

Easyriders

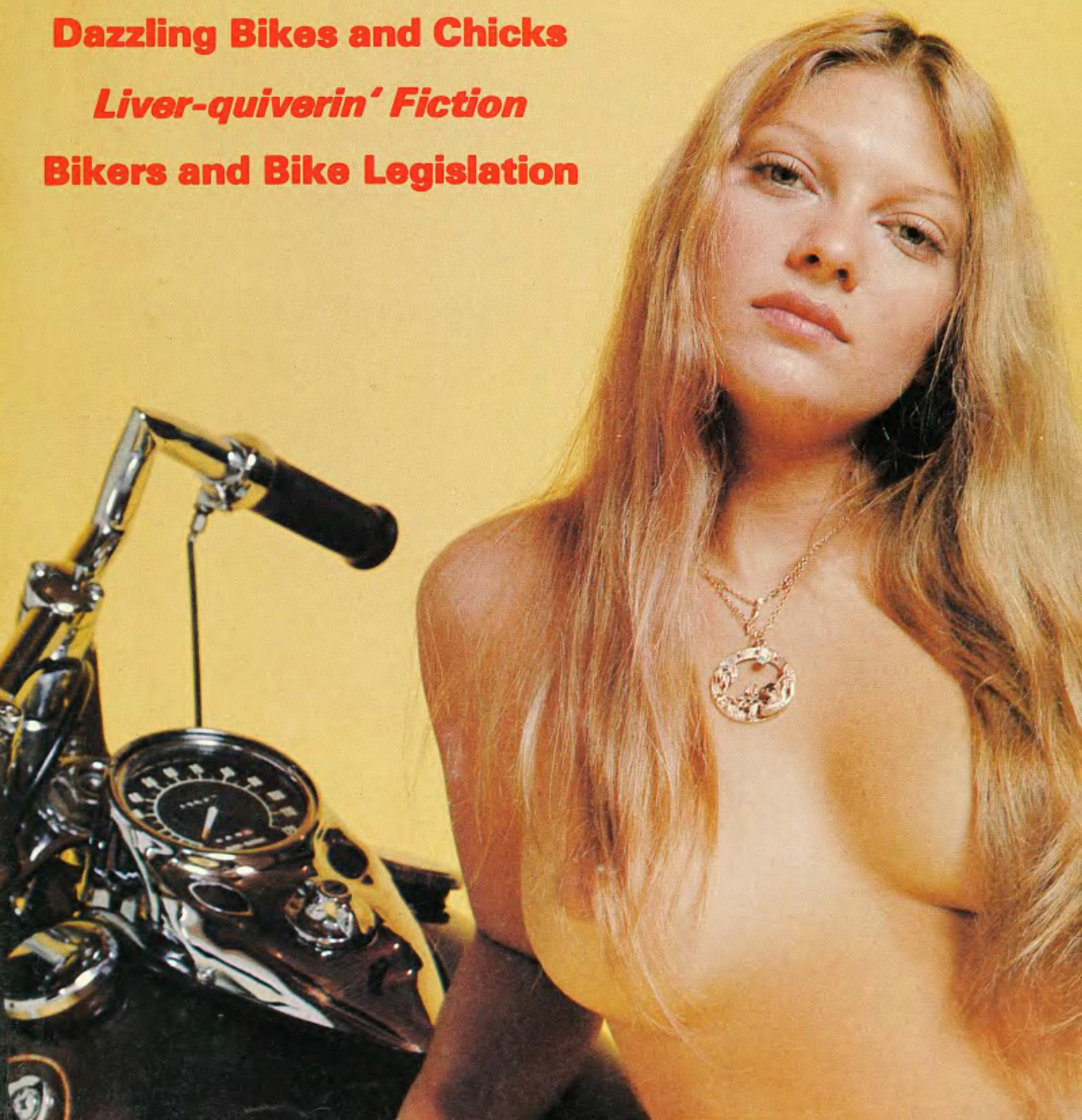
70p

November, 1976
One Dollar

Dazzling Bikes and Chicks

Liver-quiverin' Fiction

Bikers and Bike Legislation



Black Easyriders T-shirts

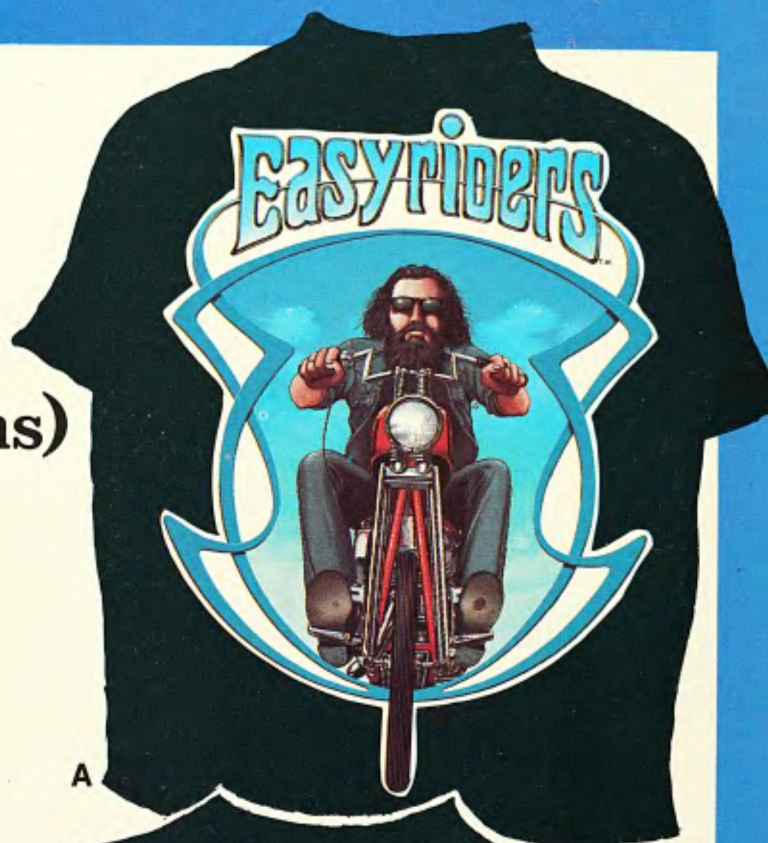
(with full color
Dave Mann designs)

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.

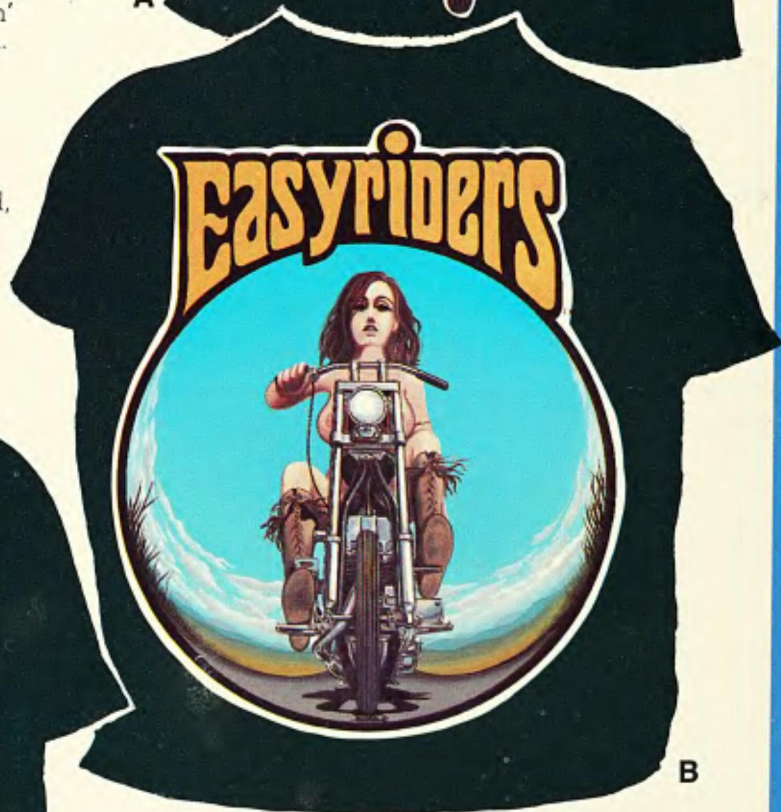
Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

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 41

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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. Astrology Editor: Denise (Dusty) Sage. Associate Editor: Keith (Bandit) Ball. Editor-at-Large: Mili (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 Marci Drake by Pete Chiodo

The next outasight issue of this mess goes on sale October 26th.

Order in time for Christmas!

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.




Righteous
Products
Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740

Tough town: A small town in Texas recently shitcanned its entire police force due to lack of funds. When asked who would maintain law and order, the town manager said, "I've got two German Shepherds and I'm thinking of buying a third."

Tough state: Bounty hunting may become legal in Virginia under a bill currently before the state senate. The sponsor of the bill said, "It would allow a reward of up to \$10,000 for a citizen's arrest of an outlaw. Should the outlaw resist arrest, the citizen would have the right to slay him without accusation of any crime." (I'm glad I don't look like somebody else!)

Tough lesson: Did you read about the dude who got pissed off at a 3-year-old kid who had spilled milk on his car? He ran his car over the kid a few times to teach him some respect. (The kid croaked.)

Leg-wettin' fact file: If your 'ol lady tells ya she's got a bad case of belonephobia, tell her she has to change the rug rat's diaper anyway. (It's a fear of pins—honest!)

The Lexington, N.C., police, after staking out 184 ready-to-harvest pot plants, waited a full week before choppin' 'em down. Then they left a note that said, "If you're unhappy over your missing plants, contact the Chief of Police." (Funny-funny)

Are ya ready for this? In his upcoming movie titled Viva Knievel, Evel's gonna jump over 17 lions, tigers, and jaguars that are in a pit 80 feet long and 50 feet wide (Barf! Puke! Gag!)

In case you're sweatin' this out, the new Mattel boy doll will feature a crank and so will the Ideal doll. But the Ideal doll's joint will be circumcised and Mattel's won't. (And how about duck butter?)

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Amherst, Mass., town meeting members have voted in favor of legalizing the possession of pot. Now all they've got to do is get the state to go along.

Off-the-wall dept.: A 75-year-old woman in Alabama was being operated on for a gunshot wound when they discovered a calcified fetus that was conceived 24 years earlier! She said she remembered having pains 24 years ago, but the doctor said she had a tumor and so she shined it on.

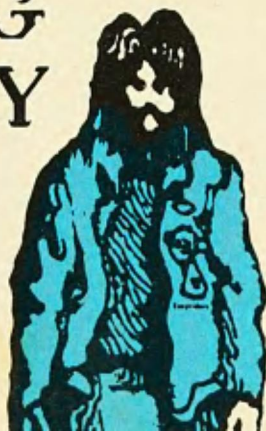
Another mind blower: The Canadian Army issued the following instructions on how to faint: "If worse comes to worst and he must faint, a soldier should fall to the ground under control. To do so, he must turn his body approximately 45 degrees, squat down, roll to the left and retain control of his weapon to prevent personal injury and minimize damage to the weapon. Every incident of fainting will be investigated by the section commander. We must ensure that soldiers who have not complied with the above instructions be charged."

You can pass bum checks on Sunday in Alabama: The Alabama Supreme Court ruled that even though "it's repugnant to logic," the fact remains a forger cannot be sent to prison for writing bad checks on Sunday. The justices also said, "We agree that a haven for criminals has been created." (The legislature will no doubt change this law f-a-s-t!)

It happens every day: A woman in New York hit two bikers with her automobile and put them both in the hospital for a month. She fled from the scene of the accident and wasn't arrested until the police found her nine days later. What did the judge give her? She was fined a measly \$100! ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Fact

☐ I've just quit a job with a smalltown police force. Never again will I ever work as a cop. From the shitbrained chief down to the animal control officer, those muthafuckers were scared shitless of every biker who came through town. Hell, I'll dig ditches from now on if necessary—whatever it takes to ride proudly.

Smirk Hadley
Traveling now

A Suggestion

☐ How about a suggestion? You can put all complaints and other assorted trash from disgusted readers on a special type of paper in your great rag. Something like toilet paper so we could study the matter seriously.

R. W.
Cold Spring, Ky.

Money, Money

☐ Hey, you brothers say you shell out \$10 for black and white photos and \$20 for color slides for "In The Wind" pics. Your recent issue had 15 black and whites and 9 color photos. That means you shelled out \$150 for the black and whites and \$180 for the color ones. How in the hell do ya come up with the bread?

Big D.
Creedmoor, N.C.

■ We steal a lot — and Mutha has a few tricks.

Lesson

☐ When I take my kid riding, I sometimes name unusual-looking cars for him. Today when we got back, he announced to everyone that we saw a Rolls-Royce, an Austin-Healey, and a dumb motherfucker who almost hit us.

Rex
San Francisco, Calif.

45er

☐ For once you fuckups have done something right.

I'm referring to the September issue and the 45 sled featured therein. Beautiful. In this neck of the woods you ain't worth shit unless you ride a sporty, a knuck or a pan. All of which are bitchin' putts but the 45 has as much soul as any other Harley.

Wetback
Laurens, S.C.

Brief But Good

☐ Here.

Wild Man
St. Louis, Mo.

■ Thanks.

Love Letter

☐ Tell Spider that he makes me drip.

Hot Pants
Santa Ana, Calif.

Spider For Prez

☐ Enclosed is a dime for Spider For President fund.

J & L
Kansas City, Mo.

A Bet

☐ A friend and I are arguing over the girl on the cover of your September issue. I say it's the same girl holding the beer mug in your February issue and he says it's not. Who's right?

Kathi
Sacramento, Calif.

■ You win, Kathi.

Help

☐ I hope you guys have enough pocket rockets to maintain coming out monthly.

Turk
Hammond, Ind.

■ So do we.

Editor Changes Copy

☐ I noticed that you edited out the part in "Mama In A Million" where I wrote about the girl eating a steaming turd; now I have made lengthy inquiries about this matter of depicting a young lady having a portion of

dung inserted in her mouth, and one fellow, a priest at a nearby church, after rubbing his chin thoughtfully for many minutes, put his hands in his pockets and said, "As far as I'm concerned, young man, I can recall nothing in the Canons of the Church which would specifically relate to the moral consequences of such an act, but I will tell you what I will do. During my sermon on Sunday I will put it to the congregation for discussion. We will put the thing to a vote, and then I shall give you the results of it . . . though for my own part, I consider such an act as you have described as being a generally healthy thing to do. Turds are propelled from our own bodies, are they not? Reversing the procedure shouldn't be too devastating a notion for people to accept, I should think. But wait! There is Sister Violence coming towards us. Let me ask her: Oh Sister Violence! . . . would you come here for a moment? Yes, thank you, I just have a small question: this fellow here has written a story in which a young girl is spoon-fed a heap of stinking, wet, probably runny and filled with kernels of corn, putrid and maggot-filled shit from a human asshole, or 'bunger,' as he prefers to call it. Now do you think that is too gross to print?"

"Well, Father, I think perhaps Sister Petite Margaret Dainty could answer that better than I could. What do you think, Sister Petite Margaret Dainty?"

"I think it would be a very fine thing to portray such an act, Sister, and I'm sure all the ladies in the Convent would agree. I shall ask them this evening after prayers."

"Does that help you at all, Father?"

"Yes, Sisters. Thank you.

Well, young man, I guess that should somewhat give you our opinions on the matter, but just to be sure, let me give the Bishop a call. Just come this way . . . yes, here we are . . . I'll just call him here . . . Yes, Bishop Taste-ful? This is Father Decorum here at Delicate Sensibilities Parish, and I have a question for you: do you think it improper to print something about a fellow inserting foul and drippy, fly-infested wheel barrows full of rank, stinking shit into a young girl's mouth? You don't? Diarrhea? No, I don't believe it was diarrhea. (Was it diarrhea, young man?) No, Bishop. Just your regular—pardon the pun—shitstool, or turd, cable, pole, log, ass-hammer, anusbaby, rectum-roll, or whatever you wish to call it; solid feces material with definite borders and a coherent shape. That would be okay? Thank you, Bishop . . . Does that help you, young fellow?"

So anyway, that's where the clergy stands on the matter.

J. J. Solari
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Golly—I guess I shouldn't have cut it out.

A Wish

☐ To the mindless old fuck who cost me a summer of putting: The next time your beady eyes fail you and you pull out in front of someone, may it be a Kenworth truck instead of a scooter.

Chuck Kerr
Washington, Pa.

Shitty Deal

☐ I'm married to an outlaw and I'm proud that he chose me to be his woman. He's in the slam because he took the rap alone rather than involve any of his brothers. Now these so-called brothers ignore him instead of trying to collect bail for him

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

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

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

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



RIGHTIOUS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

It's not too early to make plans for Xmas!

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



or visit him to keep his spir-
its up. Some of these "broth-
erly" bastards have even
had the nerve to come
around, trying to get a free
piece of ass from me while
the man I love sits in a cell
protecting these sons of
bitches. Some brotherhood.

Southern Lady
Chouteau, Mont.

Whiner

☐ Why don't you shitheads
write more stuff about prospec-
tin'? This'll help a lotta
dudes who are undecided
about club membership.
More facts would tell'm
whether or not they wanna
join.

Prospect
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Got all those empties
picked up?

User

☐ I'm sittin' here in the hole
(for supposedly conspirin'
to smuggle contraband), and
the anticipation of gettin' the
latest issue of your righteous
rag is sendin' me up all
three walls like the rotten
user I am. Well, at least
Easyriders is one high they
can't bust ya for in here!

Bob (Jersey) Huff
La Grange, Ky.

Stoned

☐ I'm so stoned I just
dotted a u and stuck the felt
tip of this pen in my mouth
and already I've said more
than I wanted to say.

Hether
New York, N.Y.

Not Often

☐ Ever try to read your mag
with a chick sittin' on your
face? I did it—I did it!

Grub
Williamsport, Pa.

Takin' It Easy

☐ Well, here it is, 4:30 in
the morning. Just got in
from work, runnin' my brains
out 'cause I drive a truck.
So I load the bong with
some Thai sticks, hit it a
couple of times, listen to
some good tunes, and read
the best magazine in the
world. Wish the fuck I hadn't
busted the front spool on my
Sportster.

Wick
Beckley, W. Va.

Healthy High

☐ Excellent job on "The Ins

and Outs of Getting Off." It's
about time that a truthful
article on the goods and
bads of drugs was pub-
lished. And remember, peo-
ple, when someone offers to
turn you on to THC, it's only
PCP animal tranquilizer,
probably meant for a 400-
pound ape.

Weed
Rochester, N.Y.

Memory Lane

☐ I like your new column
"Tribute To Brothers Lost"
and I was particularly glad
to see the tribute to Red
from his outlaw brothers. Al-
though we were divorced,
we were still good friends
and Red was a true 1%er.

Janie
Somewhere, Ind.

Rebuttal

☐ In reply to the Bad In-
fluence letter from E. L. S. of
East Bridgewater, Massa-
chusetts, stating that your
rag is trash: that dipshit's
got his nerve, using the
town's good name. All the
rest of us here think the
mag is fuckin' outasight.

Gully Rats
East Bridgewater, Mass.

Satisfied

☐ I've just received my copy
of Robinson's super-fine
Trash book. Why do you un-
couth fuckers describe it as
"rank" and "gross" in the
ad? It's the classiest collec-
tion of funnies I've ever
seen.

Pudpuller Carnes
Pismo Beach, Calif.

Dizzy Fan

☐ "Nothing Left To Lose"
was a really heavy tale. A
genuine mindfucker. Do it
again, Dizzy!

Bobby Bowman, F.C.I.
Tallahassee, Fla.

Emblem Freak

☐ I think we all agree that
middle-class straights de-
serve to be freaked out (no
matter what it takes to do the
job) because of their vicious
ignorance and stubborn fail-
ure to accept other people's
right to different lifestyles. I
use Nazi emblems, and they
work.

Crudlicker
Eugene, Ore.

Loser

☐ A coupla years ago I got
busted for shootin' the moon

to a dude who just happened
to be a deputy. On court day
me and three bros appeared
in court, swearing under oath
that I didn't do it. The judge
said: "You're all lying. Guil-
ty!" And charged me \$190
plus costs.

Dan Overly
Bellevue, Neb.

■ Gee, that's hard to believe.

Proud

☐ I'm an outlaw's ol' lady
and I just want to say how
proud I am to have an outlaw
for my ol' man. He's in prison
for life plus 30 years, and
you better believe I'm gonna
wait for him. Even though I
don't stay around the club
much, I'm with them in spirit.

W. G.
(Abbie's Ol' Lady)
Nashville, Tenn.

Gospel

☐ Be you up on two wheels
or up for a few years, here's
news that might interest you
bums. The administration of
this prison — after years of
petitions, protests and law-
suits—announced by memo-
randum, last night, that in-
mates would no longer have
to shave or get haircuts, due
to the "recent" change in
"socially acceptable styles
of appearance." What a
bitch! Smoke two and eat
four for me and the rest of
the bros still locked up.

Wolfman
Green Bay, Wis.

Humor Freak

☐ That gut-rumplin' "CB Rid-
ers" story has gotta be the
funniest fuckin' thing I've
ever read and that you ever
published. Let's keep goin' in
that direction.

Leech
San Diego, Calif.

Old Bro...

☐ I'm a retired outlaw biker.
I was riding before many of
you were born. I'm saddened
by the present scene. Before
I die, I would like to see
brothers extend the hand of
friendship to each other (no
matter which patches they
wear) rather than pull guns
and start blasting.

Goliath
On The Road, U.S.A.

Helmetless

☐ It's really great to be put-
tin' down the roads, being
able to hear and see every-
thing — and feeling free at



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

last. Wearing a helmet was
like being in a federal cage.
Hope all the other states fol-
low the Connecticut action
soon.

J. C. & Sidekick
New London, Conn.

Eagle Eye

☐ Tell your man with the In-
stamatic to get his shit to-
gether. There are reflections
of his ugly mug in the
chrome on many of the bikes
you feature.

Mad Bomber
Hashville, Germany

Prefers Her Man

☐ Reading recent issues, I
couldn't believe the other
biker ladies. Some of them
apparently dig their man's
scoot more than they dig
him. My man has a beautiful
panhead but I'd love the bas-
tard if he rode a tractor or a
10-speed bicycle.

Lynette
Houston, Tex.

Advice

☐ What you sick fucks need
to do is put more knuckle-
heads and foxy cunts in your
pages.

Dangle-dong
La Jolla, Calif.

Wants Numbers

☐ When are you shitheads
going to number all your
pages? Not having them all
numbered makes it hard to
find the rest of the story
when a reader's stoned.

Guinea
Yulan, N.Y.

■ It's hard numbering them
when we're stoned.

Some Advice

☐ Well, here I am busted,
and in the fuckin' slam again.
Here's a tip for all bros:
when you're being hassled
for ridin' without a helmet—
don't lose your temper and
stomp the shit outa the cop.

Ulcer Wentworth
Boston, Mass.

Warning

☐ To all people puttin' Route
26 between Portland and
Mount Hood in Oregon: from
the town of Sandy almost to
the camp on Hood, the road
is well patrolled by hypes, lo-
cal misfits and deputies. You
can be hassled for defective
equipment, for not having
front fenders, and even told
to get an Oregon license
plate. You can get a ticket by

just having the wrong ex-
pression on your face. This
area crawls with rednecks,
citizens and loggers—all of
them openly opposed to our
way of life.

Bells
Tujunga, Calif.

Cheap Bastard

☐ What's this dogshit about
you freaks being CIA? Sounds
like the same turd-
faces that used to call me a
narc—until I started charg-
ing for the whites I had been
handing around. Now I'm not
a narc. Now I'm just a "cheap
bastard." Too fuckin' bad.

Speed, Buzz & Fry
All over, Calif.

Burn-Out

☐ Please send more maga-
zines to our place (Den-
mark), will you? Right now
there is always a great burn-
out in the shop every time
the new issue comes.

Frank and the Danish
Tastrup, Denmark

Star-struck

☐ After scannin' the Astrology
feature (Sept. '76) and
being assured that this was
my month for "roaring and
scoring," I want dumbass
Dusty Sage to know I didn't
get any tail all month long no
matter how nice I growled at
the cunts. Some astrology!

Horny Leo
Carlsbad, N.M.

☐ Your Astrology column is
a fuckin' bumner. Anytime
anybody advises me to "pass
on the ass" (hell, that's
against my goddam religion)
or tries to convince me that
the broad lives who can

"stunt your string" . . . well,
guys born under my sign
never get enough or have
trouble with twats.

Scorpio Sam Dennis
Walnut Creek, Calif.

☐ Goddam! Dusty really
knows her astrology. My ol'
lady caught me "strokin' and
tokin'" with her kid sister.
Now I believe that star shit!
Poor-assed Pisces
Apache Junction, Ariz.

Bummer

☐ They're doing it to us in
Michigan prisons: **Easyrider**s
came out on the Restricted
Publications List. I don't
know the reason yet. I've
written to the warden, asking
the why of this; and I'm in
the process of filing grievance
forms.

Bob Brown
Lansing, Mich.

■ Word we got was that we
were considered "revolution-
ary"—or some bullshit like
that.

Fucked Up

☐ Re Armitage's article on
drugs in the September is-
sue, Grace Slick said **feed
your head**, not "keep your
head." But you obviously
were too fucked up to hear
it right.

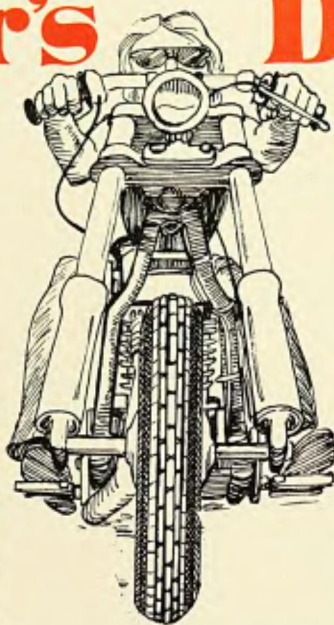
Scott
Florida, N.Y.

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



"Finders keepers, man, your fuckin' ass!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

midst, according to the mail. These human disasters looking for a place to happen are threatening our enjoyment of biking as it now is. It could get worse if enough nincompoops wipe out each year, and who knows what legislation we'll see in the future if the accident/fatality rate continues to climb. Seatbelts, anyone?

Not long after the June issue came out, there was an organized protest ride in Oregon, with over 1000 people, who obviously have nothing constructive to do, riding to the state capitol in Salem. Although the demonstration was "orderly," you can bet your sugared bippy that most residents along the way saw a lot that day which they translate into a hatred of anything to do with motorcyclists. Our cause was set back about a hundred years that day, as it'll take several years before some of the rednecks calm down enough in Oregon to stop trying to wipe out every biker they see.

The leaders of this protest advanced the time-honored clichés about their constitutional rights being violated, not to mention the fact that helmets are dangerous.

Let's take the last argument first. Football players wear helmets, right? Construction workers wear metal hats, right? Tank crewmen in the U.S. Army wear helmets (as I can attest to). The batters you see in a baseball game wear helmets now, right? Astronauts and fighter pilots wear helmets, right? In fact, if you really dig around, you can come up with a giant list of people who wear some kind of head protection on the job or in the performance of a sport. What, then, is the rationale behind a motorcyclist not wearing a helmet because it's unsafe? To me, and others I've spoken with, this is such an absurd argument that it borders on fantasy. —Rider

Good advice . . .

At least three things should be clear about "roadside aid." First, it's important to know *what not to do*: don't panic, don't move, don't pull off your helmet, don't eat or drink anything. Second, heroic arrogance and medical ignorance can produce lethal results. Ignoring signs of dangerous injuries and refusing to seek qualified help really could kill you sometime. Finally, since motorcycling exposes participants to injury more than some other sports, motorcyclists — as a class — should take reasonable steps to protect themselves from the possible consequences of accidents.

—Cycle

Political power . . .

Not only does this law return the question of mandatory helmet laws to the states, its passage is the best evidence yet of the legislative and political power of motorcyclists. Hopefully, it also signals the renewal of interest in safety procedures and legislation based upon meaningful research rather than coercion.

—AMA News

Callous . . .

The defenders of the basic liberties of an individual living in a democracy do not always appear on the scene looking like the perfect classical heroes.

Sometimes, quite to the contrary, they look like something of a rabble, rough and careless in dress, tough in bearing, callous in speech, an unpolished and somewhat frightening collection a gentle scrivener, such as this correspondent, would just as soon have stay off at a distance.

When, on occasion, they congregate in some highway rally to have themselves their kind of recreation and solidarity, or appear in a hearing room at the State Capitol to

engage in strained dialogue with the elected symbols of law and order and respectability, the impression they create is one of off-beat force and challenge.

Yet what this timid scrivener has to admit, as he lives inside his own safe world of wishing somebody else would fight all his battles of principle for him, is that these rough characters have proven themselves the best defenders of vital personal liberty this increasingly bossy age of ours has known.

—Alan Olmstead
Road Rider

Put up a fight . . .

We asked AMA Legislative Assistant John Amidon how the signing of the Highway Act would be likely to affect mandatory helmet law repeals out in the states, and he answered that such matters will mostly depend on the riders' own efforts. If the motorcycle riders put up a big enough fight, they may be able to get state legislative action. Right now, 17 states are involved with mandatory helmet law repeals or amendments. (The amendments usually make the helmet mandatory only for riders under 18 years of age.)

—Motorcycle Industry

Nincompoops?

The gist of the Great Helmet Controversy is that, like it or not, fellow sane bikers, we have a certain number of dyed-in-the-wool yo-yo's in our

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

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

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A Good Woman

By Wayne C. Ulsh

There were three of them, all riding choppers — Lou Hubbard and two other guys. Lou didn't know the others. He had been by himself, just tooling along, and had met up with them. But they looked okay. Now they were on the narrow country road, riding three abreast, until a car came along the other way, and then one of them would drop back. It was a warm, moonlit night. They were enjoying being alone and, at the same time, together out there, the way only bikers can.

And then it all went sour.

Hubbard was between the other two bikers. A car came up behind them, really moving, and flashed by to their left. Hubbard saw that it was a Chevy Malibu, radio blaring, two guys inside. The Malibu veered back into the right lane too soon and nearly clipped the rider to Hubbard's left. "Head in, scum!" the outraged biker roared. He raised one arm above his head and jabbed a finger at the sky. Immediately, the Malibu's brake lights flashed on. The sound of fat tires squealing on asphalt came back to Hubbard, and he saw the car drop off onto the gravel berm. Two guys boiled out of the Malibu fast, standing there as he and the other two bikers zapped by.

Hubbard would just as soon have kept going.

But his two outriders stopped, dropping off in front of the car. Hubbard pulled off, too. His heart began pounding as he dismounted and walked back behind the other two bikers. They were already at the car. The two guys from the Malibu were leaning against the hood. They were young, sides of beef in in cut-off Levi's and tank tops. Hubbard heard one of them say, "That finger for us?"

"Bet yer ass," one of the bikers said. "You goddam near dumped me back there!"

"Sorry," the guy from the car said. "Next time I'll try harder."

His buddy laughed. Both of them sounded drunk. Hubbard moved in behind the two bikers, hoping that despite the wisecrack things might blow over. But then he looked down and saw a length of chain. One of the bikers had it in his hand at his side and had just let it unroll to the ground. "Goddam four-wheeled assholes," he muttered.

One of the car jockeys pushed away from the Malibu. "All right, creep," he said. "If that's what you want." His right hand went to the nape of his neck, then shot out in front of him holding a knife. A switchblade. It snicked open, and Hubbard silently whispered a prayerful *No*.

Then it was happening. Bodies thudding together, fists pummeling, steel smashing and slashing, boots kicking. For a moment, Hubbard wasn't in it. But the guy without a knife decked one of the bikers, ran right at him, and changed that. Hubbard stepped aside, grabbed an arm, spinning the guy to the gravel. After that, there was no getting out of it. And no ending it.

The fight went on and on. It became a real melee. Hubbard battled both guys, the one who didn't have a knife, the one who did. He was cut, took a kick in the head, and went down several times. He kept getting up, tiring now and a bit dazed. It got confusing. Cries of pain, and blood flew. But whose? Hubbard wasn't sure who was winning. Then—clearly—he heard sirens. He looked around and saw flashing red lights approaching fast. The others had seen and heard, too. They were splitting now. A car door slammed and the Malibu rumbled to life. The other two bikers jumped on their choppers and kicked at starters.

"Heat comin'!" one of them yelled back at Hubbard. "Better hump it!" The car and the two bikes roared away, spitting gravel. Hubbard headed for his bike, but he just couldn't seem to get there. His legs were rubbery, his head hurting. He staggered off onto the outside of the berm. And there, he spotted one of the guys from the car, the one with the knife. He was lying in a shallow ditch, in deep grass. He was on his back, arms and legs spread, eyes staring but unfocused, mouth open, trying to say something. His shirt was torn down the front, and the knife had been plunged into his stomach, to the hilt. Blood gushed from the white, hairy mound of flesh.

God, Hubbard thought.

He tried for his bike again. He stumbled, fell, picked himself up. The sirens were very close now. He reached the bike, straddled it, and kicked. It wouldn't start. Goddam. Goddam! He tried again, got the machine rumbling. Too late. The cops were there, two cruisers. One rolling off the road, blocking him. Uniformed men poured out, sheriff's deputies with guns drawn. One ordered him off the bike and onto the gravel, face down. Another ran to the guy in the ditch and played a flashlight on him. And then they all heard the guy cough out what were to be his last words: "They . . . jumped us. Bikers . . . Out to kill us . . . Knifed me . . . That one . . . There . . . Him."

Hubbard knew he was *it*.

And also knew it wouldn't do any good to argue. No one else was there to tell it any different. . . .

He sat in the county jail for four months. He'd never known there was so much *waiting* in "awaiting trial." The guy with the knife in his

—Continued on page 75



DEAD-END ALLEY

Turning up his collar against the cold night wind, Rodent swaggered down the sidewalk. Ignoring the massage parlors, after-hours bars and army surplus stores, he paused at the dark mouth of a dead-end alley, glanced up and down the street and saw no one. Rolling slightly from side to side, he went into the alley, past rows of foul-smelling trash cans, soggy cardboard boxes and empty wine bottles propped against the back walls of old brick buildings.

Belch.

"Drank too much of that rotten green beer," he mumbled. "Makes me wanna piss."

A cold blob of water struck him on the base of the neck and rolled down his back. He flinched, then instantly realized it was only water dripping from an overhanging fire escape.

"Damn! If I didn't need those bike parts so bad, I wouldn't be comin' out here to see Snake. Why the hell does he have to live in such a fuckin' hole?" He spoke aloud as though another presence were listening to his excuse for being in this dark alley at two o'clock in the morning.

Silence.

Belch.

Rodent fingered the roll of tens and twenties in the pocket of his black leather jacket, envisioning what his bike would look like when he had the parts needed to finish it. A glossy black 74 frame and tank, shining panhead engine, and lots of chrome. All the chromed parts he could get. But chromed parts cost money, and that brought him back to Snake. Snake ran a discount, midnight-sales-only, no-questions-answered, parts store.

Ffffwhap!

"That one should have been a belch."

Rodent moved deeper into the alley darkness.

"Still gotta piss. How about this mountain of garbage? Water it and see what grows."

He stopped in front of a ten-foot-high pile of greasy newspapers, used Kotexes, and rotting food scraps.

"Unzip pants. Cock in hand. Got it."

A shiver ran through the garbage heap. Rodent slowly raised his eyes from the end of his cock up to the middle of the garbage and found himself staring into two red, glaring orbs.

The blur of a long arm snaking out to the front of his jacket registered on Rodent's brain before he was yanked into the heap.

"Migod, the mountain has come to Mohammed!" flashed through his mind.

Muffled thunder rolled down the mountain. "Who the hell you think you're pissin' on?"

Rodent's face rested nose-to-nose with the grinning face on a Captain Crunch cereal box.

"Sorry, cap'n, I didn't know you were home."

The hand at his throat tightened up until Rodent could have used his adam's apple to count the finger bones wrapped around his windpipe.

"Sober up, joker. Where you goin'?"

Rodent started to jerk his thumb in the direction of a garage door at the end of the alley, but realized his hand was still holding his cock. "Uh, to Snake's place, over there."

The giant hand dragged Rodent

up the pile of garbage, his nose plowing a path through the papers and tin cans until the two red orbs were once more boring into his skull. An avalanche of empty beer cans fell away from the burning orbs, revealing a broad, scarred, flattened-nose face which Rodent recognized as the Gronk, the most merciless, unforgiving sonofabitchin' hulk to stomp through the Valley of Death. The only good thing he could think of about Gronk was he had a bitchin' big-titted younger sister who loved to spread her legs. What was it he had heard about her gettin' knocked up? Better get straight with Gronk before a painful mistake was made.

"Wait a minute, Gronk, it wasn't me what knocked up your sister!"

"I ain't sittin' out here because of my sister, asshole."

"Yeah. Well, uh, what can I do for you?"

"You're goin' to Snake's place, huh?"

"I need some parts for my scooter."

"You know that fuckin' thief steals all his parts."

"I knew there was somethin' funny about him."

"It's guys like you that keep him in business."

"Yeah, well, uh. . ."

"Somebody stole my new bike."

Rodent's bladder finally overflowed, followed by a strained silence and a disgusted grunt.

Suddenly one side of Rodent's face was lit up by a pair of headlights bouncing down the alley.

"Don't move," threatened the

—Continued on page 70

By "Pockets"

FOXY RIDERS

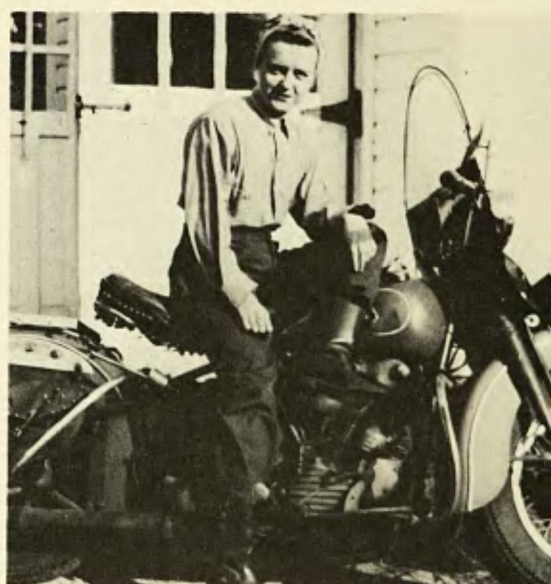
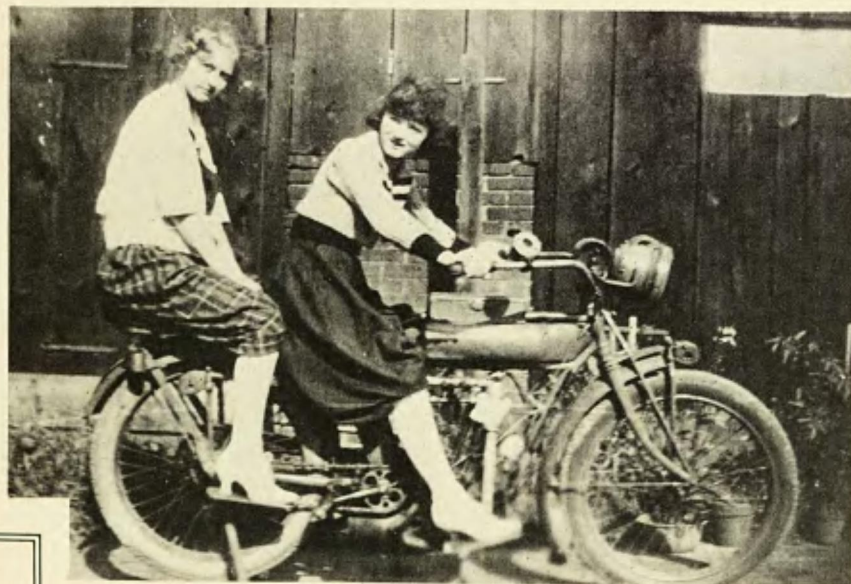
Maybe you've heard of the Motor Maids of America. In case you haven't, they are an international organization of biker chicks. Believe it or not, most of them rode jockey-shift dressers when they were organized in 1940.

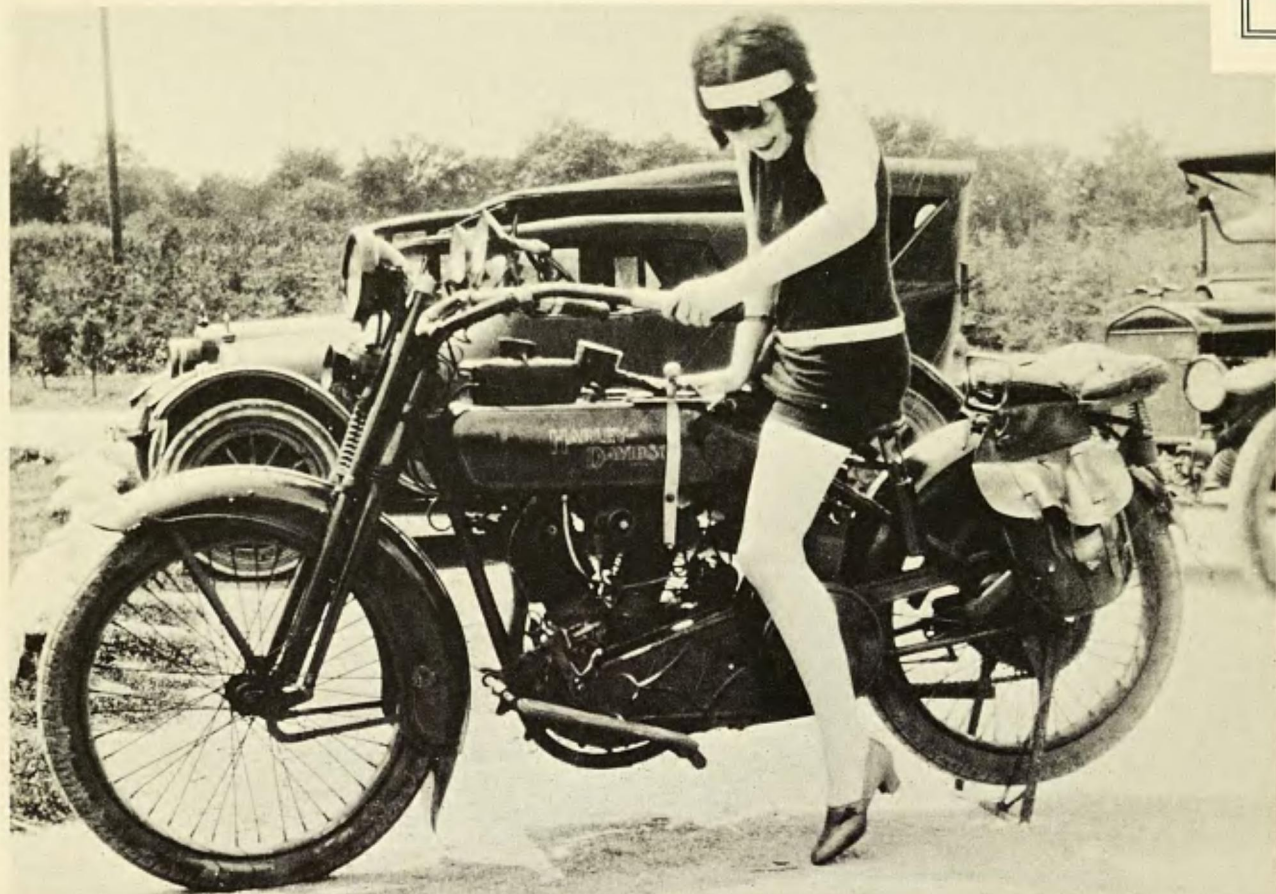
The mother of the bro who sent us most of these flicks was a Motor Maid. She straddled her first two-wheeler when she was 17—and it was a tank-shift Indian Scout. Her next white-liner was a Harley 45 Scout which she lunched, with a toll on her bod of 17 stitches in her forehead, a wasted hip and three crushed toes.

But she didn't snivel to her ol' man and quit. Her third putt was a 61-inch H-D, jockey shift, and the only problem she had to overcome was the hassle of kicking it. But dig, the lady was 5'4" and weighed 110. She mastered the art of kick-starting the 61 and continued puttin' until she was 28.

If there was ever any social stigma attached to females riding scoots it was definitely greater in the '40s than it is now. Wouldn't it be a rush to stroll down the street and be picked up by a chick on a good-looking pan? So, ladies, there just ain't no cop-out to riding your own putt. The Motor Maids now have chapters in 51 states.

—Snake





CONSTITUTION —WHAT CONSTITUTION?



Is that a question that your children will ask fifteen years from now?

The lower, or superior courts, the appellate courts, the Federal District courts, and the United States Supreme Court have all aided to some degree in the diminution of the United States Constitution, generally known and accepted as the Law Of The Land.

These same courts, which advocate

law and order and strict obedience to the law, and which are sworn to uphold the law and the Constitution, are the first to break the law. This "breaking" of the law is accomplished by the various ways that the law is interpreted by an individual justice. Law, and the interpretation, should not have to depend on individuality or mood. It should be interpreted as written.

This gradual diminution starts with the method of arrest and/or search. In **The History and The Development of the Fourth Amendment** (by Lason), pages 49 and 50, we see the words, "The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may leak; the winds may blow through it; the storms may enter; but all his forces dare not cross the threshold

of the ruined tenement." That was the common law in 15th Century England—and nobody is really sure how far back that doctrine of privacy extends. But it is a well known fact that in 15th and 16th Century England, the Crown ruled supreme. But yet, even in that era, a man's home was held sacred and inviolate. Even in the Bible, in the Old Testament, we find that in the community of Sodom the crowd did not just "break into" Lot's home (Genesis: 19: 4-5).

Today, in what has been termed a modern and enlightened society, we find that the word "democracy" means "tolerance," not "freedom." It means that the government tolerates the actions of its citizens until such time as it decides to withdraw any given right or privilege.

In essence, instead of finding a greater sense of freedom in a society that prides itself on individuality and democracy, we realize that our rights and privileges are being taken away, piece by piece. It's a pretty sad state of affairs for a normally law-abiding citizen to have pangs of guilt when he discovers a police car following him on the freeways.

The Bust

At the time of arrest, we can take note of the fact that the police have almost unlimited power to determine "probable cause" for arrest and search. That ambiguous probable cause cliché means that the police can just burst into a private home, apartment, or motel room if they believe that a crime might have been committed, or is being committed. The "reason" may have come from an unknown informer who might be harboring a grudge; or even an error in address (the police were supposed to break into 1414 instead of 4141). If the police should happen to kill an innocent bystander during their intrusion, it may be called "justifiable homicide." If the startled homeowner should kill the intruding police officer, it will likely be called **murder**. Somehow, the scales of justice seem slightly unbalanced.

First, it must be determined what constitutes "probable cause." Suspicion? Information? Supposition? Inference? Reputation? Any of the latter would rather seem to indicate that an investigation is in order—not an arrest in the hopes of finding information that would justify an illegal entry and arrest. The courts have defined probable cause as "subjective belief." Simplified, it means that the police have the unbridled power

to invade a man's home, frighten his family, embarrass him in front of his neighbors, and charge him with a crime. All this can be done on unfounded information received on the basis of a telephone tip. If the person under suspicion has a prior criminal record, the police act on the Pavlov theory: "If he did it once, he will do it again." The most unfortunate fact about all this is that the courts condone these police illegalities.

There is a reason why the Fourth Amendment of the United States Constitution was written; and there is a reason why the legislative bodies of the 50 states have passed laws relating to the issuance of search warrants. But these warrants and the relating laws have been largely ignored in the name of expediency. "Arrest now, and get the warrant later." That is not the law. The law is: "Get the warrant and then arrest." The exception to that being a case where a police officer had witnessed a crime or knows **factually** that evidence is being destroyed. Not supposition. **Fact.** The police and the courts have hidden behind cloaks of probable cause far too long. In so doing, the courts have, in every respect, undermined the very heart of American privacy: the Fourth Amendment.

Some courts have limited the protection of the Fourth Amendment to only persons. Other courts have declared that the protection extends only to places (the home). And yet other courts have declared that the protection covers people and places. From the way it was originally written, it would seem that anything belonging to a person would be covered by that Amendment.

There is a bill presently before the United States Congress, referred to as SB 1. This bill, if passed, would legalize the actions for which the Watergaters were imprisoned. It is a bill, drafted in part by former United States Attorney General John Mitchell, under the auspices of former President Nixon. The bill would allow wiretapping, warrantless searches, eavesdropping and control of demonstrators. It is hardly conceivable that the United States Senate and Congress would even consider such a bill, drafted by undesirables from the Nixon administration. But it seems that the lessons of history are ignored. It is that type of thinking which was the nucleus of Watergate. It is that type of thinking which allows the FBI and the CIA to run amok with power madness. What the

American people are facing today, without fully realizing it, is a Big Brother establishment in 1976. We don't have to wait until 1984—it's here today. **He** is here today. It's a reality now!

The Fifth Amendment of the Constitution states that a person does not have to testify against himself or incriminate himself in any way. Yet, just recently, the United States Supreme Court held that a person failing to testify can be punished, even if that testimony leaves the person open to prosecution (only in Grand Jury investigations).

(Editor's note: The Wednesday, June 30, 1976, edition of *The Los Angeles Times* reported: "The Fifth Amendment provides no shield against the seizure of a person's handwritten notes and business records for use as evidence at a criminal trial, the Supreme Court ruled Tuesday.")

The Constitution has mandated that the citizens of this country have a right to a free press, and that the news media do not have to surrender their sources of information. Yet, we find newsmen serving terms in jail for contempt of court, for having refused to surrender information protected by law.

The Second Amendment says that, as citizens of this country, we have a right to bear arms—yet there are movements by various law enforcement agencies and lawmakers to disarm the people. The rising crime rate is used as the basis for this disarming of the American people. In truth, there are those who believe that there are governmental fears of revolution despite FBI statistics showing that violence and crime are not necessarily gun related. The President of the Philippines recently disarmed his people, and from reports there is every indication that that "democracy" is now a virtual dictatorship. The move for absolute disarmament smacks too much of governmental paternalism—"we'll take care of you."

We find in the Sixth Amendment the right to call witnesses to testify in our behalf. But it can be found in court records that there are hundreds of instances where a judge has refused a defendant the right to call a witness to testify to the truth of the matter. What is revolting is that the higher courts uphold these rulings.

The Eighth Amendment clearly states that cruel and unusual punishment will not be tolerated. Yet, the law codes and sentences meted out for various infractions of the law are

—Continued on page 32

THE BIRDIES

The sudden explosion of the shotgun, and its subsequent, powerful recoil, caught Professor off balance, sending him into a reeling spin, the sawed-off twelve-gauge nearly leaping out of his hands as he struggled to remain erect, his feet shuffling over the empty beer cans and wine bottles that littered the floor of Dirtball's pad. He sat down hard, finally giving way to the vertigo caused by the shock of the blast, seeing, almost in slow motion, the right side of Dirtball's head disintegrate and paint itself in dots and splashes on the cement wall of the garage where he had lived until this moment. The small pistol flew through the air as it left Dirtball's stiffened fingers. He executed a half-back-flip, urine spraying out through the holes in his soiled and tattered Levi's, while the splattered gray of brains and a hundred fingers of blood slithered worm-like down the wall, obliterating the graffiti of a hundred acid trips and dreams; covering swastikas, iron crosses, crudely-drawn nudes and, finally, belying the scribbled promise "*Jesus Saves*."

The door burst open and Hooch, half-crouching, the .357 magnum held before him with both hands, leaped into the room, eyes wide and darting, taking in all at a glance.

"Whatthefuck, whatthefuck," he stammered, his weapon sweeping the room, looking for a target. "What the fuck happened, man?"

Professor got up quickly and began stuffing his pockets with snuff cans that had been sealed with masking tape.

"Grab the rest of these and let's get out of here," he said, panting as if he had just done the hundred-yard dash. His hands were trembling. "That motherfucker tried boostin' me. I didn't even have time to aim; just pulled both triggers. Knocked me on my ass. Goddam!" he said, shaking his numbed fingers and surveying the damage. "Damn!" He leaned over the downed and bloody corpse of Dirtball. The grisly mess trembled slightly, the fingers clenching and unclenching rapidly.

"Motor reflexes," Professor said, sounding professional, remembering medical school. "Goddam! Half his head's gone. Everything from the triangularis up."

Hooch grinned, in spite of the gore and mayhem that surrounded them. "Let's get the fuck out of here before I have to help you do an autopsy on him. Sometimes I think you're weird."

Professor gave Hooch a light kick in the ass as they went out into the night. "See what a college education can do?" He laughed.

They rode their Hogs until dawn began to break, riding into the sun for an hour before pulling off the road and into the forest to get some rest. In the morning they would turn west again, heading for home.

"How much stuff we got?" Hooch asked, after they had spread their blankets and started a small fire.

Professor emptied his pockets, adding his snuff boxes to Hooch's. "Twenty-one," he said. "Jesus, we are gonna be a couple of rich motherfuckers."

"Yeah," Hooch said. "But don't

get rich yet. Not until we get out of this part of the country. We got a long way to go, an' about a zillion friggin' rednecks are waitin' between here an' home to blow us off the road. All we been hearin' for the last week is, 'Hey, Prunepicker fairies', an' 'Where'd ya git th' long hair, sweetie!'"

"Just be cool, man," Professor said. "We'll only putt after dark, and pretty soon we'll be out of here." He assessed the pile of boxes. "Ol' Dirtball isn't ever going to know what a nice thing he did, givin' us all this acid he's been making up. We've got enough now to turn on the whole state of California."

Because of the road conditions and the darkness, the trip from Charlotte to Knoxville took all night, and as dawn approached again, they bedded down in a small stand of trees where the road paralleled the river. They were sleeping soundly in the dark shade of the trees when Professor grunted and opened his eyes, gasping with pain as the heavily booted foot kicked him repeatedly in the ribs. He started to rise, then relaxed as he realized he was looking down the barrel of a Browning over-and-under.

"Well, well," a fat, redneck sheriff was saying. He glanced at his deputy, a skinny little man in oversize uniform who held the barrel of a single-shot antique twelve-gauge an inch from Hooch's nose.

"Looks like we got them California fairies th' boys been talkin' 'bout on th' CB. Y'all reckon they got anythin' t'do with that there murder happened yesterday in Pinetree?"

"Could be," the skinny deputy answered. "This one here looks like he got some blood on his clothes."

"It's paint and grease," Hooch growled, holding very still.

The little deputy pushed the barrel of his antique down hard, cutting Hooch's lip. A small trickle of blood ran down his cheek, but he gave no sign of having felt pain.

"Tough 'un, ain't ya," the skinny cop said. His face turned hard, although his chin trembled. He poked Hooch harder. The end of the shotgun barrel clicked against Hooch's teeth. To the satisfaction of the skinny deputy, Hooch winced in pain.

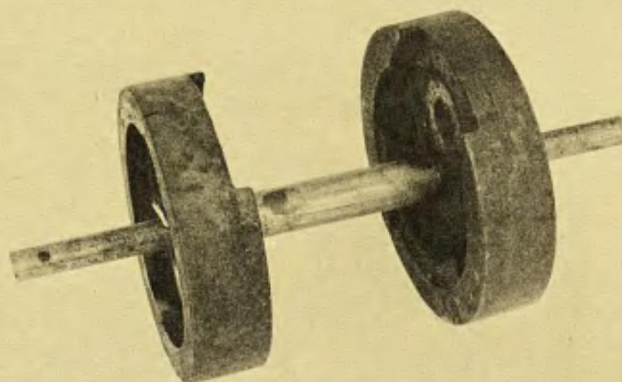
"Roll over, boys," the sheriff said. "Real slow. Now put both hands behind your backs." Professor and Hooch did as they were ordered, although each cursed softly. Handcuffs were fastened tightly to their wrists, and then they were jerked roughly to their feet. The big redneck sheriff paced back and forth before the two manacled men, looking them up and down, sniffing, then wrinkling his nose as if in distaste. He turned to his deputy. "Look through that there stuff they carryin'," he ordered. "See what you can find, Jeb." He spit a gob of tobacco juice on the ground, directly between Hooch's feet, then extracted a half-pint bottle of Jack Daniel's from his rear pocket and took a big swig. "These two here," he said, gasping for breath, "now they look like a couple of them dope fiends they got out in San Francisco. A couple of them hippies." He hissed the last word, as though he wanted to give it some kind of lascivious meaning.

The little deputy hauled out a pocketknife and began slashing away at the ropes and straps that held blankets and sleeping bags on the sissybars of the two Hogs, and as the bundles fell to the ground, out rolled several cans labeled *Copenhagen*. The fat sheriff walked over and nudged the cans with his pointed boot-tip.

"Somehow," he said, giving the handcuffed pair a mean look, "you-all just don't look like the

—Continued on page 67





FLY-WEIGHTS

Build your skinny bro a set of weights for his birthday

Don't ya get tired of doin' for people who can't seem to do a damn thing for themselves? Take for instance Snake. He asked me to rebuild his motor. So I did—no sweat. Then when he came to get it he couldn't lift it into his truck. So I did. And I knew his ol' lady couldn't lift it out of the bed when he got home. So I putted along behind him to his pad and went through the number again. But when he asked me to help lift his frame onto a milk crate—that did it. A frame just doesn't weigh that much.

A couple of days later I was in a strange pub gulpin' suds. Everything was cool—on edge maybe, but cool. Until these two dudes, possibly Marines (they had very short hair) decided they wanted some of my locks. My stringy hair

didn't even match theirs. Anyway, harsh words were exchanged. They got chesty. And I was forced to knock one of them out. Later, while puttin' home, I began to flash on the possibilities back there. And I started to think about who I would like to have along in case the shit got too deep. Not Snake.

To make a lousy tale longer, I decided to give bro Snake a birthday gift. Although I didn't have any sort of vibe or notion when his actual birthday was. I coasted down to the nearest big-money sporting goods store to barter for a set of weights for the slithering Steve Reeves.

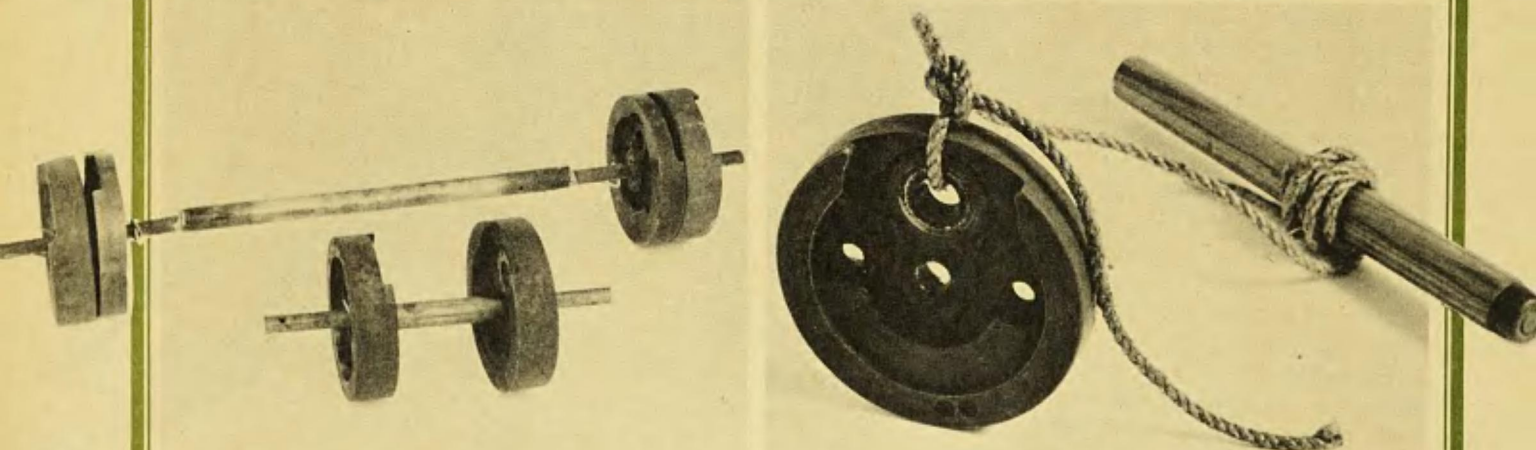
I couldn't exactly stuff them under my leathers. And at the price they were askin' I thought I could make some of the muscle stretchers out of flywheels. Flywheels!

That was the solution. Before they could charge me rent for taking up floor space, I got back in my cage and went to Re-Cycle (a local bike barn). They had a group of very knowledgeable mechanics and the largest stack of pitted, banged-around flywheels in town. I picked the most machinegunned bunch they had and put my van on a tilt.

Back in my garage it was simple enough to find a set of bent sportster tubes, some rust-eaten tubing, and with a rod of brass the set was made complete. Except for the wrist roller. That took searching through a couple of closets for a splintered pool cue and ripping off the tie-down rope outta my truck.

I laid 'em on him all right. But for all I know he hasn't mustered up the strength to move them.

—Turkey





**Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road**

ABATE

The Establishment (vested interests) Reacts to Helmet Repeals

A national attorney's group has warned governors of the serious economic and health consequences that will accompany repeal of state motorcycle helmet use laws.

Leonel Hatch, Jr., president of the Federation of Insurance Counsel, sent each governor a series of research documents demonstrating the effectiveness of motorcycle helmets in reducing deaths and injuries.

The Federal-aid Highway Act of 1975 eliminated federal sanctions against states that either fail to enact or repeal their helmet use laws. Several states have already repealed their laws. Other state legislatures are now considering repeal measures. California has never had a helmet use law; Illinois' law was declared unconstitutional on

technical grounds; and Utah's law only applies to motorcyclists traveling on highways with speed limits greater than 35 miles per hour.

Answering the argument that helmet laws infringe on personal liberty, the FIC cited U.S. and state Supreme Court decisions on the constitutionality of such laws. The decisions point to the public's obligation to provide medical care and financial support for the injured and their families.

Hatch emphasized that "the potential cost to state and local governments arising from deaths and injuries in motorcycle crashes is particularly relevant in the continuing serious economic demands upon such governments. Our own inquiries have indicated that, although costs are incurred, states do not have substantive figures as

to the amount of losses they sustain from motorcycle crashes.

"The colorful and active proponents of repeal of these laws have studiously avoided the economic issues of governmental expenditures attributed to providing medical and custodial care for those who suffered brain damage due to non-helmet use," Hatch said.

The federation asked the governors for any state studies of medical and custodial costs attributable to motorcycle-related injuries so that the federation can distribute this information to other states.

The federation is an organization of attorneys whose practice includes insurance company representation and insurance company attorneys.—Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.

The Status of the Country's Helmet Laws

Listed below are the various states which either never had a skid lid ordinance or have altered the law since the President signed the Highway Act. Although your state may be listed as one which has repealed the law, check with your local cop station. In some states the law has been repealed; however, they have failed to notify The Man.

California: Never had a helmet law.
Illinois: Helmet law was declared unconstitutional.

Kansas: Just repealed, effective date July 1st 1976.

South Dakota: Just repealed, effective date July 1st 1977.

Nebraska: The helmet law is not being enforced due to a court injunction.

Iowa: Helmet law was repealed the day after President Ford signed our bill.

Rhode Island: Law was repealed May 19th.

Connecticut: Repealed June 1st.

Montana: No longer enforced.

Wyoming: No longer enforced.

Oklahoma: Amended May 3rd.

Utah: Their helmet law states you must wear a helmet on roads posted 35mph or more. It is no longer being enforced.

Arizona: Repealed May 28th.

Air Bags for Cars, What's Next for Bikes?

Among organizations recently urging the Secretary of Transportation to act on passive restraints, such as air bags, are the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, Ralph Nader's Public Citizen group, and two physician associations.

The NAIC resolution called on DOT to "promulgate without further delay Motor Vehicle Safety Standard 208, requiring air bag passive restraint systems to be installed on all new automobiles sold in this country at the earliest practicable date; or satisfactorily explain to the American public why such regulation is not adopted."

The insurance commissioners said that air bag passive restraint systems "promise to substantially increase the protection against . . . highway deaths and injuries" that annually cause "an intolerable level of human pain, suffering, anguish, and bereavement, and billions of economic loss."

Public Citizen, a public interest organization headed by attorney Ralph Nader, endorsed passive restraints in its 1976 platform. "The Department of Transportation should act soon," it said, "to order the installation of passive restraint systems such as those which automatically inflate into an air filled pillow to protect automobile passengers in a crash."

Public Citizen urged citizens to write to their senators and congressmen in support of passive restraints, which will be subject to congressional approval if proposed by DOT. "The mandatory installation of passive restraint systems is a long overdue safety feature which could save thousands of lives and prevent many injuries each year," it said.

The board of the American Trauma Society, an organization of physicians and others concerned with prevention of traumatic in-

juries and care of those injured, wrote to Coleman, urging him "to issue, as soon as possible, a notice of proposed rulemaking for a passive restraint standard." The board said it was looking forward "to the day when motor vehicles will adequately protect their occupants in moderate-speed crashes" in order to prevent "needless injury and death."

Passive restraints were endorsed at the national assembly of the Physicians National Housestaff Association, an organization of interns, residents and fellows on the staffs of teaching hospitals. The resolution, on "social diseases," also endorsed "legislation to eliminate roadside boobytraps (sign posts, bridge supports, railings, etc.) . . . and to enforce with more vigor the existing laws concerning driving while under the influence of intoxicants, and to enforce laws restricting excessive speed."—Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.

ABATE to Go on National TV

Ed Armstrong, coordinator for ABATE of Chicago, is willing to represent ABATE and the street bikers of the country on national television.

Write to Mr. Tom Snyder, c/o Tomorrow Show, NBC Television Network, New York, N.Y. Request that Ed be his guest on the program to air views on a subject highly controversial to motorcyclists.

This can be accomplished if we flood Mr. Snyder with hundreds and thousands of letters, showing a genuine concern and interest in the subject. He searches for subjects of controversy, and if we can guarantee an audience large enough, he will surely welcome Ed on his show. Be sure to mention Ed's address in your letter (ABATE of Chicago, c/o Ed Armstrong, 215 Grove Ave., Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021). —From ABATE of North Florida, c/o Jim Harris, 5941 Joy Drive South, Jacksonville, Fla. 32210.

Motivating the People Toward Mass Transit

Ever wonder why the Department of Transportation is recently taking such great pains to impose so many laws concerning cars and motorcycles in the name of safety and conservation? For cars it's seatbelts, shoulder harnesses, interlocks, buzzers, buckle-up lights, bumpers, large car taxes, and helmets like many police departments use. For motorcycles it's helmets, headlights on, day-glo orange suits, boots, gloves, leathers, and crash bars ad infinitum. For both cars and motorcycles, it's compulsory insurance, mandatory inspections, drivers license retesting, 55mph speed limits, pollution controls, air bags, gasoline rationing and a host of other restrictions on liberty, all "for our own good." The DOT is discouraging private transportation and encouraging government controlled public transportation (i.e. Amtrak, subways, streetcars, and buses), which would eliminate all these hassles. Mass transit has a chance to succeed only if cars and motorcycles can be made too unpleasant or expensive to operate. The DOT's "suggested" laws may seem ridiculous until you consider their real intention—to break up the American "love affair" with the automobile and motorcycles.

Turn Signal Law in Oregon

Bummer! Another law we'll have to contend with or fight. Directional lights became mandatory effective July 1. —ABATE of Oregon, 2424 S.W. Jefferson Rd., Portland, Oregon 97201.

Helmets for Junior Bikers

"Members of the Safety Helmet Council have been the leaders in the development of headgear for motorcycle riders," Babbitt said, "and we are going to do the same for the bicycle riders."

The Safety Helmet Council of America announced recently the initiation of plans for development of standards and criteria for manufacturing safety helmets for bicycle riders.

"Even before the energy crisis, the increase in bicycle riders pointed to the need for safety headgear," Richard G. Babbitt, SHCA president said, "Now that bicycles may become more a means of transportation than recreation, it places special emphasis on pro-

tecting the riders."

Babbitt said some state and federal officials have begun discussing the possibility of making the wearing of helmets compulsory for bicycle riders on main streets and highways where traffic is heavy. There are currently some 80 million bicycles in use today and it has been predicted that the 100 million mark will be reached shortly.

Is Fartin' Illegal?

Though it fortunately has little to do with auto emissions, there is a common — indeed universal — human function that, when performed in a room large enough for a comfortable gathering of 20 people, exposes everyone in that room to a dose of hydrogen sulfide far greater than anything the EPA will allow industry to expose them to. — Stephen Wilkinson, *Car & Driver*.

Motorists Warned Against Turning Their Lights on During the Daylight

A recent CBS editorial suggested that car drivers on California freeways adopt a system of turning the headlights on in order to warn oncoming motorists of an accident or tie-up. The NHTSA thereupon warned against this procedure because it might blind or agitate oncoming motorists. The NHTSA are the same people who want cyclists to run with their headlights on. The editorial concluded: "One of the biggest highway safety problems is the barnacle-encrusted brains of highway safety officials." — *Road Rider Magazine*.

The Latest on Laws

Michigan: Two helmet law repeal bills have been introduced in the Michigan House of Representatives HB-6462 & HB-6463. If they are passed there will no longer be a mandatory helmet law in Michigan. Currently the bills have been assigned to the House Consumers Committee. Representative Lynn Jondahl is the chairman of this committee. These bills were introduced by Representative Perry Bulard of Ann Arbor. We urge all readers to write their Representatives and let them know that we need their support in passing these bills. — ABATE of Michigan, P.O. Box 504, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

West Virginia: There is a brother in West Virginia who is so dedicated to the repeal of the helmet law

that he has been running ads in the local newspaper for brothers to get involved.

Consequently ABATE of West Virginia requests interested bikers to get involved and assist Mike Buege or ABATE. — ABATE of West Virginia, c/o Mark Cochran, Box 26, Proctor, West Virginia 26055.

Indiana: Sometimes it appears as if legislation is passed for the sake of accomplishing legislation. Too often it is not investigated, researched or even put before the people it may or will affect the most. Recently an example of such incompetence was aired in Newton County, Indiana. They enacted an ordinance which could restrict the number of bikers riding together in a group (possibly to ten). This came about due to the sloppy wording of the bill. Wanda Hummel, coordinator for ABATE of Indiana, Charles Worthen, Legislation Director AMA District 15, and Mike Farabaugh met with Newton County Commissioner Miller.

Although the ordinance had not been altered, the commissioner assured ABATE that every effort was being made to correct the wording. — ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Dr., Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

Maryland: On July 1, 1976, Senator Bozick "pre-filed" a helmet law repeal bill for persons 18 and over. For this bill to pass, every freedom-loving biker in the "Free State" should write a short letter to the persons listed below. All you have to say in each letter, which should be handwritten, is "Dear Senator John Doe (or Delegate John Doe): I urge you to support Senator Bozick's 'modified' helmet law repeal bill. I would appreciate hearing your views on this subject, as the passage of this bill in the 1977 General Assembly is of great concern to me. I hope to hear from you soon. Sincerely, your name." That's all there is to it. You can write one letter every other day or have your friends over for one evening of letter writing. A few minutes of your time now can put the wind in your hair, keep the sweat out of your eyes, and possibly save your neck. The address for all members of the Senate Constitutional and Public Law Committee is: Senator John Doe, State House, Annapolis, Md. 21404. The members are: Chairman, Edward T. Conroy; Vice Chairman, Norman R. Stone Jr.; Elroy G. Boyer; John A. Cade; Cornell N. Dypski; Arthur H. Helton, Jr.; Donald P. Hutchinson; Robert E. Stroble.

The address for all Delegates on the House Judiciary Committee is: Delegate John Doe, State House, Annapolis, Md. 21404. The mem-

bers are: Chairman, Joseph E. Owens; Vice Chairman, Carter M. Hickman; George B. Adams, Jr.; Arthur S. Alperstein; Andrew J. Burns; Joel Chasoff; Elmer F. Hagner, Jr.; V. Lanny Harchenhorn; William S. Horn; Jerry H. Hyatt; J. Edward Malone; Arthur G. Murphy, Sr.; Richard C. Matthews; Lloyal Randolph; David Gray Ross; Frederick C. Rummage; Thomas A. Rymer; Lorraine M. Sheehan; Steven V. Sklar; Joseph F. Vallario, Jr.; C. Clifton Virts. Legislators whose names are followed by an asterisk are strong supporters of our cause. For further info or to pass info on to other bikers, contact ABATE of Maryland at 12307 Windbrook Dr., Clinton, Md. 20735, phone (301) 292-2330 or (301) 743-3075.

Pennsylvania: Here is a list of members of the Pennsylvania Senate Transportation Committee. These are the people who must hear our helmet repeal arguments first.

We would like all Pennsylvania bikers to start a letter writing campaign. Please help us by writing the chairman or vice-chairman, stating your views on helmet repeal. Also, it would be helpful if you could write to any of the committee members from your area. The committeemen are: Sen. Lynch, chairman; Sen. Orlando, vice-chairman; Senators Lewis, Mellow, Meyers, Ross, Scanlon, Smith, Stapleton, Zempelli, Mandeck (Minority Leader), Bell, Lentz, Holl, Hager, Stauffer.

Vermont: Bikers are getting together for the first time. ABATE of Vermont has begun to schedule meetings for local bikers to voice their opinions and find out what's happening in their state.

They also need bikers all over the state to write their representatives regarding the hassle helmet law and other bummer laws. ABATE of Vermont wants to see a helmet repeal initiated this election year. However, it will take the voice of Vermont's scooter people to motivate their legislators. — ABATE of Vermont, c/o Joe and Joni Long, 231 Pearl Street, Essex Junction, Vermont 05452.

Illinois: We have contacted the state legislature concerning our lights-on law here in Illinois. Work is being done now to repeal this detrimental law.

Regulations are difficult to take off the books. They are much easier to stop before they are enacted. Let's show the nation Illinois can repeal the ineffective ordinance. Write your lawmakers now. We are one of 16 states with this law. Twenty states tried to push it through and failed because of concerned individuals. We can accom-

plish the same goal.

After long winters most of us think about all the things we'll be doing in the summer. One of them might be riding to the local forest preserve to lie around in the grass and just plain enjoy life. Wrong. Motorcycles are no longer allowed in forest preserves. Once again ABATE is not going to sit back and let another unconstitutional law be stuffed down the throats of bikers.

The active members of ABATE are going to do everything possible to have the "No Motorcycles Allowed" signs down before long.—ABATE of Illinois, c/o Bill Orce, P.O. Box 152, Prospect Heights, Ill. 60070.

Florida: ABATE of Florida lost their helmet repeal this year. After the staging of three orderly, successful protests, conducting an extensive letter writing campaign, meeting with key legislators, the repeal fell through.

Consequently the Florida chapter of ABATE has changed tactics. They're going, again, after the helmet law head-on. Except, this time they plan to do the job their way. They've already begun to program protests every two weeks. In addition, they've found a lawyer who has assured them that helmet action has an excellent chance in court. Three ABATE brothers have already been cited for not wearing helmets.

ABATE of Florida needs bikers from all over the state to join ABATE or send donations for their court battle. They also want brothers in the larger cities of Florida to stage protests as often as possible. If you're a dedicated biker and want to become involved in the battle against the helmet ordinance, write ABATE of Florida, P.O. Box 1503, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565.

Texas: Scooter people have three lawmakers who will go along with a repeal bill this spring. Write to these people and indicate your support. This is election year. They are Gonzalo Barrientos, P.O. Box 2910, Capitol Bldg., Austin 78767; Lloyd Doggett, Office 331, P.O. Box 12068, Capitol Station, Austin 78711; John Hoerstenbach, Office #G-4-c, P.O. Box 2910, Capitol Station, Austin 78767. — ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, P.O. Box 3065, Sta. A, Tyler, Texas 75710.

New Jersey: Good news, brothers. The Assembly Transportation Committee killed the lights-on proposal. It's outtasight to find concerned bikers speaking up against legislation and being heard.

In addition, ABATE of New Jersey has seen to it that a helmet repeal was filed (S. 1556). It was

sponsored by Senator Dodd. Brothers of New Jersey, this is your chance. Write Mr. Dodd in support of his efforts and the helmet repeal at the State House, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

After two positive measures happened in the state, we have only one bummer to discuss. There currently is an annual inspection required. ABATE has discussed the situation with John McLane, a motor vehicle heavy. Mr. McLane is interested in the problems bikers confront at these inspections. Write ABATE of New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Ave. West, Cranford, N.J. 07016, and explain the various hassles you have, trying to have your scooter inspected. If ABATE receives enough responses and valid complaints they will be able to present Mr. McLane with solid arguments to have the law straightened out. It's up to you.

Kansas: Wichita police say they've noticed that more motorcyclists seem to be violating mandatory helmet laws.

An excursion through the labyrinth of confusing federal, state and city laws governing motorcycle helmets makes the violations easy to understand.

But despite the confusion, the law still requires all persons operating or riding on motorcycles to wear state-approved "protective headgear"—helmets.

Also, the laws requiring protective eye devices—goggles, visors or special glasses—are in effect and won't be changed.

Things will be getting even more confusing July 1. That's when a state law doing away with motorcycle helmet requirements for riders 16 years of age and older is supposed to take effect.

But the state law may be invalid, according to members of the Kansas attorney general's office.

And no matter what the state and federal authorities decide, Wichita's ordinance requiring helmets for motorcyclists under 21 still will be the law here.

"We've got a lot of confusion here," said Tom Regan, an assistant attorney general.

The problem, Regan explained, is that the state law was passed on condition that it wouldn't take effect until Congress passed legislation guaranteeing that the secretary of transportation couldn't withhold highway funds from Kansas if the state repealed the helmet law.

The threat of withholding highway funds is what caused the state to pass the helmet law in the first place.

In an amendment to the Federal Highway Act of 1976, Congress passed a law that says the trans-

portation secretary can't hold back highway funds from states that allow cyclists 18 and older to ride without helmets.

That two-year difference, between 16 years of age in the state law and 18 in the federal law, may mean the Kansas law won't go into effect, Regan said.

Further muddying the legislative waters was another provision of the federal act. This provision states that the transportation secretary can't withhold highway funds on the basis of helmet laws in any state until after he reports to the Congress in July 1977.

So it's possible that Kansas could go its own merry way down the helmet law path and likely not face any federal retaliation until after July 1977, Regan said. But that may violate the state law.—ABATE of Kansas, 2530 S. 37th St., Kansas City, Kansas.

New Hampshire: The New Hampshire AAA has put together a questionnaire and sent it out in September. This poll will be used to set the standards for AAA legislative activities in the state for the next 24 months. Many bikers belong to the AAA.

Now's the time to be heard. Governor Thompson is not particularly sympathetic to our problems, partially due to a less than cordial greeting he received at Loudon two years ago. Thanks to the harassment he received from a couple of poopbutts, we now have an annual motorcycle inspection to contend with. For now, let's get a helmet repeal question on the AAA's poll. Write the AAA at 70 Queen City Ave., Manchester, N.H. (attention: Gerald W. Connolly, General Manager).

Idaho: All 106 of Idaho's legislators were sent letters asking for their opinion on the following subjects. We did not express our views on the subjects in any way. 1. Rider Training Programs, 2. Auto Driver Awareness development, 3. Special Licensing, 4. Mandatory lights for daytime riding, 5. Mandatory helmets.

Most replies contained quite extensive comments and many leaned toward mandatory helmets, but were willing to listen to different views. Some legislators expressed the desire for more information before giving an opinion. If you want to know how the legislators replied, write ABATE of Idaho, 208 S. Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Washington: ABATE of Washington wants to correspond with any bikers interested in their vigil on motorcycle legislation. Also, they have a standing offer to any group for data. If you need statistics or

information regarding accidents and helmets, feel free to write ABATE of Washington, P.O. Box 85, Auburn, Washington.

New York: Bummer, the helmet repeal died again this year. The members of New York ABATE have strong feeling concerning this unsuccessful repeal. They sense that a great deal of the failure was due to the chairman of the Assembly Transportation Committee.

The chairman, Assemblyman Thomas Frey, blocked passage of the bill. ABATE brothers want all New York riders to write Mr. Frey and tell it like it is. His address is 308 Merchants Road, Rochester, New York 14609.

Below are the names of the additional 11 wise men on the Assembly Transportation Committee, who voted against our helmet repeal bill on May 6, 1976. Thomas Frey (D), Rochester 132 Transportation Committee chairman, stated that he doesn't care what the people want. Daniel Walsh (D), 149th Franklinville; Elizabeth A. Connolly (D), 61st Richmond County; G. Oliver Koppell (D), 84th Bronx; Joseph Ferris (D), 51st Brooklyn; Alexander B. Grannis (D), 68th New York City; Rolland Kidder (D), 150th Jamestown; Vincent Marchiselli (D), 86th Bronx; Lewis J. Yevoli (D), Old Bethpage; Ronald Tills (R), 147th Hamburg, Minority Leader of the Republican Party; Philip B. Healy (R), 11th Massapequa. Address all correspondence: Assemblyman (John Doe), Legislative Office Bldg., Albany, New York 12224.

As you know, the helmet law doesn't say where you have to wear a helmet. Many counties in New York State are no longer enforcing the helmet law. Some bikers are wearing their lids on their legs or strapping them on their arms.

Maximum fine in N.Y.S. is \$25. This is an equipment violation and carries no points against your license. Most people who plead guilty get a \$5 fine. Many cops agree with us, and once they're informed will usually let you go.

Anyone who wishes further information for fighting helmet law tickets, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York.

Wisconsin: ABATE of Wisconsin, CBW, and WBBA staged the largest anti-helmet law protest to date. The perfectly organized gathering consisted of 15,000 bikes and over 20,000 people. If that doesn't demonstrate bikers' concern for proper legislation, nothing does.—ABATE of Wisconsin, John Barajas, 326 North Main St., Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin. ■

One Big One?

You said the closest you ever came to having a scoot inside you was when you slid down the rear tire while going 60 m.p.h. Shit, that musta been the hottest your box ever got.

Waiting
Lebanon, Ohio

- No, it gets the hottest after six hairy dudes do various numbers on it.

Ass Chick

My chick wants me to screw her in her ass—no place else. Do you think that's normal?

B. E.
Newcastle, Ind.

- Normal-normal — what's "normal"? Christ, what I'd think was normal would get me arrested.

Selfish Ol' Lady

My ol' lady digs a good muff job, but there's no way I can talk her into giving me some head or a little booty. What should I do?

Desperate
Vero Beach, Fla.

- Talk her into it? Man, don't talk, take action. Jump on her some night when she's asleep and bang away—either with your love muscle or your fists. She'll come around.

Nipper

The dude I party with likes to take nips at my body—especially my nipples. He actually bites them — not too hard, but enough that it hurts in a good way. I like the hurt. Does this mean I'm becoming a masochist?

Feels Good
Detroit, Mich.

- Whatdafuck? Ya gotta start somewhere, don't ya?

Tool Sizes

Do you like guys with big tools who come a little or guys with little tools who come a lot?

Suffering
Palm Springs, Calif.

- Any way I can get it. There are times when I get tired of wailin' on a cucumber, ya know.

Another Fan

I'd like to make your bowels growl and your liver quiver. I want you to bend over and touch your toes, and I'll show you how the wild goose goes. I'll stretch your pussy over my face like a gas mask. I'll skin ya, bend ya, and recommend ya.

Heavy and Hell On Wheels
Weldon, Texas

- You just gave me my first cold chill of the day.

Shy Guy

I'm so shy that I'm blushing just writing to you. I've never asked a girl for a date or anything else for that matter. I'm horny all the time and very frustrated. Can you help?

Horny Toad
Butte, Mont.

- Sure, sweets, what's your address? (I dig virgins—man, woman or beast.)

Crank Flasher

I like to stand in the window of my pad and flash my crank at the nice-looking chickies that walk by. Then when I'm out riding around

on my scoot and see one of them, I ask if she digs it. This way, they know what they're getting ahead of time. What do you think of this kind of introduction?

Shadow Man
Oak Park, Ill.

- All right, I suppose. But I dig guys who grab a handful of my bush and say, "Let's fuck, baby."

Taste Question

I would like to know what come tastes like. Don't give me a dumb answer. My boyfriend wants me to give him head, but I want some expert advice first. So how does it taste?

Dry Mouth
Phoenix, Ariz.

- Good.

Fears Rug Dog

My chick digs an occasional dog. I'm afraid she'll produce a furry rug rat one of these days and leave me for a dog. It's making me feel very insecure.

Teetering
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

- Don't sweat it. She'll come back to you. Haven't seen a dog yet that had his own bike.

Marines Are Better

I'm a Marine. And let me tell you, once you've had a Marine, you'll never look at a sailor 'cause they eat purple porpoise pussy.

Marine Hard-On
Okinawa, Japan

- I've been called a lot of names, but never purple porpoise pussy.

Questions

Is it normal for a guy to have hair growing out of the shaft of his dick? How can I get my ol' lady to give me more pussy than she does? How would you like to spend a little weekend with me?

Risky Ronny
Louisville, Ky.

- If you don't know the answers to your questions, you aren't man enough for me.

Nose Blow Job

My boyfriend wants to stick his crank up my nose for a fantastic blow job. Should I tell him to shove it?

Dinah
Amagansett, N.Y.

- I'd suggest you ask him to slip it.

Vacation for Mutha

I was wondering if you would give me some class and go on a trip with me across country? I built a 2-foot dildo into the hump seat of my vibrator Triumph for you, and I'll buy tall gears so we can outrun the flies.

Seadog
Estacada, Ore.

- So send me your address.

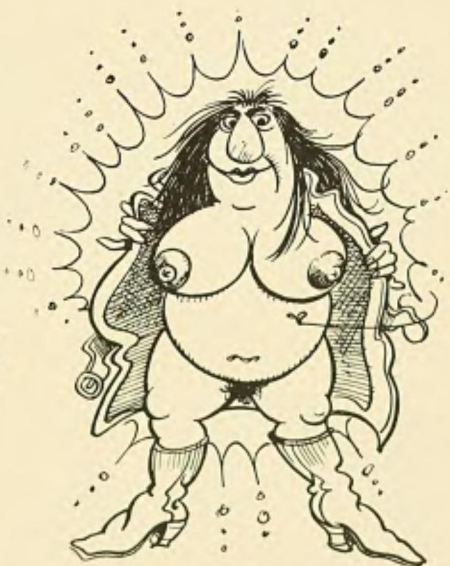
Head-on Collision

While I was giving my ol' man head on the road (in a car) last week, he ran off the road, up a hill, over a dog, and into a tree. Now he's bought a new car and wants to try the whole thing again—said it was the biggest turn-on he'd ever experienced. I'm still sore and bruised and afraid to try again. Do you think I'm unfair? He does.

Black and Blue
Richmond, Va.

- So be afraid—but get in the car and do as he says. (Whatta classy way to die.)

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. ■

SLICK

*The other Dude's
Cunt is always more
Bitchin'...*

YOU'VE GOT NO FAITH IN ME,
SHORTROUND...I GOT FIVE
THAT SAYS I CAN GET **IN**
HER PANTS IN TEN SHORT
MINUTES...PUT UP OR SHUT YA
FACE!

YOU'RE ON,
SLICK DICK...THAT
GIGANTIC MOUND OF
BIKE SHIT WITH HIS
HANDS ALL OVER HER
AIN'T GONNA STAND
AROUND WHILE YOU
MOVE IN!

STAND
BACK AND
PREPARE
TO BE
AMAZED!

EXCUSE ME...I HATE TO
BOTHER YOU BUT YOU
SEE THAT BIG UGLY
TRUCKER OVER THERE?
HE SAYS **ALL**
BIKERS ARE
FAGGOTS!

WHAT?
YOU'RE
A BIKER
YOU LET HIM
GET AWAY
WITH THAT?

HEY, I GOT A
BAD BACK...A
WRENCHED
SHOULDER...A
SYMPATHETIC
BLADDER...

HORSE SHIT! IF
YOU WANT ANYTHING
DONE YOU GOTTA
DO IT YOURSELF!

HEY, FUCKER!
YAH, YOU, SHIT FOR BRAINS!





YOU **BEST**
NOT TALK
TO ME
LIKE THAT,
GOOD
BUDDY!

OR I'LL SPLIT YOUR
HALFWIT HEAD OPEN,
LIKE THIS!

OH YAH?
CHEW ON
THIS,
COCKBREATH!

OUCH!

OR WHAT?
ASSHOLE!



HI, CUNT... SAY
YOU'RE SOME
BITCHIN' PIECE
OF ASS...

HERE, YOU CAN SEE
THE FIGHT BETTER
FROM MY LAP...

OH, YOU'RE
REALLY SLICK,
LOVER!

PASSION PUSSY,
YOU'RE SO
SLICK YOU'RE
DRIPPING!

OOO, HELLO...

WOW, I HOPE I DON'T GET
A NOSE BLEED SITTING
WAY UP ON TOP OF THAT
BULGE IN YOUR JEANS!

TOO BAD THE
TEACHING AID
HE USED WAS
YOUR BIKE!

HE SURE TAUGHT
THAT TRUCKER A
LESSON...

YAH, HERE'S
YOUR FIVE...

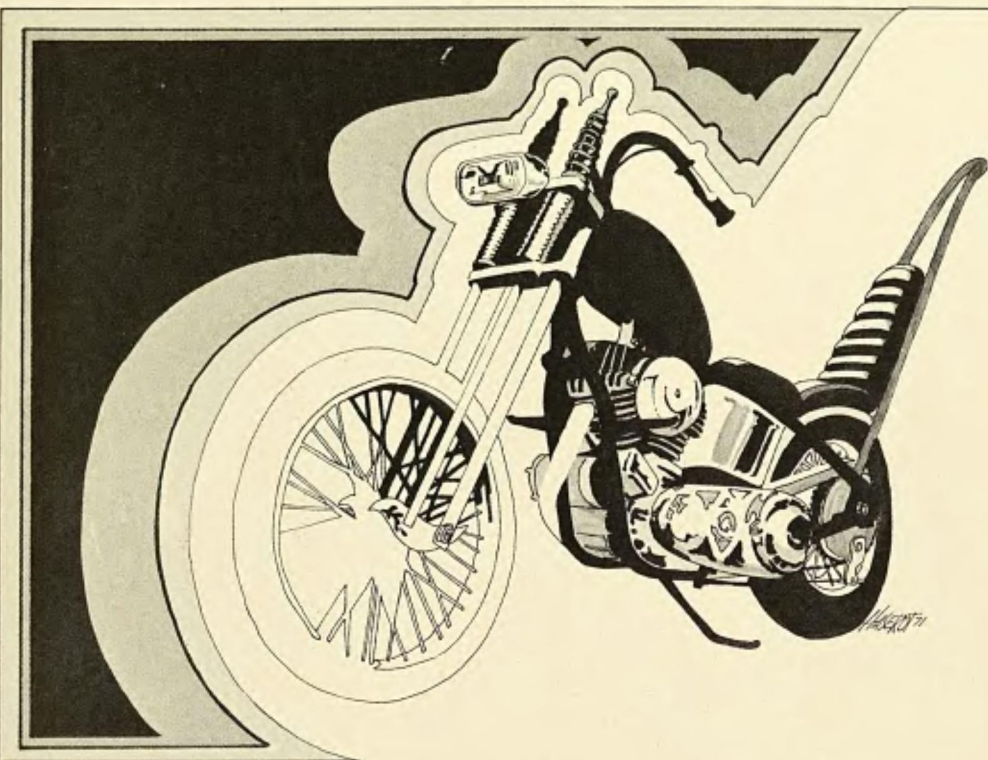
IN HER
PANTS IN
NINE MINUTES,
PAY UP!

TAUGHT
HIM A LESSON
ALRIGHT!



WHA?

SAD



ONE ON THE WAY

By Ron Grote

After scarfin' a dinner of my own half-assed cookin' I drifted out to the garage where I sat, belchin' softly and smokin' a butt. Starin' at my 74 sweetie, I spotted three or four things that could use some attention. Nothin' really important: just the usual things a fussy dude is constantly messin' with on his sled.

Squattin' beside the dusty machine with a fistful of tools, I began workin' unhurriedly. Beyond the garage door late afternoon slowly faded into dusk. The regular neighborhood bugs showed up the moment I switched on the garage light—flyin' endlessly around the bare bulb and keepin' an eye on me as I continued workin'. A cool breeze wafted through the open doorway and my contentment increased as my damned belly quieted down.

Suddenly I became aware of somebody standin' in the doorway, watchin' me. I glanced up. It was the little punk from the house next door. For months, ever since I'd moved into the neighborhood, the freckle-faced

little character had wistfully eyed my scoot—but always from a respectful distance. This was his first visit.

"What's happenin'?" I grunted.

He stared at his battered Keds. "Aw, nuthin' much. Nuthin' ever happens around here."

Turning my head away from him, I smiled as I recalled the times I'd watched him flippin' the older kids off and hurlin' rocks at school dudes. I always thought that shit was kinda funny. Probably because I did it, myself, when I was his age. As far as I knew he wasn't liked by any of the other rug rats on the block. Whenever I saw him, he was by himself. A real loner at the age of, maybe, twelve.

He moved closer, hunkerin' down and peerin' at the bike with undisguised yearning in his pale eyes. He watched my hands movin' over the scoot with intense interest, sayin' nothin' but those alert eyes followin' every motion I made.

"Hand me those butts over there," I said, gesturin' at the pack lyin' nearby.

He took a butt from the pack,

expertly flickin' my tarnished lighter.

"Can I light it for ya?" he asked.

I grinned at the sled. "Sure. Go ahead."

The little fucker lit that cigarette like he'd been smokin' for years. Handin' it to me, he exhaled smoke with no difficulty.

"Get me a brew from the re-frig," I said evenly, not lookin' at him.

He returned almost immediately, poppin' open the can and handin' to me with a faint smile of pride. I winked at him and drained the suds, acceptin' the lit cigarette he held in a waitin' hand and turnin' back to the bike as I resumed work.

"My folks say you're a motorcycle bum," he commented flatly.

I paused, thinkin' that one over.

"Your folks are right," I told him. "Wanna hear what the klutzes around here say about you?"

"I don't give a shit," he murmured fiercely.

I grinned into his defensive expression. "They say you're a goddam rock-thrower!"

He grinned back for a moment. Then turned his head and spat on the concrete floor.

For a long while there was only the clankin' sound of the tools against the scoot's innards, the hum of flyin' insects and an occasional grunt from me. The kid watched silently.

"Go grab us a coupla cold ones," I said, wipin' sweat outa my eyes, squintin' at the unfinished job I'd started. "It's gittin' thirsty out here, again."

Back with two cans, he popped them open—handin' one to me and tiltin' the other into his mouth for a long, gulpin' drink.

In unison we belched appreciatively.

"My folks say that all you do is drink and make girls yell on your lawn at night," he said, starin' past me at the sled.

"You're a regular newscaster," I laughed, lightin' my own cigarette. "You dig broads?"

"Fuck, yeah," he mumbled. "But all the ones I know won't lemme do nuthin'—yet."

"Hang in there. They *will*," I assured him.

Pickin' up a comparatively clean cloth, he began rubbin' it smoothly over the scoot's tank, swiggin' at the suds as he worked intently. Stoppin' to reach for my pack of butts and light one for himself, he stared at me appraisingly.

"You're all right but I like your bike better," he said confidently, and went on polishin' the tank.

I like an honest kid.

"Tell ya what," I said casually. "We'll do us a little puttin' around the block, tomorrow, an' see if you can stay on a scoot."

His raised face quivered with disbelief.

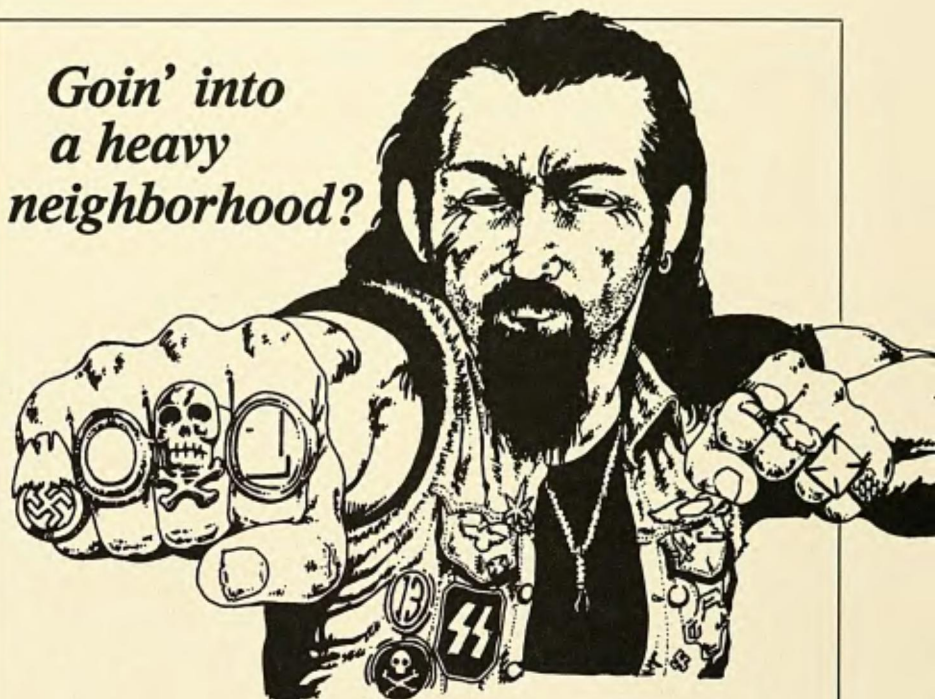
"Y-you *mean* it?"

"Maybe it'll help them broads your age to show more respect for ya."

"Goddam!" he quavered happily. "I never been on a chopper before!"

"Man," I murmured, "there's a first time for all the good things in life."

*Goin' into
a heavy
neighborhood?*



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Won't open until you open it

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What Constitution?

—Continued from page 19

in themselves cruel. Fifteen years (minimum) for murder. Ten years (minimum) for possession of grass. And the list goes on.

The Fourteenth Amendment, which is the Equal Rights Amendment, is really not all that equal. We find in the annals (or is that anal?) of justice, in the senate halls, the homes of the rich and influential, that equality is only for those who can afford the luxury. Howard Hughes flat told the United States Government to kiss his ass when he was called to testify. Richard Nixon told the entire United States to kiss his butt while he used them for toilet paper. Obviously, there are some people who are far "more equal" than the run-of-the-mill citizen.

It's unfortunate that the average citizen is not really aware of his rights under the law. He takes these rights for granted just as he takes his freedom for granted. But the question must be asked: "Are we really free, in every sense of the word?"

A closer look at the judicial system is needed to answer that question. The trial courts, generally having the burden of hearing the original case, should be the ones to interpret the law as written. It has already been established that such is not always the case. The appellate courts have a very questionable practice of looking at an appeal from a prosecutorial point of view. In other words, the appellate courts automatically assume that the prosecution was correct, and that the judge and the jury were infallible in their decision. But it is **not** the prosecution who is appealing the case due to irregularities. It is **not** the prosecution who will be serving the sentence for an offense charged. It is the defendant who feels that he was not granted the fair and impartial trial guaranteed by the Constitution. Under those circumstances, it stands to reason that an appellate court should look at the case from the point of the defendant. Unless there is an error somewhere, the title of the court is "Court of Appeals," not "Court of Conviction." The attitude of a court which looks at convictions from the prosecutorial point of view is indicative of the fact that this country is suffering from judicial suppression, and there isn't a damn thing we can do about it. Since most citizens do

not come into contact with the judicial system, this deterioration of the Constitution is seldom noticed. Because of this, the trend will continue until this country suffers total suppression.

There has been case after case where judges have affirmed a conviction under what is termed "harmless error." What is harmless error? If a man or a woman is sent to prison, there has been harm done—maybe not to the prosecution but certainly to the convicted party. Judges do not seem to take into consideration that in absence of that "harmless error," the jury might have reached a different verdict. The judges in most courts throughout the country have served as prosecutors, and therefore think like prosecutors. Because of this way of thinking, we find that many prosecutors, if not all, have that unlimited power to display misconduct in court and get away with it. Prosecutors enjoy virtually unlimited protection by the courts. The prosecutor might well know that a witness of his has committed perjury, but if it helps his case—he damn sure won't prosecute. If a defense witness commits perjury—count on a prosecution. If a defense attorney charges a prosecution witness with perjury, and has the proof of that perjury, the prosecution still has the option to prosecute or not to prosecute. If it is discovered that a prosecutor has suborned perjury, the defendant has no actual legal recourse. Just smile and bear it.

In several recent decisions by the

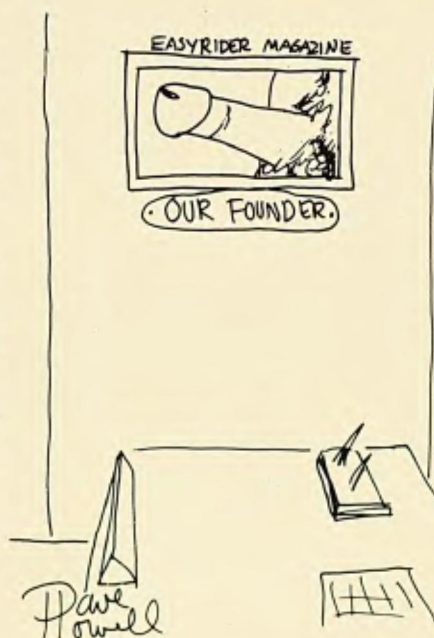
United States Supreme Court, we note with great dissatisfaction the trend that is being set for the future. Most majority opinions of that High Court generally state: "You will. . ." They have ordered school integration (causing dissension in neighborhoods), not showing any regard for the citizens nor seeking their opinions. The High Court recently held that it was legal for an undercover agent to sell narcotics to a dealer, who in turn sold to another undercover agent. It seems that both undercover agents wanted this person behind bars and set him up for the bust. The court said that there was no entrapment in that transaction. That ruling has in effect made it legal to set citizens up for arrest. All one has to do is be a nuisance to law enforcement and the cops can legally arrange for a trip to the slammer.

Let's examine that decision for a moment. Where did that undercover agent get the drugs to sell to the dealer in the first place? If he took it from the evidence locker, he violated a law. If he bought it from another street dealer, and failed to arrest that dealer, he broke a law. If it was from his own stash, he was acting in absolute hypocrisy by arresting the person to whom he sold it. Equal protection?

Another area of the Constitution which is being violated each and every day is that of false imprisonment. At least that is what it amounts to since the traditional concept of "innocent until proven guilty" is being largely ignored by virtually every judge in the country. As citizens of this country, we have been taught that the courts believe us to be innocent until proven guilty. If that is true, then why are there so many thousands of men and women sitting in county jails, taking verbal as well as physical abuse from the police? If they are presumed innocent, then are they not supposed to be free? On that argument, the courts have said that bail will set them free. Bail, for the uninformed, is actually spelled r-a-n-s-o-m. Yes, ransom. These people who sit in jail while waiting to be proven guilty (but presumed innocent) are generally from low-income families who cannot afford the oftentimes out-of-reach bail set by the judge. Frequently jobs are lost; families go on welfare; families break up; and homes are lost. All this under the presumption of innocence?

The Constitution, in essence, states that no man should lose his freedom

—Continued on page 60





Don't panic, Marvin —they *had* to raise the price!

Yeah, whatdafuck? We're monthly now, which means you'll be gettin' **twelve** issues instead of eight (or twenty-four issues instead of sixteen).

More rags mean more bucks—raisin pie costs, ya know. But in spite of that, we'll still throw in a **free** decal with every subscription.

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

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

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

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Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

41

Check one:

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

- ☐ Here's \$9.99 for a one-year subscription.
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And quit flopping around on the damned floor,
it's only a lousy penny.

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

- ☐ Here's \$10.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$19.00 for a two-year subscription.
Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

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

Name _____

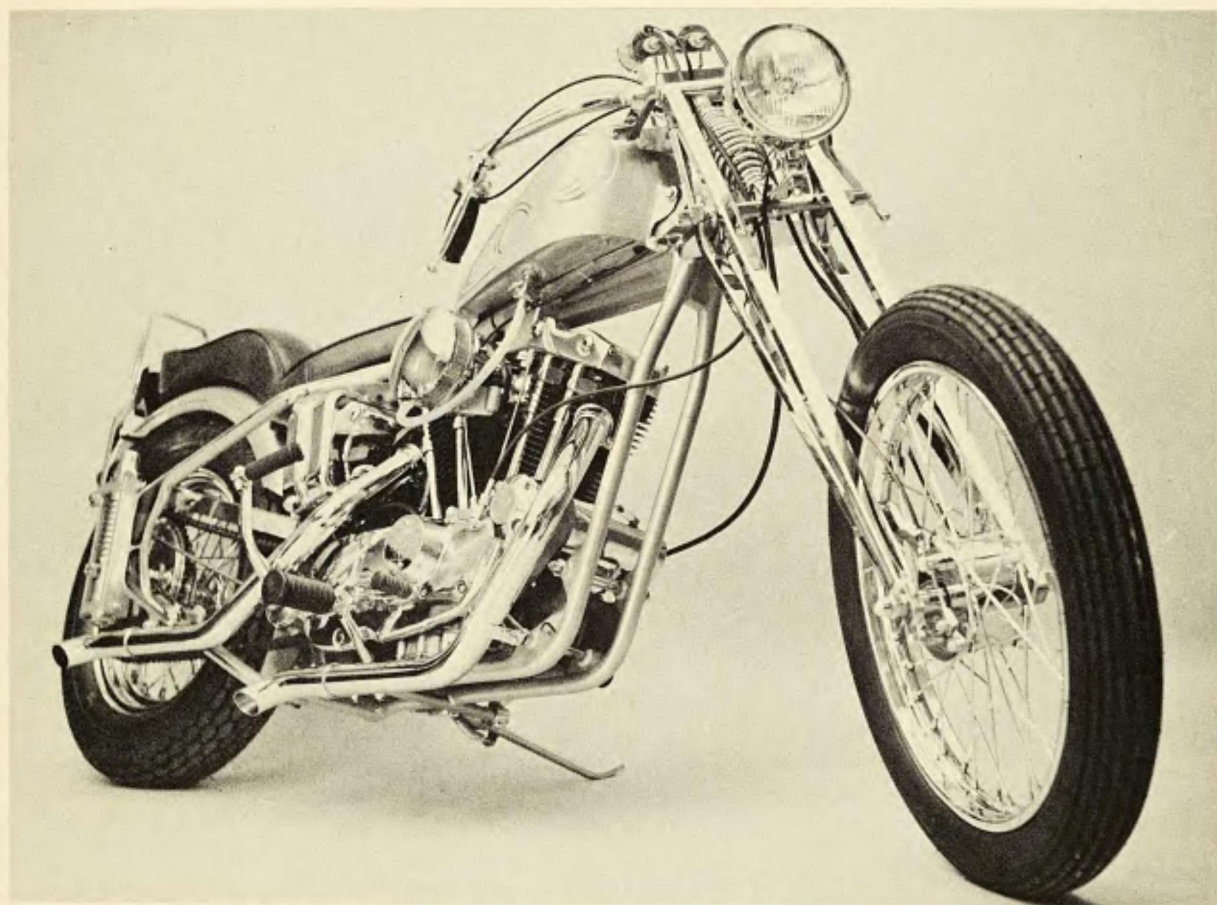
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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

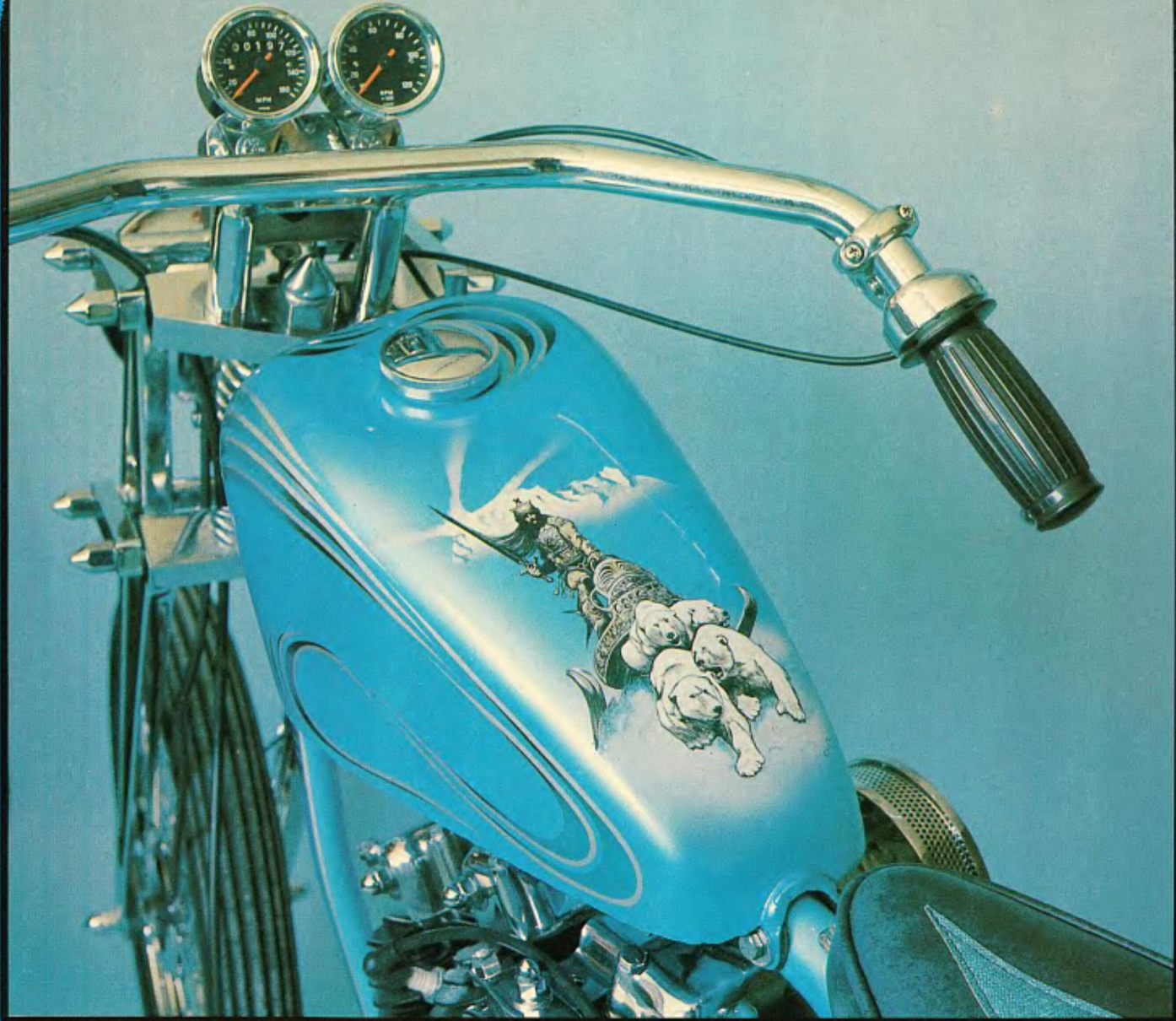
POLAR BEAR



It might seem fairly obvious to some bros as to why their partners built a certain style, color or design of scooter: especially if you had a chance to gaze at some of the grease-wrenches who built rat bikes around this cage.

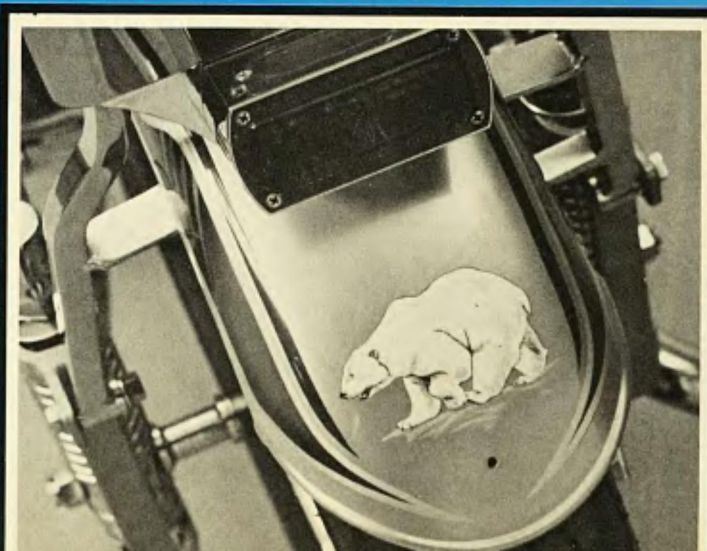
If you happened (unfortunately) to be lookin' at one of our bro's rats as the owner stumbled out of a liquor store, you might swear on the nearest jug of Wild Turkey that the owner was related in some way to the bike. If our bro didn't stop to rap as he mounted his grease-slinging sled and split, don't be discouraged. You probably witnessed a liquor store robbery.

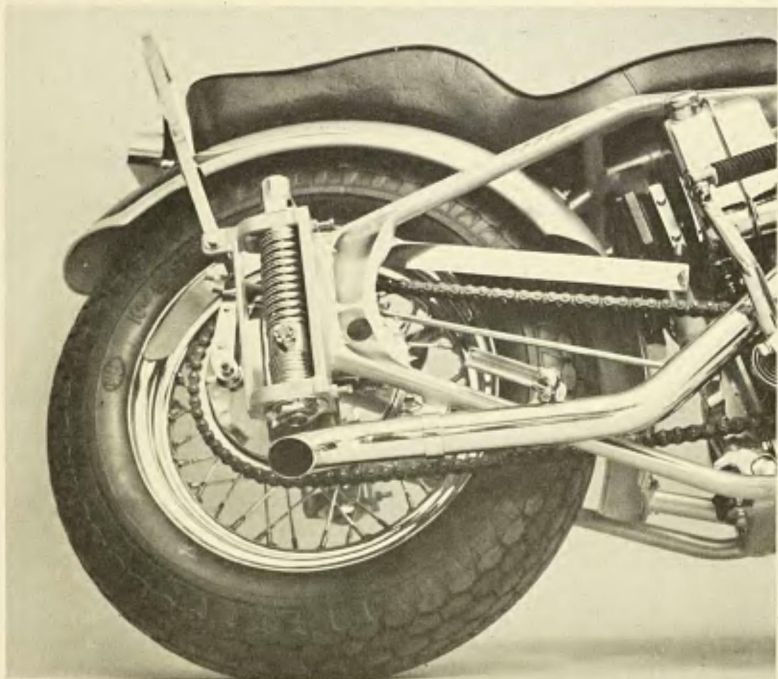
Meanwhile back to this scribe. As the



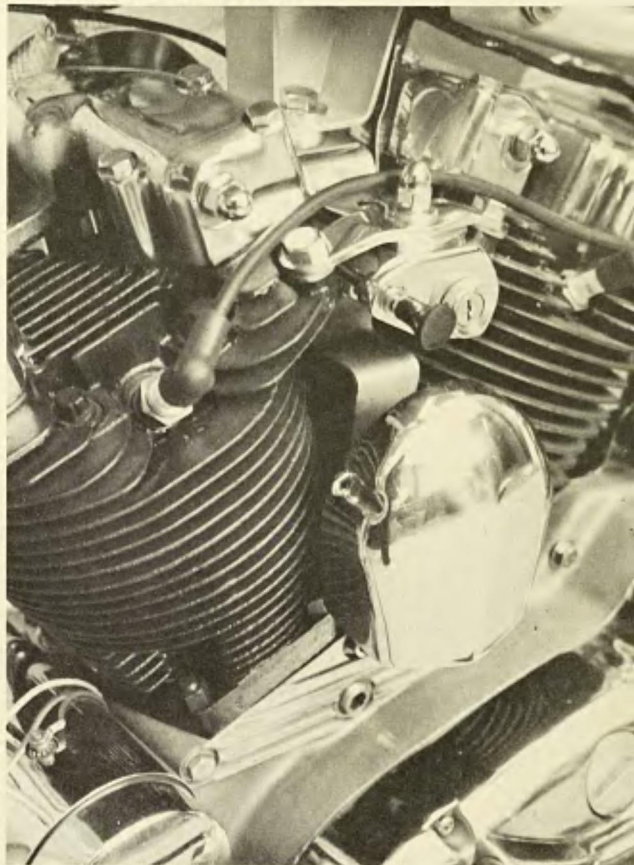


||| If it's cold,
paint it blue



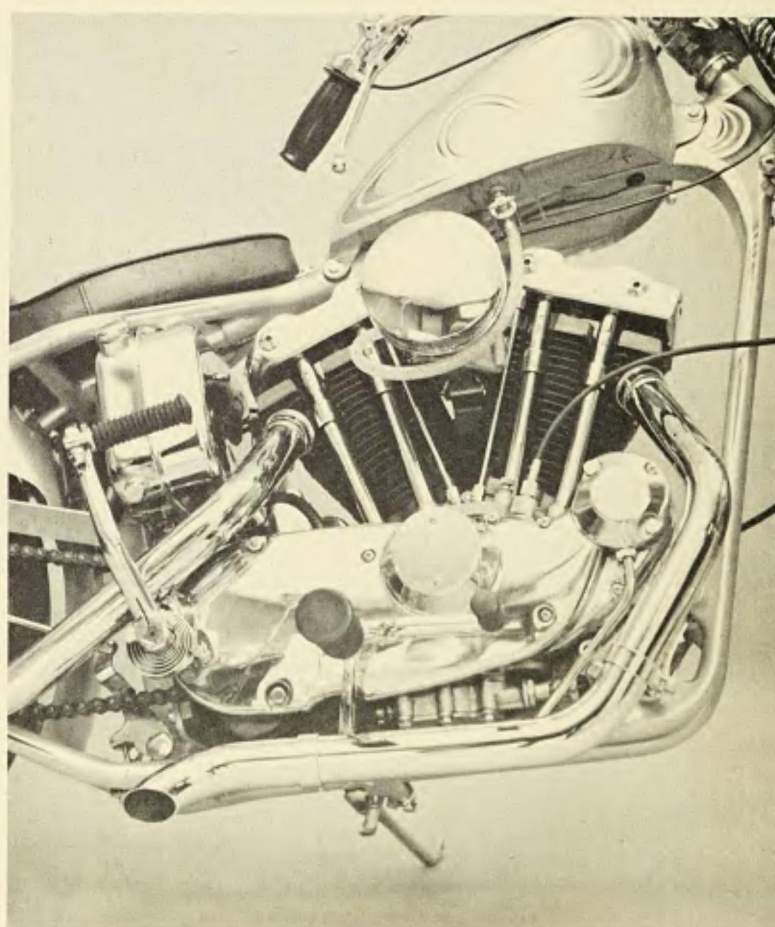
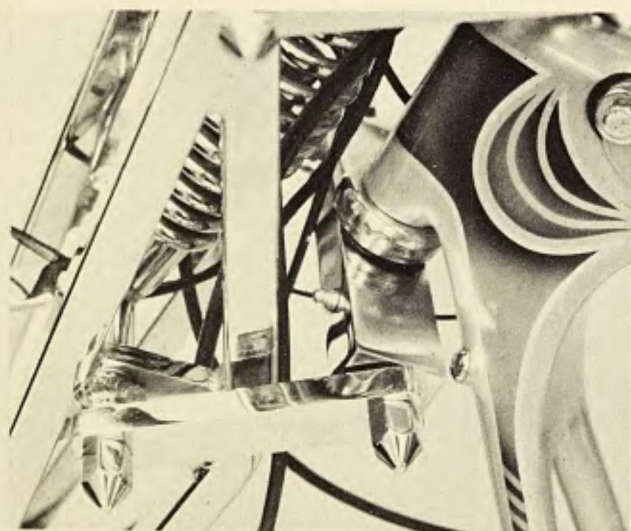
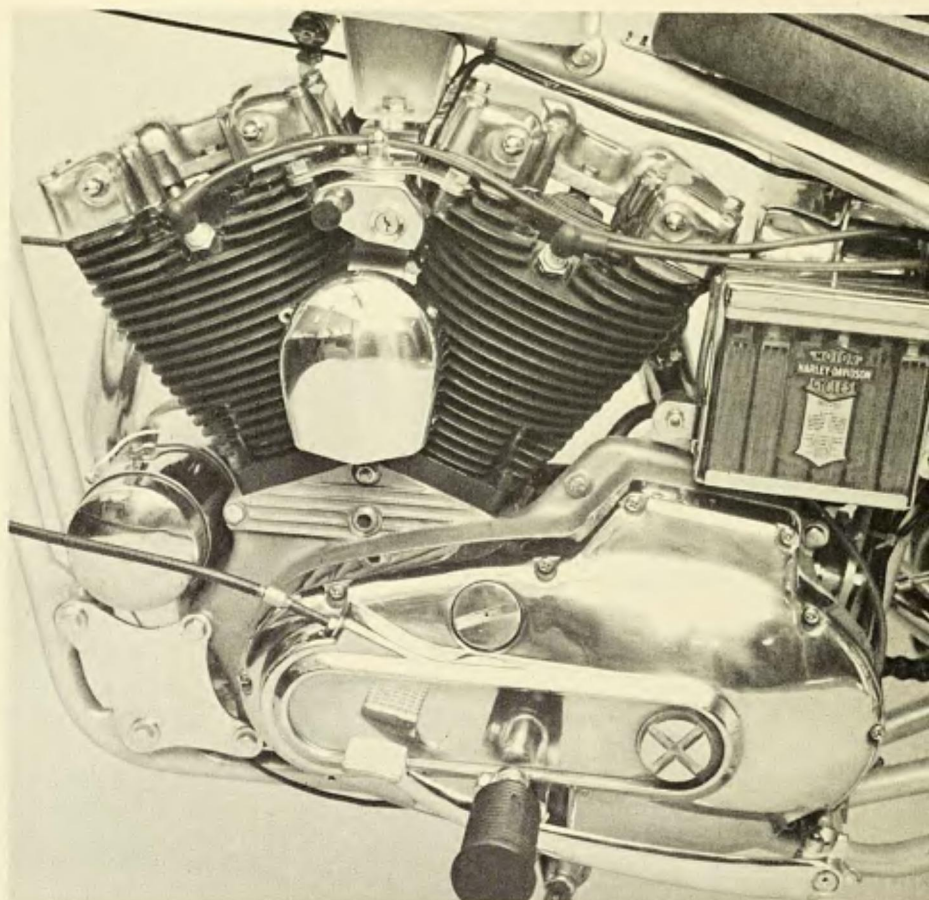
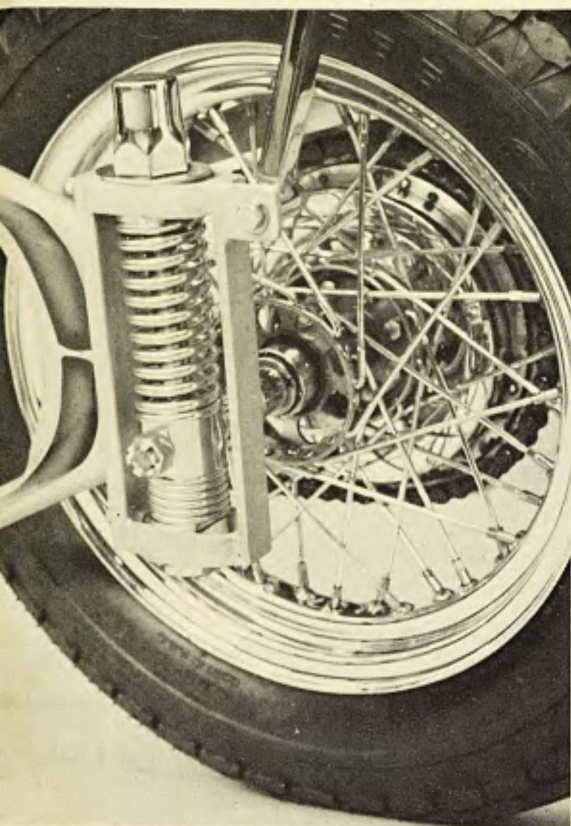


Photos by Pete Chiodo



staff (members who were awake) gazed uncomprehending at Woody's scooter, we wondered: Why the cold blue theme with illustrations of polar bears? Later—much later—it dawned on us why the bears had been painted on his tank and fender. The riding season in Maryland is limited to about four quick months. Consequently, for most of the year, the weather would be only **bearly** comfortable for a polar beast to ride in, chilling any Sportster blue in the frosty cold. Just thinking about walking into a dark garage and finding the cold blue Sporty sitting there (a winter theme surrounded by icicle chrome) made me shiver.

Perhaps the snowy-white polar bears are a reminder to the rider that he had better bundle his bod for the chilling night. Of course, Shorty Boylston's tank art could depict something even more dreary than putting in sub-freezing weather on slick, damp streets. It could be reminiscent of the cold-starting traits



of the sportster, especially on a less-than-warm night.

The curiosity was driving us freaks to drink (the ones who weren't already drunk) and it was almost noon. We dialed the shop where Woody worked, and you'd never believe the message from Maryland. Ol' Woody had split to California, making arrangements to move there. I suppose he'll have to paint his Sporty again.

—Snake

Owner: Woody Woodard **City:** Temple Hills, Maryland

General **Frame**

Fabrication by: R&R Speed & Cycle	Year: 1975
Year and make: 1974 H-D	Bulider: R & R Speed & Cycle
Model: Sportster	Type: Savior
Value: \$3,800	Rake: 5° over stock
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 2 inches
Time: 4 months	Other alterations: plunger rear susp.
Chroming by: Standard Plating	

Engine

Year: 1974	Bars: Drag pullbacks
Model: XLCH	Risers: one-piece with bars
Rebuilder: owner	Fender(s): Wassell
Ignition: battery-coil	Headlight: Bates
Displacement: 55 cu. in.	Taillight: Knightlite, Drag Specialties
Lower end: H-D	Speedo: VDO; tach VDO
Balancing: stock specs	Front pegs: Sportster
Pistons: H-D, 9:1	Rear pegs: Wassell
Cases: bead blasted	Electrics: owner, Bosch regulator
Heads: black wrinkled	Gas tank: Sportster
Cam: PB's	Oil tank: stock, chromed
Lifters: solids	Oil system: neoprene lines
Carb(s): Bendix	Primary cover: aluminum
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties	Seat: R & R Speed & Cycle
Pipes: turn-outs	Sissy bar: R & R Savior short loop
Muffler(s):	Height: 8 inches
	Material: 5/8 in. square

Transmission

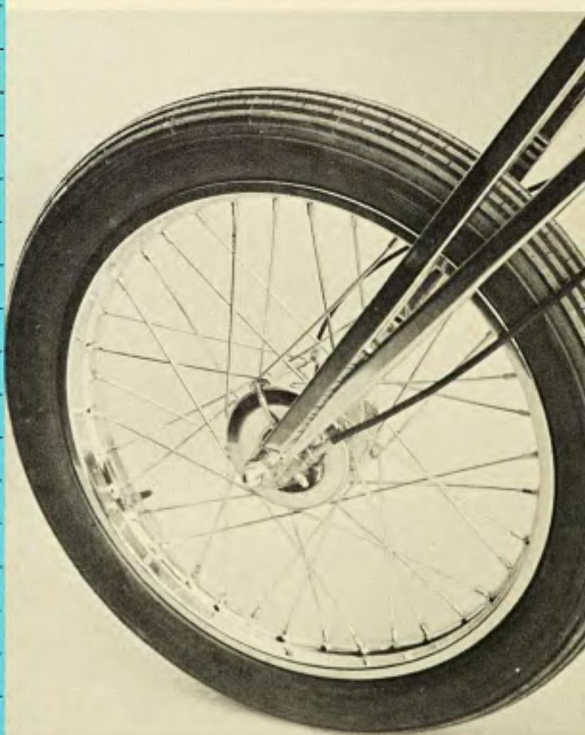
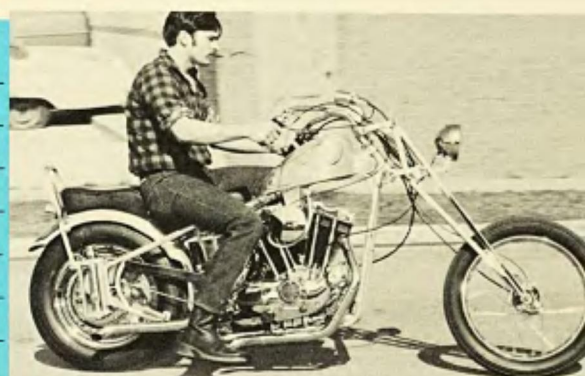
Modifications:	Type: girder
Year: 1974	Extension: 9 inches
Shifting: foot	Builder: Durfee Enterprises
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: fork stops

Wheels

	Front	Rear
Size: 19 in.	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Rim width: 1.8 in.	Rim width: 1.8 in.	Rim width: 3.5 in.
Tire: Pirelli 2.75	Tire: Pirelli 2.75	Tire: Beck 5.00
Brake: Hallcraft	Brake: Hallcraft	Brake: H-D drum

Painting

Molding: Roger's Trick Shop
Painter: Roger Stovall
Color: ice blue
Type: pearl lacquer
Special paint: artwork by Shorty Boylston
Other special modifications: chain guard rubber-mounted, special bracket for speedo & tach, electric box behind battery





In The Wind at Protest Runs

—from R. Wade, Barborton,



Protest runs are rapidly becoming an accepted way for bikers to express their feelings against anti-motorcycle legislation.

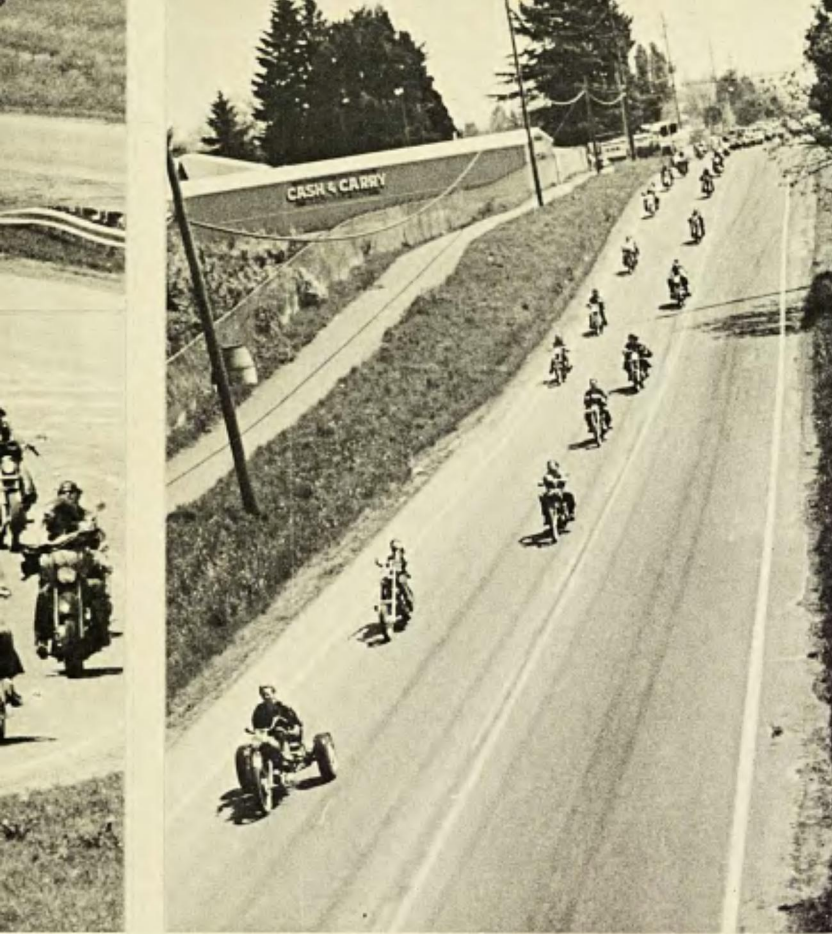
When Gary Zager (ABATE coordinator for Maryland) promoted the first helmet protest three years ago, there were mixed feelings about the event among brothers, straight-bikers and the establishment. Skepticism was rampant.

Early protests met with one obstacle after another as the protesters went about setting up legal demonstrations; parade permits were not approved; road-blocks were set up; campgrounds and other meeting places were closed down; police harassment was increased — all for the obvious purpose of discouraging the dedicated bikers.

But as the case against helmet laws strengthened, the brothers (determined to see helmet laws repealed) wouldn't let up. They just pushed all the harder to overcome every obstruction in order to make their protests against the law more visible to the public and especially to their elected representatives.

Many felt that the motorcycle gatherings might appear to the public as threatening mobs. But the response from the media and the public has been positive.







Legislators woke up to our brothers' dilemma and began listening to statistical arguments on both sides. Anti-helmet-law fighters have constantly won out. Acceptance of motorcyclists, their machines and beliefs, has increased almost everywhere.

All segments of motorcycling have become involved in bikers' rights demonstrations. Dresser riders to dirt riders are standing with their outlaw brothers on this issue. Everyone has learned to respect the endeavors of others to prevent a free sport from being cluttered with restrictive laws that would, in time, stifle that sport until it no longer existed.

The flicks shown here predominantly depict the recent ABATE of Oregon protest and party; a highly organized and skillfully accomplished run, attended and planned mostly by outlaw clubs in the Oregon state area.

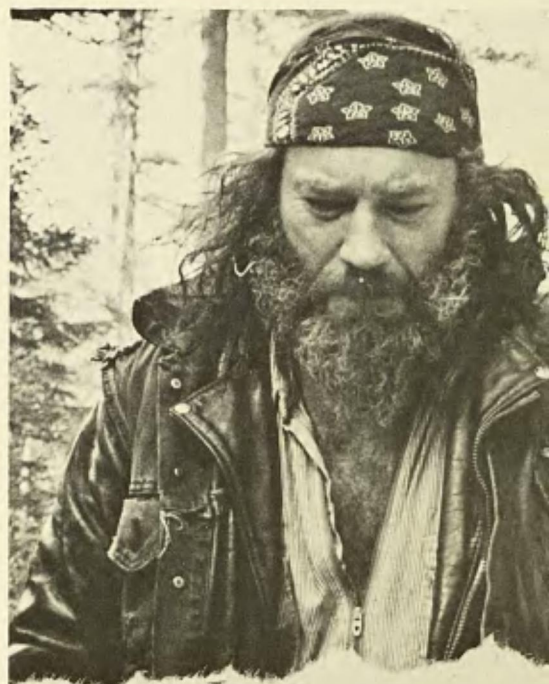
Other recent protests also deserve recognition. ABATE of Wisconsin, the CBW and the WBBA staged the largest protest to date. In midsummer (dig it!), 15,000 bikers jammed to the Wisconsin state capitol, protesting the Wisconsin helmet law. If that ain't unity, what is? Madison citizens greeted the orderly procession of bikers with enthusiastic cheering. The gathering of 15,000 bikers



To protest Ohio law

Cyclists ride helmet-free





Motorcyclists Protest Helmet Law

More than 500 motorcycle enthusiasts turned out at Augusta to protest Maine's mandatory helmet and headlight law as they drive helmetless to the

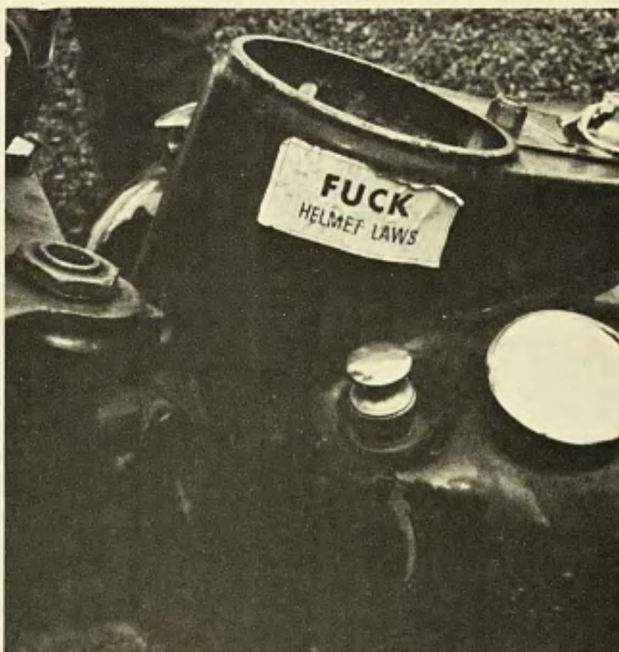
statehouse from another section of town. Here Son Bridges (right) leads the group. (UPI Telephoto)



and 20,000 citizens included 1%ers to straights—right down to the Blue Knights M/C, a club composed entirely of police officers.

Also this year, Ohio ABATE chapters broke ground with their first helmet protest. It was a roaring success and made the front page of the capital's newspaper. The ABATE chapters in Ohio have already begun planning their next protest.

Other protest runs taking place around the country: ABATE of Michigan's protest ride was attended by 5,000 bikers. A 400 biker protest ride was put together by ABATE of Virginia; 500 bikers pro-









tested the helmet law in Maine (the run was organized by United Bikers of Maine); 600 scooter people showed their objections to the fiberglass shell in New York (this well-organized and successful event was scheduled by ABATE of New York and NYMRO); and lastly, 800 bikers attended the most recent helmet protest in Indiana, planned and executed by ABATE of Indiana.

All these staunch efforts have proven the mutual respect and unity among bikers, the increasing concern about government encroachment, and the undeniable need for our elected representatives to become much more involved with the people they supposedly represent.

Helmet protests have drawn a positive reaction from the public and have been instrumental in bringing our plight to the attention of the lawmakers everywhere. The bikers of America have dramatically presented to the Establishment the sincerity of their beliefs. Thanks, brothers and sisters. ■





HOLLYWEED



**The First Turkey
Who Yawps
"Hillbilly"
Gets a Rap
Inna Mouth!**



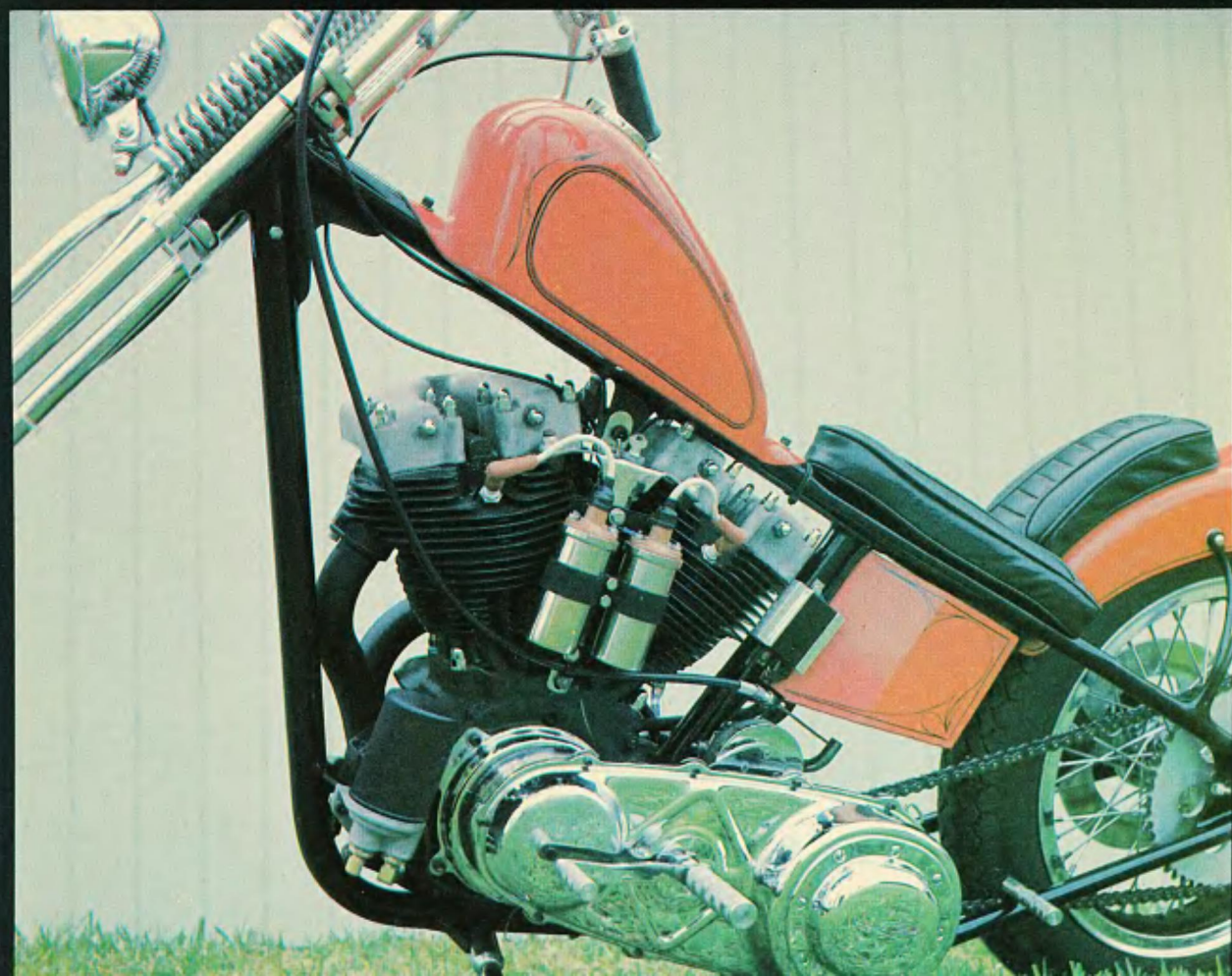
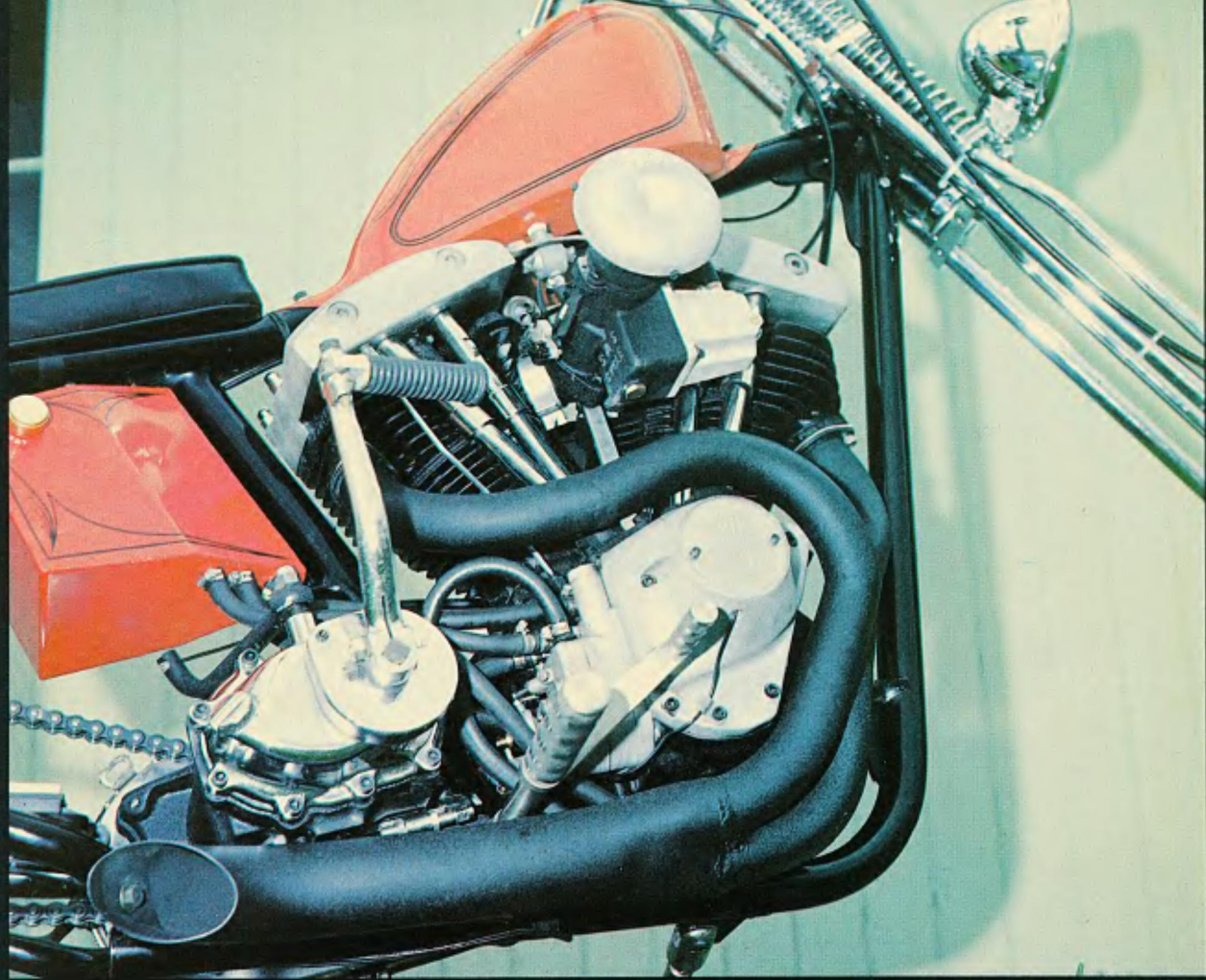


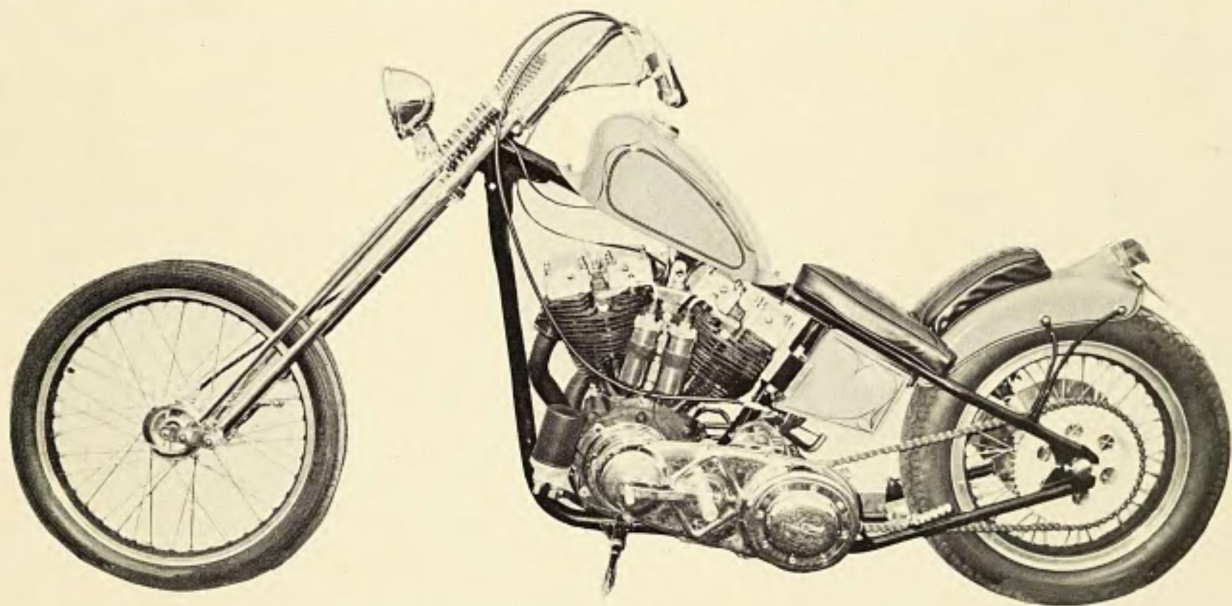
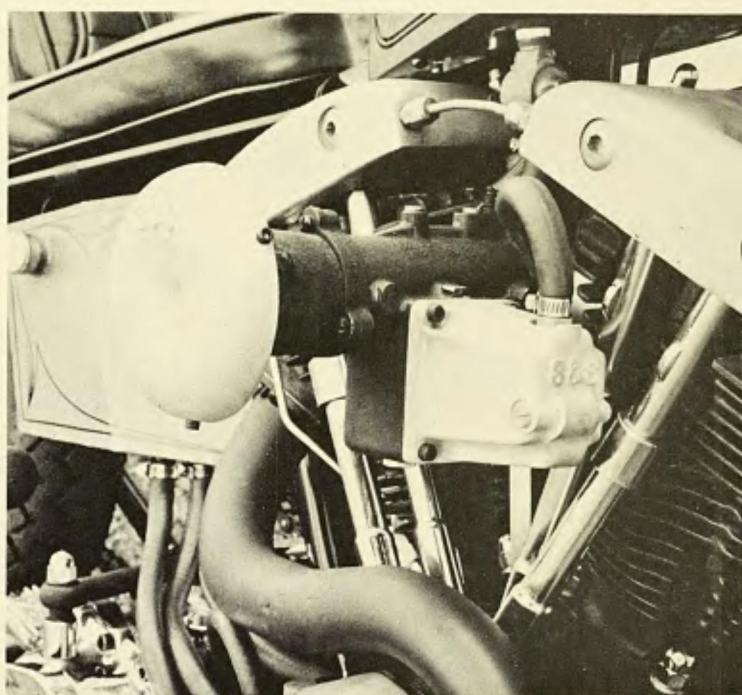
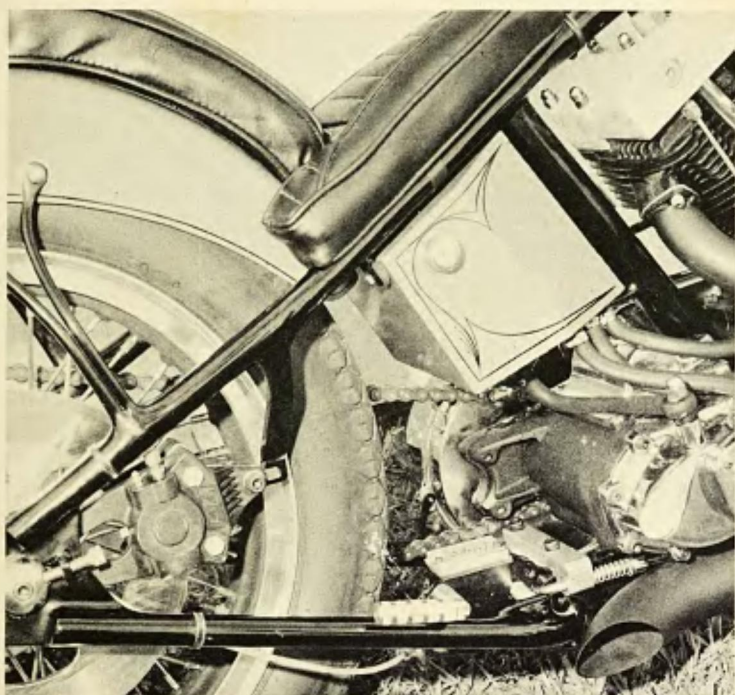
We've said it before and we'll say it again: it don't matter where in tarnation (in this tar 'n' feathered nation) ya put a sled together, if the ol' brains are properly scrambled it'll come out a winner. This putt proves it. Sam Wilson lives up in the backwoods—or—boondocks—ah—Blue Mountains of western North Carolina which, to be charitable about it, ain't exactly your

BLUE MOUNTAINS SHOVEL

prime chopper building territory. But, despite the creaky Postal Service and winters that would make ya think Appalachia is spelled a-n-t-a-r-c-t-i-c-a, he's hammered out a machine that would get thumbs-up from Fresno to Frisco and beyond.

If ya can squint yer eyes down to close range, you'll notice—besides the bugs on your own nose—a lotta detail





parts on this scoot made from stainless steel: like the brake pedal, footpegs, rear axle, transmission plate, and cylinder head steady. Much of the bigger stuff is either beadblasted or painted. Even the underside of the oil and gas tanks are baby-ass smooth. It ain't that Sam's an anti-chrome freak like some of the crust-and-dust-ers around this rat hole. It's just that when the nearest plating tank is a two days' cruise away by mountain road, ya check out the alternatives. The alloy wheel rims, f'rinstance, were blasted and painted wrinkle black in the centers so the road swill won't show up as fast between the spokes.

Other heavy truckin' items are a pair of seat pads complete with removable zippered covers against debris that gets stuck to 'em, bust-proof wiring (it's run through a copper tube 'glassed to the rear fender), a flat-bottomed Sporty tank for more fuel space, and an oil filter that not only strains the crud but adds almost a quart of extra capacity to the system.

So don't get down on Sam 'cos he ain't from the big city—with this missile he might just cruise on out to your place to discuss the matter personal-like.

—Sniveler

—Continued on next page



Photos by Jake

Owner: Sam Wilson

City: Black Mt., N. Carolina

General

Frame

Fabrication by: Larry Heiskell

Year: new construction

Year and make: 1974 H-D

Builder: Cycleology Distrib. Co.

Model: originally, Superglide

Type: single loop rigid

Value: \$4,500

Rake: 5° over

Assembly by: owner & Heiskell

Stretch: 1 in front, 1 in rear

Time: 6 months

Other alterations: fork stops

Chroming by: Brown's, Kentucky

Accessories

Engine

Bars: B.C. Choppers—ram horns

Year: 1974

Risers: none—bars plug in

Model: FX

Fender(s): Larry Heiskell

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: dual coils-Accel

Taillight: Drag Specialties

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo:

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: stainless steel, V.R.

Balancing: stock

Rear pegs: stainless steel, V.R.

Pistons: H-D 8.5:1

Electrics: Sebring unit, no battery

Cases: flat black

Gas tank: flat bottom Sportster

Heads: shovel

Oil tank: Cycleology Distrib.

Cam: FLH

Oil system: NAPA oil filter & adapter

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: Paughco

Carb(s): S & S

Seat: Alan, of foam & fabric

Air cleaner: S & S

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: spec. fab by Larry Heiskell

Height:

Muffler(s):

Material:

Transmission Wright's Eng. Works Forks

Modifications: Andrews 1st-3rd

Type: springer

Year: 1974

Extension: 8 inches

Shifting: Posi-Shift, thru primary

Builder: Cycleology Distrib.

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels Akront alloy rims

Wheel sprocket: 52

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21 in.

Size: 18 in.

Molding: Marshall Garland

Hub: Hallcrafts

Hub: Hallcrafts

Painter: Marshall Garland

Rim width:

Rim width:

Color: supposedly scarlet

Tire: Avon 2.75

Tire: Avon 4.00

Type: acrylic lacquer

Brake: drum

Brake: disc

Special paint: striping by George at Daytona

Other special modifications: stainless steel axles, spacers, motor & coil

mount, transmission plate, foot pegs, brake pedal, and linkages by

Vaughn Robinson

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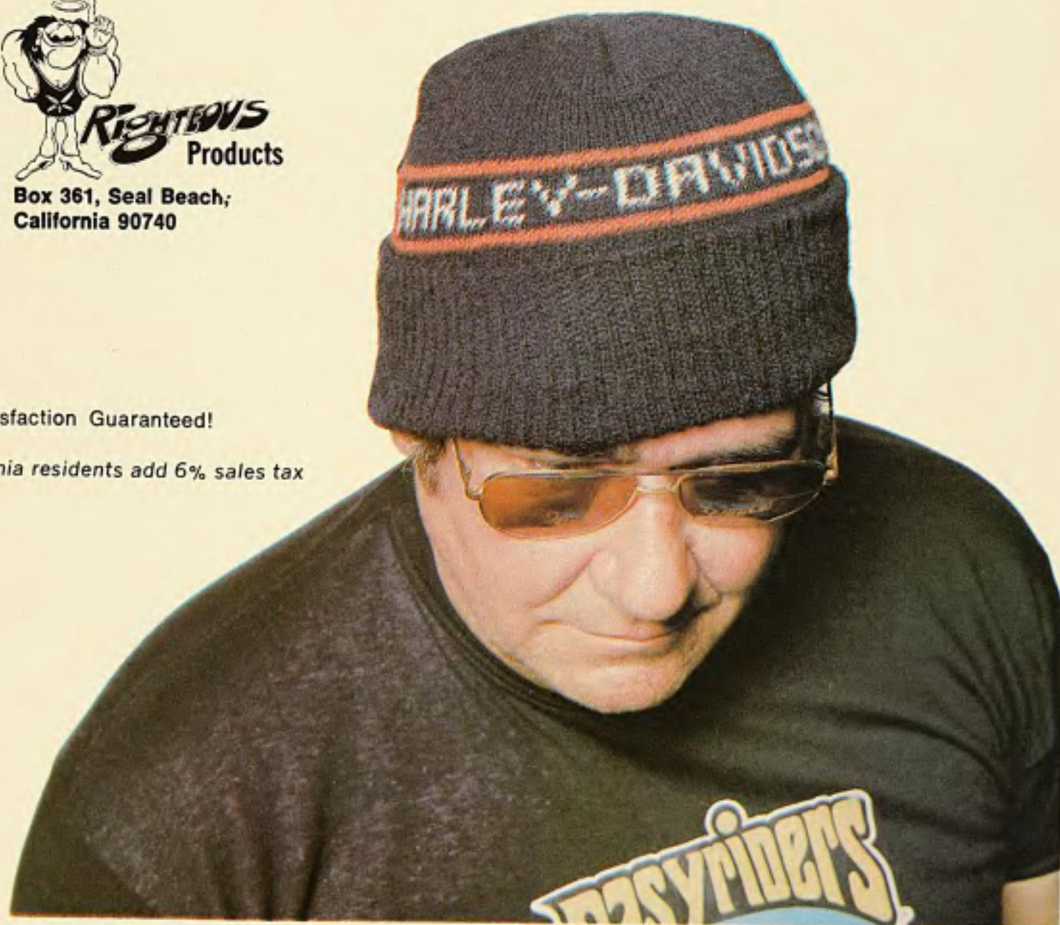
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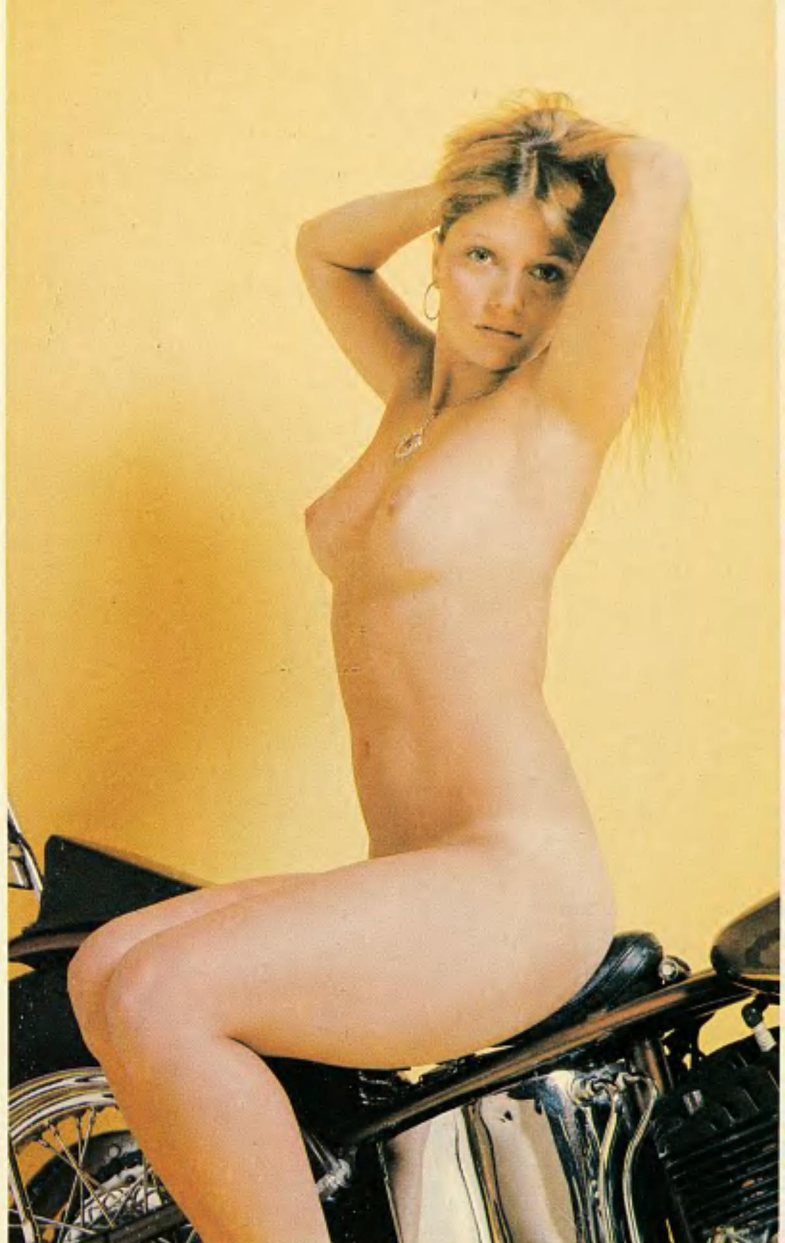


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Only H-D's for This Scooter Fox



Here's a bitch who really has her shit together. All 35-29-36, four-foot-eleven, ninety pounds of it. Yeah, any chick who can get dumped on the freeway and come out lookin' this good is bound to have somethin' on the ball.



MARCI



She was with her ol' man on the freeway when they lost it. Her ol' man, at the time, was jammin' to a party when they came across one of the most dreaded lumps in the road any bro could imagine. Before he could move his front end, the narrow wheel slammed into some garbage wagon's rusty muffler.

At about seventy miles an hour, ya can't expect a bro to keep his scooter up once it's smacked a muffler the size of a small beer keg. So in a flurry of handling hassles her ol' man put the pan on its side. Marci held tight to him, and probably with her eyes shut tight, spun through the asphalt slide.

An experience like that would tend to scrape the motorcycling from under anyone's skin. But Marci is still a bike-lovin' chick and insists on only Harley-Davidsons.

—Shotgun



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Scorpio (October 23 — November 21)

Up until now things were moving at about the speed of a turtle's twat. Well, stop pickin' your nose with your roach clip and countin' your dingleberries. Remember, this month you will gain if you take advantage of one of your partner's past experiences. Believe it or not, it's time to cut your ol' lady some slack! So after she has polished your machine, let her have the crunchy crusties in your crotch (with cream, of course).

Sagittarius (November 22 — December 20)

You just might as well face facts. Fun is fun, but you've partied yourself into an anus alert. So stop licking the lining of some sweat hog's lips long enough to fix the leak in your oil tank. 'Cause if ya haven't gotten your scoot in top shape by now, you're in for some problems. You'll be stuck somewhere out in bum-fuck-Egypt with bumps on your bungus, using your dong for a dip-stick!

Capricorn (December 21 — January 19)

You're the dudes who are always running into bargains. You really ought to have a money sign on the head of your dick (or is that flash?). Think twice before shining on some bro you meet while out of town. He's for real and not just blowing hot air out his ass! He'll lead ya straight to some of those hard-to-find knucklehead parts and at a ball-bustin' price too. What's more, there will be plenty of pussy to point your pork in.

Aquarius (January 20 — February 18)

About the first of the month you could be blamed for someone else's fuckup. One of those bouncin' bottoms you've been rompin' with may have overdosed on some semen. Just tell the leaky cunt it wasn't your crooked crank. Some other dude has thrown a set of foul balls into the flies on her thighs. By the end of the month she'll be flapping her jaws in another direc-

tion, so don't shit your shades off!

Pisces (February 19 — March 20)

Excellent time to give your tallywhacker a well-deserved rest, and that applies to your tortured tongue as well. This is also the time when forgotten citations could catch up with you. Better take care of 'em now. Then get busy and check out those minor problems with your machine. In other words, pull out your tools and put away your family jewels!

Aries (March 21 — April 20)

Holy shit! You're coming into a very lucky period. Now is the time to head for Las Vegas or the races. Maybe even have the rug rats save the labels off their Jolly Jack-off cereal and enter the contest. In other words, try your luck while you're hot! Now this doesn't mean to rush out and blow your wad. Save that for the vacant space between your ol' lady's ears, or else use it to cure some of those pimples on her ass!

Taurus (April 21 — May 20)

Your nerves may be as shaky as a dude with his meat in the grinder! Seems something you did months ago has come back to fuck with your head. You may be able to bullshit your way out of it. If not, paybacks are a motherfucker! Ease up on those Gorilla Biscuits you've been droppin'. They don't mix well with Wild Turkey. Besides that, you could get so messed up you won't even notice the head cheese on the stale old cunt you poke your pee-pee in. Unless you don't mind flies in your forehead!

Gemini (May 21 — June 20)

The last couple of months may have left ya with a sagging scrotum. Cheer up—good times are ahead for you now. Your health is so outrageous it will curl your corns and put some jump in your joint. Any problems with your machine should be minor. So get in the wind for a week or two. It's far-out time to get back in touch

with long-time buddies. You're sure to be pole vaulting with your prong alongside the best of the butt bandits. So unless she is picking up the tab, leave that bucket-butt behind!

Cancer (June 21 — July 21)

The last year and a half has been enough to dull your dick! But now you'll find yourself attracting more cash than a turd does flies. An offer near the middle of the month can give you a bigger thrill than a bent banana in an ape's ass! This can take some of the strain off your brain. Stay away from unusual foods like eating at the Who Flung Dung. This month it could cause strange lumps in your plops and pucker your poopchute. But give those sweat hogs a flick of your dick and watch their eyes light up!

Leo (July 22 — August 21)

Your talents go deeper than burning up some hot twat. Right about now the broads are beginning to remind you of a huge, clutching clitoris! And, after drinking your ol' lady's strawberry douche and munching up the Preparation H, you should realize you've been sampling too much of that good bush. This can be the month for big accomplishments, so pull up those well-seasoned shorts and get your shit together.

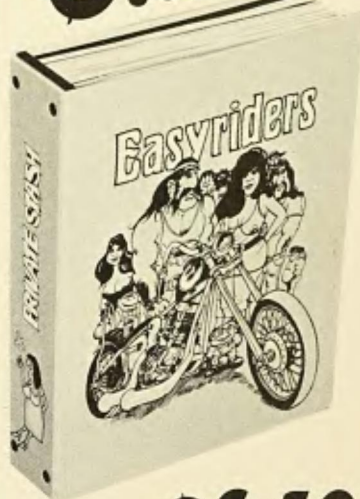
Virgo (August 22 — September 21)

The first half of the month's added expenses may very well give ya an attitude that's akin to coming down from uppers! But don't get your balls in an uproar; this won't last long. When puttin' home from reamin' and creamin', beware of high speeds. Especially late at night, since you aren't as alert as usual. Keep your mind open for clues that will put you back in clit-chomping shape again!

Libra (September 22 — October 22)

This month should bring an end to some problems surrounding your job. It seems as though some dipshit will try to outrank your class by dealing you a low blow. Ignore it. You'll be the one to come out on top, and he'll be left standing with his finger caught in his forehead. You've not only got the cock that counts, but the talented testicles to go along with it. So please, pass the pussy and have a second helping too!

Class



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What Constitution?

—Continued from page 32

except by due process of law. If such is the case, then there are thousands of people in jails across the nation, who are being held contrary to the Constitution; and there are thousands of courts which are guilty of not upholding the Constitution by allowing these people to sit in jail.

Due process of law means a trial in a court of law by the rules of law. It does not mean that a sole person, such as a municipal court judge (who often is not legally trained), can constitutionally decide that a person is guilty. The fact that a judge sets bail is in effect stating that he (the judge) feels that the accused is not a fit person for society.

This same principle applies to the Grand Jury system. The Grand Jury system came to this country from England with the colonists. It was a part of the original canon law imported and still used today. However, it is interesting to note that England no longer uses the Grand Jury system. The feeling was that since a grand jury indictment tended to convict a person by the term "indictment," it was unfair for the people because the accused had already been found guilty by his peers, without having had an opportunity to present a defense. A grand jury hears only the evidence brought before them by the prosecutor. The accused has no chance to rebut until after he is brought to court. But yet every state in the union still uses the Grand Jury system. Who seeks out this information for the grand juries? The police, the FBI and the CIA (federal cases).

We find that we dislike thinking about the Secret Service troops of Hitler's Germany. But are we really so different? Hitler had the SS; we have the CIA. Hitler had the Gestapo; we have the FBI. Show the difference. It's not there. We tend to "tsk-tsk" when we hear about the covert murders and burglaries of these agencies. There is indifference and indignation, depending upon which side of the fence is being ridden. But in all reality there is no difference between Nazi Germany's tactics and the tactics being employed today by this country's law enforcement people, and supported by the courts.

Ronald Reagan, in a recent speech, said: "We need a government not only for the people. . . but by the

people." Needless to say, we also need a United States Supreme Court by the people.

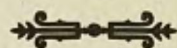
Presently, as a seat is vacated by a United States Supreme Court Justice, the President nominates a candidate to fill that vacancy and that jurist must be confirmed by Congress. It is by this standard of questionable practice that we have found such labels as, "the Warren Court," "the Nixon Court," etc. Each Justice sits on the bench of the High Court for the rest of his life if he so chooses. Once confirmed by Congress, he can be removed only by impeachment by that same body. Under such a system it would appear that the Constitution of this country is being protected by political pay-offs for services rendered. A more equitable way must be devised by which the people of the United States can decide who shall sit as our protectors.

Perhaps these jurists can be elected every four years. Perhaps a system might be worked out where the High Court jurists are rotated every year or two through the Federal Court system. But to sit at the pleasure of the President somehow goes against the grain of the American people, especially when these same people have to rely on that court for major decisions which affect the everyday lives of virtually every man, woman, and child for years to come. The publisher of a well-known magazine labeled that court, "The Court Of No Appeals." How very appropriate: for once a decision has been rendered, there is no appealing.

Instead of looking for a "conservative" or "liberal," to the "right" or to the "left" Justice, shouldn't judges be elected or appointed according to their knowledge of the law, rather than by their knowledge of the social register? Or the cash register? It has been said that the United States Supreme Court represents the American People. Did you have a vote in who sits on that High Bench?

It has also been said that hindsight is a kick in the ass. Hindsight is what we are faced with today. What this country needs, and needs now, is more say in big government. Majority votes—not electoral votes. Government by the people—and a court system by the people. At the rate that the courts are taking away our rights, it will come to a point where, in fifteen years, while your child is studying the history of this country, he will face you and ask—"Daddy, what's a Constitution?" ■

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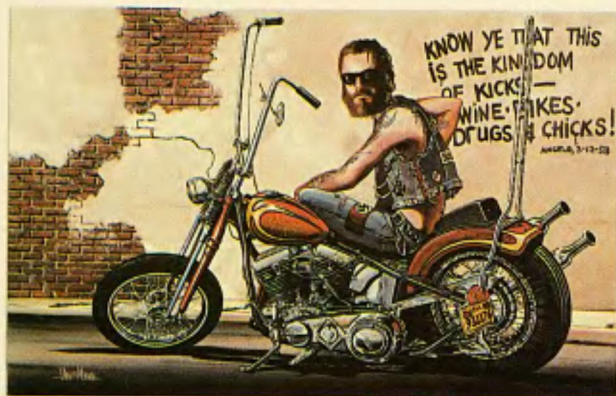
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**Schemin' on an
86 incher**

Road Test?
Of an Eighty-six-Incher?
Well, Sorta. . .

You wouldn't believe some of them off-the-wall schemes that happen around this wordy dump. Like the time we let Mutha bake a raisin pie. Christ, it came out tastin' more like hair pie. Or when Sniveler took his DMV road test for Big Brother on a scoot with a turning radius the size Armond's bicep. Yeah. Flunk City.

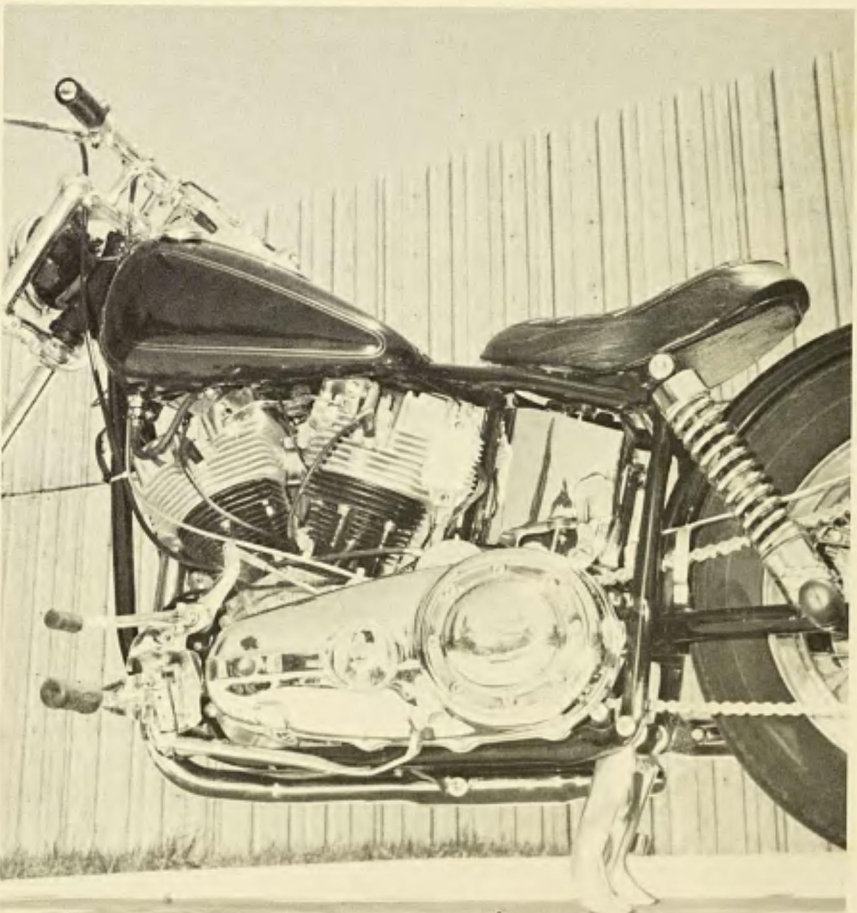
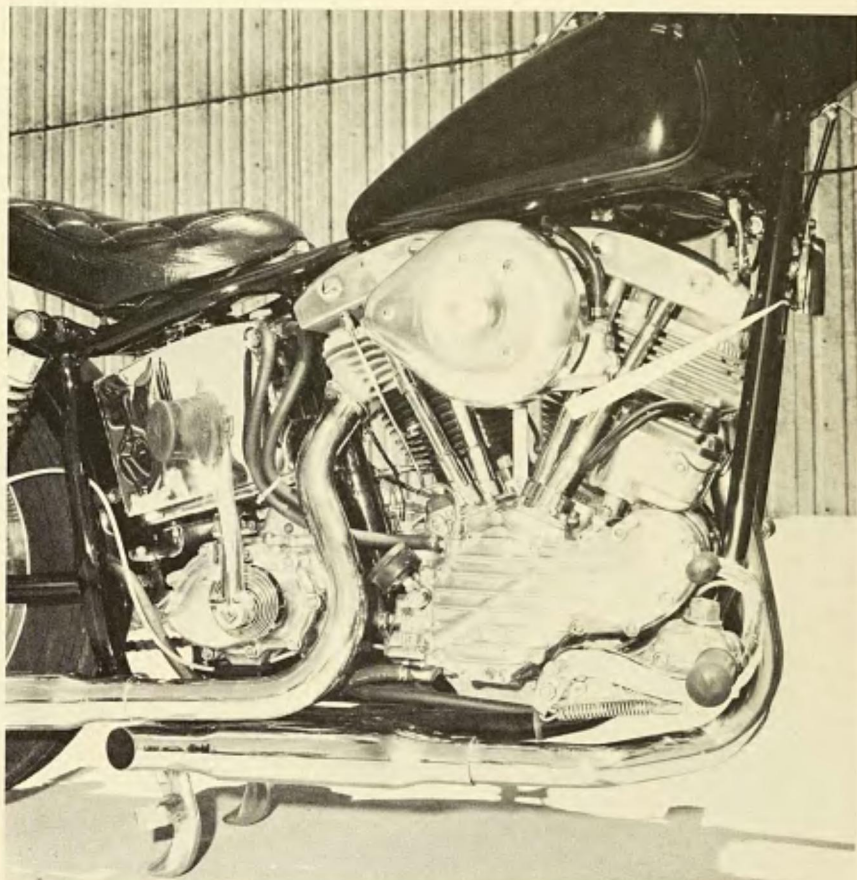
This lap around the smoke-and-juice circuit, some freak thought it might show a lotta class if we really roadtested a scoot—not just lightweight whorin' for ads (the way other rags do), but some serious usin' and abusin'. The only problem was findin' a bike. I mean, who with a sane skull would loan a cherry putt to a buncha animals like us? We don't look like we can even think right, much less ride that way.

Turned out, it was the **sled** that did us in. In them Iowa cornfields is the meaniest, nastiest 86-inch shovel between Denver and Detroit. Oh, don't get us wrong—those twin discs stop when you just start **thinkin'** about stoppin'. The Ceriani front end and swingarm rear will dodge cows and potholes in the middle of the road better than a stock Sportster. It's just that those 86-inch pork chop stroker flywheels atop the monster carb, quarter-turn throttle, and no return spring make for some serious kidney squeezin' when you climb on after startin' the day with only a few reds for breakfast. We took a good handful of wick, which spaced out the ol' oatmeal inside our skull quicker than a mix of moonshine and angel dust—the skull bein' mashed against the back wall tryin' to ketch up with the rest of this terror sled. In the first turn we lost all our precision road-test instruments (a busted pencil, a wet thumb and a K-Mart ruler). Then the memory goes blank except for stumblin' around in a daze afterwards, mumblin' real intelligent shit like "Jesus, is that fucker fast!"

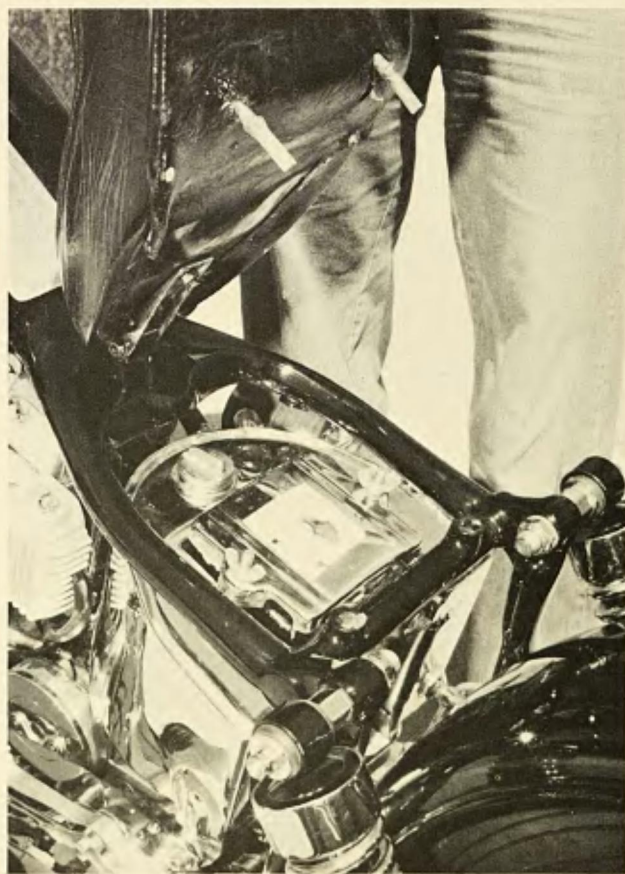
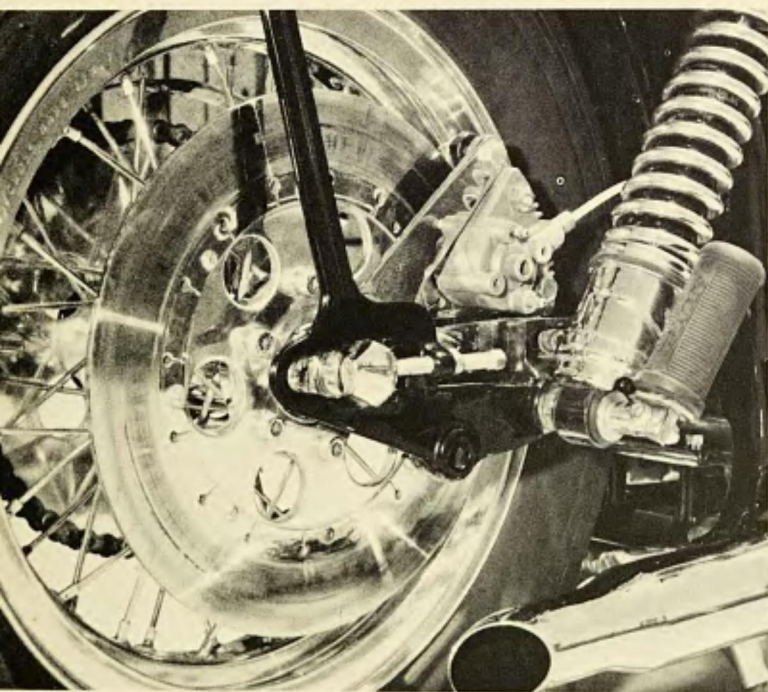
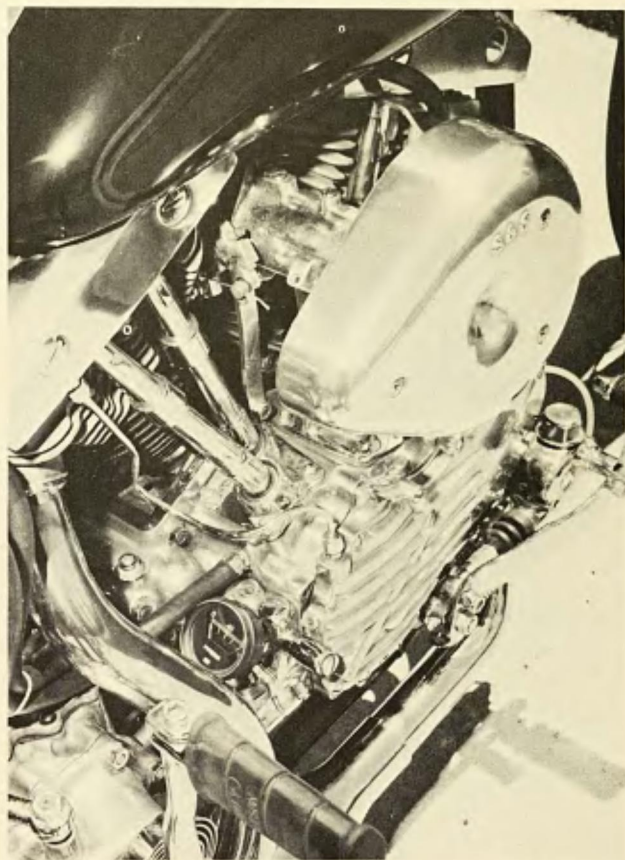
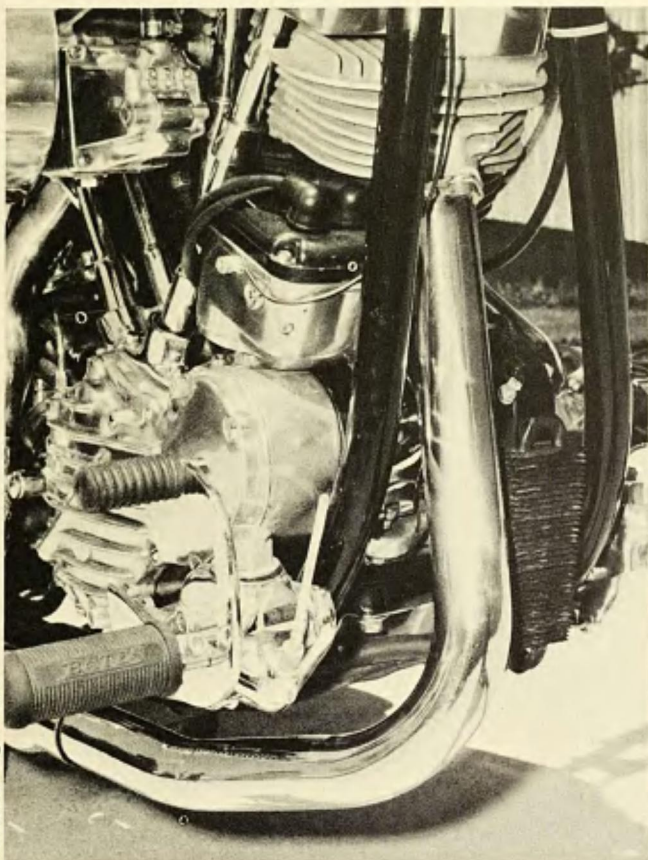
Well, shit, what did 'ja **expect**—quarter-mile times and snivelin' about how the seat hurts your ass after the first five hundred miles?

—The Editors

—Continued after two pages of photos



Photos by Jake





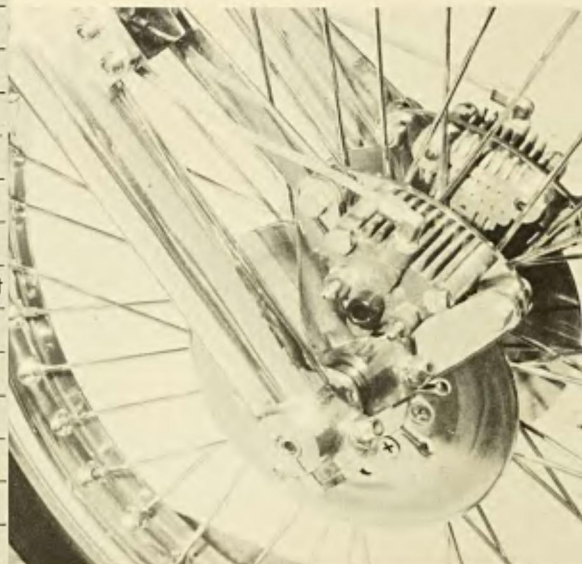
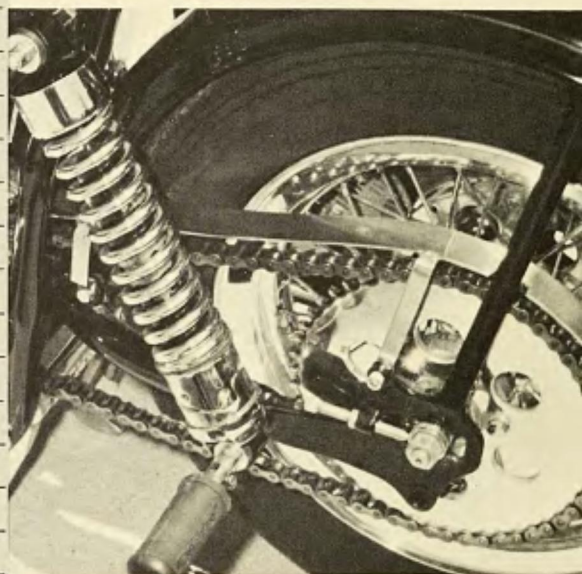
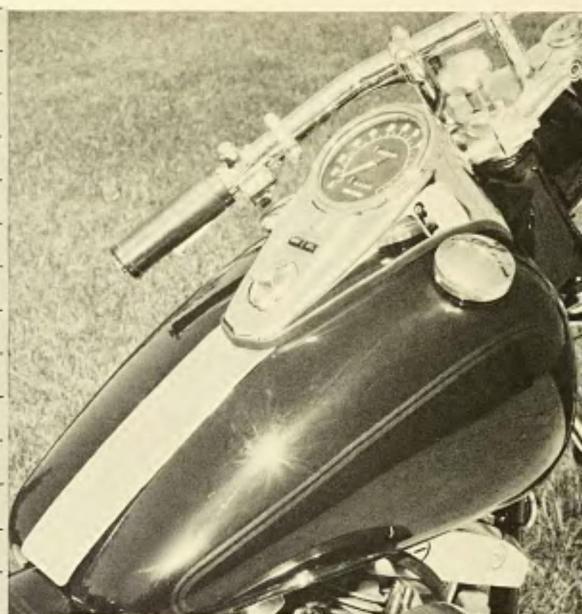
Owner: Boyd Dingman	City: Charles City, Iowa
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1963
Year and make: reconstructed	Builder: H-D/owner
Model: Big (very big) Twin	Type: swing arm
Value: \$5,000	Rake: none
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 2 in.
Time: 7 months	Other alterations: seat mounts
Chroming by: United Plating	Accessories

Engine	Bars: drag
Year: '48 lower, shovel top	Risers: 2 in.
Model: 74	Fender(s): 6 in. made by owner
Rebuilder: Bob Nootnagle, own.	Headlight: H-D, reworked
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto	Taillight: H-D, reworked
Displacement: 86 cu. in.	Speedo: stock
Lower end: R&B Machine, Garner	Front pegs: Bates
Balancing: Dynamic Balancing	Rear pegs: Bates
Pistons: S & S stroker	Electric: Volta-Pac
Cases: '48	Gas tank: fat bobs, stainless cover
Heads: reworked by owner	Oil tank: early horseshoe
Cam: Andrews "B"	Oil system: neoprene lines
Lifters: S & S solids	Primary cover: H-D, with spacer
Carb(s): S & S Super	Seat: owner
Air cleaner: S & S	Sissy bar: none
Pipes: drag	Height:
Muffler(s): no baffles	Material:

Transmission	Forks
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: double damped glide
Year: 1970	Extension: 6 in. by Franks, III.
Shifting: foot	Builder: Ceriani
Engine sprocket: Phase 3	Special features: headlight tab

Trans sprocket: 24	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: Hallcraft 51	Front	Rear
	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
	Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: Hallcraft
	Rim width: 2 1/2	Rim width: 5 in. Akront
	Tire: Avon 3.00	Tire: Goodyear 5.10
	Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc

Painting		
Molding: owner		
Painter: owner		
Color: black		
Type: acrylic lacquer		
Special paint: red candy striping, Imron clear top coat		
Other special modifications: custom made stroker, pork chop flywheels, gilmer belt primary drive, ported and polished heads; custom swing arm, centerstand, foot brake pedal, alloy wheel rims		



The Birdies

—Continued from page 21

snuff-eatin' kind to me. Jeb," he called, "open up one of them cans."

"You motherfuckers ain't got no right to tamper with our shit, man," Hooch shouted, angrily. "You're violating our constitutional rights. That's illegal search and seizure. We ain't done a damned thing—"

"Jeb!" The sheriff cut him short. "Shut that boy's mouth for him."

Without a second between order and action, Jeb kneed Hooch in the crotch, and as the biker went down, Jeb slapped him alongside the head with the butt of his shotgun. The sheriff spun quickly and slapped Professor hard, hitting him across the face with his callused hand.

"Boy," he said to Professor, "what your friend just said wasn't what I'd call either nice or smart. Now, down here we respect mothers, and if we do any fuckin' it jus' gonna be you California fairies we fuck. You read me loud and clear, boy?" He stepped back, a look of satisfaction on his face. He had wanted to use that final line ever since hearing it on his favorite television show, and at last the opportunity had come. He reached out and tore the red, bandana head-rag off Professor's head, wiped his tobacco-juice-smeared chin, and threw the head-rag into the bushes. "Jeb," he ordered again, "open up one of them cans an' le's see what these two bin up to."

Jeb opened one of the snuff cans, carefully, and there was mild confusion on their faces as the white powder came into view.

"Well, my, my!" the sheriff said, glancing from one to the other of the bikers. Professor was still shaking his head from the effects of the slap, and Hooch was rising groggily to his feet. "This here looks just like some of that there dope you boys been haulin' down here to sell to our children. You probably the same ones been

rapin' all our sweet little gals an' corruptin' the morals of the entire South. Had some dope fiend killed over in Pinetree, t'other day. You all might even know somethin' about that."

"It's dope, sheriff," Jeb chortled, happily. "It's dope, all right. It looks like dope."

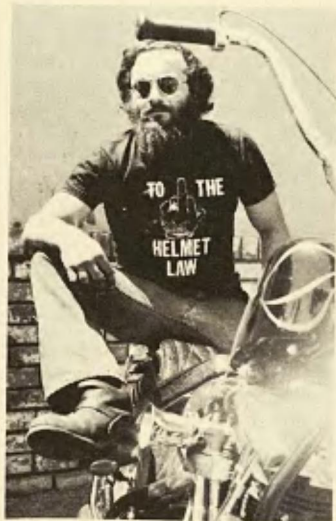
"You asshole," Hooch growled. "It ain't nothin' but powdered sugar. We carry it like that to keep

it dry." He smiled as a sudden inspiration came to him. "Taste it. You'll see."

The pair of officers glared at the bikers with glowering suspicion.

"For Christ's sake, sheriff," Professor said, "Taste it and you'll see it's only sugar. It can't hurt you. Even if it was dope, you've seen Kojak and those other TV cops do it. You don't think they'd do it if it was harmful?" *Continued on next page*

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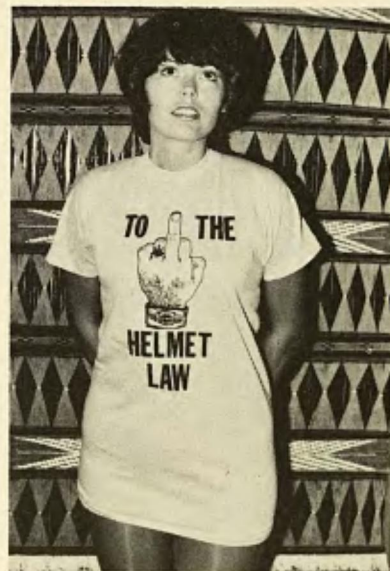
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The sheriff swelled up a bit, flattered to be the center of attention, just like one of those big TV cops. He took a big pinch of the white powder and placed it on his tongue, rolling it around in his mouth, his face a study in concentration. Jeb took a pinch, too, and followed his master's performance. Neither of them spit. The sheriff was still looking off into space.

"It's dope, it's dope," Jeb chorled again. "If that ain't dope I'll stick it up my ass."

The sheriff raised both hands in front of his face, moving his fingers slowly. "Look at them lights," he said. "My hands. I can move 'em." He wriggled his fingers, passing them up and down before his eyes, slowly at first, then accelerating until his hands and arms flapped furiously. "Feathers," he screamed. "I'm covered with feathers." He gave a couple of experimental hops, then made a little clucking sound. The little man began to cluck too, following the hypnotic suggestion of his chief. "I'm a chicken," he chirped. "A birdie, a birdie." He whistled, but it sounded so bad that he reverted to the clucking noises. Professor and Hooch sat down on a log and watched in silence. The LSD from the snuff can was really taking effect.

The sheriff ran frantically about, tearing his clothes off, stopping now and then to preen the feathers that he imagined were covering his body. He chased the little deputy, stripped completely nude, except for his cowboy boots. Both naked bodies whirled about the small clearing in the forest.

The sheriff ran up a tree trunk, half-fallen, that was caught in the limbs of another tree. When he reached the top, he launched himself into space, flapping his arms and clucking. He leveled out in flight and hit the ground like a cow jumping out of a silo. He landed with a great, earth-shaking thump. "Whoooooooooof!" he said.

He rolled over on his back, breathing hard, and his groping hands found his crank. "Rrrrrr, rrrrrr," he growled, rotating his

fist and stroking violently. "Oh, Mary!" He leaped up, spurring, saliva dripping from his chin, and ran into a tree. He stepped back, lowered his head and ran into the tree several more times before finally missing it and disappearing into the forest. In a moment, he ran back into the clearing, a long-barreled service revolver in his hand, found, apparently, amidst the clothes he had torn off and thrown into the bushes.

"Chicken, chicken!" he called. "Here chick, chick, chick." Jeb strutted by, clucking, and the sheriff swooped him up under one fat arm. He spit on the muzzle of the revolver and jammed it up Jeb's ass, then dropped the little man and ran off into the forest again, screaming.

The little deputy stood quite still in the center of the clearing, alone in some distant world, his hands clenched before him as if in prayer, a solemn look on his face. The long-barreled pistol hung from his rectum like a great, misshapen hemorrhoid, unable to fall out because of the large, rounded fore sight. Tears welled up in his eyes. "I'm gonna tell my mother," he said, softly, and, hands still clasped before him, he walked out of the clearing and into the forest, taking little steps and keeping his knees together. The pistol waggled behind him.

Quickly, Professor and Hooch located the handcuff keys in the sheriff's discarded trousers and unlocked their cuffs. They scrambled about, re-stowing their gear, and fired up the Hogs.

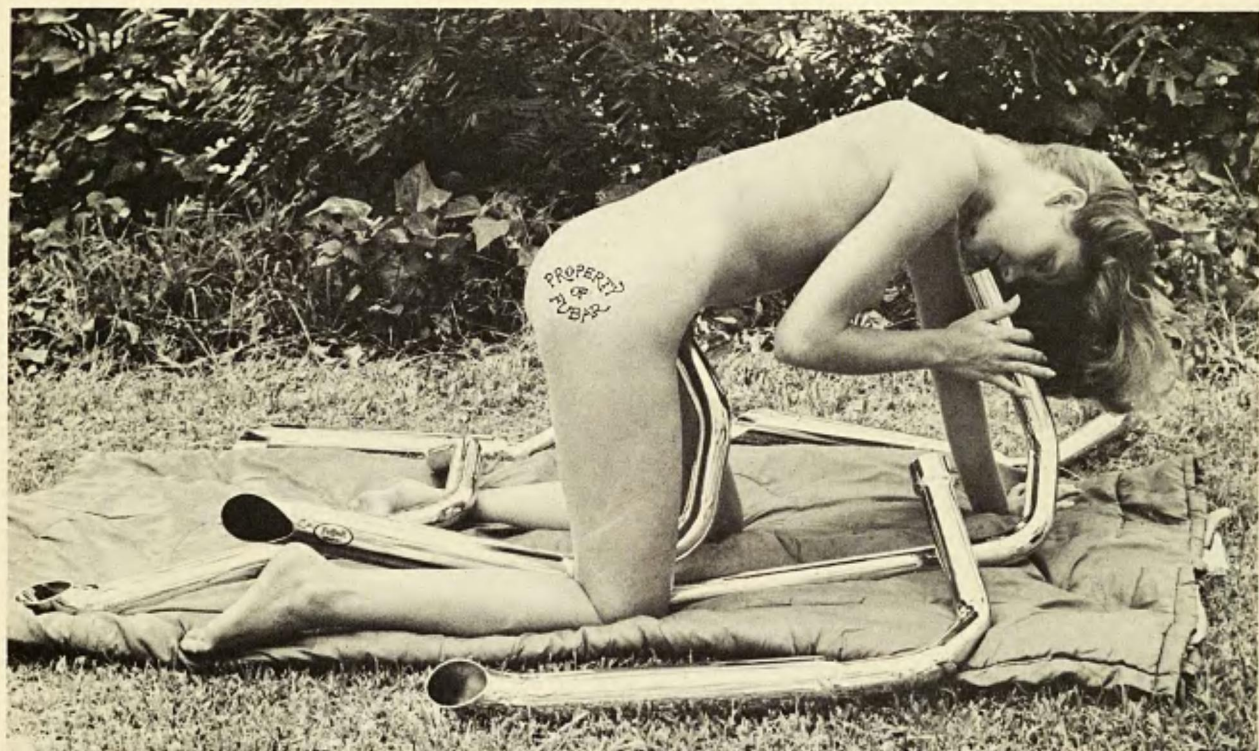
Through the trees, they watched as the police car rolled along the distant road in reverse, slowly crossing the shoulder and disappearing into the swift river, driverless.

They rode slowly and carefully over the rough ground toward the road, and just as they stopped to see if it was safe to pull out, Professor saw Jeb out of the corner of his eye. The little man was sitting on a small pile of leaves and branches.

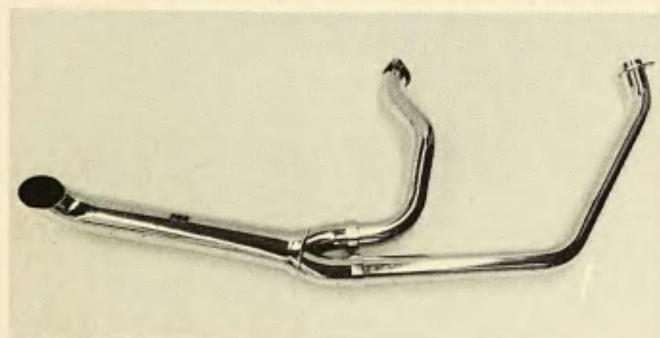
"I'm gonna lay an egg," Jeb said, smiling. ■

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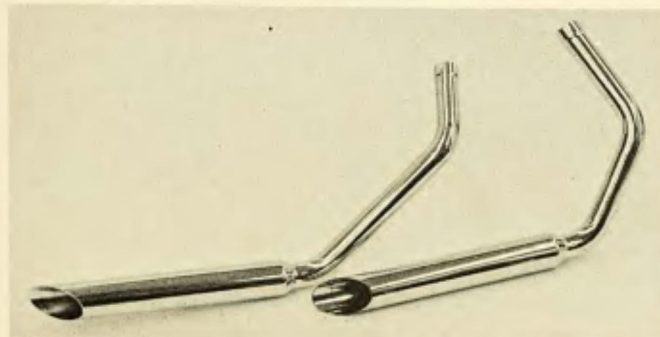
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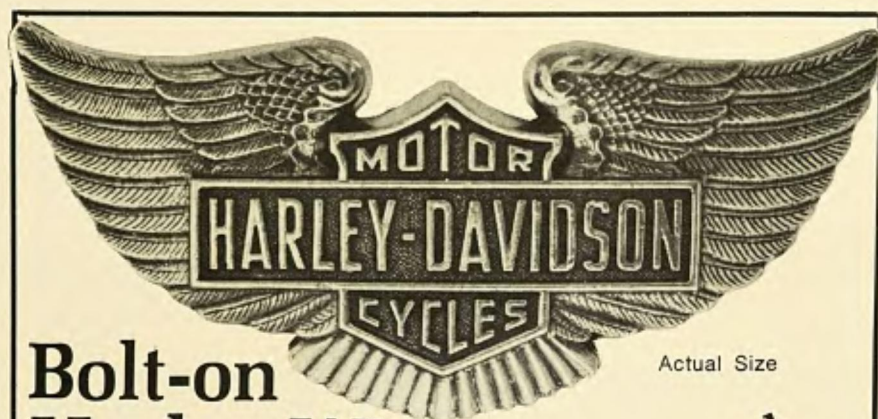
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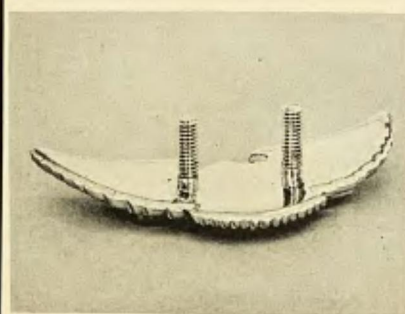
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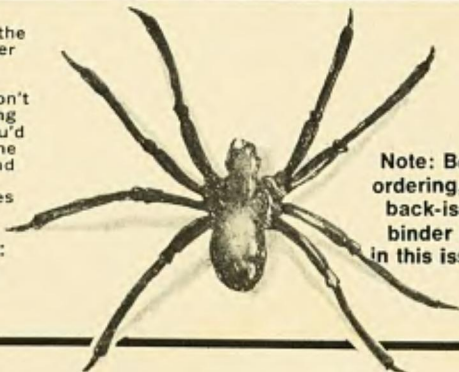
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BACK ISSUES

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

Dead-End Alley

—Continued from page 15

mountain, pulling Rodent deeper into the garbage.

Rodent's reply was choked off by an undefinable blob that smelled like a used baby diaper.

A primer gray van bounced past the garbage heap and stopped at the end of the alley in front of two wooden garage doors. The driver tapped the horn for three short bursts. After a moment, both garage doors swung outward. A tall, slender dude with a black moustache and long greasy hair came out of the passenger side of the van. Light glinted from a chromed sawed-off, double-barreled 12-gauge held in his left hand.

"Hey, Ape, come help Dirty Bob unload this Sporty."

The driver and the muscleman from the garage walked to the rear of the van, opened the doors and set up a ramp. The passenger stood in the garage doorway, watching the alley. Light from the garage cast shadows across the snake tattoo on his right cheek. The snake appeared to strike and coil in the half light.

Silent rage shook the mountain, piling more garbage down on top of Rodent. Gronk spoke in whispers of choked fury. "That's Snake. He's the only sonofabitch cold enough to steal my scooter. I'll kill him."

Unaware of the hatred smoldering under the garbage heap, Snake stood guard with the shotgun as the other two unloaded a gleaming Sportster with a springer front end.

"That makes three this week. Roll it in the garage. I'll take care of the van later."

The garage doors swung shut, leaving the alley in blackness again.

Slowly the mountain stood up. The garbage heap decreased to half its former size compared with the standing hulk holding Rodent by the throat.

"I know my bike's in there and I'm gonna get it back. And then ..."

Rodent gagged and spat. "You're out of your skull. Dirty Bob in there is the slickest knife-artist walkin'. And Apeman's got a muscle beach body but his brain is still in a juvenile delinquent's home. He once broke a man's arm just shakin' hands with him. And don't forget Snake. Hey, man, that cannon of his is no virgin."

Pause.

"Besides, there's three of them and only one of you."

Gronk lowered Rodent down until his feet touched the concrete again.

"Zip your pants up, you're comin' with me."

"But, Gronk, all I wanted was some bike parts. This is out of my league."

For the first time in his life, Rodent saw a smile twist Gronk's mouth. It made the hair on his back stand up.

Rodent made up his mind in a second. Streaming garbage, he took two running leaps for freedom.

A giant hand wrapped itself around his mouth and another grabbed his jacket collar. Dragged backward down the alley, Rodent resigned himself to his fate and fumbled with his zipper. "Aw, shit!" he muttered between the vise-grip fingers clenched across his teeth. "That Snake is gonna blow both of us apart with that twelve-gauge."

Rodent was jerked upright in front of a grime-covered window that looked into the garage.

"Look and keep on lookin' until you see my bike in there!"

"Right." Rodent spit on the window and wiped a clean spot with his left fist. His right hand kept struggling with the reluctant zipper.

Inside the garage, two overhead lights glared down on Snake and his two helpers lifting the Sportster up on top of a metal milk case.

"Get them tools and break this one down in a hurry," commanded Snake. "I've got some customers comin' over tonight and I don't want any of them to recognize this scooter."

Shotgun in hand, Snake walked over to a dented, dirty white re-



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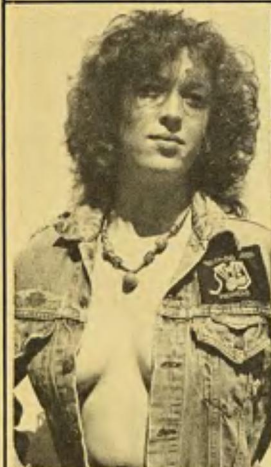
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frigerator against the side wall, opened the door and took out a six-pack of beer which he carried to a bench at the back of the room. He sat down facing the wooden doors, popped the top of a can, drained half of it and set the can down on the bench. Rummaging through a box, he selected the cleanest rag he could find and used it to polish the chrome sawed-off, pausing occasionally to take a long pull on the can of beer or to pop the top on another.

Outside, Gronk and Rodent peered through the grime-smeared glass, looking at the jumble of motorcycle parts piled in the corners, stacked on shelves and tables, and hanging from nails on the walls.

Adrenlin pounding through his veins, Rodent's heart skipped two beats when Gronk grabbed the back of his neck and pointed his face toward the left wall.

"That girder front end looks just like mine." Rodent's face was moved an inch to the right. "Them looks like my drag pipes on the wall." Two more inches to the right. "There's my gas tank in that cardboard box."

Rodent could feel the berserker's cold rage building up in Gronk.

"Snake tore her apart! I'll kill him!"

"Yeah. I'll be with you in a minute, my zipper's stuck."

Keerash!

Rodent looked up to see both garage doors swinging drunkenly on busted hinges. Pressing his nose against the window, he could see Gronk swinging a broken two-by-four like a battle-axe and screaming his war cry, "Fuckers!"

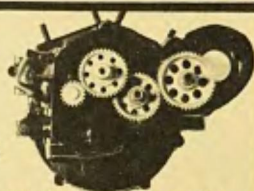
Splatt!

The Ape's face flattened on the broadside of the two-by-four. His body thumped into the wall and slid down to the floor. Dirty Bob wrapped a chain belt around the Gronk's head, and was immediately sorry he hadn't used a knife. Blood streaming down his face, Gronk swung the wooden bar in a backhand stroke, catching Dirty in the ribs.

"Ow, hey, man, you broke my ribs!"

Gronk dropped the wood, grab-

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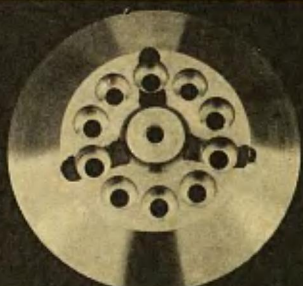
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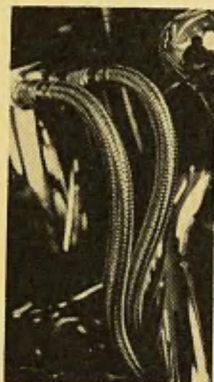
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bed Dirty by the collar and pulled him forward just as Snake fired both barrels. The force threw Dirty into Gronk, knocking both of them to the floor.

Snake broke the shotgun open in a hurry, pulled both empty shells out of the smoking breech and fumbled in his pockets for more shells.

One.

Two.

Snapping the breech shut, Snake looked up and was sledgehammered by a giant fist. The gun fell to the floor. Snake flew backwards over the bench. Gronk bent down, wrapping Snake's greasy hair around his left hand. Rodent looked away, realizing that what would follow could give him nightmares for weeks.

After the noise died down to nothing but muffled groans, Rodent walked cautiously into the garage and looked around. Gronk was sitting on the bench contentedly polishing the chrome 12-gauge and making weird mumbling noises in his throat. Snake's legs were protruding from a pile of rubbish along one wall. Everything was peaceful.

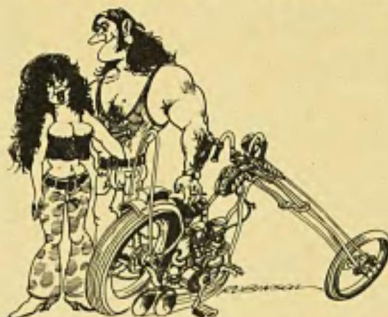
Rodent stepped carefully over the other two bodies, went to a tool box, found a pair of pliers and began tugging on his zipper.

"Asshole." The obstinate zipper finally came free. Rodent looked up. "Hey, man, you're bleeding on the furniture."

Gronk's eyes began to clear, focusing on Rodent. "Find the keys to the van. We're gonna take all these bike parts."

Rodent moved his eyes over the parts, face lighting up with anticipation. "Yeah, man, that's cool."

Gronk stood up. "There's no

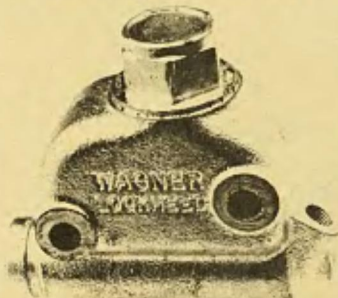


"Mmmm—that's a nice extended front end you have."

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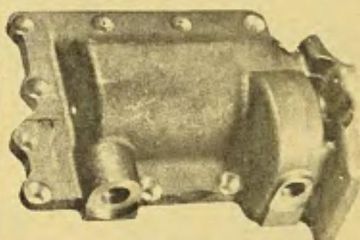
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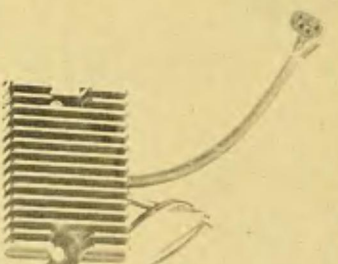
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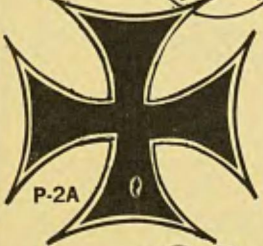
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way we can figure out who all these parts belong to. So after I get my bike back together, I'm gonna share the rest of the parts with club brothers. Except for them what dealt with Snake."

Rodent looked at Gronk shining the shotgun, saw it swivel towards his head, the two red eyeballs glaring at him; and for the second time that night he felt a clutching at the base of his skull.

Two months later, Rodent was sitting on a bar stool in Mother Pearl's when he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard a familiar voice. "Hey, Rodent, how you doin'? You sure look down!"

Glumly, Rodent looked up at the speaker, Single Jim, member of a brother club.

"Survivin'."

"Hey, man, let me get you a beer." Single Jim laid a five on the bar and motioned for the bartender before leaning close to Rodent's ear.

"Where can I get me a front end? Cheap."

"You're asking the wrong guy."

"C'mon, you know everybody that's sellin' hot parts."

"That was before."

"Before what?"

"Gronk's bike was stole."

Single Jim chuckled. "Yeah, I heard about how he cleaned up on Snake and got his bike back. Gronk is one mean mother."

Pausing to suck his beer can dry, he motioned for another round before turning back to Rodent.

"So where can I get me this front end?"

"I'm out of it, it's unhealthy."

Single Jim paused before speaking again.

"You're not afraid of the cops, so what's eatin' on you?"

"It's Gronk. Some idiot lifted his bike again last week, and since he's got Snake's shotgun now, I don't want nothin' to do with hot parts, just in case that part happens to belong to him! No dead-end alleys for me!"

Single Jim grunted philosophically. "Looks like midnight salvage bike parts are gonna be scarce around here. Fuck it. Let's have another beer."

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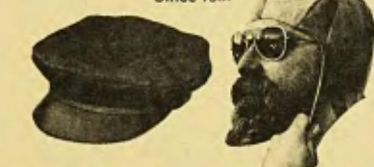
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A Good Woman

—Continued from page 13

gut had died before an ambulance had arrived. Hubbard had been told that when he *did* get to trial, they were going to go for Murder One. Jesus. He insisted he hadn't done it. He wasn't sure what had happened out there, but he would've remembered it if he'd stuck a knife in a guy. No one—even his court-appointed lawyer—believed him! That didn't surprise him. Fingerprints found on the knife's handle had been smudged, legally inconclusive. So, hell, it was his word against a dead man's. And *he* was a biker.

The jail was a hellhole. They allowed him no visitors besides his lawyer. The food was garbage. And then there was the bastard who served it to him from time to time, Deputy Sheriff Josh Connell. Connell was lean and hawk-nosed, his skin like tobacco leaves. A sadist who despised bikers. His favorite trick was dropping Hubbard's trayful of slop on the floor just as he was reaching for it, then forcing him to get down on his hands and knees to eat it. "Like the dog you are, boy," Connell would say, his foot on the back of Hubbard's neck. And he'd laugh.

Hubbard decided to escape. At the start of the fifth month he got his chance. He had nice white teeth, but they'd always given him trouble. He developed a cavity, which started to hurt. He complained, and the county took him to a dentist. Stupid. But no more stupid than allowing him to leave with a sharpened kitchen knife under one sock against his ankle.

Connell drove him to the dentist's office. Hubbard rode in the screened-off back seat of the deputy's cruiser, hands cuffed in front of him. The dentist's office was in the rear of a house and they had to walk down a narrow sidewalk to reach it. Hubbard went first, Connell close behind him. Two-thirds of the way back, three garbage cans were lined up by the sidewalk. Hubbard pretended to trip and dropped to his knees. Connell said, "Hey," but Hubbard had grabbed one handle of a can by then. Pushing up, he whirled and slammed it into Connell's chest. The deputy staggered backwards. He tried to draw his .38, but Hubbard got to him first. Diving, he put Connell down on his back. He pinned the deputy's arms with his knees, pounding at his face with his fists and the steel of the cuffs until Connell's face was bloodied rawness and he was out cold. Then Hubbard nervously slipped a ring of keys from

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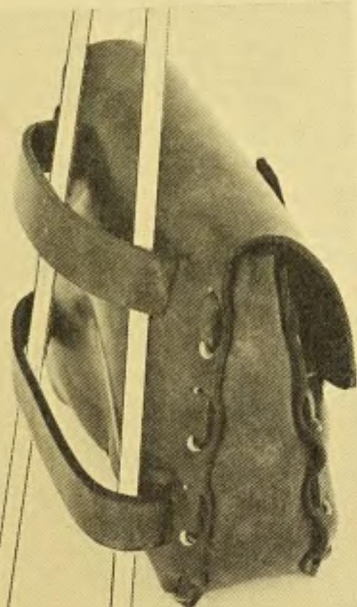
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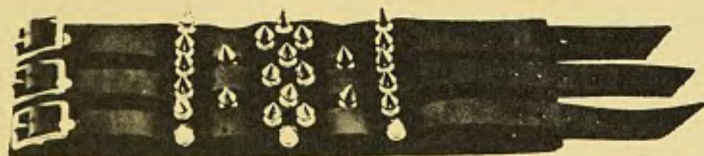
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the deputy's belt, unlocked his cuffs, and ran.

He didn't stop running till the middle of the next afternoon, twenty-seven hours later. Prone in a cornfield outside the town of Calder, a dozen miles from the jail, he stuck his head up and stared at Molly Warfield's house. She was there, he decided. Her old Ford was parked by the garage. Her estranged husband, Fred, wasn't there, the bastard. His car, a Lincoln about a block long, wasn't around.

And Hubbard saw no sign of the police.

Okay, he thought. He struggled to his feet and ran toward the side of the house. Sweat streamed down his body. His left leg, which had been cut going over a barbed wire fence last night, dragged behind him, bloodied and swollen. The house was old, frame, two stories, with big porches. Hubbard limped around behind it and up onto the back porch. He leaned against the screen door, panting hard, and pounded. *Be here, Molly, he thought. Please be here!*

She was. The inner door opened, and a young woman stood there. She was pretty in a simple way. She had long ash-blonde hair and her legs were shapely below cut-off jeans.

"Lou!" she said. "Oh, baby!"

She pushed the screen door open and Hubbard fell into her arms.

Molly took good care of him. In the kitchen, she gave him food and water. He threw his sweaty, muddy shirt over a chair and she sponged his upper body. Then she helped him upstairs. In her bedroom, she removed his prisoner's blue denim pants, shoes and socks, laying them and the knife on a chair. He stretched out on the bed. She cleaned and dressed his leg. The curtains were closed against the sun and a big window fan labored to keep the room cool.

"I'm sorry I came here," Hubbard groaned. "I didn't know where else to go."

"It's all right," she said. "I'm glad



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you did, Lou." She sat beside him on the bed.

"Have the cops been here?"

"Yesterday," Molly said. "Right off. Stormin' all over the place. I hadn't even heard yet. About you escapin'."

"How about Fred?" Hubbard said. "He been here?"

"Oh, God, yeah," she sighed. "A coupla times. Yesterday. Again this mornin'. He was full of 'I-told-you-so.' He said your runnin' proved you done it. That you did kill that guy. He said if you came here, I was to call the cops right away."

"The bastard," Hubbard rasped. Fred Warfield. He'd have hated Warfield even if they hadn't had words over Molly. Warfield had bought up a couple of gas stations around Calder, gotten rich by local standards, and started thinking of himself as a big deal. He'd walked out on Molly, forcing her to wait tables at night to get by. He'd started shacking up with some city broad up in Baltimore—and that was okay by his standards. But it was a different story with Molly. He kept coming around, giving her a bad time about being with guys, though there'd only been Hubbard.

Molly brought a beer, and Hubbard talked about the last four months then, about everything—his escaping, Deputy Sheriff Connell, the fight that night.

"What ever happened to them other guys that was in the fight?" Molly asked.

"Shit," Hubbard said. "Long gone."

Molly brought him another beer. He drank. He felt hot, feverish. The leg was infected, he thought, its poison spreading through him. He was exhausted too, needed sleep. But he forced himself to sit up, to swing his legs to the floor. "I gotta get outa here," he said. "The cops could come back. Or Fred. I don't want you involved. I shouldn'ta come here. But I had to let you know I didn't kill that guy. And rest a while."

"But where can you go?"

"South. There's the swamps. I could hide-out there. Work my way on to the Carolinas..."

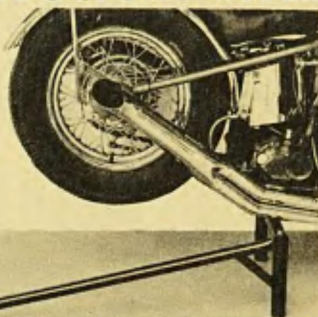
"I want to go with you," Molly said.

"No." Hubbard stood up. He tried to walk. But his leg was worse now. Every time he put weight on it, pain shot through him. He got partway across the room, felt suddenly light-headed, and swayed. Molly caught him, helping him back to the bed. He sagged down, puffing. "Damn," he said.

"You need a doctor, Lou," Molly said.

"Sure."

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"Well, rest a while longer anyway."

Hubbard gulped more beer. Molly sat beside him, watching him closely, tears filling her eyes. "Why don't things ever work out?" she said. "I made a bad mistake, marryin' Fred. But when he left, I thought things would get better. You came along. I got me a lawyer and filed for a divorce. But Fred kept comin' back. And then you . . . this . . ."

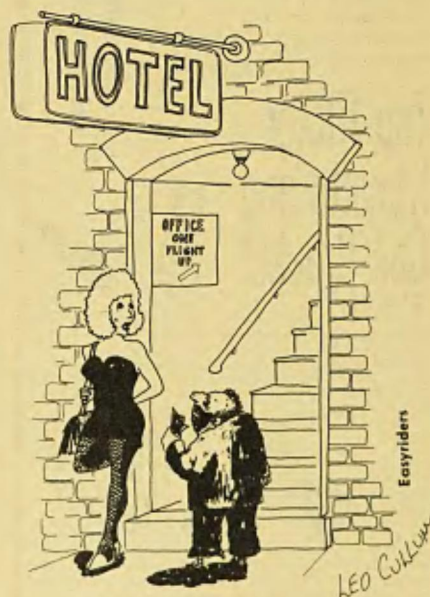
Tears spilled down her cheeks. Hubbard put his arms around her and pulled her down to him. He kissed her, softly, comfortingly at first, then harder, with passion. He moved his hands along her back, onto the plumpness of her buttocks, between her thighs. "Guess there was another reason I came here," he said. He held a hand tight against her crotch. "I wanted you again. To make love. One more time."

"Oh, baby!" Molly pushed a hand under Hubbard's shorts, touching him. Then she pulled his shorts down, caressing urgently with her fingers. He hardened, and she bent down, kissing gently. "Lou, Lou . . ."

Hubbard undressed her. They kissed and fondled wildly. He started to rise above her, but grimaced, painfully, and she gently pushed him down on his back. "No," she said. "Let me, baby." She straddled him, sitting on his middle. She raised her buttocks, found him with one hand, then lowered herself slowly.

He went up into her easily, so easily. "Oh, Molly. Goddam! It's been so long!"

"Baby, baby!"



"Gee—uhh—how do I know you're not a cop?"

Hubbard tried to make it last. But there was no way. Molly didn't seem to mind. Head tossed back, she bounced and squirmed. He pumped faster, knowing that this would probably be the last time for them. His eyes burned. *Never again*, he thought. *Never again*...

Afterwards, he held Molly for a long time. He felt himself drifting off to sleep. He tried to rouse himself, told himself he had to get up and go, but he didn't. Couldn't. The sleepless night, the running, his fever, the beer—all that was taking him under now.

"It's okay," Molly said. "Sleep, Lou. I'll watch for the police."

"For Fred, too," he mumbled, and then he was out...

At first, he thought he was dreaming. In his dream, a male voice was calling his name, from a vast distance: "Hubbard... Hubbard... Hubbard..." Then, closer, a girl's voice quavered his name. "Lou, Lou..." It was Molly's voice. He sat up, awake, and realized he hadn't been dreaming. Distress twisted Molly's face. "Oh, Lou," she said. "They're out there! The cops! I watched. Honest, I did! But they just seemed to come outa nowhere! They snuck up!"

Hubbard got off the bed. Hopping on his good leg, he moved to the window where the fan was, peering out above it. Yeah, there they were. Sheriff's deputies in their fawn-colored uniforms, and state police, too. Hubbard went to other windows on the second floor, peeked out, and saw more of them. They were in the fields and behind squad cars on the road out front. They had the house surrounded. Among the deputies on the road was the one who'd been calling him through a bullhorn.

Behind Hubbard, Molly was holding back tears.

"Oh, Lou," she said. "It's my fault. I..."

"No," Hubbard said grimly. "There's nothing you coulda done. I just wonder how they knew I was here."

"Fred," Molly said. "He musta been here. While we... were makin' love. He coulda come in downstairs and... and seen the dishes you used, Lou! And your shirt! It's down there! With the fan running, we'd have never heard him. Oh, Lou..."

Hubbard hobbled back to the bedroom. His name, electronically magnified, continued to boom from outside. "Hubbard... Hubbard..." He sat on the bed, pulling on his pants.

"What are you going to do?" Molly asked.

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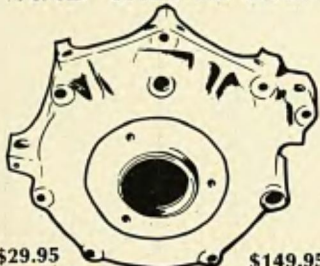
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"What else?" he said. "Surrender."
"What?" she gasped. "You can't mean that, Lou. With a murder charge facing you? And that Connell bastard waiting for you? You can't go back. You can't!"

"Hey," Hubbard laughed, getting into his shoes. "What choice do I have? There's a hundred cops out there. If I don't go out, they'll start lobbing tear gas in here. Then bullets."

"But . . ." Molly hesitated, then said, "You're doing it for me. Aren't you? So I won't get hurt."

Hubbard shrugged. He started shuffling toward the bedroom door. She stopped him. Holding him from behind, she said, "No, Lou, no. I won't let you do that. It's because of me you're in this mess. You're not gonna give up. You're gonna get away."

"Molly . . ."

"I know a way, Lou."

Molly hurried to a wall cabinet and removed a hunting rifle. "Fred left this here," she said. "For me to protect myself with." She laughed sarcastically, then stuffed some shells into the rifle. She walked back to Hubbard and held it out to him.

"Forget it, Molly." He shook his head.

"It's not what you're thinking," she said. "You're gonna take me outa here as a *hostage*, Lou."

Hubbard stared. "No," he said then. "They won't buy it."

"Sure they will. Men turn on their women all the time. When they're desperate, trapped. It *will* work, Lou. And you'll get away. We'll take my car. They'd have to keep their distance as long as you have me. I could drive. After it gets dark, you could slip away. It's the only way, Lou."

"But . . ." He didn't want her to be out there. Things could go wrong. Yeah. But he knew she was right about surrendering. He thought of Connell and the jail and what lay ahead, and he knew he couldn't let them take him back. "All right," he said quietly.

He took the rifle and picked up his knife, and they went downstairs. In the kitchen, he stuck the knife under his waistband and put on his shirt. She found the keys to the Ford. Then they moved to the front of the house, she helping him hop along. The pain from his leg was agony now. He felt weak and dizzy. He opened the front door. He hugged Molly to his side and pressed the muzzle of the rifle to her head. Then he shuffled her out onto the porch. He looked at the deputy with the bullhorn and shouted, "I got Mrs. Warfield here! We're gonna leave in her car! Any-

one tries to stop me, I'll blow her head off! You make sure everyone's got that out there!"

There was a long wait, during which the police conferred with each other, and then the one with the bullhorn replied. "Okay, Hubbard. We read you. We're holding our fire."

Hubbard glanced at Molly. "Okay," he said. "You ready?"

"Yeah."

"Whatever happens out there, I love you, Molly."

"I love you, Lou."

They moved then, Hubbard hopping along, supporting himself on Molly. They crossed the porch and went down the steps to the front yard. The Ford was forty feet away, a diagonal walk to the right. The driveway was short, another thirty feet to the road. More cops were gathering on the road now, guns ready. As far as Hubbard could see, they were simply holding their ground, just watching. The word had been passed. He looked for Connell, but didn't see him.

He and Molly started across the grass. He kept an arm about her and the rifle pressed to her temple. He could feel the beat of her heart. He began sweating. Would one of the cops try to pick him off? A sharp-shooter? He moved even closer to Molly, edging in behind her. Easy, he told himself. They wouldn't try anything, wouldn't risk her life. All he had to do was keep going.

They were halfway now, twenty feet out. Hubbard's heart thundered. He was barely touching his bad leg to the ground, but each time he did, pain lanced through him. It was torture. But hope was beginning to rise in him, too. They had a chance, he thought. By God, they *might* just make it! The car was fifteen feet ahead now. And after that...

Out of the corner of his eye, to his left, Hubbard saw one of the deputies leave the others on the road and walk forward onto the grass. Keeping Molly in front of him, Hubbard stopped, turned, and looked.

It was Deputy Sheriff Josh Connell.

Connell was advancing slowly, but deliberately, clutching a sawed-off pump shotgun, a riot gun. *Fucking doublecrossers*, Hubbard thought. But then he glanced out at the road, and realized that wasn't it. The cops there looked surprised, confused. Connell wasn't following any orders. *Hell no, he was doing this on his own!*

Connell kept stalking until he was ten feet from Hubbard and Molly. Then he halted and snarled, "You ain't leavin' here, Hubbard."

"Try to stop me, Cornnell," Hub-

Nostalgic

Up-Sweep Pipes

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



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

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A Tribute to Brothers Lost

In remembrance of **Bill Cook**. When will people learn to look at intersections? From Bone, Nubble, and Larry.

To **Mike**: You were something special to each of us and you live on through us because you had one very special quality. You had heart. You remain second to none. Joni. (Mike's brothers can write c/o S.R., Box 70794, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701.

In memory of "Stumpo," Pagans M.C. Party on in Harley Heaven. Your lovin' ol' lady, Tutti-Bug.

It never rains on a Hun. It's tears for "Pappy." Ride on Pappy! Dana, Huns M.C., Pa.

In memory of "Armando," last of Storm Troopers M.C., Long Island. You're still in my mind, bro. 6-13-70. "Rapper."

In memory of **Wilhelm**, The Woogler. Forever gone but not forgotten. From your people on Long Island. Later bro, The Jew.

In memory of our sister, **Debbie**, June 23, 1975. Love you forever and never forget you. Barb and Jan, Salem, Mass.

Live fast, love hard, die young. He lived and died by the outlaw code. **Jammin' Jimmy Crews**, a bro to the bitter end. From The Rebel Yell M.C. Statesville, N.C.

Shed a tear for bro **Don Juan** who had too many reasons for livin' and only one reason for dyin'. Hog Wild.

In remembrance of **Frank "Long Island" D'Amato**, Bridgeport, Connecticut. You will remain forever in my heart and soul. Ol' Lady Betsi.

Live fast, die young. That was my bro **Rick Hicks**, of Chicago. From his bro, Half-Breed.

In memory of **Allan Mott**, a North Texas Banshee, and **JoHo**, a Houston Banshee, from an Independent who knew them briefly, respected them as brothers, and misses them greatly. "Wicked."

In memory of **Little Joe**, Sgt. at Arms. Sidecar, Heathens, So. Calif.

For **Debbie** and **Tom Barclay** (from Johnstown, Pa.). All your friends will always remember you.

In loving memory of **Lukey**, one hell of a biker, a real brother who will be missed by all. Big Brother Dan, Butte, Montana.

Here's to your eternal ride, **Zig Zag Man**. From his sad ol' lady, Debbie Moore.

Lost, a Corpus Christi Bandido brother. May **Mr. French** always putt with his brothers. From Joe De Los Santos.

Another biker downed by a careless motorist. May you always remain alongside your bike, **Gary**. From ABATE of Illinois.

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.

Busted and lusted. Robert Garrison, P.O. Box B-69193-A, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

I want to hear from chicks in the free world. Unless you're all scared or something. Benny Miller, B-20785 #4118, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Con the mailboy or anything; just send me letter. Rick Hutcherson #131705, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Lonely is the word, but you could change it. Paul "Scooter" Bellflower #049069 (D-Dorm), M.C.I., P.O. Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Doin' time, need lines. Write to Benny Tampo #30066, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

Chicks, I need a letter. Please hurry. Billy (B.J.) Roberts #95652, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

My address is: Marcus Rape, #052003, #D-1-277, B.C.I., P.O. Box 340, Sharps, Fla. 32959. Use it!

Downed tramp needs scribes. William "Speedy" Merrill #92857, P.O. Box 667, Halifax, Virginia 24558.

Send some lovin' my way. Carl (Teddy Bear) Gentile, M-S-10, P.O. Box 568, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043.

We need biker rap from funky mamas. Joe Palmiotto (Birdman) #75A-1908, Dennis (Bedojuin) James #75C-591, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Would like to correspond with ladies, 18 and up, who are sincere. Wil Cannon #25734, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

I may be closed up, but you could open up to me. William A. Marks #038284, P.O. Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083 (3-T-14).

If you can write, I'm waiting. Irv Cohen #132429, Box 2000 RT3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

Handsome white daddy needs mama. But you gotta have class. Shane Deerfield #105304, BCC, Rt. 2, Bland, Va. 24315.

Hey, I'm over here. Write will ya? Spider Wissink #29431. Feather Henderson #29601, P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

All chicks write who like to ride a bike. Ed Paschal #203429, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

Love to hear from mature females: no phonies! "Snake" C.L. Brown, #37429, "Loco Joe" J.S. Nelson #36912, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

The Missing Link and Wild Bill goin' down for armed robbery. Would sure like to hear from some ladies. David Tiller and Bill Sandlin, Dallas County Jail 11-N-2, 500 Commerce St., Dallas, Texas 75202.

Lonely prisoner needs a lady's companionship. Daniel L. Fowler #390093-WSR, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Lonely convict needs righteous fox to ease the strain of the joint. Raymond (Prince) Duggan, P.O. Box 8274, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

It would be worth your while to write. Joe Wager, Box 791, Saford, Ariz. 85546.

Take the time to send this bro some heart. Gary Smith #46653 B2, Box 500 Ward Ave., Bardenstown, New Jersey.

I can't write checks for parts. But I can write letters. Jimmy Mack #B-39604 WC-38, Box 3535, Corona, Calif. 91720.

My nickname is Monk, but I don't like being forced to be one. Jerry "Monk" Montgomery, Box 2000, Rte 3, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

I'm looking for a mama in or around Greenville County to visit me. R.J. "Buns" Lane #76536, Travelers Rest Correc. Inst., Rt. 2, Box 648, Travelers Rest, S.C. 29690.

Couple of loners need scribes. J. E. Flowers (Blue Beard) #29156, 3-B-5, C.L. Gore (Shorty) #29167, 3-B-5, P.O. Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Colorado biker, in Calif. slammer, needs sincere ol' lady. Kenneth Rowe #B-70718, J-326, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Busted biker (cocaine charge) could really dig hearing from some chicks. Artie "Trip" Stone #19132-149, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

Write to me, all you fine cunts. (Boston Tongue) Smith #6285 P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Snow in Atlanta got us a hot time in Miami. Need some scribes to beat the heat! Steve "Snake" Crismond #30514 and James F. Gibson #00007, 15801 S.W. 137th Ave., Miami, Fla. 33177.

Could use some letters from big-hearted ladies. John "The Cowboy" O'Connell, K.M.C.I., Box 31, Plymouth, Wis. 53073.

A lonely Brazilian biker is waiting for cheerful chicks' letters. Rodolfo F. Dibo, R dos Araujos 33/CO2, Tyuca RJ GCOG/CEP2000, Brazil.

Send some free spirit to one without freedom. Cal Soderberg #139-155, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Hey, chicks, if you like surprises, write to "Golden Guinea" John Conito #22770, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Need some mail. Looks are no stopper. True beauty is on the inside. James (Blue Wing) Dolan, P.C.C. #104228, State Farm, Va. 23160.

Particular bros want only foxy ladies to write. Steve Bergeson #C51209, Lyle Snook #C50893, Steve Cole #C50892, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Wanting to hear from some foxy lady, to help make life less lonely. Gary L. Daily, P.O. Box B-62849, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Two Coffin Jokers need female companions. Robin (Bulldog) Wowchuk, Charlie (The Fox) Clark, North Dakota State Penitentiary, Bismarck, N.D. 58501.

Say something, little girl. Mathew Wayne Tidwell, Box 99, #W732, C-61490, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

I could write long letters, if I had someone to send them to. Dirty Red #143-979, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Write to me, or if you're near, visit me. Jim Higgason #7519 P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Need some crazy female and correspondence. Dave "Creature 1'er" Clark #49298, Box 221, SWV61, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Need to hear from two righteous ol' ladies. Gary "Lightning Rod" O'Rourke, Al "Thunder Bolt" Rill, Box 8274, Cranston R.I. 02920.

Hey, all you Easyriders foxes, get down and communicate for a better ride. Write, Dean (Indian) Samaniego #97691, Box 788 O.S.R., Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

The Americans: a prison reform group looking for Action people. Donald Danford, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

Loose ladies, from 9 to 90, write this lonesome fucker for a for-real deal. Crazy Harry Ball, 1600 West 24th, Ward 12, Pueblo, Colo. 81003.

Foxes, write this lonely dude in jail. Send pictures, please. James Long P-1430, P.O. Box 200, Campbell, Pa. 17011.

Jersey bro looking for good ol' lady from Jersey, New York, or Pennsylvania. Bro Jimmy Hubbs #41726, P.O. Box 1, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

We aren't that bad. Sit right down with your pencil and pad! John Kniss #50278, Robert Crocker #50279, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

Send some scribes and I'll send some good vibes. Ken Laurensen #032427, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

I would like to write to some really down-to-earth chicks. Don Majerus, P.O. Box B-71302, San Quentin Prison, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

If I got one piece of mail a month it would be a rush. Ricky Parsons #034029, H-1-A-3-114, P.O. Box 340, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Take just a minute to write. The letter will last me a week. Antonio Antoine Eugene Evans #138870, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49857.

Buckeye con trapped in southern prison needs vibes and scribes from freaky foxes. C. F. Pratt #77109 K.C.I., 4344 Broad River Rd., Columbia, S.C. 29210.

Here's to the chick who may have the soul to write me. Daniel P. Burford Sr. #26639, Box 55, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

Get in touch! W. Frank Howard, Box 69071-B4, Ga. State Prison, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

This organization has recently instituted a nationwide effort to communicate to incarcerated citizens the availability of our services and recruit new members for growth and development. The American Correctional Parole Reform Union, Inc., P.O. Box 2052, Orlando, Fla. 32802.

bard said, "and I'll kill this woman."

"You won't have to," Connell grinned. "I'm gonna do it for you." He aimed the shotgun at the girl's belly.

Hubbard heard Molly suck in her breath. They both knew Connell meant it. He eyed the deputy's face—puffy and purpled from yesterday—and thought, *He wants me bad.*

"Your whore first," Connell said. "Then you, sacka shit!" His finger tightened on the shotgun's trigger.

Hubbard swung the rifle from Molly's head and tried to push her down. But she half-turned and grabbed his arm, staying upright. "Go!" she said. "The car!" Then she was trying to press the keys into his hand.

God, Hubbard thought. He couldn't let her do this. "No!" he yelled. He tore free of Molly's grip, grabbed her arm, flinging her away from him. She sprawled to the ground. As she did, Connell's shotgun exploded. Some of the shot went where Molly had just been. The rest sprayed into Hubbard's midsection, burning, chewing up flesh. Hubbard was hurled backwards. He doubled up and dropped the rifle. His legs went watery but he braced them, forcing himself to straighten up. "Bastard," he rasped, and took a step toward Connell. He followed that with a staggering second step, then a third and a fourth. Connell just stared, not believing.

"Goddam," he muttered. "Die! Why don't you fall down and die, you shithead!"

"Bastard," Hubbard croaked. He managed another step, then reached under his shirt and yanked out the knife. The deputy saw it and fired again. The pellets smashed into Hubbard higher this time, in the chest. But he did not go down, would not let himself. Before Connell could shoot again, Hubbard raised the knife, roared and lunged. A dying man's last effort. It did the job. It got him to Connell with enough impetus to thrust the knife into the deputy's stomach, just below his sternum. The blade sank deep. Connell shrieked, toppling over backwards. His hands scabbled feebly at the knife. A long sigh oozed from him, and he went limp.

Hubbard slumped to the ground, flopped onto his back. Molly reached him before the policemen did. Leaning over him, she began sobbing. Hubbard saw her dimly with rapidly fading vision and tried to talk. He couldn't. He wanted to tell her it was all right. He'd killed Connell, and he'd had one hell of a girl. A good woman.

So it was all right. ■

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Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then it is securely attached to a beautifully grained piece of wood. The plaque is available in black and white marble on a dark wood background, or brown and white marble with a light brown background.

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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)

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)

Serious German biker searching for sexy Chinese biker chick or even European-bred chick interested in establishing new biker tradition. Write to: Vincent, 16633 Brandt St., Romulus, Michigan 48174. (41)

Lonely cycle tramp is down and out, needs scribes bad to get cheered up! Any biker chicks welcome to write: Wizard, Route #1, Box 344A, Sorrento, Florida 32776. (41)

Harley riders: Send for our interchangeable parts catalog containing cross-referenced part numbers on bearings, seals, points, etc. Send \$2.00 to Harley-Davidson List, Box 54, Dexter, Maine 04930. (41)

Genuine WWII German helmets. Reconditioned with liner, strap, insignia. \$19.95. 13x19 Swastika battle flags (reproductions), \$3.95. Paul Swan, 2930 Randy Lane, Dallas, Texas 75234. (41)

Happy birthday to Big Gary. Love 'n' stuff, Sunshine. (41)

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. (41)

Talismans: talismans. Reported extraordinary effects. Benefits and protects possessor. An occult influence for good only. Hair from benevolent deceased, meteorite fragments, cosmic, novena for your soul, fossilized shark's tooth, ageless and occult insignia. State astrological sign when ordering. \$15.00 in pouch. Send to G.M.W., c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (41)

"Get Off My Ass": These 3x6 plastic plates bolt to your license plate. Bikers, these guaranteed-against-breakage plates let people know how you feel about their riding your ass. Only \$2.00. Cyglo-Signs, 99 Fox St., Owego, N.Y. 13827. (41)

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

Want one quiet foxy chick who likes to party and ride Harleys. Send letter, phone number, and 5x7 photo to Harley Bob, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (41)

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, surreal 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. (41)

Rip-off: Some shit-slingin' sleeze stole my 76 shovel. It was completely rebuilt with: a Denver frame, FX 12-over front end, rear invader mag. Any information send to Dave Sackos, 24 Duddly House, Swanson Rd., Foxboro, Mass. 01917. (41F)

VL Problems? We have crankpins, batteries, pistons, primary chains, spark plugs, complete motors, etc. Can't hurt to ask! Write K&S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Road, Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580. (42)

Ranger: From Norton to nothin', from north to south, unzip our flies and open your mouth. P. K. Kids, Massachusetts Division. (41)

Remember—The life you save may be your own don't Fuck with my bike! Amusing sticker, gets to the point. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. R-9, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (41)

Need to hear from chick in Chicago area who wants to share my bike and maybe my life. Send letter and photo, if possible, to: B.B., c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (41)

Make your own: Easy to follow instructions to make THC, PCP, cocaine, mescaline, and all others. 25¢ postage gets you descriptive brochure. M&M Enterprises, P.O. Box 691-ER2, Saginaw, Michigan 48606. (41)

Bill, call Cher. She loves you.

Wanted: One chick who's got a cool head to live with me and my ol' man. Ol' man is 5' 11", 150 lbs., black hair, beard. Must like kids, dogs, campin', and lovin'. All serious letters will be answered (if can send pic). Write C. or G. Roberts, P.O. Box 382, Carl Jet., Missouri 64834, or call 417-649-7827. (41)

Real story on putting pan barrels on your knuckle, what the others leave out, complete instructions and dimensions. Send \$2.00 money order to K&S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, New York 11580. (42)

WARNING—If you value your own life as much as I value this bike, don't FUCK with it! Clever and amusing sticker. Put it on your bike, gets the message across. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. ER-16, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (41)

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. (41)

Antique motorcycle parts and accessories. Your headquarters for genuine Harley-Davidson parts for 1912-50 models. Send \$1.00 for our 24-page price list. Antique Cycle Supply, Inc., Box 153, Sparta, Michigan 49345. (41)

Hippie, where you go, I go, and where I go, your Sportster goes. What a beautiful threesome we are. Happy birthday, Hippie, Sunshine. (41)

In memory of Jimmy Skillings. Iron Horsemen M/C, Nomad. (41)

45 Owners! Technical information. Send \$2.00 money order for each subject: Mikuni conversion, 811cc cylinders, big valves and porting, cams for top end, 80 ULH ideas. List of parts and services available \$1.00 from K&S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Road, Valley Stream, N.Y. 11580. (42)

Gay and bisexual bikers, contact Jim in Arizona, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. Phone (602) 986-4175. (42)

Fuck Helmet Laws or Helmet Laws Suck—Pick from these two stickers to show your feelings for helmet laws. Stick them on your bike or helmet. 50¢ each 3/\$1.00. R. Kautz, Dept. HL-12, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Missouri 63101. (41)

Girls: Looking for free place to stay while in Ft. Lauderdale? Single biker will put you up with no horseshit. Write: Easy Rider, Box 391045, Miami Beach, Florida 33139. (41)

Wanted: Male biker to putt and party. Must like big mama. Write and send pic. Barbara, 5430 Crittendon St., Oakland, Calif. 94601. (41)

Young white girl, 20, short on cash. Purchase natural photos of her. \$2.00 each. Faye Russell, 416 West Locust, Johnson City, Tenn. 37601. (41)

Kathy, Richard would like you to contact him. He's concerned. (41G)

Duke and Janet of Cosmic Choppers: Thank you for your assistance and advice in building my scooter! Tommy Turtle, Phoenix. (41)

Little chick with big heart for Harleys would dig packing, being in the wind, and doing her own thing. A one-bro chick, not for trade. Interested in mature biker bros with some miles on them, who are really interested in a chick who loves scooters (for sure) and not just showboatin' around. A lot of love for the right bro. No plastic people or gamblers, but the real No. 1 people. Write Willie, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (41)

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. (41)

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Save Gas—Cycle Your Ass: These 3x6 plastic plates bolt to your license plate. They are attention getting and guaranteed against breakage. Here is your chance to let people know where you stand (or sit) when it comes to ecology. Only \$2.00. Cyglo-Signs, 99 Fox St., Owego, N.Y. 13827. (41)

Correspondence with males wearing black leather pants, jackets, helmets, gloves, chaps, and high boots. Write Ed. Moyer, Box 616 81433, 1116 Mineral Street, Silverton, Colorado 81433. (41)

Don Anderson: Waited all day for you to call at 1:00. Call and leave number if not home. Scott. (41)

I Get 100 Miles to a Quart of Beer: These 3x6 attention-getting, guaranteed-against-breakage plastic plates bolt to your license plate. Bikers, here is your chance to let people know that you get more out of beer than just high. Only \$2.00. Cyglo-Signs, 99 Fox Street, Owego, N.Y. 13827. (41)

To Greg, one of the true bikers left. Ride hard but don't die young. I couldn't make it without you. Love, Val, Toronto, Canada. (41)

Hawaii-bound—looking for ol' lady who knows how to be an ol' lady or is willing to learn without sniveling. I am traveling to California from East Coast. If you are 20-30 and can be free to marry by the November issue of this rag, don't wait—write. This is no bullshit ad, so don't send bullshit letters and photos (topless or bikini preferred) to Top Cat, c/o **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (41)

Butthole Bandit: When the fast piece of ass runs out, find me. I'll wait forever. Janet. (41)

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. 95308. (41)

Dead Dog. I love your Harley a lot, but more than anything, I love you. Forever, a day, and a night. Yours, Foxy Mama. (41)

Wanted: A complete 45 H-D motor & trans or basket case with papers. Ken Travis, 4414 St. Andrews, Boise, Idaho 83705. (41)

Colors magazine, 1971 summer, winter issues. Best offers. Dolowy, 12917 Muskegon, Chicago, Illinois 60633. (41)

To my own foxy Bearded Clam—I love you, Lady D. (41)

badge catalog. Scores of designs including Highway Patrol types. Send \$1.00 (refundable on your first order). B-PEC, Dept. E7, 9889 Alondra Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706. (41)

Wanted. Easyriders issues 1 through 15. Will pay top dollar. Bobby Grayson, 4664 Shelley St., Baton Rouge, La. 70805. (41)

Custom and replacement parts. Paint and triple chrome, etc. 1% discount with this ad. Bikework Orange, 327 Hudson St., Hackensack, N.J. 07601 (201) 342-3830. (41)

Jesse, your ol' lady cares, loves, and thinks about you all the time. "I love you. I wanna go puttin'!" Squeaky. (41G)

Patches and Dave, I love ya and will forever dig on true brothers. Beaver. (41G)

The finest biker paraphernalia. Earrings, skull items and much more. Catalog \$1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (43)

Harley riders: Don't go touring without our name and address list of all the Harley dealers in the USA. Send \$3.00 to Harley-Davidson List, Box 54, Dexter, Maine 04930. (41)

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks \$4.95
We pay postage!



Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yum-mies 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:

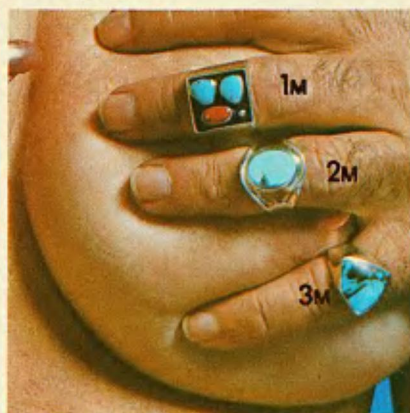
Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

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
4 - 24.50
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 _____

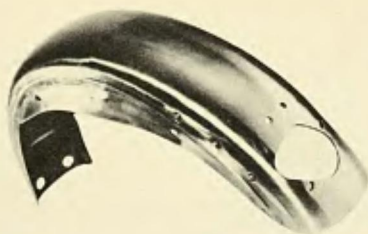
State _____

Zip _____

6% sales tax for California residents

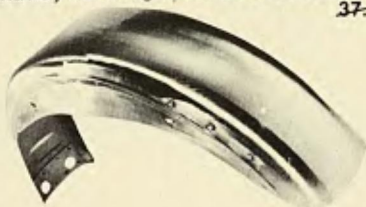
Jammer

If you were riding your scooter all summer like the rest of us, there's got to be some things you need to get your bike back in shape — Lay your eyeballs on the next ten pages of Jammer goodies. By the way, if fenders or struts are something you need, your Jammer dealer has a sale on these items.



74014 Sportster Style Cutaway Fender.
Stock replacement fender for XLCH. Has cutaway for taillight. All steel construction.

37.95 34.15



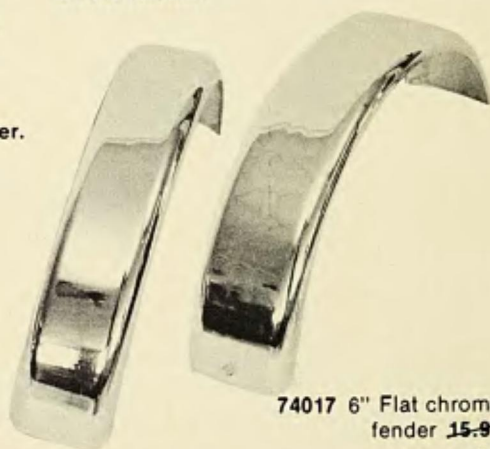
74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender.
Rear fender with no taillight cutaway. All steel construction.

37.95 34.15



74016 5" Flat chrome fender

14.95 13.45



74017 6" Flat chrome fender

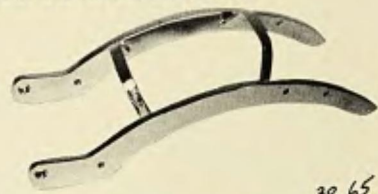
15.95 14.35

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

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

74012 Left side chain 34.25 28.15

74013 Right side chain 34.25 28.15



74020 All swingarm 74's

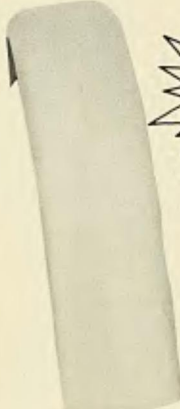
38.65



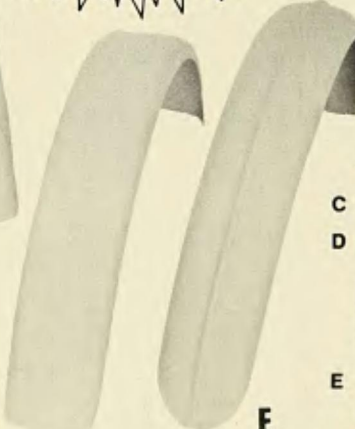
74021 Sportster

42.95 38.65

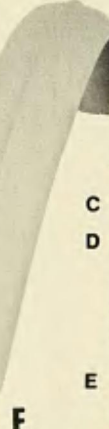
Ask Your JAMMER Dealer About Our October FENDER and STRUT Sale



C



D



E

Part No. Style Width Length Price

C 7403 Flat 6" 41" 12.95 11.6

D 7404 Flat 5" 41" 11.95 10.6

Comment: C and D are made in the U.S.A. They are popular with custom builders who want that lean look in back.

E 7405 Rib 5" 45" 9.95 8.9

Comment: E the standard of the custom builders.

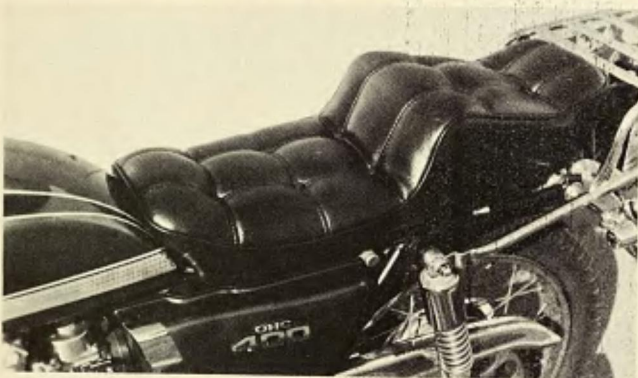
SEATS



114055 Marquis Touring II (hump-seat) Square Tufted Black. Fits Honda 750 k \$72.95

114057 Honda 1000 Marquis Touring II (Hump-seat) Square Tufted Black. 72.95

The "MARQUIS" Series



114059 Honda 550 & 400 "F" Models and Kawasaki 400 Marquis II, Hump-seat, Square Tufted Black. \$54.95

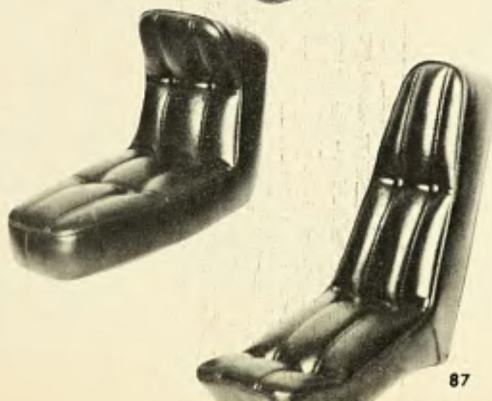
The Rigid "TWO" Piece

115035
The Rigid (two-piece) Hump-seat, Square Tufted Black. Universal mounting fits most rigid frame bikes.

\$57.95

115036
The Rigid (two-piece) 14" back, built-in Sissy Bar, Square Tufted Black.

\$62.95



The "Marquis Touring" Series and The "Marquis" Series. The Marquis combines the ultimate in comfort and style. Square nose styling allows seat to fit flush against tank, rear section covers upper portion of fender. Self support back eliminates need for Sissy bar. The Marquis mounts and hinges like stock.

114056 Marquis Touring 14" back Square Tufted Black. Fits Honda 750 \$89.95

114058 Honda 1000 Marquis Touring II 14" Back Square Tufted Black 89.95



(Order Brackets Below)

114061 Kawasaki 900 Marquis II Hump-seat, Black. (same as #114059) \$54.95

114062 Kawasaki 900 Marquis 14" back, built-in Sissy bar. (same look as #114060 but larger) \$74.95

114063 Honda 1000 Marquis II Hump-seat, Square Tufted Black. (same look as #114059) \$54.95

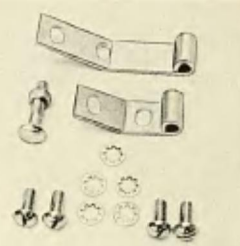
114064 Honda 1000 Marquis 14" back, built-in Sissy bar, Square Tufted Black. (same look as #114060 but larger) 74.95



(Order Brackets Below)

114060 Honda 550 & 400 "F" Models and Kawasaki 400 Marquis 14" back, Hump-seat, built-in Sissy bar. \$74.95

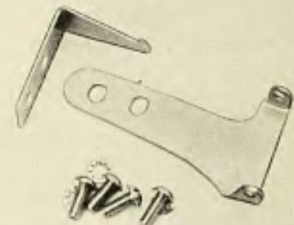
Seat Brackets For The "Marquis" Series.



114050 Honda 550 "F" Model. \$4.00

114051 Honda 400 "F" Model. \$4.00

114054 Honda 1000. \$4.00



114053 Kawasaki 900. \$4.00

114052 Kawasaki 400. \$4.00

114042 For Honda 750 4.00

Chameleon

Ka-mel'yan

The Chameleon - for Swing Arms.
The sissy bar with the interchangeable side plates and interchangeable emblems
This new Sissy bar with two side plates will fit all FX/FXE and Sportsters with or without turn signals.
Nothing to remove - nothing is covered up. Just minutes from out of the box to on the bike. You buy the emblems separately. The Chameleon really fits stock H.D. and our seats perfectly.
Lustrous chrome.

SISSY BARS



This sissy bar can actually be installed in 8 minutes —

TOTAL **\$49.95***
*with Jammer or HD plain emblem.



8101 Jammer 4.05
Chrome Purple and Orange



8102 HD Plain 4.05
Gold-Plated



8103 Harley Wings (Gold Plated)

8.95



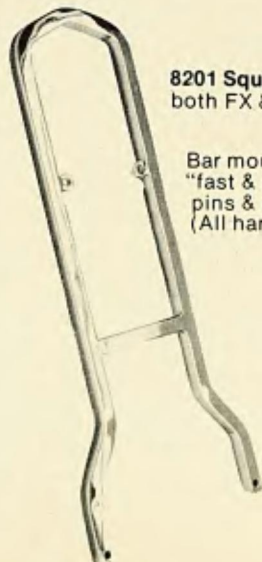
8104 Ride to Live Wings & Wheels
Gold-Plated 8.95



8105 Skull and Crossbones
Chrome 8.95

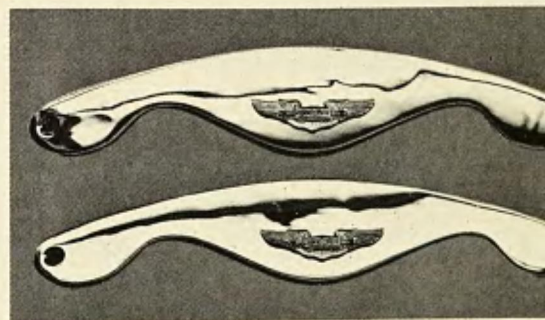


8106 Winged #1 8.95
Chrome, Red, and Blue

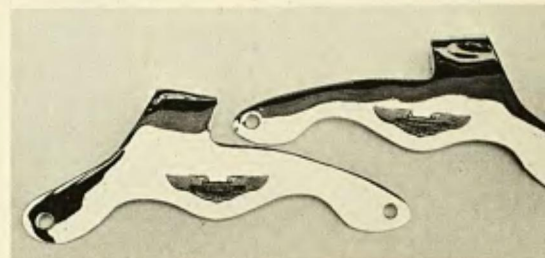


8201 Square Bar. One bar fits both FX & Spst. side plates.
19.95

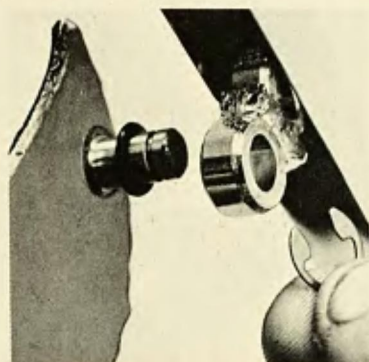
Bar mounts to side plates "fast & secure" with roll pins & set screws.
(All hardware included)



82011 Side Plates. Fits all Spst. with or without turn signals. 25.95



82012 Side Plates. Fits all FX's with or without turn signals. 25.95



Emblem's rubber mount to bar with "O" rings & clips.

GASKETS

The IB CO Gasket line is specially designed and engineered for the performance and street motorcycle market. Our highly-trained engineering staff and stiff manufacturing standards assure you of the highest quality gasket product line in the industry.

ADVERTISEMENT

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Complete Kit

9701 Shovelhead 1966-76. 74" OHV Kit includes 51 pcs. Replaces OEM Part No. 17029-66 . . \$19.95

Complete Kit

9702 Sportster 1957-71. Kit includes 55 pieces. Replaces OEM Part No. 17026-71 \$16.25

Complete Kit

9703 Sportster 1972-early 1973. Kit includes 42 pcs. Replaces OEM Part No. 17026-71 \$12.95

Complete Kit

9704 Sportster late 1973-76. Kit includes 42 pcs. Replaces OEM Part No. 17026-71 \$12.95

Complete Kit

9705 Pan Head 1948-54. 61" and 74" OHV. Kit includes 32 pieces. Replaces OEM Part No. 17028-48 \$11.25

Complete Kit

9706 Pan Head 1955-1965. 74" OHV Kit includes 43 pcs. Replaces OEM Part No. 17028-58 . . \$13.25

HONDA

Kit

9401 CB750 to K5 Top End Set includes 31 pieces \$18.60

Kit

9402 CB750 to K5 Lower Set includes 21 pieces \$7.75

Kit

9403 CB550 Top End Set includes 29 pcs . . \$20.75

Kit

9404 CB550 Lower Set includes 5 pcs . . . \$6.95

KAWASAKI

Complete Kit

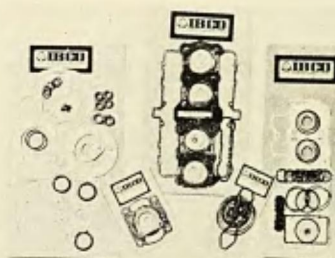
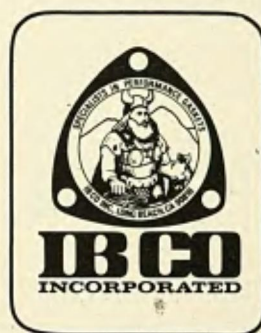
94051 Kawa 900. Kit includes 41 pieces. Replaces OEM No. Z1 A-B \$25.50

Kit

94052 Kawa 900. Top End Kit includes 14 pieces. Replaces OEM No. Z1/A/A \$16.25

Kit

94054 Kawa 900 Oil Ring Kit includes 24 pieces. Replaces OEM No. Z1/A/B \$9.60



ACORN NUTS



KNUCKLEHEAD

12201 Oil Pump Nut Set (1936-1969)	6.00
12202 Transmission Side Cover Nut Set	7.50
12203 Timing Cover Screw Set (1936-1970)	12.00
12204 Circuit Brk. Base Screw Set (1936-1957)	5.00
12205 Lifter Base Screw Set (1936-up)	8.00
12206 Motor Case Nut & Bolt Set	12.00
12207 Rear Wheel & Shaped Cvr. Screw Set (Pre 1966)	5.00
12208 Head Bolt Set (1940-1947)	22.00
12209 Cylinder Base Nut Set	7.00
12210 Rocker Box Bolt Set (1936-1947)	8.00
12211 Timing Plug-Oil Tank Plug	2.25
12212 Generator Screw Set (1936-1957)	3.50
12213 License Plate Set	2.50

PANHEAD-SHOVELHEAD

12201 Oil Pump Nut Set (1936-1969)	6.00
12202 Transmission Side Cover Nut Set	7.50
12203 Timing Cvr. Screw Set (1936-1970)	12.00
12204 Circuit Brk. Base Screw	5.00
12205 Lifter Base Screw Set (1936-up)	8.00
12206 Motor Case Nut & Bolt Set	12.00
12207 Rear Wheel & Shaped Cvr. Screw Set (pre 1966)	5.00
12209 Cylinder Base Nut Set	7.00
122022 Timing Cover Screw Set (1970-up)	7.00
122023 Rocker Box Nut Set (1966-up)	17.00
122024 Head Bolt Set (1948-up)	22.00
122025 Primary Cover Screw Set (1965-1970)	12.00
122026 Primary Cover Screw Set (1971-up)	14.00
122027 Primary Cover Screw Set (1965-up)	7.00
122028 Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1957-1970)	7.00
122029 Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug (1971-up)	7.00
122030 Generator Screw Set (1958-1969)	3.50
122012 Generator Screw Set (1936-1957)	3.50
122013 License Plate Set	2.50

SPORTSTER

122033 Primary Cvr. Screw Set (1957-1969 XLCH)	7.00
122034 Primary Cvr. Screw Set (XLCH 1970, '67-'70 XLH)	12.00
122035 Primary Cvr. Screw Set (XLH 1957-1969)	5.00
122036 Primary Cvr. Screw Set-Left Side (1971-up)	11.00
122037 Cam Cover Screw Set (1957-1970)	9.50
122038 Cam Cvr. Screw Set-Right Side (1971-up)	9.00
122039 Generator Screw Set (1957-1970)	4.00
122040 Generator Screw Set (1971-up)	4.00
122041 Rocker Box Bolt Set (1957-up)	18.00
122042 Lifter Base Bolt Set (1957-up)	4.50
122043 Motor Mount Set (1957-up)	12.00
122044 Sprkt. Cover Screw Set (1957-1970)	3.50
122045 Sprkt. Cover Screw Set (1971-up)	3.50
122046 Cylinder Base Nut Set (1957-up)	6.00
122011 Timing Plug - Oil Tank Plug	2.25
122048 Head Bolt Set (1957-1971)	16.00
122049 Head Bolt Set (1972-up)	17.00
122050 Rear Fender Rail Screw Set (1957-up)	6.00
122028 Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug Set (1957-1970)	7.00
122029 Rocker Arm Shaft End Plug Set (1971-up)	7.00
122053 Ignition Bracket Set (1957-up)	5.50
122013 License Plate Set	2.50

HONDA

122055 Left Side Covers Screw Set (750)	18.00
122056 Right Side Covers Screw Set (750)	12.00
122057 Rocker Box Screw Set (750)	16.00
122058 Head Nut Set (450)	7.00
122059 Motor Mount Set (750)	10.00
122060 Motor Mount Set (500)	14.00
122061 Right Side Cover Screw Set (350)	10.00
122062 Right Side Cover Screw Set (500)	11.00
122063 Rocker Box Screw Set (500)	12.00
122064 Left Side Cover Screw Set (500)	8.00
122065 Left Side Cover Screw Set (350)	13.00
122066 Rocker Box & Exhaust Nut & Screw Set	13.00
122067 Motor Mount Set (450)	17.00
122068 Rocker Box Screw Set (450)	15.00
122069 Left Side Cover Screw Set (450)	14.00
122070 Right Side Cover Screw Set (450)	13.00
122013 License Plate Set	2.50

COVERS

Chrome Covers

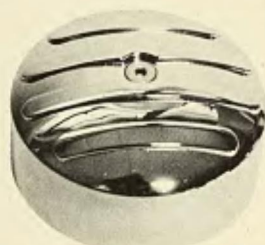


103036 Bicentennial Derby Cover - HD Eagle. Fits HD FX, FL, FLH 71 & Later. **\$9.95**

103037 Bicentennial Inspection Plate. Fits Sportster 71 & Later. **4.95**



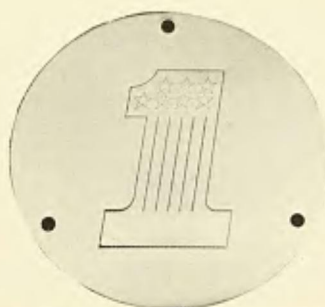
103038 Bicentennial Inspection Plate. Fits HD 74's, 70 & Later. **\$4.95**



106021 Finned HD Starter End Cover Fits 1967 & later, 74's and Sportsters. Chromed. **\$6.95**

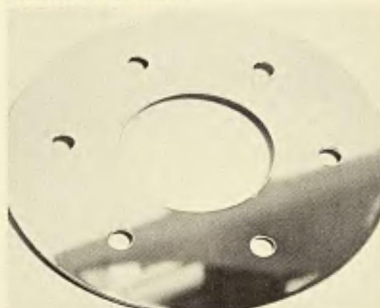


106022 Finned HD Generator End Cover Fits 12 Volt Generators on 1965 & later 74's and Sportsters. Chromed. **\$6.95**



103020 Derby Cover. High Quality Steel and Triple Chrome Plated fits HD, FL, FLH, and FX, 1970 to present. **\$9.95**

Lustrous Chrome



Chrome Steel Sprocket Covers.

Easy Bolt-On over your Stock Sprocket for Custom Appearance. Exact Fit.

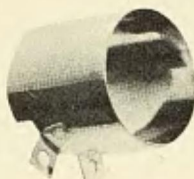
104010 HD FX 1973 - 1976. \$9.97

104011 Honda 750 (48 tooth). \$9.97

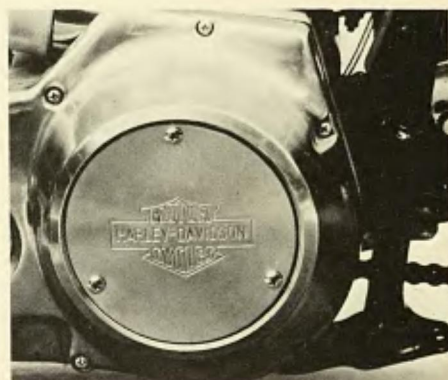
104012 Kawasaki Z-1. \$9.97



105015 Sportster Brake Drum Cover **\$17.65**



103017 Chrome Solenoid Cover. **\$9.95**



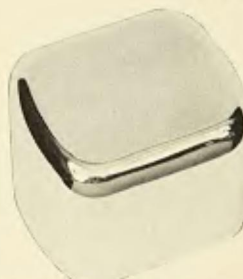
103021 Derby Cover. High Quality Steel and Triple Chrome Plated fits HD, FL, FLH, and FX, 1970 to present. **\$9.95**



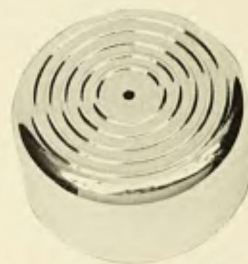
106023 HD Regulator Cover - Bosch **\$8.95**



106024 HD Regulator Cover - Delco **\$9.95**



108011 Chromed Regulator Cover. Fits Harley models equipped with Bosch regulators. **\$5.60**

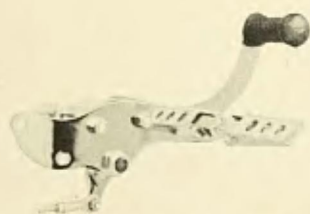


108012 Generator End Cover. Chromed generator cover fits all Sportster and 74" with Delco-Remy generator. **\$6.25**

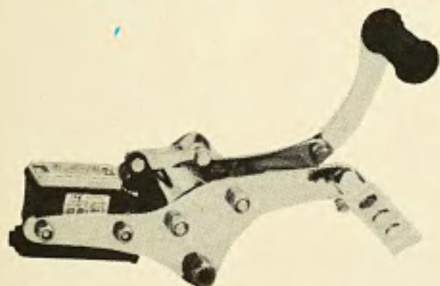


HD 74/SPORTSTER

BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES



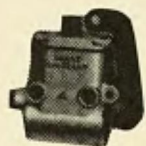
14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.
Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. **\$69.98**



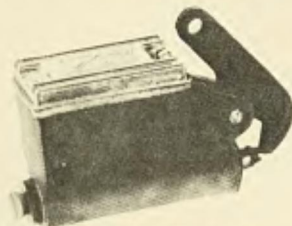
14102 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Airheart large Master Cylinder. **\$69.98**



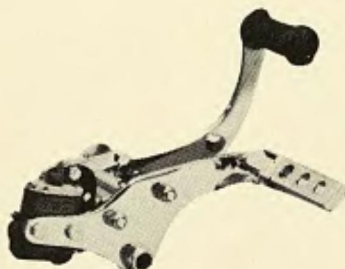
14104 Brake Assembly - HD '74 Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. Linkage Included. **\$69.98**



141019 Small Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart **\$28.95**



141020 Large Rear Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart **\$42.95**

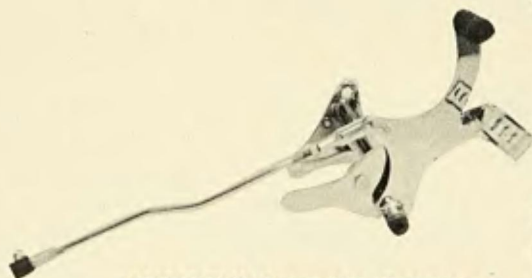


14103 Brake Assembly - HD '74
Use our Hurst-Airheart Small Master Cylinder. **\$69.98**

**Hallcraft Wheels
Purchased From
Jammer Come With
Large
Master Cylinder**

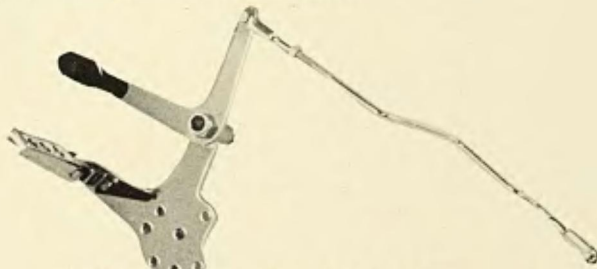


14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. **\$74.98**



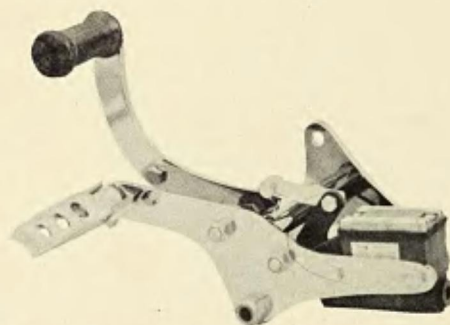
141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.
All Linkage included. Use Stock Shifter Peg. **\$69.98**

Note: Each unit includes chrome foot peg.
For hydraulic brake switch, use our Brass Tee #141029 \$1.95 and Brake Light Sending Unit #141030 . . . \$2.40.

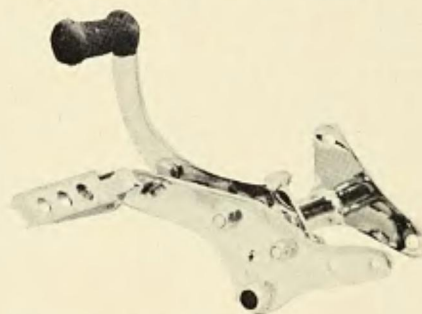


141014 Shift Assembly - HD '74 36-73
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. **\$64.98**

141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up. **\$64.98**
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg.



14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster
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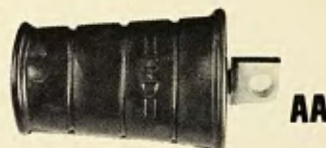
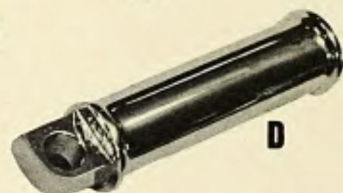
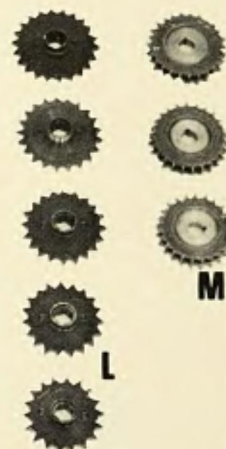
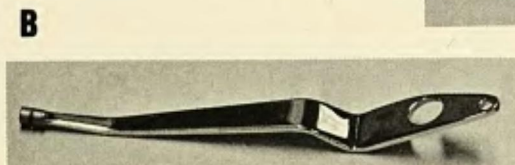
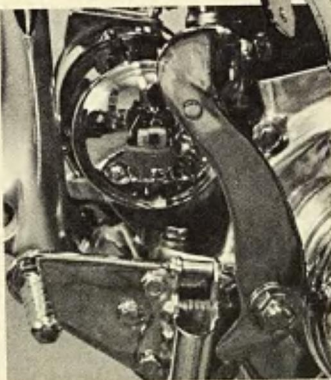
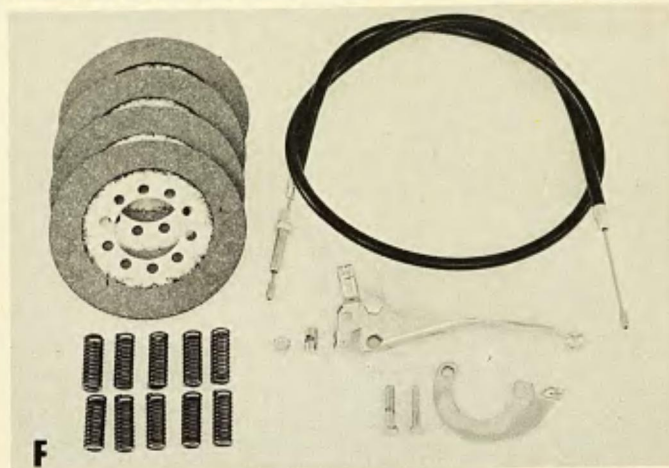
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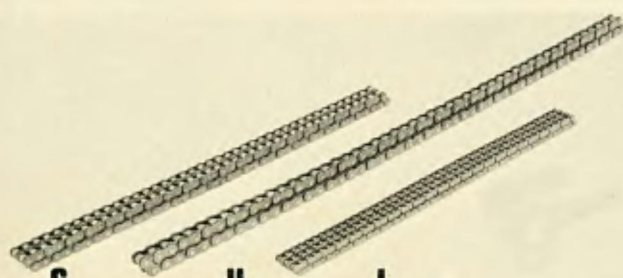
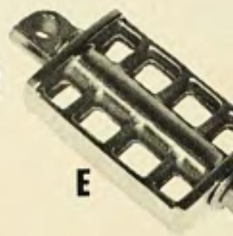
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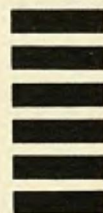
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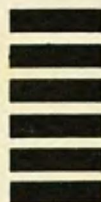
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