was empty.

"Pretty good," I said. "I guess you weren't as zonked as I thought."

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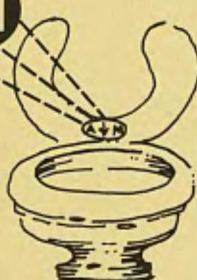


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"More," she said with a wild-eyed stare at me, straight-arming the cup at me with both hands.

"Why do you always talk in chopped sentences, leaving out words and shit? Were your parents cave dwellers?"

"Want more!" she said in a loud, raspy and mucus-filled voice. "Taste... like... solid food. Almost."

"Christ, it should," I said to myself back in the kitchen, loading a half-dozen more tablespoons of coffee into the mug and heating some more milk. "Solid food; it's practically solid concrete."

I went back in and the cup was taken from me before I could even offer it and a minute later it was empty again.

She stood there blinking for a while and then appeared to come around.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"Boy, you got to be the dumbest broad..." I said, getting a pencil out of a bathroom drawer, writing the address on a piece of paper and stuffing it into her shirt pocket.

"Now that you seem to be snapping out of it for once, I want you to try and get the house in order. I'm going to repair some of the damage I did to the bike so we can go out tonight."

"Go... out?" she said with a kind of quiet mania in her otherwise dead-looking eyes.

"Yeah. We go out. Tonight. We drink. We dance. Make plenty of talk. Do fun things. Go to bar. You like. You see. You clean house now. Quickee quickee. No fuckee fuckee around. Okeedokee dumme?"

"Yeah," she said in a caffeine trance.

I pushed her out of the bathroom and took myself off to the garage.

A couple of hours later I came back in and saw Jessica making wild sweeps with a feather duster, knocking what little stuff remained upright to the floor, crashing herself into walls and furniture, coughing, blowing her nose and covered in sweat again.

I ran up, wrapping my arms around her, having all I could do to slow her to a halt.

"Jesus! If you can't handle coffee, go out in the yard for godsakes! Look at the mess you've made! It's too fuckin' annihilated in here even for me now, and I'm no fuckin' health inspector! Get the fuck out of the blast area; go dry off your fucking pig sweat and get ready. We're leaving pretty soon."

I kicked her butt into the bedroom and began picking up the major debris, taking off my own clothes to change and generally having a miserable time. When I got re-dressed I stormed into the bed-

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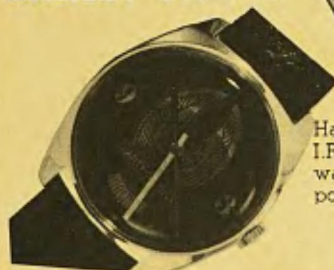
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Here's the original truckers' wallet, made extra wide to fit even checkbooks. It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge. The complete wallet is only **\$12.95** plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



room and found Jessica crashed on the bed again, steam rising off her heated body from the cold air coming in the open window. I pulled her to her feet and said, "You might think you're going to sleep yourself out of this next assignment, but how a chick handles herself in public is more important than your piddly naps," and I hauled her into the garage, lifted her onto the seat and straddled myself on. I told her to grab me, but she just sat there, and I slapped her awake and said, "Grab my waist!"

"What . . . for?" she asked, blinking her eyes open.

"We're going for a putt!"

"Thank . . . God," she said. "There's . . . hospital . . . not far. I'll just . . . lie down . . . back seat."

"We don't have time for your candystripin' works of mercy, hippy! We're going to the Dungeon on my chopper here!"

"On . . . what?"

"We go drink place on big two-wheeler! Plenty speed! Plenty wind! Plenty hairy turns! Go 80! Go now!"

"I'm . . . on . . . motorcycle?" she asked, in shock, it seemed like.

"You won't be if you don't hang on!" I said, blasting it into life.

Two powerful pincers enveloped my waist like steamshovel jaws and the side of a face became buried in my back. "Now that's more like it!" I said with a sudden smile, feeling needed, protective and proud. "I'll get this iron to jiggle your twat so good you'll get over this napping shit of yours forever," and we roared off toward city lights.

City lights, man! Yeah yeah! Fuckin' A! Look out, old man! Outa the way, kid, this is a roadway, not a goddam motherfuckin' football field! Pull over there, turd! Let me by! Oops! Light turned red on me too fast. No horn! It's me! Hold on there for a second! Okay, I'm through! Go ahead! . . .

I pulled up to the Dungeon in a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot skid, parked it and swung off.

"Okay, let's go in," I said, running for the door. I got there and looked back and saw that Jessica was still on the bike. I trudged grimly back and saw that she was so petrified she couldn't move. She was also sweaty again and shiverin' like an electric tickler, and appeared to be nodding off to boot. I lifted her off and sat her down. It was beginning to dawn on me that this woman would be nothing but a drag at the party goin' on inside, so killing two birds with one stone I wrapped a couple of loops of the chain around her ankle and tied off the bike—both preventing it from being stolen

without risking a fall on a kidnap rap and keeping her from wandering off to clean stuff and as a result destroy half the neighborhood. She didn't put up a fuss, and seemed rather at ease about the whole thing, because she lay down in the gutter and went to sleep.

My happiness from four hours of boozing and partying immediately vanished when I emerged again and saw that the bike was gone.

I walked over and picked up the chain that was lying in a lazy S on the sidewalk and went up to Jessica, who was propped up against a lamp post, her legs out in front of her. Her normal breathing was interrupted only by an occasional very deep sigh. But at least she was awake and I gave her credit for that. There wasn't a mark on her whole face and I could see that she had put up no struggle whatsoever to prevent the theft. I picked up something next to her and examined it wearily. It was her foot with a hacksaw blade stuck down the ankle. I tossed it away, exasperated.

I studied her for many minutes. "I'm afraid it's just not going to work out," I said to her, breaking it to her as gently as I could in admirable self-control. "You could have yelled, screamed . . . done something."

An ambulance pulled up and after a lot of hullabaloo she was carried inside and driven off to become a ward of the state. The state deserved her.

The police found the bike about three days later, and the afternoon that I rode it home a couple of the guys came over to see about my luck in advertising for a chick.

"Yeah, come in, fellas! Good to see ya!"

"Get yourself a mama?" Bradley asked in low curiosity, going over to



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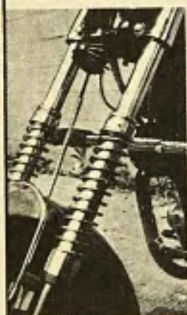
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50¢ each or 3 for \$1.00

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the table and picking through some chocolates.

"I did," I said with a calm smile, my presence in the club secured.

"Okay," Bradley said, gulping down a few pieces. "Tomorrow we run up to New Hampshire to Hampton Beach. Welcome aboard. So. How about we see the whore?" he said in indifferent afterthought.

"Follow me," I said.

"She must be a real Mary Worth," Bradley said, scanning the area. "I've never seen the place so shiny."

"Docs look good, doesn't it," I said, noticing things myself. "She spends all day picking up shit and putting it away. Washes dishes constantly. Sweeps. Paints. Does yard work, even. Best damn female I've ever run across. Only thing she can't do is cook. But then, what girl can? I tell you, she's a mama in a million. No two ways about it; a mama in a million."

"Where is she?"

"She's in the garage right now. She likes to tinker out there. C'mon."

I escorted the bunch to the garage and opened the large door.

The huge chimpanzee did a happy backflip in a gangly spread of long, spindly arms and raucous banshee shrieks, then in one great jump, lurched twenty feet across the concrete floor, landing in a squat and squeezing a banana over her head, the inside plopping out and running down her face.

"She lets it all hang out in here," I said.

Bradley contemplated Girka silently for many minutes, twisting a few hairs of his iron jaw.

"And she really does all the work you say she does?" he asked eventually.

"Works her ass off," I said. "Eats a buck-fifty in bananas a day, rides behind me in overjoyed ecstasy, never nags, has a good sense of humor, shits outside and so never filthies up the bathroom—unlike your chick, Baker—and except for being too dangerous a lay, as I found out, I have no complaints at all. And who knows but she might not come around even in that department. If she doesn't, I still have Rosey Palm for the long nights." I squatted down, clapped my hands and received Girka's charging leap of affection, then watched her scoot off again.

"Well," Bradley said finally with a sigh, "if she really does all the things you say she does, offhand I'd say you got something almost as good as a genuine, human, female girl."

"Offhand I'd say I got something better," I said with a smile of assurance.

The nods of envious agreement were unanimous. ■



A Tribute to Brothers Lost

Death winds a sorrowful trail
On the panhead of reality,
the expressway of life
By whatever means he
beckons "come ride my way"
And to our sisters and
brothers dismay on any
day when death may
touch another brother's
shoulder
We wish our brothers well
in the hereafter

In memory of "Black Dog," He rode hard and died fast. May he ride forever in peace. He was one of the most righteous sons of bitches to ever enter "Harley Heaven." Barbara, Long Island, New York.

In memory of J. T., our brother who went down under the wheels of a drunk motherfucker car. "You still ride with us, T." Southern Punk and family, Waltham, Mass.

On May 8, we lost a brother to the wheels of a car. And though he'll never be able to ride next to us, he'll always live and party with us inside. Goodbye, Brother Jim from Fort Myers, Fla., bros.

In memory of my ol' man who died on his Harley, the only way he would've wanted to die. "Buddy" Baker, Oct. 9, 1954—May 15, 1974.

We'll miss you, Yellowstone. A better bro there never was. You're still riding with us. From Phoenix, Arizona.

Billy, you motherfucker, just because you're gone doesn't mean you're forgotten. I'll always be ridin' in the wind with you, Janice.

We know you're still partyin' wherever you went. To the One-Eyed Beast from his bros in Miami, Florida.

A tribute to "Tramp," one helluva good bro. Always there when we needed you. Lorraine, Dusty, Wendy, and Randy.

"Rooster," ya left too soon. Keep on ridin' through those clouds. Your bros from Cleveland, Ohio.

To Jinks, a badass bro who'll be with us forever. From Raunch, Slick, Owl, Sandbag, and Hoover.

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column will be published on a first-come, first-serve basis. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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.

I know you chicks ain't doin' nothin'. Write Russ Crane, Box 787-140-373, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Scribe us. Bumper Horgan #87297, Ed Hall #88566, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501.

Hey, ladies, write us, will ya? Duke Simmons #83272, Frank Bauer #134702, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Write now, we'll put later. Robert Litts #028913, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083, (C67-205).

I'd respect the thought from even a postcard. Bob Bright P.O. Box B-56592, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Need lines from ladies to help me keep the faith. Hugh Shadoan 7624, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

Female attention would be a buzz. Lester Diggs, Box G, Hazardville Station, Enfield, Conn. 06082.

Ain't had no pussy in three years. Write, will ya! Rick (Smokin' Joe) Dittner #53248, Lee (Mafo) Lehmler #55952, Drawer A, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

Could dig writing to a cutie who cares. Jerry Hendricks, #00835-285, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808.

I am sincerely interested in seeking correspondence with anyone who would care to write. Rick McCambry #138-705, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Would like to hear from some freaky chicks. Peter Ascencio #11349, P.O. Box G, Wallkill, New York 12589.

You foxes write us and we'll write you. Donald "Pomona Don" Kelso B-69779, Bill "Crazy Horse" Coppola B-59541, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

A hit of blotter under a stamp would be cool. (V.P.) Domin #140850, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48646.

I need your words, baby; you could make things better. David "Free" Mitchell #6909, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Downed bro from Kansas City needs some scribes from free-swinging biker chicks. Don Chance #8193, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kansas 66043.

I would like a chick to write to, to replace the monkey I ran off. Lonnie D. Williams, 37694, Box 41, Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

I need mail. It would do me wonders. Ricky Brown #73299, Box 188, La Grange, Kentucky 40031.

Doing ten; need a female friend. Danny "Rooster" Goforth, #A-032929, #B-76, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513.

Greek tramp needs to relate with some righteous chicks. Doc Pad-dock #90843, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501.

A downed bro would like to get mail from a fox. Wayne Wright, Box B33324, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Two Calif. bros stuck in Oregon. Need loving letters and sexy pictures. Craig Lieb #37345, John W. Hays #37780, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

My collar's tight. Could dig hearing from freaky broads. Ronald Kelly Finkelstein #76-A-1166, Box 149, Attica, New York 14011.

Colorado has got us tied down awhile. Let's hear from some righteous-minded chicks. Vic (Flip) Calamusa #43618, Billy (Shotgun) Saars #43616, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Help keep a lonely convict alive, by shooting me a sexy scribe. Bruce Kinnane #A-035016, Florida State Prison, P.O. Box 747-T-3-S-S, Starke, Florida 32091.

Hey, babe, I need a letter from you. Can dig anything you wish to write. Rodney "Rabbit" Wilson #75389, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Lonely convict needs some funky mamas to write to. Bobby Manos #86327, P.O. Box 97, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501.

Sweet sexy foxes, we need some mail. Dennis "Santos" Reynolds, Box B-49463-Central #0117, Johnny "Baby Johnny" Mendibles, Box B-56683-Central #0114, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Women, send me your thoughts. Jerry Chilpatt B-69710, Box 617, Redway, California 95560.

The mail has been rusty, so write to Dusty, and for a real fine boy, write Roy. Dusty Rhoades, Roy O'Neal, Box 431, Waupun, Wisc. 53963.

I need a kind-hearted, understanding lady, for correspondence. Dave Wormell #628422, Washington State Reformatory, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

All chicks welcome to write lonely Polack; will answer all letters. Robert Dopkowski #137200, M.R.-D.C.C., 954 Forrest Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

Two Longolians want to hear from some foxes. Frank "Tiny" Ruppel, P.O. Box B-66844, Greg "Dog Leg" Jarvis, P.O. B-65765, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Lonely biker needs letters from lonely ladies. Dan Hines, Drawer A, Atascadero, Calif. 93422.

Write me. I'm in the same situation as the rest of these cons. Mike Swift, 144-078, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Need letter one time. Ted Morris Jr. #627917, Monroe, Washington 98272.

Write; I won't forget it. Albert Jolly, P.O. Box 67190, Hospital Floor-A Ward, Reedville, Georgia 30453.

I'm looking for a loving hippy chick to scribe. Lee Drake, B63610 CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

East coast brother needs scribes. Cecil Lagle 8592, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Two bros need mail from some far-out chicks. Gary (J. R.) Mulholland 89553, Joe Mulholland 95115, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Wanted: Female, to kick it around with a lonely loner locked up. Rick Tiefert #B-130448, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

I need help in the form of letters. Rick Thomas #141882, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Here I am you lucky bitch, so do your thing and write the "Wing." Darryl J. Yon, P.O. Box B-67253, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Getting short; need a rich chick to buy my scooter and write to. Daniel Conner, P.O. Box B-64901, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Looking for a chick or chicks who have enough heart to write. Dave (Hogie) Hogland #42646-5, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

If ya chicks out there would write, it'd really make my day bright! Calvin Ray Forbess #C-50134, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

What can I say, except please write. "Goofy" Davis B-31756, Florence, Arizona 85232.

Two lonely inmates need to hear the good word. Rick Conrad 3854, John L. Wiggins 7015, Indiana Reformatory, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Here's three bros who could all dig some mail. Joe Butterson, Jim Spry, Leo Trane, Box 496, Lockport, New York 14094.

I am doing five years and need a foxy broad to write. Bill (The Wolfman Jack) Lycas 3840, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Foxes and freaks, young or old, write to me. Chuck Montrey B-9041, CTF-North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Send some mail, it helps. Richard (C. B.) Atkins, 30151-120, Box P.M.B., Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Halfbreed (Indian) desires to have correspondence with any and all firm-titted foxy babes. Roger Henley #42554, Box 1010, C.H. #7, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Sure miss those lips, hips, and fingertips! Write me, baby. Robert M. Jones, P.O. Box B-64120, C.T.F. Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Write a salt and pepper, joint MC club. Joshua (June Bug) Butler, Robert (Big Bear) Hill, P.O. Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Need to hear from some foxes who dig jammin'. Steve "S" Cole C-50892, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Two bros could use some mail from chicks with head and heart in the right place. Scott Sargent B60086A, Edd Silva B68396, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

A letter would definitely lift my spirits. James D. Phillips #051896, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083. (SWU-67)

It's not easy being number 1

You manufacture and offer many unique products. *DS* has over 2500 items for the bike enthusiast. You add exciting new products to your line each year. *DS* offers over 800 new accessories for 1976. You need a large, reputable dealer organization. *DS* has over 4000 dealers...78 in Europe alone! You stand behind your products. Every *DS* product is guaranteed.

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If your Local Dealer doesn't have one send
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Dealer Inquiries Welcome.
(Send tax no. & letterhead for free catalog.)



Drag Specialties Corporation, 6868 Washington Ave. So., Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55343

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.

able, 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)

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)

Help! I'm out of work and must sell my collection of old girlie mags to keep up payments on my bike. Some very rare, and some are twenty years old. Many titles. Send stamped, self-addressed LONG envelope for list. F. J. Deets, Box 702, Franklin, Pa. 16323. (40)

"Hey Bro," sorry I didn't see ya before ya left. Get your ass to the nearest phone and call me collect. 206-892-8579. "Frontier Fremont." (40)

BIKER SWINGERS: Couples, chicks, dudes. Bikers Swing Club just starting. Let's all get together. A contact rag will be sent to all members. Send \$10.00 for one year membership, with photo & free ad. Non-members \$5.00 for photo & ad. Money orders to John Williams, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40)

Professional photographers who are hip to the bike scene—Easyriders is always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers, chopper type people, and chicks. Write on your letterhead for professional rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

In memory of our bro "Whitey" (11/29/75), one righteous biker. Sons of Satan M. C., R. D. #1 Haides. (40)

Harold's Harley Parts: Obsolete & hard-to-get, new & used parts for all models of older Harleys. New flathead 80 pistons. Please request specific information. No catalog available. 19407 Jersey Ave. W., Lakeville, Minn. 55044. (41)

Hello to Satans Warriors in Butte, Montana. (40)

Wanted: Foxy, mellow chick to share pad and putt on my Harley. Must be together, unattached, slender built. Write Chuck, Box 46132, Cincinnati, Ohio 45246. (40)

Biker is the publication for bikers. All the news from the street every two weeks. Subscribe for one year (25 issues) for only \$8.00. Biker, 2499 Cerritos Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. 90806. (47)

Easyriders is looking for artists, cartoonists, and illustrators who are hip to the bike scene and can draw choppers. We would like to purchase all types of art and cartoons—from tight technical drawings to idealized, futuristic, exaggerated, unreal ink drawings and paintings. We pay top professional rates. Only art accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope will be returned. Art Honcho, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Wanted. Women to help test court cases for polygamy. Ages 20-38, Caucasian, good morals (you may be in court). We are jailhouse lawyers to be released soon. California passed law making sex between consenting adults legal. Denying marriage license to one man and several women is therefore violative of Equal Protection Clause, 14th Amendment (also 1st Amendment). "The Case for Polygamy." Madison Publishing Co., Berea, Kentucky 40403. Send most recent photographs; why you wish to become involved. Laying groundwork for case(s) now. L. C. Nein #31534, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808. (39) F

Ex-Convicts . . . If you're tired of fighting all the unfair treatment alone, join with us and we'll fight the system together and win. We have formed a national organization to gain benefits for ex-convicts, such as free vocational training, legal aid, bail bond service, life insurance, U. S. financial aid, medical and dental insurance, low-cost housing, government job opportunities, low-cost autos and less restrictive and fairer parole and probation regulations and men who enforce them, and most important of all . . . Dignity. For information on membership, write to American Society of Prisoners (ASP), Inc., Headquarters, P.O. Box 67609, Los Angeles, Calif 90067. (41) F

Biker looking for short foxy red-head for house mouse and getting in the wind. Write Red, 509 Samson, Redwood City, Calif. 94063. Apt. 2. Send picture and phone number and astrology sign. (40)

H.D. bikes and parts for sale. Late and early models 1937 and up. Many spare parts. Frames, engines, trannies, carbs, and basket cases. Ex: '51 EL with title and original numbers, complete stock frame, 4-speed tranny, good working order \$875.00. Send \$5.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope for complete listing with prices to: William Bennett, #67-A Woodville, Wayneville, Mo. 65583. (40)

Chick, seventeen, with good looks and together head, needs dude same age. Interested in bikes. Danielle, 576 Gemini Street, Tulare, Calif. 93274. (40)

Spider will buy (cheap) any old Harley advertisements, Harley books, manuals, magazines, photos, goodies—anything old. He'll share them with the readers of Easyriders. Write him at Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Be sure to state price or what you want in exchange for goodies you have.

Chicks from North California, Frisco Bay, Sacramento Valley area, write. Scooter tramp needs ol' lady to get together with. George Wells "Strider" B-56066, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Pirelli motorcycle tires! Buy the best! The 510x16 MT53 at an outrageous price—only \$34.95. Includes shipping and handling. Send money order only. Capital Tire Service, Dept. E, 285 Sunrise Highway, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563. N. Y. residents add 7% sales tax. Ask about other sizes, at super-low prices! (40)

For sale: Marijuana leaf choker. Sterling silver leaf on Heshi or liquid silver. \$10.50 pp. Carmen's, P. O. Box 113, Big Oak Flat, Calif. 95305. (41)

Righteous chick from any state to live with and ride on my chopper FX. Tired of square chicks. Currently serving time with the Army in Korea. But will be back stateside in June '77 to do some heavy cruisin' and partyin'. Send picture, if possible. Write to Flash, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40)

Help support penal reform. Our prisons stink! Join the cause, there's a lot of brothers (bitches too) who need our help. American Correctional Parole Reform Union, Inc., we're non-profit. A little donation (bread, man) is better than nothing. Help, bikers! \$15 up brings membership upon request. Ask for free newsletter. AC-PRU, P. O. Box 2052, Orlando, Florida 32802. (TF)

Professional writers—Read a couple of issues of Easyriders thoroughly and decide if you can (or barf, are willing to) write for Easyriders. We want fiction pieces, short stories, and short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first; don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Cheap ad rates—an ad on this page costs you only 20¢ per word if you're a private individual. Businesses have to pay only 40¢ a word. Damned cheap—especially when you consider that your ad will be read by people all over the world. Read top of first column for specific info.

Machine gun freaks. Complete set of plans and instructions for conversion of Colt AR-15 into M-16. \$5.00 ppd. Ordeo, Box 2032, Santa Clara, Calif. 95051. (40)

Looking for two chicks in the Detroit area who love bikers and love to party. Send info and pictures so we can start the summer off right. PSC, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40)

Iowa biker wants to meet chicks everywhere to party and cruise with. Billy "The Kidd," c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (40)

Best wishes to bro John and his new ol' lady Midget. Snake. (40)

Bros: I'd like to receive prison newspapers. Send me a sample paper so I can get info on how to subscribe to it. If you're bucks down, just send me the subscription price, name of paper, etc. I'm getting together a prison news column to run regularly in Easyriders. Spider, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Tall, blond foxy lady seeks dude who left his hang-ups down the road. San Francisco area. I want to relocate and need to know good people. Write to Kristy, c/o Easyriders, P. O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (40)

Have a hole that needs to be tapped? Special Harley taps 1/4" 24 N.S. \$15.00 each. Will quote on any other size you request. We also tap chicks. For Harley tap send check or m.o. for \$15.00 and \$1.00 shipping and handling to B.G. Enterprises, P. O. Box 637, Bellefontaine, Ohio 43311. (40)

1947 FL basket case complete plus extras. \$1300.00 invested. Best offer. (618) 532-5352. (40)

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (51)

Improvised munitions handbook ten bucks? Fuck that. \$5.00 if you're into White Power. Make check payable to Mike Jones, P.O. Box 4717, Panorama City, Calif. 91412. (39)

Paulette, I love you. It won't be the same scoot-in this summer without ya. Hope you get your shit together and come home soon. I'll be right here waiting. Lonesome Gary, Marlette, Michigan. (38F)

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

Cartoon gags: Easyriders will pay for cartoon gag ideas. Not drawings, just the ideas for them. If we like 'em, you'll get the bucks. Art Honcho, Easyriders Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

New to Oregon. Love puttin', sexy dudes and Oregon, but without some company, gotta go back to LA! Save me from a fate worse than Jacki. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Maggie, drop dead. I don't care. Gypsy, Secretary, Agnostics MC, N.Y. (39)

War photo booklet. \$1.50 all post-age paid. War Relics Shop, RD #1, Box 154, Milford, Delaware 19963. (39)

"Repeal Helmet Laws!" Sticker for bikes, bumpers, helmets, anywhere. Show where you stand! 50¢ each. 3/\$1.00. Box 575, Clifton, Colo. 81520. (39)

Wanted. Easyriders issues 1 through 16. Will pay top dollar. Must be in excellent condition. C. W. Young, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Gun Control? How? Criminals can make guns, bombs from pipe, matches, flares, etc. Convincing details \$1.00. Firecracker materials widely available, information another dollar. Sanford, Box 41003E, Washington, D.C. 20014. (39)

Become a minister. 100% legal. Many advantages. I.D. card, diploma, more \$9.00. No checks. Howard Fincher, Box 1134, Florissant, Mo. 63031. (39)

Indian maniacs! I have 8 tons of parts for most models. Cases, frames, engines, everything in between. Will consider selling all. Send wants to Willy, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (39)

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95

We pay postage!



Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yumies that have appeared in this rag.

Gonad bogglin', professional quality cards that will add a new dimension to your poker game. Cards you'll be proud of—as you fleece your bros.

They're not cheap-ass cards—they're the same high quality as professional playing cards.

Be first on your block to own these outstanding leg-wettin' cards. All you have to do is send \$4.95 for **two** decks. We'll pay packaging and postage costs. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or money order to:

Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6%

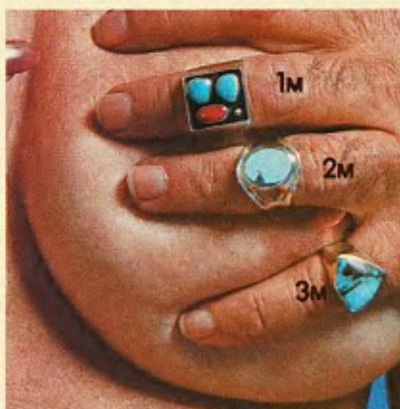
INDIAN TURQUOISE JEWELRY

Slapped together by our very own peyote-crazed Injuns in the back room. Each item is individually handmade. Turquoise is solid chunks—**not** bits and pieces glued together to look like solid pieces. Surrounding the solid chunks of liver-quiverin' turquoise is real sil-

ver (you won't believe how much ripped-off silverware we had to melt down in order to come up with this first-cabin jewelry). Warning: sit down before reading the prices, because they're so low you won't believe them. Money back guarantee.

To be certain that you get the correct-size ring, rip off this scale and wrap it around your finger; it will indicate the ring size you want.

14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
0



MEN'S RINGS

1M - 39.50
2M - 29.50
3M - 39.50

LADIES' RINGS & PENDANTS

1 - 12.95
2 - 29.50
3 - 15.50
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5 - 15.50
6 - 24.50
7 - 15.50
8 - 24.50
9 - 24.50

plus 50¢ postage & handling

Send check or money order to:

Turquoise Jewelry, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me ring or necklace number(s) _____

My ring size is: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

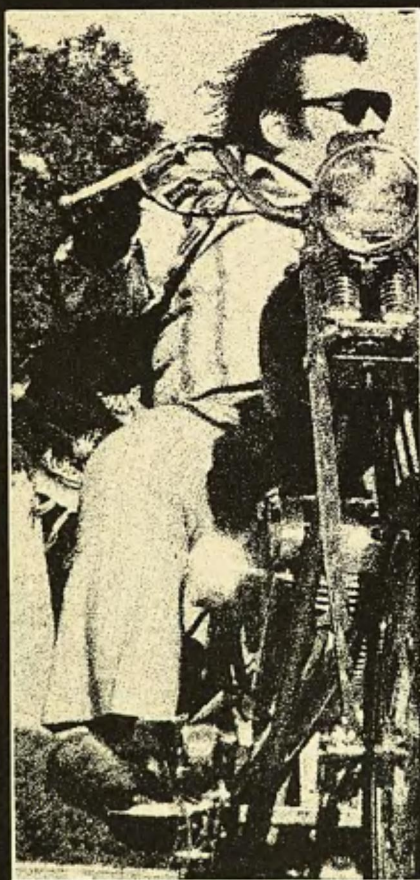
State _____

Zip _____

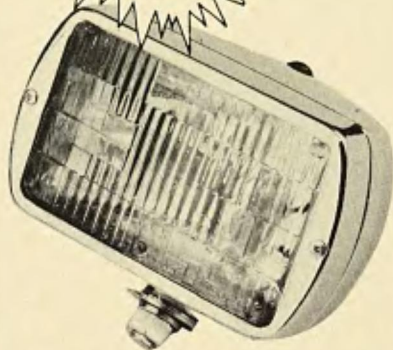
6% sales tax for California residents

Jammer

You've probably noticed that the size of Jammer's advertising section seems smaller in this issue — well your right it is, and the reason being is we are going to be in 12 times a year now instead of just 4 times!!! That's right, our dealers are so happy with the response to our sales they want one going all the time — so here it is — check out pages 86, 89 & 90.



Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our Sept.
HEADLITE
Sale!

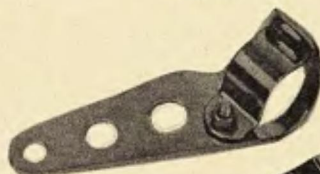


8908 Rectangle Seal Beam Head-light Side Mount 12V.

~~\$27.95~~ 25.25

8907 Rectangle Seal Beam Head-light Bottom Mount 12V.

~~\$27.95~~ 25.25



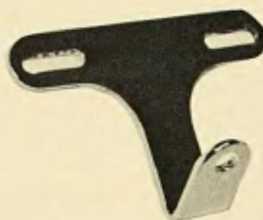
9309 Universal Head-light Bracket. Fits all fork tubes from 1-1/4" to 1-7/16". Quick installation without fork dis-assembly

\$7.50



9108 Headlight Bracket. Used on FX and XLCH H-D when extended front end is used. Lowers head-light for easy adjustment

\$4.50



9109 Single Headlight Bracket (Universal).

\$8.95



91010 Dual Headlight Bracket (Universal).

\$10.95

HEADLIGHTS

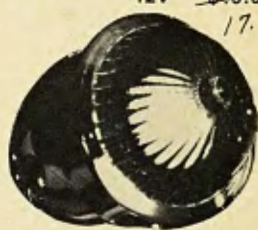


90033 Small Round Headlight

18,000 Candle-Power. All Brass Shell - Beautifully Chromed with 3/8" Stud Bottom Mount. The Small 4-3/4" Diameter blends great with Narrow Front Ends

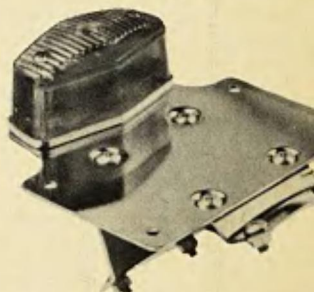
12V ~~\$19.95~~

17.95



9103 Red 12V Running Light.

\$3.95



9208 Side Mount Tail Light & License Backing Plate.

\$7.95

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**

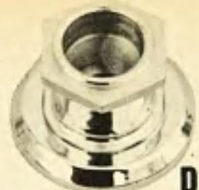
9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. **9.95**

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 1/2x20 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**

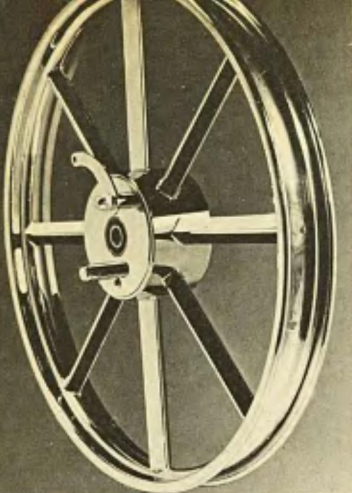
121012 Axle—Girder Single Disc. Spacers included. **12.50**

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**



GALAXY

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

Part No.	Size	Price
69019	18" Satellite	209.95
69022	18" Galaxy	209.95
69020	19" Satellite	209.95
69023	19" Galaxy	209.95
69021	21" Satellite	209.95
69024	21" Galaxy	209.95

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

Part No.	Size	Price
68026	18" Satellite	313.60
68041	18" Galaxy	313.60
68027	19" Satellite	313.60
68042	19" Galaxy	313.60
68028	21" Satellite	313.60
68043	21" Galaxy	313.60

* (Not shown.)

**NO DEALER
IN YOUR AREA?**
You can order Jammer parts by using the
self mailing order blank on page 93.

(We pay shipping when you send
full payment with order)

Hallcraft's WHEELS

Rear wheel shown without disc to demonstrate new spoke design.



SATELLITE

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

Part No.	Bike	Style	Price
Sportster wheel kits include spacers.			
68038	Spst.	Satellite	399.95
68045	Spst.	Galaxy	399.95

Honda wheel kits include spacers.

68039	H750 Satellite	399.95
68046	H750 Galaxy	399.95

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

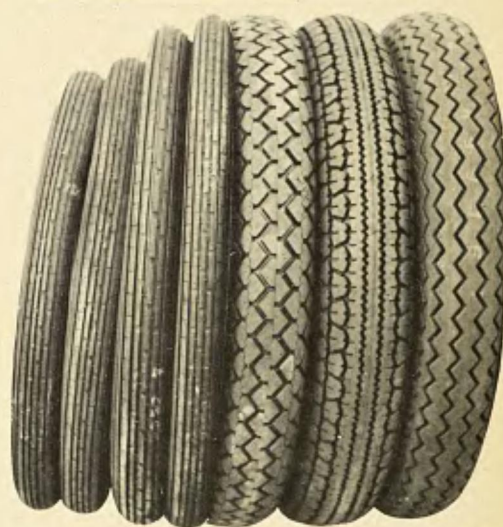
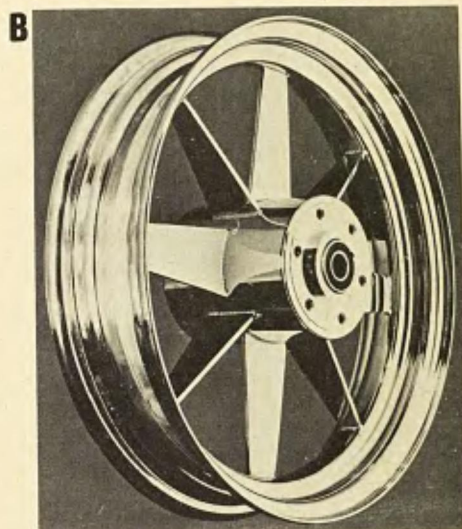
68040	HD74 Satellite	384.75
68047	HD74 Galaxy	384.75

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels.

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

Rear Disc Brake Linkage.

68024	For Sportster.	46.50
68025	For Honda 750.	19.15



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

7302	2.75 x 18	21.11
7303	3.00 x 18	23.37
7304	2.75 x 19	23.54
7305	3.00 x 19	26.19
73010	5.10 x 16	48.50

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

73011	5.00 x 16	34.80
-------	-----------	-------

AVON TIRES

7306	2.75 x 21	29.70
7307	3.00 x 21	29.70



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



9809 Action Pak
Battery. 44.95

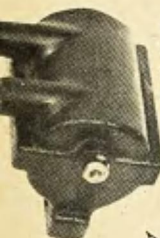


9802 6v Battery
(Dry Charged).
23.25



9905 Three-Position Key Switch.
Switch works for ignition and lights.
Heavy duty. Used by many profes-
sional bike builders. Two keys
included. 3.50

9906 Key Switch Bracket. 1.75
(Not shown)

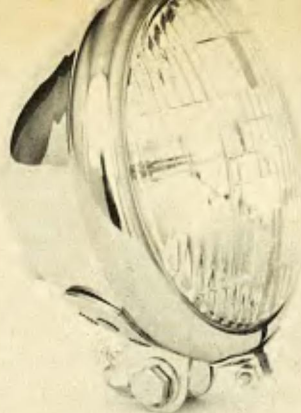


H.D. Ignition Coil. With 20,000
volts output. H.D. Coil has
same dimensions as factory
Harley Coil.

9600 12 Volt 24.95
9601 6 Volt 14.95

Custom Headlight.

9009 6v bottom mount. 19.95
90010 12v bottom mount. 19.95
90011 6v side mount. 19.95
90012 12v side mount. 19.95



LIGHTS AND BATTERY

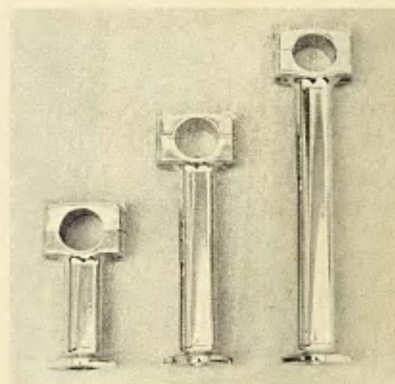
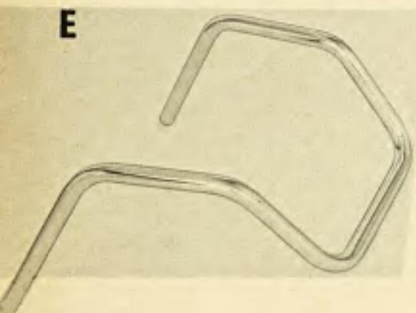
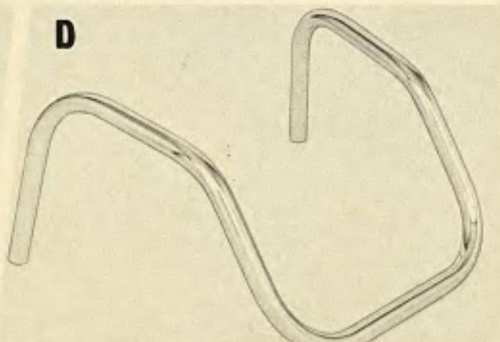
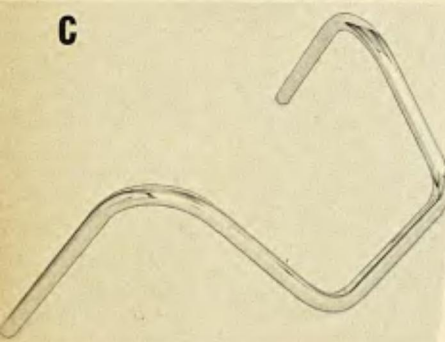
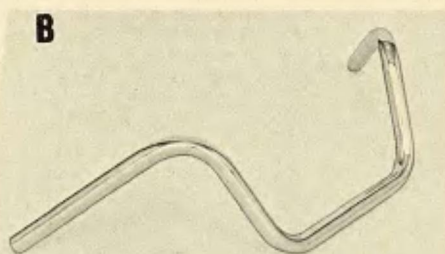


9206 Chopper Taillight. A new
square shaped taillight. Has a
license plate light that may be
used with 6 or 12V bulb (bulb
not included). Chromed. 10.35

9207 License Backing Plate for
"Cat's Eye", Maltese or Chopper
Taillight. Chromed. 3.90

RISERS AND HANDLEBARS

Ask Your
JAMMER
Dealer About
Our Sept.
HANDLEBAR
Sale!



43015 Reducer Sleeves. For reducing
1-inch-diameter risers to $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch
bars. They are knurled on the inside
and outside. Set of four
halves. .90 (Not shown.)

Custom Risers (Glide Type).

For 1-inch bar. Drilled and
tapped at bottom for $\frac{1}{2}$ x 20 bolts.
Works well on our springer.

4401 3 inches high. 29.95 per pair.
4402 5 inches high. 32.95 per pair.
4403 7 inches high. 34.95 per pair.

A Drag Bars.

4101 1" diameter. ~~6.95~~ 6.25
4102 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. ~~6.95~~ 6.25

B Riser Top.

4103 1" diameter. ~~10.45~~ 9.45
4104 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. ~~10.45~~ 9.45

C Pullbacks. Two sizes available, 18 inches or 24 inches between grips.

4105 18" between grips.
1" diameter. ~~10.95~~ 9.95

4106 24" between grips.
1" diameter. ~~10.95~~ 9.95

4107 18" between grips.
 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. ~~10.95~~ 9.95

4108 24" between grips.
 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diameter. ~~10.95~~ 9.95

D Six Bend Number One.

4109 1" diam. ~~13.45~~ 11.95

41010 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diam. ~~13.45~~ 11.95

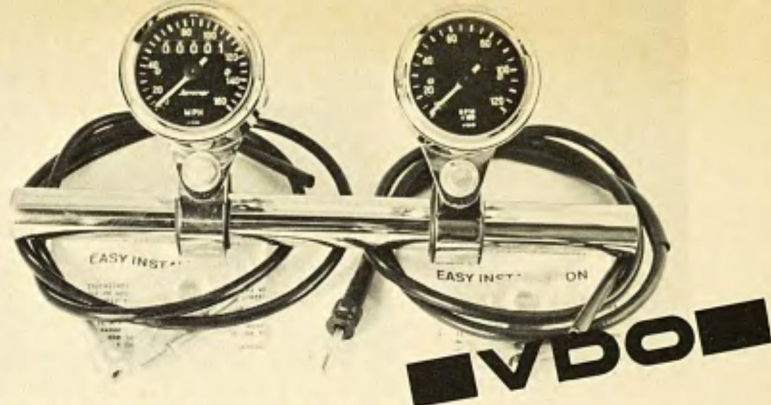
E Six Bend Number Two.

41011 1" diam. ~~13.45~~ 11.95

41012 $\frac{7}{8}$ " diam. ~~13.45~~ 11.95

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

SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



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

12701 For HD 74 '61-'72 47.95

12702 For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73 47.95

12703 For all Honda 750 47.95

Chopper Tachometer Kit.

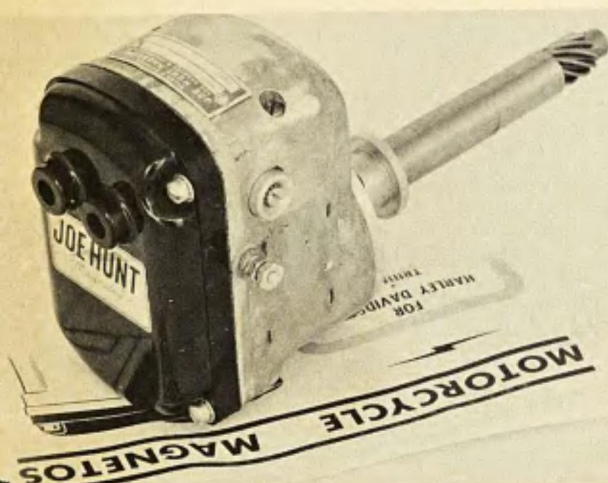
12704 For HD 74 '37-'69* 47.95

12705 For Sportster without magneto 47.95

12706 For all Honda 750 47.95

*Modification required.

All kits come with cable, clamps and instructions.



MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS

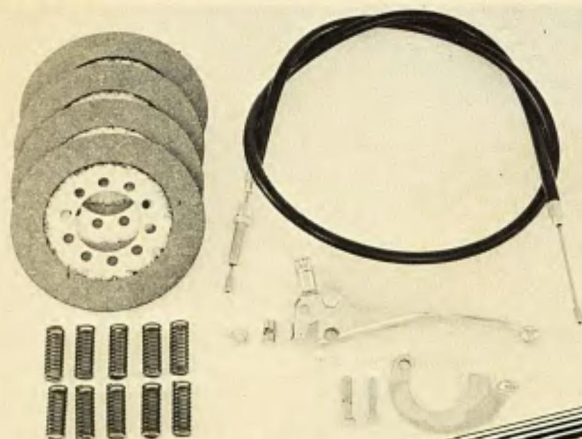
Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

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

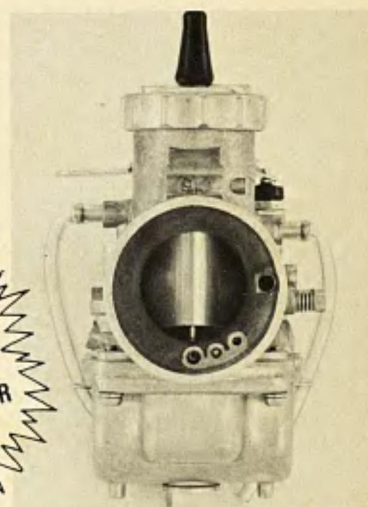


14304 Mousetrap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. 49.95

INSIST ON JAMMER PARTS

Your local dealer can order any of the 2000 parts in the Jammer line.

Ask Your JAMMER Dealer About Our Sept. CARBURETOR Sale!



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 ~~45.95~~

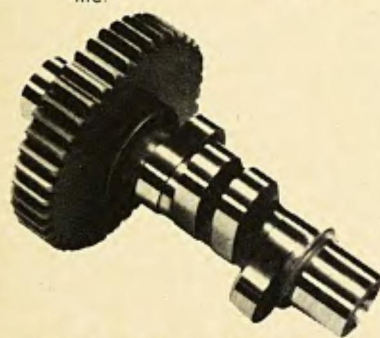
13505 Mikuni Manifold. For Knucklehead and Panhead 1937 to 1965. 27.00

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

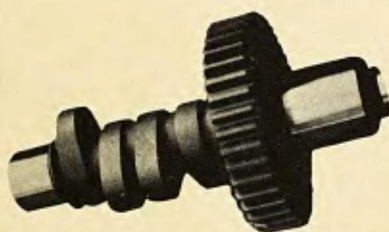
CAMSHAFTS FOR H/D "74" ENGINES

SHOVELS, PANS KNUCKLES

How about performance cams for H/D "74" engines? Whether you want a better street cam for a stock motor, a hot grind for a big stroker or an all-out dragster cam. All cams are computer designed and precision ground from alloy steel billets. All our H/D cams are heat treated to highest standards to ensure maximum durability and life.



EARLY STYLE (48-69)



LATE STYLE (70-UP)



KNUCKLE

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IN YOUR AREA?**
You can order Jammer parts by using the
self mailing order blank on page 93.
(We pay shipping when you send
full payment with order)

ADVERTISEMENT

GRIND	TIMING	TOTAL DURATION*	VALVE LIFT**	DESCRIPTION
(SHOVEL PAN)				
J	IO 21 IC 41	242°	.405 .425	Mild street. Pans and Shovels, smooth idle and more power thru RPM range. Bolts in with NO head work. OK for solid or hyd. lifters. 6000 RPM with stock valve springs.
	EO 41 EC 21	242°	.405 .425	
140050	48-69	\$80.00	140051	70-up \$96.00
A	IO 21 IC 43	244°	.450 .470	Street and drags; Bolts into Shovels with NO head work. More mid-range and high end power, idle smoothness unaffected. OK for solid or hyd. lifters. 6000+ RPM with stock valve springs.
	EO 43 EC 21	244°	.450 .470	
140052	48-69	\$80.00	140053	70-up \$96.00
B	IO 26 IC 50	256°	.485 .507	Hot street and drags; Much more mid-range and high end power. Idle smoothness unaffected. THE cam for modified 74 inchers and mild strokers. Spring spacing required. Stock valve springs and solid lifters OK for 6000+ RPM.
	EO 50 EC 26	256°	.485 .507	
140054	48-69	\$80.00	140055	70-up \$96.00
6	IO 32 IC 56	268°	.510 .535	New for '76; hotter version of B grind. Big street cam especially for 84/88 in. motors; maximum torque available from 2500/6500 RPM range. Also works well with small fuel motor.
	EO 56 EC 32	268°	.510 .535	
140056	48-69	\$80.00	140057	70-up \$96.00
C	IO 37 IC 61	278°	.525 .550	Hottest production cam made for "74s". Stokers and high performance motors will really turn on with this cam. Broad torque range pulls from 2000-7000+ RPM with solid lifters and light valve gear. Streetable in modified engines but has higher idle speed. Stock H/D springs must be spaced.
	EO 61 EC 37	278°	.525 .550	
140058	48-69	\$80.00	140059	70-up \$96.00
K4	IO 35 IC 63	278°	.366 —	Bolt-in replacement for Knuckles. Modern cam profile means more performance thru entire RPM range; pulls hard from 2000-6000+ RPM with stock springs and valve gear.
	EO 63 EC 35	278°	.366 —	
(KNUCKLE ONLY)				
140060	TU 47	\$83.00		

*Total duration measured at .053" off heel (base circle) of a cam in crank degrees.

**ANY given cam profile will always have less lift at the valve on a Shovel motor than on a Pan because of the difference in rocker arm ratios.

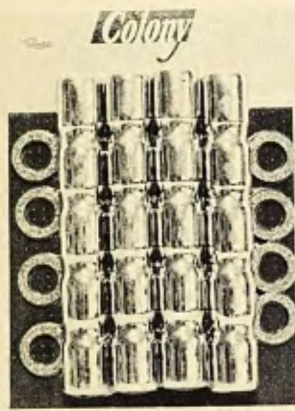
Stock FLH outer and FL inner valve springs are recommended for cam grinds A, B, C and will, if properly installed, run to 6000+ RPM without floating.

Specifications subject to change without notice.





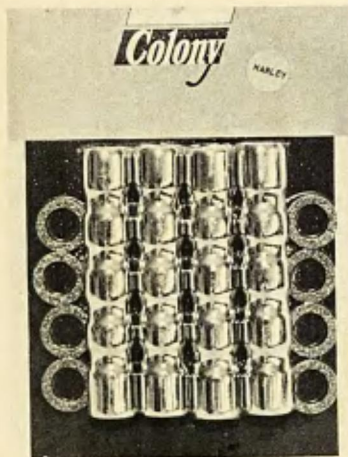
Colony COVERS



THE PREMIUM LINE OF DECORATIVE AND PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR MOTORCYCLES

103035 Custom Pushrod Covers. Contains 4 chrome plated tubular steel pushrod covers and 8 cork gaskets. These covers will add a distinctive look. Fits Sportster 1957-up.

\$18.00



THE PREMIUM LINE OF DECORATIVE AND PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR MOTORCYCLES

Replacement Upper Pushrod Cover Set. Contains four chrome plated retaining clips, four springs, four gaskets, four steel washers and four chrome plated cups. These are exact duplicates of the Harley part and are available for the following engines:

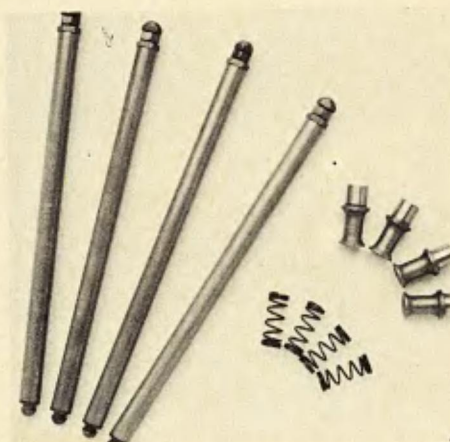
- 103031** Fits all Sportsters 1957-up & all Panhead engines. **\$16.00**
103032 Fits all Shovelhead engines 1966-up. **\$16.00**
103030 Fits all Knucklehead engines 1936-1947. Must use Jammer Part #103033 Covers on 38-47 Knuckleheads. **\$16.00**



140020 Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrods.

Contains 4 aluminum alloy tubular pushrods. These strong lightweight pushrods are manufactured from the best materials obtainable regardless of cost. All parts are accurately machined holding tolerances of as small as five ten-thousandths inch—(.0005). All Steel wear surfaces are carbo-nitride heat treated for maximum durability and long life expectancy at high valve spring loads and high R.P.M. Fits Sportster 1957-up.

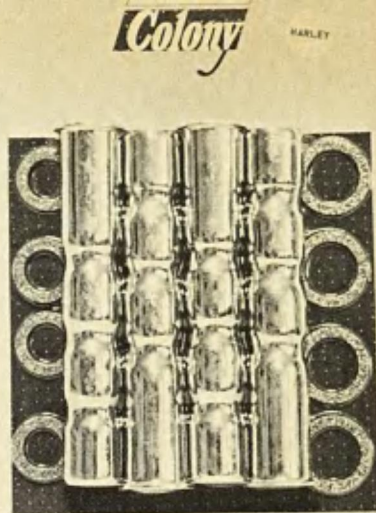
\$15.00



Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrod and Hydraulic Lifter Conversion Kit. Contains 4 adjustable pushrods, 4 springs, and 4 hydraulic lifter adaptors. The installation of this kit will correct all problems at the same time substantially reduce valve train weight. Fits 74's

140015 1953-65 \$35.00

140016 1966 and later \$35.00



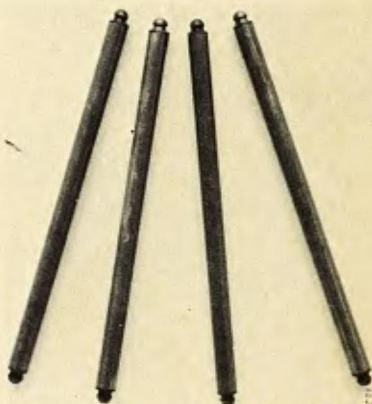
THE PREMIUM LINE OF DECORATIVE AND PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR MOTORCYCLES

103033 Custom Pushrod Covers. These lightweight, highly polished and chrome plated aluminum covers will add a distinctive look. Packaged 4 covers per set with cork gaskets. Fits all Knucklehead engines 1936-1947.

\$18.00

103034 Custom Pushrod Covers. Contains four chrome plated tubular steel pushrod covers and eight cork gaskets. These covers will add a distinctive look. Fits any Panhead or Shovelhead engine.

\$18.00



74 Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrods.

Contains 4 aluminum alloy tubular pushrods. These strong, lightweight pushrods are manufactured from the best materials obtainable regardless of cost. All parts are accurately machined holding tolerances as small as five ten-thousandths of an inch—(.0005). All steel wear surfaces are Carbo-Nitride heat treated for maximum durability and long life expectancy at high valve spring loads and high R.P.M. Fits all 74's

140013 1936-47 15.00

140014 1948-52 15.00

**INSIST ON
JAMMER PARTS**

Your local dealer can order any of the 2000 parts in the Jammer line.

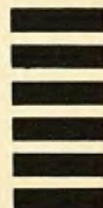
Jammer



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POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
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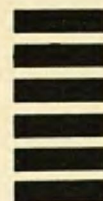
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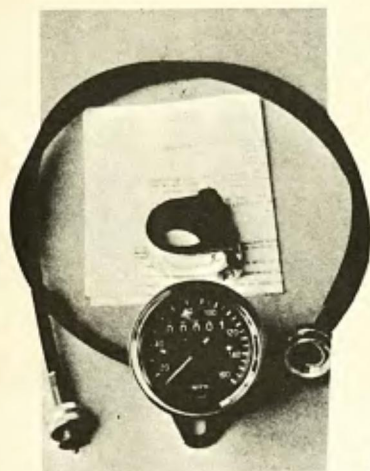
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POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
JAMMER CYCLE PRODUCTS
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BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91506

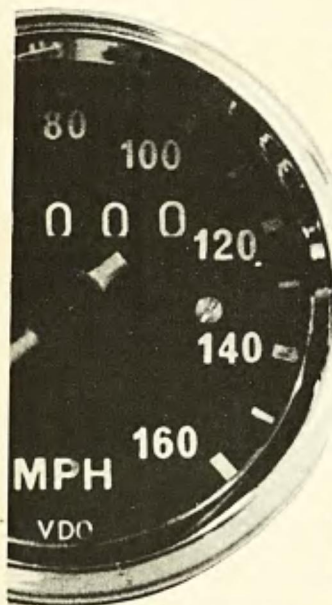


TAPE OR STAPLE HERE



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

Now for the first time
you can buy this small
(only 2 1/2" in diameter)
precision, German-made
speedometer



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

\$44.95

Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.



AXED HARLEY

**GAS
TANK**

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

#818A Single cap **44.95**

#819A Dual caps **49.95**



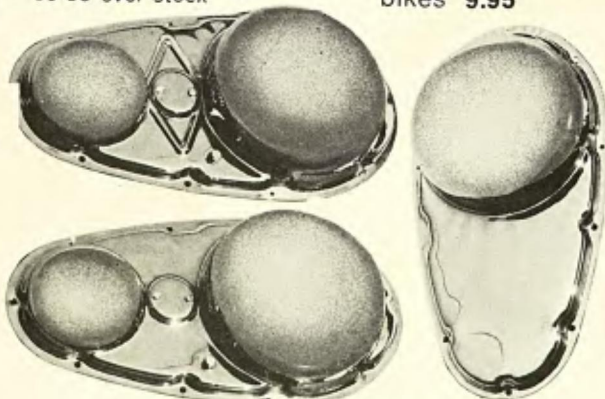
**SHIFT BRACKET
LEVER**

#203B
7.50

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

**HD 74
Extended
Kick Stand
Chromed**

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



OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958-69

#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**

#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**

#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

**FOUR GALLON
AXED HARLEY**

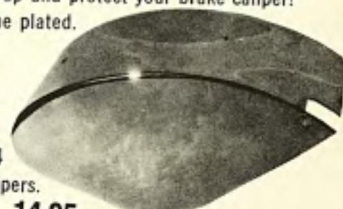
4 gallon capacity; 13 1/2" wide, 16"
long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**

#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

**DISC BRAKE
COVERS**

Dress up and protect your brake caliper!
Chrome plated.



#737

Fits 1972 to
present HD 74
with large calipers.

14.95



#737A

Fits 1974 HD
74 with small
calipers;
front only.

13.95

**SHIFT
BRACKET**

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

#203A **14.95**

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs.

A must for long rides.
Fitting supplied for 74s
and Sportsters, but you
must specify which one
when ordering. Can be
modified to fit other
bikes

9.95



**CUSTOM
OIL TANK**

FOR ELECTRIC START 74's

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

#746B **65.50**

HEADLITE BRACKET



Chromed; use
on extended
front ends.
Fits all 74FX
and Sportsters.

#526 **3.50**

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

Vista Chopper Products
Box 3536, Glendale,
California 91201

Drop by your local dealer!

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the JAMMER parts
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Jammer Send today for the complete Jammer's Handbook.
Deduct the \$3 price from your first \$20 order.

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