Ⓓ 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

February, 1977
One Dollar
70p

Bikes, Fiction, Cartoons, and Women

Bikers and Bugs

An Antique Rat Bike?

How to Stop Your Ol' Lady From Bitchin'

Black Easyriders T-shirts

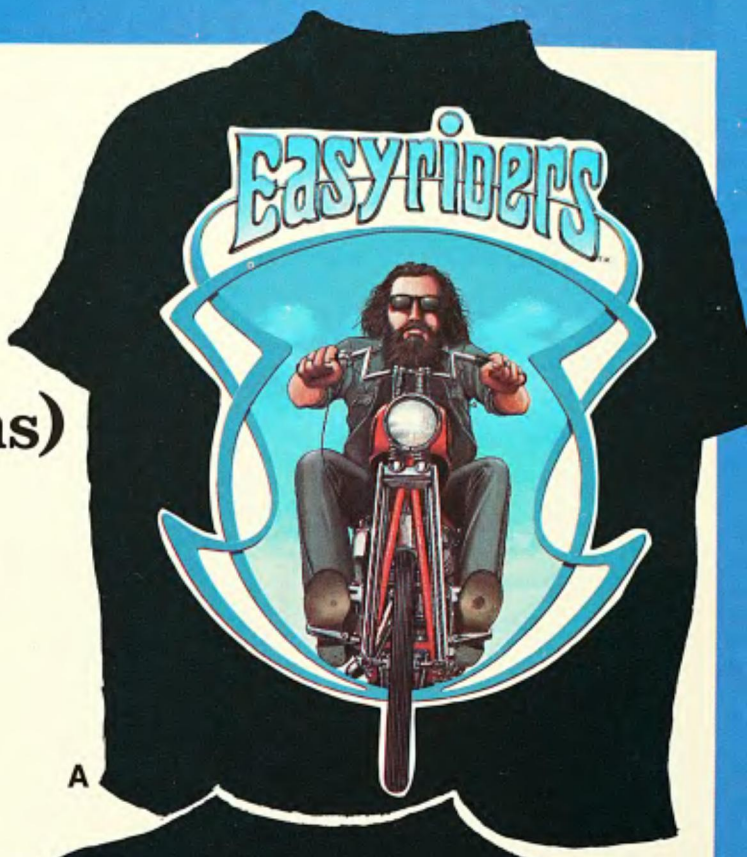
(with full color Dave Mann designs)

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.



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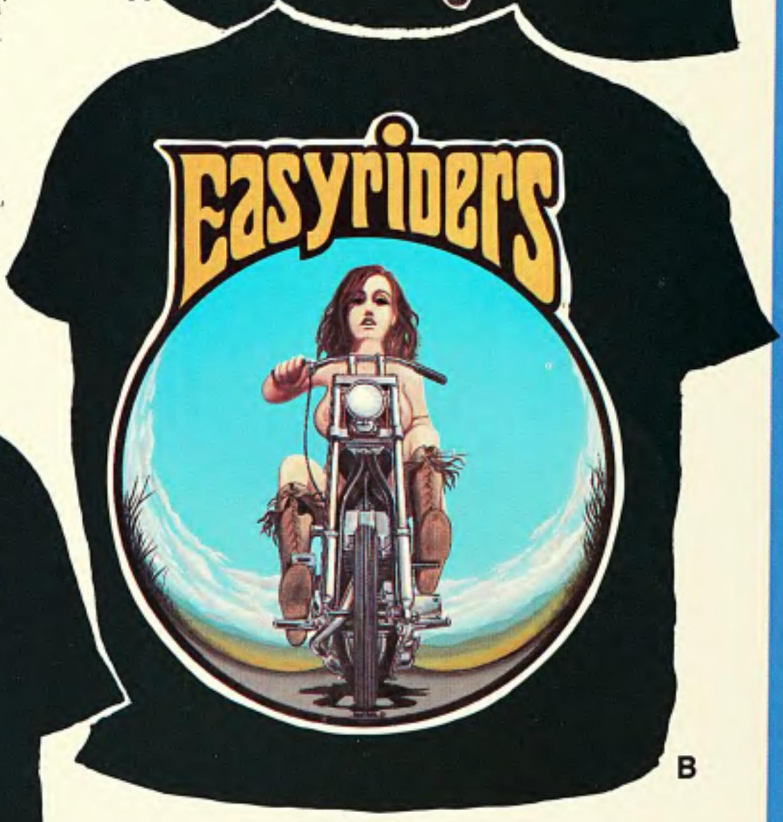

B

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 44

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FTW

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Easyriders magazine Number 44, February, 1977, Vol. 6. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 819 South Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, California 91502. (213) 843-3277. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. (213) 880-4240. Second Class Postage paid at Burbank, California 91502 and at additional offices.

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Cover photo of Stacey Pickren by Pete Chiodo (skull earring by Zango Bango)

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale January 25th.

I've got something for you . . .

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

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

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

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

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

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Did I tell ya before that if the Government would get rid of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, they would save almost 170 million bucks?

In case your local scandal sheet was too chickenshit to print what Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz said to get his ass kicked out of office—well, here it is in living black and white: "I'll tell you what coloreds want. It's three things: first, a tight pussy; second, loose shoes; and third, a warm place to shit. That's all!" That's exactly what he said, folks.

Dipshits of the month: Four dudes ripped off a motorcycle and—now get this—lugged it up a flight of stairs to a second-story apartment. They parked it in the kitchen and while they were standing around snickering, the gas fumes got to the stove's pilot light and blew up, burning the shit out of 'em.

No—maybe this one's the dipshit of the month: A chick washed her poodle and put him in a microwave oven "for only 60 seconds" to dry off. She shit a brick when she opened the oven—her pooch had exploded.

A bro of mine has advised me that if you check out any "subversive" type books from your local library, you may wind up on a computer. The Feds periodically check out libraries to see who's reading that shit.

About to pay your taxes? It's been reported that the Feds have spent $500,000 to see why men and monkeys clench their fists, $84,000 to find out why people fall in love, $46,000 to study the effects of scantily clad chicks on male drivers, and $21,000 on the study of the mating calls and paratoid gland secretions of the Central American toad.

Inmates at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in New York made $131,000 in fraudulent credit-card and third-party telephone calls during the past year. That's one quarter of all fraudulent calls made in the State.

Nearly 200,000 women are currently registered motorcycle owners in the U.S. and the number is rising. The greatest rise is in California.

Ever hear the story about saving up the red cellophane strips from cigarette packs, then turning in one pound of them to buy a seeing eye dog for a blind person? Try it sometime. If you smoked one pack of cigarettes a day, it would take you 243,529 years to save a pound of strips. Or, you can shorten the time by smoking 667,203 packs a day and have a pound in one year.

The average piece of ass takes seven minutes, start to finish. For an eight-incher, that's approximately 420 strokes. The shorter the travel, the quicker the stroke. Rabbits have a one-inch crank, which accounts for their speed. The pygmy shrew, the world's smallest mammal at one-half inch body length, takes ten thousand strokes a minute. That's how many Mutha's ol' man takes after downing two jars of criss-crosses.

According to anthropologists Beals and Hoijer, male children of the Alorese tribe, in New Guinea, are carried around all day by teenage girls, who masturbate them constantly, for reasons of distraction.

The secret agents are everywhere! The dear ol' Ma Bell Company has reported that it currently employs 665 private security agents who are assigned to intercept and record the private conversations of its customers—without court warrants. Then consider the local police, state police, FBI, CIA, you name it. In a word, Big Brother is here—or did you already know that? ■

Well, Goddam!

☐ I really dig your magazine and I especially dig your use of dirty words. I have a proposition to make to you. I am willing to pay a reasonable price for a cassette tape recording of at least two dudes. I would like the tape recording to last at least one hour. If it is good, and if you are willing, I may order more in the future. But I would like at least one tape, recording at least 2 dudes who are just killing time in some bar or street corner or alley, and just talking about different subjects. I would like these dudes to to sound as if they had very filthy minds with evil, mean, wicked, and nasty intentions. I would like them to use cuss words in every sentence, especially goddam! This really turns me on. The subjects they talk about may be about telling dirty jokes, making fun of religion, beating someone up, or whatever. Anything nasty. Say goddam in every sentence if possible.

Dennis Preston
Miami, Florida

■ Goddammit, Dennis—will you clean up your goddam act? (We get all kinds, folks!)

Four Letter Words

☐ One must presume that your editor and staff of writers have a deranged outlook toward men and women who ride motorcycles (whether they wear "colors" or not) and also must presume that these men and women have a vocabulary which would compare to that of a child. (God forbid if any children read your magazine; however, I believe that they too would be bored with your repetitive use of four-letter words.)

Your magazine is geared for an imaginary person, one that you have dreamed up. For I do not know, nor can I imagine, anyone whose only vocabulary consists of "shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, and tits."

Do you really believe people talk and act as you depict in your magazine?

Regretfully yours,
Palm Beach, Fla.

■ Fuck no.

Hoodlum Shrink

☐ Y'know, a lot of the shit all you bikers meet up with (when you **don't** bring it on yourselves) is caused by plain bareassed envy. I'm a shrink by profession, and I'm experience-qualified to recognize common, shithouse envy with no smoke pumped atcha. My patients (friends? sometimes bros?) are all convicts.

Tacitus, an ancient Roman, said, "It is better to be envied than pitied." In fact, if you ain't being envied, bro, somethin's wrong and you need my services.

It's pure psychology; you heard it from a shrink. Fucking scientific.

Hoodlum Shrink
Riverside, Calif.

Wondering

☐ Sometimes I wonder how anyone, no matter how righteous, can get so ripped as to come up with good shit like your people produce. Or do you just lock them in a grass farm and select from what comes out?

Me
Screwed In The Sticks
Korea

Sum Leder

☐ Deer Pricks and tight asses who rite and reed only 3 & 4 letter words in your horseshit correspondence and couldn't recognize a 7 to 12 letter high-class word like elephantshit! Sum of you cain't spell "fucking" without abbreviating it! Well, all U mutha-effers who rite into this rag must be perfect assholes like Tom, Dick & Hairy, who, they think that everyone else done them wrong, and yor sufferin' frum being heaped on by shitheads, hassled by misfits, and every hurt is caused by some jerk who hasn't any brains.

Double "R"
Oviedo, Fla.

Losing Rights

☐ I don't ride a bike, but I can see where the law is and where it ain't. Any law can be petitioned, when approached in a logical, organized, non-violent manner, including pesticides, fluoridation, or anything else that is pushed on us by law people who knuckle under to established moneymakers and moneylenders. There is a right to petition in the Constitution against any unjust law. We are losing our constitutional rights because we don't exercise them.

The Branch
Wadena, Minn.

Unfair To Women

☐ Few people realize what ignorant discrimination exists toward women joining bike gangs. A "lady of leathers" may not be allowed in any such "club" without first attaining a mate with "biker" status.

After pursuing the subject intently with a 1%er, I was appalled to find the way in which a biker's "ol' lady" is treated. Why don't they just drag them by chains behind their bikes?

I cannot fathom how any female could stand this kind of abuse. There is absolutely no way I would put up with this inept shit!

The Whiz Kid
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Why? Why?

☐ Two years ago I started reading your rag and liked it except that one thing has always bothered me. Seldom is there ever anything shown but a Harley or Indian v-twin. Why don't you ever feature any other brands? Harley's prices are going up, quality is down, dealers are shitty, and parts are hard to come by, much less frames and engines. With the decreasing number of Harleys, why not feature other bikes?

I have a rigid frame, 12" glide, all-out chopper, but it has a Honda 810 engine, Honda rear hub, Honda front end and electrical parts. What makes this different than a Harley?

Brian Faugh
Dallas, Texas

Helmet Fines

☐ Thought I'd give ya'll a view of the backass workings of the law. The other day while I was puttin' through a little town, the local dick busted me for an illegal helmet. The fine for this is $25. It so happens that the fine for absolutely no helmet is only $10.

V. Bergdale
Ellendale, Minn.

Question of the Month

☐ I would like to know what duck butter is and where I can buy some.

Disco Duck
Austin, Texas

■ Go to your local police department.

Caught Again

☐ How in hell can the Motormaids have chapters in 51 states? There ain't but 50 states in the whole damned country.

Dim Bulb
N.W., Ohio

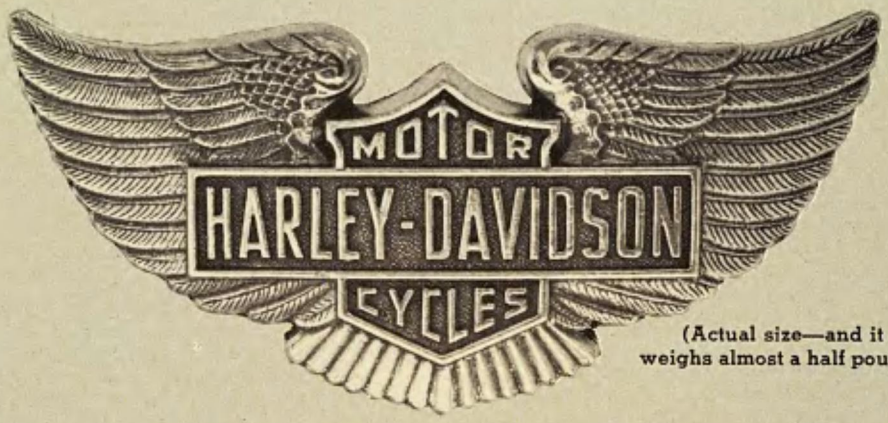
■ Shit, man, ya know there's days like that.

SOS

☐ Biker bros and sisters worldwide: We need help from you in the fight against the death penalty

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.

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 1¾"-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 1¾-inch wide belt. All you gotta do is say that's the one you want when ordering. No extra cost.

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.

RIGHTEOUS Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

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
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Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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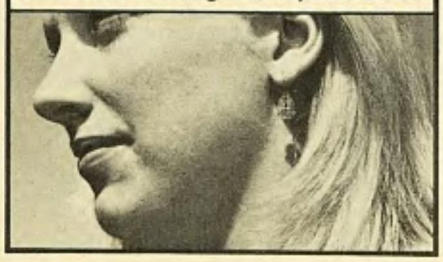

in Florida. Send any cash, check, or money order to these righteous people: Jacksonville Citizens Against the Death Penalty, 215 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla. 32202.

Death Row
Florida State Prison

We're Forgiven

☐ The tank art on Woody's Sporty is by **Franetta!** And you're going to get a lot of screaming on for not giving due credit to a terrific artist. But since it's the first really unforgivable mistake you've made I forgive you.

Witchy Woman
Clinton, Conn.

A Switch

☐ Are you ready for this? Down here on Rt. 460 near Christiansburg, a man pulled out in front of a biker, and they collided. Same old shit, right? Well, this time the man in the car was killed and the dude on the bike was listed in satisfactory condition! No shit, it was in the **Roanoke Times** several weeks ago. I hate to see anyone get wasted, but isn't it about fuckin' time it came out the way it should have?

Buzzard
Blacksburg, Va.

Chopped Beezer

☐ I'd have sent you a pic of my scooter but right now all I got's a chopped Beezer. And when you got one of those junk fuckers, you can't afford cameras or film.

Stud Cheyenne
Gifford, Ill.

Fiction Critique

☐ What's the fucking story? Most of your fiction pieces end with a biker meetin' his doom. Is this the ultimate end for bikers? Are we all doomed by the hand of some fuckin' asshole? Shit, we see it every day, but we don't need to read about it in every fuckin' issue. How about some more positive articles that don't make your ball sack shrink when you get to the last paragraph.

Jackolantern
Houston, Texas

A.C.L.U.

☐ I would like to commend Bob Collins for his fine article "Constitution—What Constitution?" in your November issue. It was an article that everyone in the United States should read. He did an excellent job of telling what the law is really like. There are a few more things he could have mentioned but as a whole the article was very good.

One thing he could have mentioned is the A.C.L.U., (American Civil Liberties Union), an organization that most people don't know about. This organization is oriented to helping people whose constitutional rights have been violated, as you probably already know.

Rodger Murray
Gainesville, Georgia

☐ I didn't think it was possible, but after reading the November rag, I see that you guys just might be getting your shit together. In "Constitution—What Constitution?" you really told it as it is. If this is what we can expect from you each month, hell I might buy another one. Keep ridin' and writin'.

The Bear
Industry, Calif.

☐ Concerning your article "Constitution—What Constitution?": "Don't ask what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country." Pure bullshit.

Monarchy, dictatorship, democracy, Nazism—the difference? None! This whole world is being fucked up by a few power-hungry bastards.

The Plotch
New York, N.Y.

☐ After I laughed my nuts off at J. J. Solari's letter of protest I settled down to scarf up "Constitution—What Constitution?"

Far fuckin' out. Articles about the nature of justice beef up my claim, in my previous letter, that **Easyriders** is one of the five most important literary/journalistic collections of the past 176 years. So what, you say?

From this plopping, slithering, steaming pile of ripe shit will come the rich fertilizer for the yet unmulched, hopefully unfucked minds of a new golden age of human thinking. Be proud of your dung and flies and crickets and toejam, and remember that the great mound of calcified shit we call "civilization" began from little smelly turds like you.

"The world feeds on its excrement." (Quote from Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche; 1844-1900.) "I never did anything wrong." (Al "Scarface" Capone) "I never did anything wrong." (Charles Manson) "I never did wrong." (Richard M. Nixon)

The Gnome
Homeland, Calif.

Tongues

☐ Why don't you run a photo feature on dudes' tongues? The guys who read your rag get plenty of tit shots. How about giving us girls something to cream over? Great idea, huh?

Pony
Columbus, Ohio

Pissed

☐ If you don't print this, you're prejudiced and you suck rotten woodpeckers. We have sent you pictures, and you have said they're not good enough for "In The Wind." What do people have to send in order to be printed?

Pissed Off
Lil P & Jo

■ Photos are rejected solely for technical reasons. **Any** technically good photo or color slide may be printed, space permitting, and, of course, if we feel the photo subject has wide interest.

Matchmaker

☐ Well, all I can say is "thank you." Today, Lex, a girl who read my letter published in your mag some time ago, arrived from Germany. To me it is a dream come true, and again I would like to say "thanks."

One Kiwi Bloke
Auckland, New Zealand

Dusty Comes Through

☐ Just dropping a few lines to let Dusty know the Asstrology feature is the first one ever to give me straight shit. I'm a Cancer and I've been really trying my ass off the last year to get a Hog between my legs. Well, the first week of this month I got an insurance check that I thought would take a

Just Out!

Only $14.95

1941 to 1954 Harley 45, 61 and 74 Parts Catalog!

Original Harley Catalog complete with names and addresses where you can buy obsolete parts.

✓ **Knucklehead Service Manual** **$9.95**

for the OHV 61 and 74 cubic inch engines and the side valve 74 and 80 cubic inch engines

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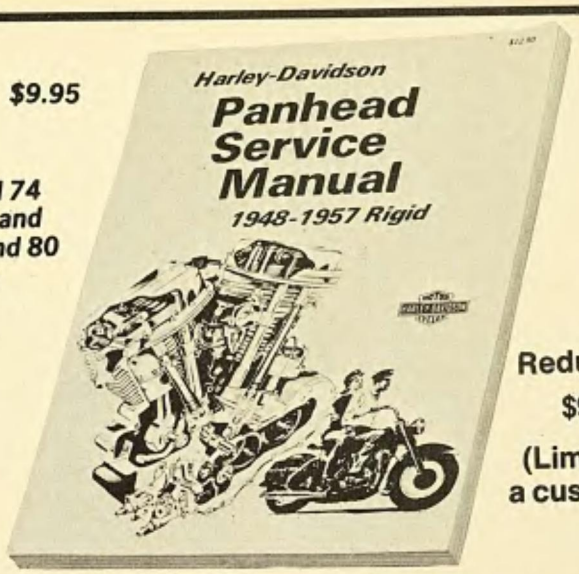

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It's rank, it's gross— and it's great!

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

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

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

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

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

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

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Address_____

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California residents add 6%

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Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Immediate Delivery

little longer than it did. Yesterday I bought an 84" stroker which I really thought I didn't have enough bucks to be even looking at. So it was a bigger thrill than a bent banana in an ape's ass.

Deke
San Jose, Calif.

☐ You fuckups really have some heavy shit in your whore-o-scopes. September mag says Scorpios are accident-prone and breakdown-prone. No shit, my shovel broke on a run and some motherfucker in a car almost done me and my scoot in.

Mountaintop
Union Lake, Mich.

Constitutionality

☐ The writer from **Rider** ("Biker's Digest," issue #41) threw a lot of names around in his article in place of saying anything intelligent. He is right and everyone else is wrong, and a yo-yo or nincompoop besides, so sayeth him. Equating the "Great Helmet Controversy" to a conflict between "sane bikers" and "human disasters," he cites hostile reactions from the citizen-spectators, and then calls them "rednecks . . . trying to wipe out every biker they see." Now who's being hostile?

The writer from **Rider** disregards the constitutionality question in his article, choosing instead to point out a number of professions that require the wearing of helmets. There is no question that employers have the right to set and enforce safety standards, whatever they are. There is a large question concerning government's rights to legislate safety to the detriment of guaranteed personal liberties. Let us hope that the courts who will ultimately decide the "Great Helmet Controversy" will not ignore constitutionality, as was done by the writer from **Rider.**

Finally, the writer from **Rider** may wear a helmet, whether he has to or not. I suggest that he wear one on his next visit to Oregon; I believe he'll need it.

Mad Dan
Kokomo, Indiana

Words . . .

☐ While I was admiring a lizard's Sport and tellin' him how I really wanted a knucklehead, he said, without looking up, "Ya gotta be one to ride one." I replied, "A panhead might be better." He said, "It would suit your mug. Why don't ya get a shovel?" After thinking, I planted a square point between his ears. I do dig my new Sporty and the price was right.

Snatch Snorkle
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Concerned

☐ Recently I had the opportunity to scan your magazine, **Easyriders,** which my son purchased, as he is interested in motorcycles. I came across a section in the beginning of the magazine where people write in filthy letters and sometimes you comment. To my amazement and disgust, I saw a letter that included a priest, nun, and bishop. Couldn't you have the decency to leave Our Holy Order of the Church out of your trash magazine?

You should not allow this type of thing to ever occur again. The time will come when Our Lord will put an end to all this, and the sooner, the better.

Concerned Christian
From somewhere

Disobedience

☐ The MMA had a combination blood run and helmet law protest at Boston, Mass., and believe it or not, Mass. General Hospital wouldn't take our blood because it was an act of "civil disobedience" to ride without helmets. The State had been advertising on TV the critical need for blood in Massachusetts. Pretty fucked up, wouldn't you say?

KTC
Boston, Mass.

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

"Hey, man! I thought you said pull off on the side of the road!"

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Boom is over . . .

As mentioned here before, the motorcycle boom is over. For the good news, sales are improving. The industry was in a strong growth pattern for years, with 1974 looking good as ever until the bottom fell out, for reasons more involved with the economy than with motorcycles or our interest in them. Anyway, 1975 was a rotten year for bike sales and warehouses are still stuffed with unsold 1975 models of certain types. For the numbers fans, the most recent figures from the Motorcycle Industry Council show registrations up 30.7 percent in 1976 compared with 1975, but down 64.7 percent from 1974, last year of the boom. Well, we must have known deep down that the market couldn't grow leap upon leap forever.

—*Cycle World*

Magazine road tests . . .

The motorcycle manufacturers' fate in the bike magazine world depends a lot on luck. There are some very competent, very ethical writers in the field, and any manufacturer will get a fair article from those guys. But the incompetent, unethical writers unexplainably like some bikes or some of their characteristics, or maybe just the blonde receptionist at the distributor's warehouse. Whatever the reason, if a manufacturer's luck runs good, *something* will work for him to get a favorable article. That kind of chance - to - draw - lucky-this-time, plus inertia, I suspect, is the chief reason the manufacturers don't gang up to get rid of some of the worst writer-editors.

—Ron Schneiders
Cycle Guide

Lights-on laws . . .

Notable successes were realized in defeating the vast majority of mandatory motorcycle lights-on measures which were introduced during the year. An AMA study, which developed what is believed to be the most comprehensive data base regarding motorcycle accidents and fatalities in the United States, proved conclusively that such laws have an effect opposite to that anticipated by lawmakers introducing such measures. Employing these data, AMA lobbyists and other concerned individuals were directly responsible for the defeat of 32 out of 34 lights-on proposals. Following presentation of AMA findings during a committee hearing in Colorado by local riders, a lights-on bill's sponsor was reported to have remarked that perhaps it wasn't such a good idea after all and the measure failed to receive a single favorable vote.

—*AMA News*

Helmets unconstitutional...

Ohio's helmet law was ruled unconstitutional in Painesville Municipal Court Aug. 17, according to a Cleveland Plain Dealer story.

A local man, 41 years of age, had been cited twice by county deputies for not wearing a helmet or safety glasses while he was searching for lost children in his neighborhood.

The judge dismissed the charges, saying he found Ohio's mandatory helmet and safety glasses law too restrictive of individual rights, and that it was not meant to protect the public but the individual motorcyclist.

The decision followed a second Ohio helmet law protest where about 2000 cyclists demonstrated in Columbus, the state capital.

The municipal court ruling, of course, cannot have legal effects across the state, but it does bring the issue before the public.

The judge in Painesville joined ranks with others who might be considered less than radical in their views.

—*Cycle Age*

A fun machine . . .

What is a motorcycle?

That's an important question which must be answered once-and-for-all soon.

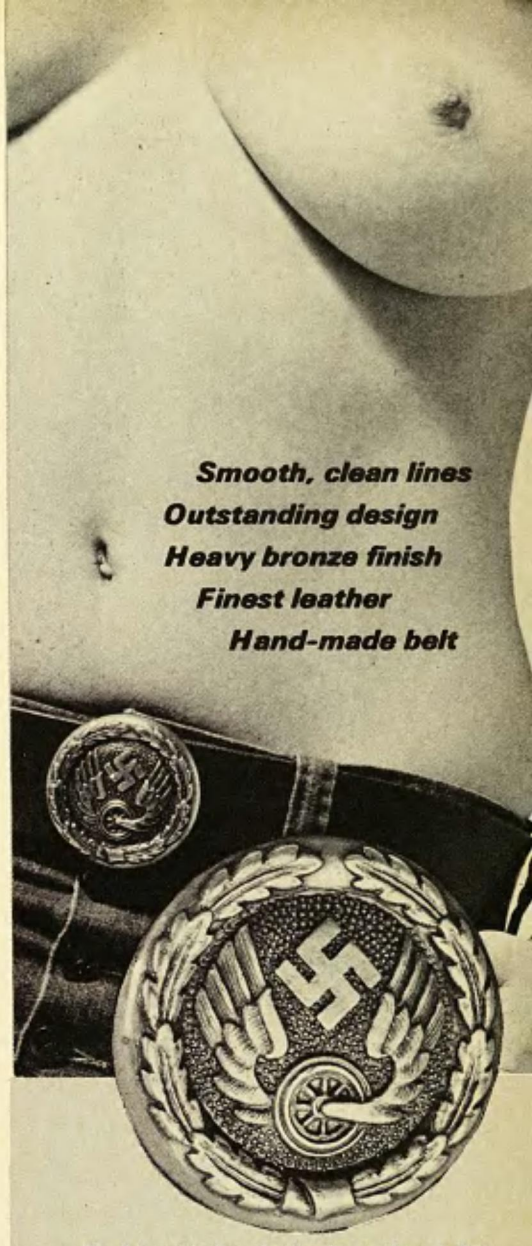
The reason it needs to be answered is so that motorcycle manufacturers can accurately position their product in the marketplace and stop wasting advertising dollars and marketing time on inappropriate selling.

In the U.S.A., a motorcycle is a recreational vehicle, period.

Clever, cute ads which show a business-suited man commuting to the office with his briefcase on the luggage rack are a waste of money. The motorcycle will never become a commuting vehicle in this country as it has been in others because this nation developed its personal transportation system in a quantum leap, rather than in the slow, evolutionary manner of other nations.

In my estimation, the touring motorcycle is to the '70s and '80s what the MG-TD was to the '50s—and that is how it should be marketed. It's a *fun* recreational vehicle for the kind of back-road, wind-in-the-kidneys touring that an earlier generation used to do in TDs before federal regulations did away with the fun.

—*Motorcycle Dealer News*



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

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2⅛" in diameter, and almost ¼" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1¾" wide and is available in either dark brown or black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

RIGHTEOUS Products
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BIKERS AND

After riding motorcycles around the country for more than twenty years, I have come to the conclusion that flies and other insects never die a natural death. They all commit suicide, just when they've become so fat and filled with gooey yellow paste that they can no longer maintain stability, and they fling themselves against the forehead of the nearest passing motorcycle rider. There are flies in my house that are eighty-four years old, so bloated from sniffing the smoke and getting the munchies that they have been reduced to critters that crawl about under the cabinets like cockroaches, and I know, sure as shit, that if I let them escape, they'll make one final effort, leap up into the air, and plant themselves against some unwitting biker.

Just last week I was struck in the face by a hard-shelled flying insect that left me looking like I had been hit in the face with a custard pie. There was yellow shit, with little black speckles in it, spread over my face and up my nostrils. Some of it dried in my beard and set up so hard that I had to cut part of the beard away in order to get it out. My ol' lady wouldn't kiss me for a week, but then, with all the pimples she's got on her face, she's got nothin' to be so proud about. She looks like somebody shot her in the face with a shotgun loaded with maggots.

A honeybee flew up my nose a couple of years ago, and I thought that was pretty bad, because for a week I went around with a snoot that looked like something you'd find on W. C. Fields or Jimmy Durante. It was almost as big as Miraculous Mutha's clit.

Now, I don't mind the gnats that smash themselves up against my ridin' glasses, or get stuck on my teeth, 'cause the first keeps them out of my eyes an' the second keeps them from getting swallowed 'cause I'm always smilin' when I ride, so they die instantly against my teeth. A couple of mouthfuls of beer, swished around and spit out, cleans my teeth pretty good.

Junebugs are probably the worst. Those fuckers are like bullets, and when you're ridin' at night, lights attract them. Once they get in the headlight glare, it's all over for a rider. They have such hard shells that they smack into your face like machine-gun bullets, and can make even a grown man cry. The best thing to do, if you have time and see them coming, is to duck down quick and let them hit your ol' lady; then she won't want to go puttin' with you at night and you can score on all kinds of pussy. I ducked down once, just in time, and a big grasshopper went over my head with a sound like a ricocheting bullet. I heard it thump when it hit my ol' lady's breast-bone, and the next thing I knew we were swerving all over the place as she wiggled around on the bike, trying to get the bastard out of her halter top, where it was threatening to kick and claw her tit off. She got her revenge on me later, when she saw a bunch of big butterflies swarming over the road ahead. Just as I was about to duck, so she could get the load, she grabbed me by the ears (a not unusual grip for her) and held my head up straight. I tried to holler, and that was a mistake, 'cause with my mouth open I must've looked like an oak tree with a hole in it, an' they all flew right in. Talk about havin' a flutterin' feeling in the stomach. It took nearly a pint of Wild Turkey to stop them from jumpin' around inside me. There was one consolation, though, because with all those pretty, colored wings, I crapped in technicolor for the next two days. Made me almost want to sit on a mirror when I went to the can, just to see the movies.

The worst insect a rider can come in contact with is

BUGS

the Ghost Moth. This is the biggest, fattest, most gut-filled member of the moth family, and when he hits you it's like havin' a flyin' white cow shit in your face. They dart around so much that there's no way you can keep from gettin' hit, once they got their sights on you, so the only thing you can do is get on the brakes and begin stopping, so's you can hurry and get off to wipe the glue off your face. If one dead-centers your mouth, it's like takin' a bite out of a big creampuff, only this one has prickly fur and wings. And the taste, ugh, I think . . . Just a minute, I think I'm gonna puke.

—Dog Breath

The Scavengers

By Carl Kohler

"They still there?" Fats spat the question without glancing at the town's only service station as he steered the van past it, staring straight ahead.

"Yeah, all four of'm!" said Gopher gleefully. "Gawd, wotta setta jugs on that redhead!"

"Getcher goddam eyes back in yer dumb head! Want'm to know they're bein' cased, ya asshole?" Fats increased the van's speed as the little town—a wide place in the road called Rising Star—began shrinking in the rearview mirror. Moments later the side road merged into Interstate 10's smooth lanes. Checking, Fats saw no traffic in either direction. He watched the needle climb steadily until it reached 80.

"How're we gonna do it, Fats?"

"Fast an' easy."

"C-can I have that redhead?" Gopher's eyes glistened excitedly. His tongue flickered over the protruding teeth and lipless mouth.

"We share *everything*, shithead. Fifty-fifty, just like I said." Fat's beefy face twisted into a happy smile. "Them biker bastards usually lug all kindsa good stuff with'm. The last dude I dumped was a fuckin' gold mine! Over a grand in cash and a messa Indian jewelry. By the time I sold his piece and the bike, I musta had damn near three and a half grand!"

"Did'ja ever dump one with a broad?"

Fats nodded. "Once. Skinny little brunette. She was bawlin' her goddam eyes out from the minute I hit the biker till I got tired of humpin' her and fed the bitch lead! It kinda added sumpin' to the fuck, hearin' her cry all the time I was pumpin' away! But the scooter was a total loss."

"How come?"

"Goddam thing caught fire from my second shot."

"Jesus!" breathed Gopher softly. "I can hardly believe we're actually gonna do it! Snuff them bastards, take every fuckin' thing they own—and fuck their dolls till our cranks are raw!" He giggled thinly.

"It beats workin', man." Fats shot a glance into the rearview again. The highway was empty behind them. In the distance ahead, a lone truck was smoking its way toward them. "The trick is always gettin' far enough out from towns. And this is the best time—just before dark. But you climb back there and check that winch. We don't want to waste any time on a fucked-up winch while we're loadin' them choppers."

Gopher scrambled to the van's rear, huddled over the mechanism. "Looks, feels okay, Fats. All greased and ready to go."

"Getcher ass back up here and pop me a brew," ordered the heavy man. "I know exactly where I'm gonna stop'm. It's about one beer from here."

"Y-you sure they're headin' west?" Gopher fumbled with the ice chest at his feet. "No chance of'm goin' the other way, is there? I really got my tongue all harded up fer that foxy redhead!"

"What'd the other broad look like?"

Gopher handed over the foaming can. "Built nice but kinda sloppy. Tough blonde cunt. Guess we'll soon find out if she's the real thing or a dye job, huh?"

"Yeah, we're gonna score—with *everything*—once the dudes are dead meat. You jes' do like I tell you, see? I mean, you do it fast and exactly like I say. You dig, pisshead?" Fats' voice went tight and hard.

"Sure, I dig. I only hope they're still comin' this way and haven't—"

"Look," interrupted Fats disgustedly. "We tailed'm for goddam near twenny miles. And both bikes are tagged with California plates. Stop bitchin' about it!"

Gopher's expression brightened as he peered through the dusty rear-door windows. "Hey, I think I can see some headlights back there. Yeah, a long ways off. Man, it looks like a couple of bike lights!"

Fats grunted, snapping a glance into the rearview and bringing the needle up to 90. "Never mind what's behind us, fer chrissakes. Check them rifles again. An' make goddam sure the safeties are off."

Gopher did as he was told, trembling with excitement.

* * *

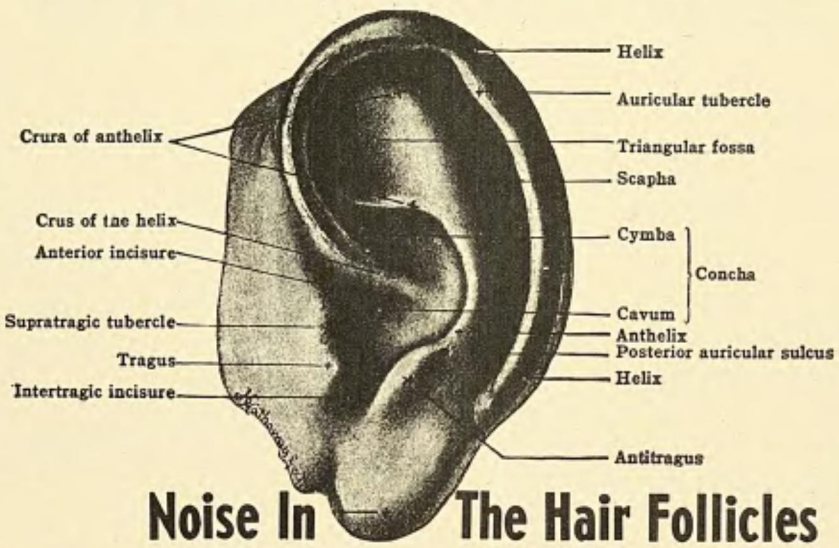
Turk settled back comfortably, letting the sled devour the miles and feeling Nora's tenseness communicated each time her hands or body touched him. Okay, so she was still pissed over being made to share herself at that last ass-wringin', balls-out session in Lordsburg when they'd unexpectedly been invited to party with the club that was headin' home for Houston. The stupid goddam hasslin' she'd stirred up over bein' told to let a coupla strange bros fuck her still rankled and now his decision to rid himself of the testy cunt was final. Who needed a chick like her, anyhow? Too fuckin' possessive.

Cresting a rise in the highway, he looked into the extended rearview. Corky and Toots were right where they should be, on his tail and jammin' smoothly. Turk grinned into the wind, pleased by the knowledge that Corky was, by his own reluctant admission, as tired of Toots as Turk was of Nora—only there was no possibility of anything so simple as a trade: Nora hated Corky's outspoken guts. Corky regarded the plump blonde with contempt. And Turk sensed that there would be no way to get to Toots until this run was over. His grin widened as he recalled the enthusiastic reaction the toothsome, leggy redhead had shown when he merely

—Continued on page 74

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

COMPLAINING FOR PROFIT



Noise In The Hair Follicles

Whether citizens will take action against those producing noise or **those responsible for its regulation** is more difficult to predict." So wrote EPA in its **Report on Noise to the President & Congress,** Dec. 31, 1971. Well, it's time to turn upon those regulating noise before motorcycles and other goodies are regulated out of existence.

Take a look at '75 and '76 bikes. The mufflers have caps over the end or else plugs inside. At first you wonder where does all the sucked-in air go? Is this some kind of new art in which you pump air in and finally, as compression builds up, the whole thing blows up with you? If you look closely, however, there is a little open space at the end. The exhaust is as silent as the bike is docile. But why? **Business Week** magazine this spring reported the feds (EPA) haven't yet set a noise limit on bikes but are expected to set one by the year's end. So why are our friendly manufacturers already stuffing up mufflers and generally messing up good bikes?

Motorcycles are now being manufactured to the noise level of an electric edger and trimmer at about 80 db(A). You have the spectacle of the home dude shaving in the morning, 75 db(A), listening to his 'ol lady's vacuum cleaner, 75 to 80 db(A), going to his garage and puttering with his electric tools, 85, and then maybe chainsawing some wood at nearly 100 db(A). At work Monday he's in the factory regulated to 90 db(A) for 8 hours with a 5 db(A) halving rate. That means the worker can halve the time with a 5 db(A) increase. So he can get 95 db(A) for 4 hours, 100 for 2 hours, 105 for 1 hour, 110 for a half hour, and 115 db(A) for 15 minutes! Many factories do not even meet these regs. But keep these numbers in mind considering the 80 or so sound level on bikes soon to go down even lower.

To keep the record straight, I am **not** against some control over noise that will actually damage ears. But as you read this article you'll see that federal bureaucracies can't stop with regulating true excessive noise. You'll see just how much noise hurts you and the "complaining for profit" problem vs. actual ear damage. Then finally, there will be a review of the noise law that helps make the bureaucracy endless and turns people against people, government against people, and people against government.

All the straight bike magazines are adding noise to their repertoire of bike criticism. In addition to not liking a factory color or the arrangement of the pasted-on stripes, or the lumpy welds, they now routinely complain about the 78 or 82 db(A) noise level of the bikes. With at least half of the bike world already on the side of the feds on the subject of noise, it behooves the rest of us, who value the excitation of our senses, to put the screws to the noise regulators. Hopefully this article will provide you with some factual information to combat the prejudiced, discriminatory wave against noise.

HEARING MECHANISM AND EAR DAMAGE

The ear has three sections: outer, middle, and inner. The outer and middle ear collect and transmit sound pressure to the inner ear. Very rarely is there damage to the outer and middle ear. It is possible, however, for explosive sounds to damage the ear drum. The sensory hearing cells are the hair cells in the organ of Corti, located in the inner ear, and the fibers of the auditory nerve. The organ of Corti is about 1½ inches long and contains about 17,000 hair cells. One long section is responsive to low-frequency stimulation. Loss of cells here does not produce corresponding decrease in low-frequency hearing. The middle and upper sound frequency hair cells are more localized and fragile. Damage here by frolicking sound waves increases the hearing threshold. The hair cells do not reproduce or repair themselves—once gone, they are gone.

Most sounds contain a broad frequency range from low to high. This is why even when you're old and have what the experts call damaged ears, you can still hear and understand conversation pretty well. In fact most people that the experts are crying about as having damaged ears because of noise don't even know their hearing is damaged. A few years ago a company tested my hearing and I learned for the first time that I had very poor hearing; that is, mid and higher frequency range hearing thresholds were considerably higher than normal. I am therefore one of the casualties of noise, and it doesn't make any difference!

We hear frequencies from about 20 Hz (cycles per second) to about 16,000. Sensitivity to the lower frequencies up to about 2000 Hz is seldom hurt enough to interfere with a person's activities even after a lifetime of exposure to noise the experts now define as dangerous.

The following table shows hearing deterioration of 250 retired and working jute weavers who were examined and tested. These people were exposed continuously every working day to noise levels of 99 to 102 db(A) with peaks of 15 to 18 db(A) above the average. The following shows normal hearing threshold and the shift in hearing threshold of these people with time at various frequencies:

Sound Frequency Hz	Threshold db*	Jute Weavers After Years Worked 1	10	20	30
25	70				
50	40				
100	30	30	40	42	42
250	20	20	28	30	33
500	10	10	15	18	22
1000	8	8	11	16	20
2000	0	0	9	17	22
3000	0	5	19	40	44
4000	0	12	28	45	46
6000	0	10	16	29	35
8000	10	10	18	25	36
10000	18				
15000	25				

*Young persons with good hearing.

In an EPA document, **Information on Levels of Environmental Noise,** Mar. 1974, a table shows that, indoors, speech at 10 feet away is 55 db(A). At 6 feet that would be about 60 db(A). Other tables show that, indoors, the ambient noise ranges from 40 or less at night to 50 during the day. Of course, depending on location and time, these numbers can go up. Other curves show that at 6 feet separation, persons with normal hearing can understand conversation at a 99% word understanding in a 60 db(A) background. It appears then that the jute weaver after 30 years exposure to the factory at 100 db(A) would have very little trouble understanding normal

By Ed Armstrong

conversation in a normal room. His threshold in the important frequency range is 20 to 40 db(A). With speech averaging 60 db(A) normal voice, no problem. Even after 40 years, the only effect might be, in order to maintain over 95% word understanding, that raised voices be used. So what's the hassle? Are we going to have a Seeing Control Act of 1978 because a lot of young and old can't see too well and have to wear glasses? Some doctors report that poor eyes go with increased literacy, reading and watching TV. Will a little man from the SCB (Sight Control Board) visit your home by warrant to see to it that the kids or you don't watch TV or read books and magazines more than 27 minutes out of 24 hours? This could arise from studies that will show 27 minutes per day reading and watching TV in an otherwise subdued environment leads to a maximum of 10% of the normal population with eyes weak enough to require correction by age 55. The experts will agree that this is an acceptable risk!

THE SIGNAL-TO-NOISE-RATIO MYTHOLOGY

"One of the arguments advanced by opponents of safety helmets and laws mandating their use is that such helmets reduce auditory capability to a level unsafe for driving. There is no scientific data supporting this view. There is, however, scientific data showing clearly that the reduction in auditory capability resulting from wearing a protective helmet is inconsequential in the driving situation. Consequently, as long as the rider can hear the motorcycle itself while wearing a protective helmet, he or she can also hear any other sound with a favorable signal-to-noise ratio at least as well as a driver who does not wear a protective helmet." This is from pages 1 and 2 of **Effect of Safety Helmets on Auditory Capability,** NHTSA Technical Note, DOT HS 801 759, Sept. 1975, by Robert L. Henderson. The simplest of tests shows the above assertion to be false.

First, Henderson talks about "opponents of safety helmets." If he ever read the motorcyclists' position, he'd know very few of us oppose helmets; we oppose the laws. We don't care who wears a helmet. But more important, the DOT states helmets don't interfere with hearing. The following describes a simple test showing the DOT statement to be false. It's a test even a dumb biker can invent and carry out. Try it; it's easy and free. We wouldn't expect the DOT or EPA or OSHA to carry it out. They wouldn't do it unless it cost a lot of taxpayers $$.

The signal-to-noise ratio Mr. Henderson talks about is the ratio, for example, of the auto horn signal to the noise of the bike background. He says if you can hear the horn not wearing a helmet, you can hear it wearing a helmet. To disprove this, you need a car, a bike, and a little space. Mark the roadway the following distances from the parked car: 50 feet, 75, 100, and so on up to about 250 feet. At the 50-foot marker, back to the car, rev your bike up to, say, 3500 rpm. Have the person in the car blow the horn while you first have your helmet on and then off. Signal if you hear the horn and have him note your response. Move the bike to 75 feet, and so on, repeating the signals if you hear the horn. In my test with our equipment, I heard the horn out to 100 feet with the helmet on; at 125 feet I couldn't hear it with helmet on. With no helmet I continued to hear the horn at 200 feet; at 225 it was barely audible; and by 250 feet I couldn't hear it. It is clear therefore that between about 100 and 225 feet from the car, with no helmet, I could hear the horn, but with a helmet, I couldn't.

The document by NHTSA contains a curve which shows that NHTSA well knows his words to be false. The curve shows that a helmet reduces the hearing level by 6 to 8 db(A). Any sound engineer knows that generally a 6 db(A) increase in a sound doubles the distance you can hear it. Therefore, if you can just hear the horn at 100 feet with the helmet on, by removing it you should be able to at least double that distance. Our test proves this.

Use this test and the results when you testify before or talk to your legislators. Not wearing a helmet is a safety factor contributing to **prevention** of accidents. Accident prevention is more important than the questionable protection of a helmet after an accident that is perhaps caused in part by wearing the helmet!

THE COMPLAINERS AND THE PROFITEERS

To fully live, we need to fully see, feel, taste, smell, and **hear** all the good things, like the 3 Big B's. Now comes our government trying to prohibit us from hearing the good sounds. Will they next prohibit us from seeing the good things, or feeling, or smelling them? Why not?

Why is the government suddenly so interested in our ears? Well, some noises can damage the ears over a long period of time. But instead of studying **ear damage** such as how many vibes are required and how long they are, and how much time it takes to exceed the elastic limits of the hair vibrator-transmitters, the government spends our money asking people if they are **annoyed** by such noisy things as motorcycles. This sets off in this Disney wasteland of ours an ever-amplifying chorus of complainers squalling about all noise somebody else makes but oblivious of their own racket. Then there's the profiteer-complainers who make good money by sound being unreasonably limited. It was precisely these people, the complainers and the profiteers, who showed up in droves to testify before the hearings on noise pollution held by the Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, U.S. Senate, early in 1972. Out of the hearings came the Noise Control Act of 1972, passed by Congress and signed by the Prez. With this law, the government is driving to reduce noise far below any reasonable **damage** threshold. Sounds are going to be driven down so low that when we die we may be blind and malnutritioned but our ears will still be perfect.

To put dumb bikers in their place, here's what an early complainer about noise said. Mr. Schopenhauer, German philosopher, wrote in 1844: "I have long held the opinion that the amount of noise which anyone can bear stands in inverse proportion to his mental capacity and may very well be regarded as a pretty fair measure of it." To update this kind of put-down, the EPA in 1971 pointed out that an expert, Mr. Parrock, said people more likely to complain about noise were generally of the higher socio-economic status, were more highly educated, and more affluent. Okay, so we're dumb for liking noise and we ain't got no money—as if we need to be told that after the government gets through picking our pockets.

In California in 1970, 34 cities in LA county were asked what sources of noise were of concern (not what noise damaged anyone's ears). Naturally motorcycles led the list with 23 votes. Trucks, freeway traffic and airplanes, no others had over 14 votes! Obviously this was an unpopularity contest and had nothing to do with noise. The persons complaining about motorcycles will never suffer any ear damage from motorcycles. They'd have to be chained at the curb with an endless procession of exceptionally loud bikes running by at redline for 8 hours a day, 5 days a week, for 40 years to lose some mid- and high-frequency hearing. Like the jute weavers, in their old age they could still converse and understand whatever they were capable of understanding. Actually even in the summer the complainers **may** get a blast of a good bike sound for only a few seconds once every few days or a week. There just aren't that many bikes running around town where the complainers might hear them, unprotected by their enclosed, air-conditioned Chevies or whatever.

The Noise Hearing makes up a 604-page report with a parade of about 25 witnesses and about 50 statements by various persons and groups. A typical complainer was an Assemblyman of California who stated he was a lifelong student of acoustics and motor vehicles. In other words he considers himself an "expert." He wants to set a **tax** on vehicles with the rate going up steeply as a function of noise! A typical profiteer was Dr. Belt of the Stanford Medical Center. He said: "Often people retreat to the remote seclusion of a mountain area only to find themselves rudely interrupted by mini-bikes, motorcycles, snowmobiles, chainsaws, etc." He went on: "Legislation should be enacted which clearly reestablishes the individual's right to quiet, **35 db(A) or less**, at his residence for at least a third of the day." To get 35 db(A), he's going to have not only to whisper softly in his house, but turn off his home air conditioner, which gives about 48 db(A) **in other rooms** than where it's at, and probably also shut off his refrigerator, which is 40 db(A) in the kitchen but a little under 35 if he stays in other rooms during this 8 hours. And TV—no TV of course. But no doubt he's talking about other people's noise, not his own. Then this dude proposes a specific tax on vehicles to be imposed as a function of noise measured at **10 inches** from the noise source, and for hand tools measured **3 inches** from the source (just in case you're drilling a hole in your head). The vehicle tax he proposes ranges from $4 at 50 db(A) up to $150

—Continued on page 30

By William B. Mueller

Rider

I sat hunched down, my hands nearly frozen to the handlebars. Behind and in front of me tires thrummed on the asphalt, cutting a hole in the cold stillness, creating a wind as black and as cold as the Antarctic night. A white scarf snapped behind my neck; it pulled tightly against my lips and felt like a soft icicle. The shimmering headlight flicked onto a bridge.

Spidery black trusses rattled as chrome-plated megs trumpeted like horns on a Swiss mountain. The sound beat on my eardrums, punching and hammering, mixing with the zizz of the oily chain and the clatter of the valves. A chuckhole lay like a cavity where bridge joined pavement; with a *whump*, the bike shook as I leaned to the left.

"Nobody can corner like ol' Eagle—he's smoother'n a baby's butt. Rides 'at Hog like him and the saddle popped outta his ol' lady at the same time."

A dark winter sky shrouded the road. The moon was dead and the stars looked like crystals of ice on a black dropcloth. Only the sealed beam of the headlight burned a hole in the night; it shafted ahead to gleaming eyes and hard-packed snow.

Snow, hardened to ice, lay eroded and gritty like sand-eaten cliffs. Snow air hung over the road, watering the eyes and stinging the flesh. Atop the mountains jutting into the sky, sibling snow whitened the slash of barren slopes.

"Pillion's always empty, ain't it, Eagle? Y'know, ya oughta get steady ginch. Can't beat steady ginch. Nothin' like a nice warm pussy."

Pressure and cold drove the blood deeper, leaving my face feeling like a gray mask. Clear plastic goggles felt like they were frozen to the bones of my face. I could feel the wind slide over the rigid bubbles and into the mesh of my black watchcap.

Shouldn't have made that last bet; those last two dollars would've given me plenty of juiceoline: at least a buck's worth of regular. A whole goddam paycheck. Knew it. Knew I'd blow every cent. Bud was right: big winner in a small game, big loser in a big game. Wouldn't do it next payday. Wouldn't do it.

"The Eagle screams! Don't blame him—lookit that wad. How much d'ya get into him for? Let's have a party."

I flexed my gloved fingers; the cold made them feel filagreed and delicate. The balled-up cotton lining of my gloves felt pebbly like small, smooth, refrigerated beads.

Halfway home. Second-level cold made my knees ache. I blew air into the scarf—I couldn't feel it; my lips were numb. Inside my boots, I wiggled my toes; they moved stiffly, rubbing against wool socks.

It would feel good to sleep.

* * *

"How much for the Harley?" I asked as I looked at the fading orange-red paint.

"Got about a hundred and a half in it," Bud said as his sweaty, weekend-bearded face crinkled like an old shoe.

"Looks like it needs a new chain."

"They're cheap," he said, squatting in the sand.

"Ever worked on the engine?"

"Never had to."

"Prob'ly needs new barrels—47 series—lotsa miles."

"Hundred and a half's not much for a '61—you won't find one on a lot for that."

"Needs a new saddle—no pillion either."

"Things don't last forever."

"Not in this heat," I agreed. I wiped my hands in my pits. I was sweating like a whore.

Bud took his GI hat off, wiping his forehead with his arm. He looked like a farmer when he did that.

"Understand you and your wife split up," he said.

"Je-sus Christ!" I said sharply.

"Hey, don't get excited—I didn't mean nothin'—just curious, that's all."

"Can't do a goddam thing in this town unless every fuckin' body knows about it."

"Look, maybe you better look at the bike some other time—"

"I'm lookin' at it right now."

"Okay—okay," he said softly.

"Give you an even hundred for it," I said, taking five twenty-dollar bills out of my wallet.

He eyed the money. I knew he needed every cent; didn't even have

—Continued on page 68

Photographics by Wino Joe

The following article was received too late to run with the prison show photos featured in last issue's "In The Wind" so we're running it here to encourage other clubs to put on prison bike shows for their bros inside.

The Making of a Bike Show

By Bobby G. Wheeler

There is a destiny that makes them brothers;
Not one of them walks alone;
And what they share with other charters
Comes back into their own . . .

With irrevocable enthusiasm, infinite energy, and oblivious to the warden's "no," various members of Hell's Angels (currently incarcerated at San Quentin) adopted an attitude of "the greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it," and eventually succeeded in their attempt to stage the first motorcycle show ever held inside the walls of California's oldest state prison.

It was not an easy endeavor, but it was definitely one through which a non-member could recognize the basic quality that has made Hell's Angels wiser, tougher, calmer and more diplomatic than any other motorcycle club in history. That basic quality is, of course, pride. It is relatively easy to see that a Hell's Angel is fiercely proud of belonging to the Club, and with this pride comes a conviction that nothing on earth can stop a Hell's Angel from succeeding in whatever he believes he has to do. Therefore, once proposed, the bike show was destined to materialize.

It is a conceded fact that of all San Quentin variety shows, those produced by Hell's Angels are without equal. Billy "Maget" Stratton (Berdoo), Richard "Brutus" Williams (Berdoo), Doug "The Thug" Orr (Daly City), Graydon "Fingers" McManus (Nomads), Thomas "Whitey" Neilly (Berdoo), and Dirty Dennis Sateriale (Berdoo) have managed to organize and stage shows featuring such notable entertainers as George Carlin, Country Porn, and the Frankie Miller band. Yet, they refused to be contented with the best. (Another characteristic of Hell's Angels.) They wanted to produce something better. Various suggestions were made and discussed, but none of them produced much enthusiasm. Then came the Bass Lake Run and the quest for a project was over.

"Fuck a rock show!" they yelled. "We'll stage a motorcycle show. The Club's first run to San Quentin!" Thereafter followed an enthusiasm that only another Hell's Angel could identify with.

The required paperwork was started and contacts were made. Weekend visits with the ol' lady evolved into planning sessions with partners; Daly City's Dennis McNally, working with Doug Orr, directed his efforts toward coordinating the run. A week passed. Then another. Word spread throughout the pen. The Angels were going to stage a motorcycle show. Could it be done? Rumors flew from cellblock to cellblock: It wasn't possible. No one would sponsor it. Staff would down it before the proposal was even completed . . .

Outside enthusiasm was mounting. G. L. Cagle (Berdoo), the only Hell's Angel ever to have two sons in the Club would make the run from San Bernardino, and Gary Robles was coming up from San Diego. Cisco would be in from Oakland, and Bob Poulin was riding from Daly City. The run would soon become reality.

San Quentin's Lieutenant T. E. Worster and Sergeant H. W. Brown asked to sponsor the show as the proposal neared completion. A list of names was submitted by Dennis McNally (45 bikers and 40 motorcycles), and the proposal was completed. Approvals were given without hesitation—Supervisors of Recreation, Sergeants, Lieutenants and Associate Wardens affixed their signatures. *Easyriders* Editor Lou Kimzey committed his magazine to providing coverage of the show. The Hell's Angels were within reach of accomplishing the impossible.

The proposal, signed by all concerned staff, was submitted to Warden R. M. Rees, and his answer came back the following day: No! The Warden had denied the show.

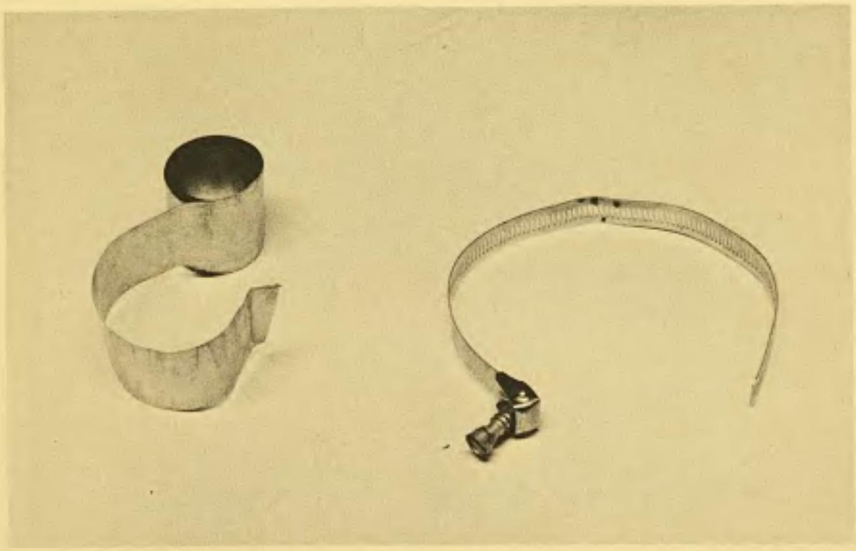
No? Why no? What were his reasons? Rees informed his colleagues that the sight of 45 bikers, arriving en masse, would be damaging to the prison's reputation. Damaging to its reputation? How in hell could a motorcycle show, or anything else, be damaging to the reputation of something that is little better than a monument to stupidity?

"The greater the difficulty . . ." While rumors again ran aimlessly throughout the pen, a petition asking for approval of the show was circulated from cellblock to cellblock and within 48 hours more than 1100 signatures had been obtained. A letter requesting Warden Rees to reconsider his decision was written and submitted to various staff members for their signatures. San Quentin's Captain W. D. Nyberg, asked to be included and, after signing the letter, arranged a personal meeting with the Warden.

Word soon reached Hell's Angels: the petition and letter would not be necessary—Rees had relented; the show had been approved.

* * * * * * * *

On Saturday, September 11, 1976, Hell's Angels made their first run to San Quentin. The State's belief that people are guilty until proven innocent denied some Club members an opportunity to enter the walled world of hypocrisy (Gary Robles, for instance), but nevertheless, the San Quentin run was a success. Once again, Hell's Angels graphically demonstrated that the greatest pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do—and doing it with the people you love! ■



Cheap-ass Ring Compressor

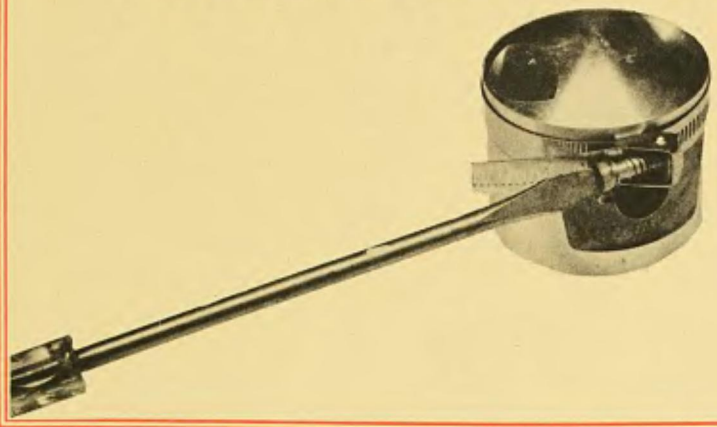
I was puttin' jugs 'n' pistons back on my big twin the other day, and it looked like all the right tools were at hand — needlenose pliers, oil squirt can, and a new high-rent piston ring compressor. Well, this dude that squeezes down the end gaps, so you can slide the cylinder on, worked halfway decent going on. But once I had the piston up inside the bore of the barrel, I made a cranium-crinkling discovery. There was no way to get the mutha off! Usually you can undo the compressor completely, open it up, and remove it from the rod that it's circled around. But not this one— the spring bands were riveted at both ends. Would you believe I finally had to take tin snips and cut the turkey off?

Well, I remembered that when I was young and smarter, a coupla greasy ol' hose clamps would do the job as a compressor. So I used the tried-and-true method on cylinder #2 and it took about one-quarter of the time. If you oil the clamp up well, and position it carefully over the rings, it slides easier than the high-dollar version because there's actually less area contacting the piston. Sometimes the ring land area will be wide enough to necessitate two clamps per piston or a wide band of brass shim stock to cover and compress the rings, but that's unusual.

For your own engine, buy clamps that have enough adjustment range to fit over the rings when they are loose. Also check that there are no burrs on the inside to mung up the piston surface when you're using 'em. Ones with the quick release as pictured are best, since you can merely pull outwards on the adjustment screw when you're done and the band will immediately release for quick removal.

'Course you can make like Howard Hughes and spring for an official high-roller ring compressor. Just make sure it's the detachable type! In automotive work, the piston is pushed **down through** the compressor ('cause door-slammers have two-piece rods and non-separable cylinders), so no undoing of the compressor is necessary.

—Ol' Coot



Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

ABATE

A Long Time Comin'

Police demonstrate hazard identification potential

Police can play a major role in the identification of roadside hazards, according to a report issued by the International Association of Chiefs of Police. The report was based on a demonstration project in Idaho in which state police located and reported hazards.

At the beginning of the project, no roadside hazard inventory existed in any of Idaho's six highway districts. Following an instruction period, state police were asked to identify and report roadside hazards in one particular district.

By the end of the project, the one highway district that was surveyed by police had a substantially completed hazard inventory. In contrast, the other five highway districts in the state had, on the average, surveyed only 30 percent of their roads using the "less than completely adequate photologging system," according to the IACP report.

State police canvassed more than 700 miles of interstate, federal-aid and state highways and identified more than 4,000 probable roadside hazards in the one district. Detailed reports on these hazards were then forwarded to the Idaho Division of Highways which reviewed the reports and assigned corrective actions.

In its report, IACP said that highway "agencies have a specific mandate to inventory and correct roadside hazards, but the police also have a responsibility to identify and report all hazards which may be harmful to the public—including roadside hazards."

Based on the Idaho project, IACP found police "are capable of identifying and reporting roadside hazards and should be considered for such undertakings, at least as an auxiliary to state highway agencies in reporting new hazards and those requiring immediate remedial action."

IACP pointed out that "police are especially suited for the reporting of roadside hazards since they are required to patrol the highway constantly. However, there are few state police agencies that are actively involved in any formal roadside hazard reporting."

The IACP recommended that police departments should consider incorporating hazard identification classes into their police training curricula. IACP also suggested that crash investigation forms be restructured to include information on roadside hazards.

"Other than the diversion of manpower and funds from other police and highway activities, no actual increase in manpower and financial commitments on the part of state police or highway agencies was anticipated or required," the report said.

Concern was expressed at the beginning of the project that an inventory of roadside hazards might put additional legal liability on that state since the state could no longer claim ignorance about the existence of a hazard. After studying the project, however, it was the advice of the highway department's general counsel that the identification program would not pose any additional legal liability on the state but actually would place the state in a favorable legal position because "the state could testify that due to the existence of an ongoing effort, the involved hazard had been identified and assigned a priority, and that a logical reason existed for noncorrection of that particular hazard at that time," according to the IACP report.

According to the report, "Police officers involved in the project stated that they have become more sensitive to the negative role of roadside hazards in highway crashes. In contrast, at the start of the project, many officers could not adequately define a roadside hazard."

The report quotes one officer as saying, "Before I was involved in this effort, and had occasion to respond to a crash scene involving a roadside hazard, I used to say, 'Look what that (deleted) did to our light pole.' Now, after being involved (in the effort), I say, 'Look what that light pole did to the poor (deleted).' "

The highway district chosen for the demonstration program offered a variety of terrain and highway systems and a "reasonable sampling of roadside hazards." Forty-one percent of fatal crashes in Idaho in 1973 involved single vehicles striking fixed objects or overturning, according to the report.

Technical and financial support for the study was provided by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. Copies of the study can be obtained by writing for "IACP-Roadsides" to Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, Watergate Six Hundred, Washington, D.C. 20037. —Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.

Beneficial Court Ruling —take note

The People of the State of New York, Plaintiff v. David Driscoll, Defendant.

District Court of Nassau County, First District, March 8, 1968. Motor vehicles — motorcycles — New Jersey resident need not wear protective helmet while motorcycling in New York.

A New York State requirement as to the equipment which motorists and motorcyclists must use does not apply to a resident of a state which does not require such equipment, if that state also grants reciprocal exemptions and privileges to New York residents; and accordingly, an information charging a resident of New Jersey—which is such a state—with failing to wear a protective helmet while motorcycling in New York was dismissed (Vehicle and Traffic Law, 250 subd. 1; 381, subd. 6). — ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York.

Bureaucracy Stronger than Legislature

Sacramento — A federal Environmental Protection Agency lawsuit seeking authority to impose civil and criminal penalties on California state legislators for failure to enact EPA-recommended laws has implications for every federal agency and every state in the U.S., according to the state Attorney General's office.

A ruling in favor of the EPA would mean "there's nothing to stop any federal agency from ordering us to do anything" once it has statutory authority from Congress, said Joel Moscowitz, the deputy attorney general who will represent the state when the case is heard before the U.S. Supreme Court in November.

"This is a crazy case. It goes against everything we've ever believed about states' rights," Moscowitz said.

Specifically, Moscowitz explained, the EPA administrator is seeking permission from the Supreme Court to require the state legislature to enact certain air pollution laws, to require the governor to sign those laws, to require state agencies to implement them, and

to threaten those involved with civil and criminal sanctions if they fail to do so.

The EPA suit alleges the state is a person under Section 113(c) of the Clean Air Act, and as such is subject to a fine of $25,000 per day for every day until the laws are enacted. One year's imprisonment can also be imposed for each violation.

The EPA also is alleging the state's failure to enact certain laws which the EPA deems necessary to implement clean air standards is a violation under that section.

The governor and the state legislators would be subject to the fine and imprisonment if the EPA suit is granted, Moscowitz said.

In addition, the federal agency is seeking power to appropriate money from the state's general fund to enact its legislation.

If the Supreme Court grants EPA this power, "a federal agency can force us to do anything it wants," Moscowitz said. The ruling could apply to any or all of the 1,250 federal advisory boards, committees, commissions, and councils.

Included in the laws which the EPA wants enacted in California, which state legislators have not passed:

—A limit on the total gallonage of gasoline delivered to retail outlets so the amount, when burned, will not result in ambient air quality standards being exceeded.

The consequences of this law, according to Moscowitz' brief filed in a lower court action on the matter, would be to eliminate all automobiles and 50 percent of the buses in the Los Angeles area by June 1977.

The EPA-recommended rations would cut San Francisco's gallonage to the point where 97 percent of the traffic was eliminated. Sacramento would be cut by 64 percent, and Kern and Stanislaus Counties by 39 percent.

The EPA admits this will cause "severe economic and social disruption," adverse effects "on the viability of the economy," "the paralysis of entire urban areas," and a reduction in the availability of food because of limits on gasoline in agricultural areas, Moscowitz' lower court brief alleges.

—The establishment of preferential lanes for buses and car pools.

The system required by the EPA in Los Angeles would cost more than $30 million, Moscowitz said. However, existing transit does not have the capacity to absorb the additional passengers needed to achieve any significant reduction in air pollution.

Current transit fleets would have to increase 50 to 300 percent to obtain a 10 to 20 percent reduction in auto use, according to EPA figures.

The EPA is also requiring 90 miles of exclusive busways in the San Francisco area in unspecified locations and an exclusive bus lane on J Street in Sacramento.

—The installation of oxidizing catalyst retrofits on every car in California by May 31, 1977.

This requirement was made despite findings the catalyst converters themselves cause serious pollution, Moscowitz said. "It's an enormously expensive requirement."

—A maintenance and inspection system with standards set high enough to fail 50 percent of the vehicles taking the test.

—A ban on motorcycle registration within the state.

What to write —an example

I would like to tell you a tear jerker that I have used with much success when talking or writing to legislators. It involves my 11-year-old scooter tramp who gets off packin' with me.

About four years ago I promised my son to take him for a ride on the scoot. Okay, we left home on a nice warm Sunday heading no place special. We ended up at the zoo looking at some of our relatives.

Upon arriving I was faced with the choice of either carrying the two helmets around with me, while trying to keep up with a 7-year-old, or leaving them on the bike. I decided to lock them to the bike.

Two hours later we returned to discover someone had cut the straps and ripped off the skid lids. Now I was faced with an entirely different choice, hitchhike home with a young, innocent child and possibly get picked up by some strange-o, and leave a $2,000 Harley unattended, or ride without helmets.

I chose the latter of the two, but not without paying a price. **Worry!** I was in constant fear all the way home of being stopped by the man in blue. If you are stopped in the State of Fla. you don't move again until you get a helmet. On Sunday 20 miles from any place, that's hard to do, even if you have the $40 or $50 it takes to replace them. Not only that, but there's the fine to pay and increased insurance premiums.

This is a true incident. Some of the facts have been exaggerated to make my point, but the truth remains. You too can use stories like these when writing or dealing with lawmakers, and they listen better when there are kids involved. — ABATE of North Florida, 5941 Joy Drive South, Jacksonville, Florida 32210.

Helmet Kills

Frank Bobar, dead at the age of 29; cause of death, a broken neck from a motorcycle helmet. About 10:30 one night he was heading toward home. He was passing some slow-moving cars when some twenty-year-old chick made a left-hand turn in front of him. He was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital. At the wake his family had put his helmet at the head of his casket; his strap was missing because the police had to cut it off his head. His grandfather asked the bikers not to wear helmets when they rode in the funeral procession. He said, "Frank would've wanted it that way." There was a helmet worn though, Frank's. His sister wore it when she rode Op front as a passenger. She had put two "let those who ride decide" stickers on it in remembrance of her lost brother. We rode slowly to the graveyard where we would bury one of our own, a flower arrangement in the shape of a motorcycle at- the front of his casket, his helmet placed on top of it. After prayers were said they opened up the casket and put his helmet in it. He was buried on Thursday, October 7, 1976.

Kansas Bureaucrats Eye New Helmet Law

Jerry L. Merrill, Kansas Safety Director, has been busting his ass trying to publish enough "evidence" to put buckets back on all Kansas bikers. Typical of most bureaucrats, he seems determined to reach only the conclusions he wants and doesn't seem particularly concerned that his findings are often incomplete, inaccurate, and based on imagination rather than truth.

Roger Hull, of **Road Rider** Magazine, has pointed out to him that the Kansas m/c death rate showed alarming increases **both** times a helmet law was enacted, although registration declined.

Kansas bikers are about to have to defend their new freedom from helmets when the legislature convenes in January. ABATE can't do it all—we need help and we need the bucks; legislation doesn't come cheap. ABATE member or not, if you want to continue deciding for yourself what you're going to wear, contact ABATE of Kansas or join.

All ABATE members nationally and all Kansas bikers are asked to write Dr. Merrill or his boss O. D. Turner, who is Secretary of Transportation for the state. Both Merrill and Mr. Turner can be contacted at: State Office Building, Topeka, Kansas 66612.

Also a membership announcement. If you joined ABATE at the National ABATE run in Kansas on Labor Day, contact ABATE of Kansas, 2530 So. 37th, Kansas City, Kansas 66101.

Limited Court Ruling

The West Virginia law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets has been declared unconstitutional by Justice of the Peace William F. Russell. Or has it?

Russell's written decision, handed down Sept. 12, won't have any effect beyond his court, Cabell County Prosecuting Attorney L. D. Egnor and a spokesman for the state's Attorney General's office said.

Egnor, who said Russell's decision was "logically laid out," added that it was questionable whether Russell actually has the authority to declare a state law unconstitutional.

The attorney general's spokesman said succinctly, "He can't do that."

"The judicial powers of a justice of the peace are purely statutory, which means, if the power isn't given to him in a statute, then he simply doesn't have it," the spokesman said.

Egnor and the attorney general's office do not plan to appeal the decision. "A magistrate's court is not a court of record. His decision has no bearing on any other court," Egnor said.

Barboursville Police Chief Howard Rayburn said he does not plan to pursue the matter. "If the person was local I might look into it further. But it's very doubtful I would pull him back here from Ohio for a misdemeanor," he said.

A copy of the decision was received by The Herald-Dispatch yesterday.

The decision stems from the arrest of Ronald Morgan of Cincinnati by the Barboursville police on Aug. 21. He was charged with operating a motorcycle without a helmet, a misdemeanor.

Morgan's hearing was held on Sept. 8 and Russell said he wrote the decision a few days later. Russell contended the law violates Article III, Section I of the state's constitution.

Russell said a magistrate's court may not be the best place to test

the constitutionality of a law, but to "say otherwise would deprive the citizens of this state a substantial constitutional defense in a justice court and limit such defenses to those who could afford to pursue the matter in high courts."

The legislature, Russell said, has the power to limit or prohibit certain types of motor vehicles that may be dangerous.

Saying the legislature did not do that with "motor driven cycles," Russell noted legislators did write a law requiring people to wear certain types of "safety equipment."

ABATE Brothers in Court

Decision was reserved by Colonie Town Justice George Roland after arguments in the case of the "Colonie Six," motorcyclists engaged in a battle to determine whether New York has the legal right to enforce a helmet law.

Judge Roland indicated he would withhold decision until he reviews the law and facts of the individual cases.

The case stems from the arrest of a half dozen motorcyclists in May by Colonie police for alleged violations of the helmet law.

On May 10, the day of a mass protest in Albany by bikers against the helmet law, Bruce and Dorothy Ogden of Saratoga Springs and Mark Shook of Albany, were ticketed by Colonie police for violation of the law.

A few days later, Robert Sammon of Rensselaer, Edward Fink of Albany and Warren Bennett Jr. of Albany, were ticketed by Colonie police for the same violation.

The defendants are all members of ABATE, a nationwide association of motorcyclists lobbying against helmet laws.

Through their attorney, Michael Feit, the bikers have argued the helmet laws are a violation of personal rights.

Also, Feit has challenged the effectiveness of helmets as a safety measure and criticized the historical justification of the law in the vehicle and traffic code.

Nicholas Criscione, deputy town attorney, represented the town during the court session.—ABATE of New York.

Helmets—a dangerous safety device

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

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

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

A recent case demonstrated this problem. The boy had no external signs of head injury other than fixed dilated pupils, no reflexes and an electroencephalogram test that showed a flat line. There were no marks on his head to show that he had been injured, yet he had received the severest of brain injuries.

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

Law News from State to State

New Hampshire: This is a new addition to the helmet fighters' diary. In New Hampshire the helmet repeal has been placed on the Republican platform. Consequently, if enough Republicans are elected to the New Hampshire Legislature, a helmet law repeal would seem imminent.—ABATE of New Hampshire, c/o Sherman Packard, 72A Old Diary Rd., Londonderry, New Hampshire 03053.

Florida: ABATE of Florida has undergone some structural changes. Every letter or question sent to them will be answered within ten days of receipt of the letter.

Anyone moving to Florida, drop us a line so we can fill you in on what's going on with the law and try to tell you the people to get in touch with. — ABATE of Florida, P.O. Box 1503, Pinellas Park, Fla. 33565.

Louisiana: This Southern state recently repealed their helmet law. Good trip, almost. It seems that less than a week after the repeal bill went into effect a couple of parishes responded. And their response was far from favorable. The president of Orleans Parish wasted no time in effecting a local ordinance requiring helmets to be strictly enforced by the sheriff's department. Not long after, Jefferson Parish did the same.

Now, parishes are similar to counties, and this is a definite problem. The two parishes cover most of New Orleans. And we're not sure how to battle these people. But write the parishes and demand the freedom you've worked so hard to get.

North Carolina: It seems that the people of the Concerned Bikers Association in North Carolina, and also ABATE of North Carolina, need some recognition for their 2000-strong Labor Day helmet protest.

Well, brothers of the Southern state, here's to your efforts. It was a damn good protest. Let's hope North Carolina brothers support your effort to a successful conclusion. — CBA, P.O. Box 264455, Charlotte, North Carolina 28213.

Washington: Sean Davidson, hard-working ABATE of Washington State Coordinator, is pushing hard for bikers' rights in Washington. But he needs your support; he can't do it alone. Sit down right now, bros, and write Sean at ABATE of Washington, P.O. Box 25, Auburn, Washington 98002. Find out how you can be involved.

Vermont: The brothers and sisters of ABATE of Vermont and the Vermont Motorcycle Riders Association have good vibes for the riders of Vermont. There is an excellent chance of a repeal after the election.

One thing, though. Freedom-lovin' brothers in Vermont have got to start writing their legislators and show support for the helmet repeal. It's up to all Vermont bikers to act as one to see this action through. If you need to know the address of your legislator write ABATE of Vermont. Show your desire for freedom, and write.

Also ABATE of Vermont and the VTMRO are looking for county coordinators. Active brothers looking for action should contact those organizations. If you would like to be a part of a good thing, contact ABATE of Vermont. They'll send you the name and address of your nearest county coordinator. Brothers, it's up to you to support the bros who are doing so much for our life style.—VTMRO, ABATE of Vermont, c/o Joe and Joan Long, 231 Pearl St., Essex Junction, Vermont 05452.

Missouri: We have been informed that there is a helmet repeal to be submitted for the next legislative session. But I was told by Representative Gail Novinger and Senator Hardin Cox that the Legislative Research Committee will not release any information on what bills have been introduced, since they have had Senators and Representatives steal each other's bills in the past. The earliest date that we can find out if we have a repeal bill is about the third week of January. We can get the helmet law repealed this session if we keep the pressure on our elected officials through letters, phone calls, and personal visits. — ABATE of Missouri, c/o Joe Epperson, 1420 E. Highland, Kirksville, Missouri 63510.

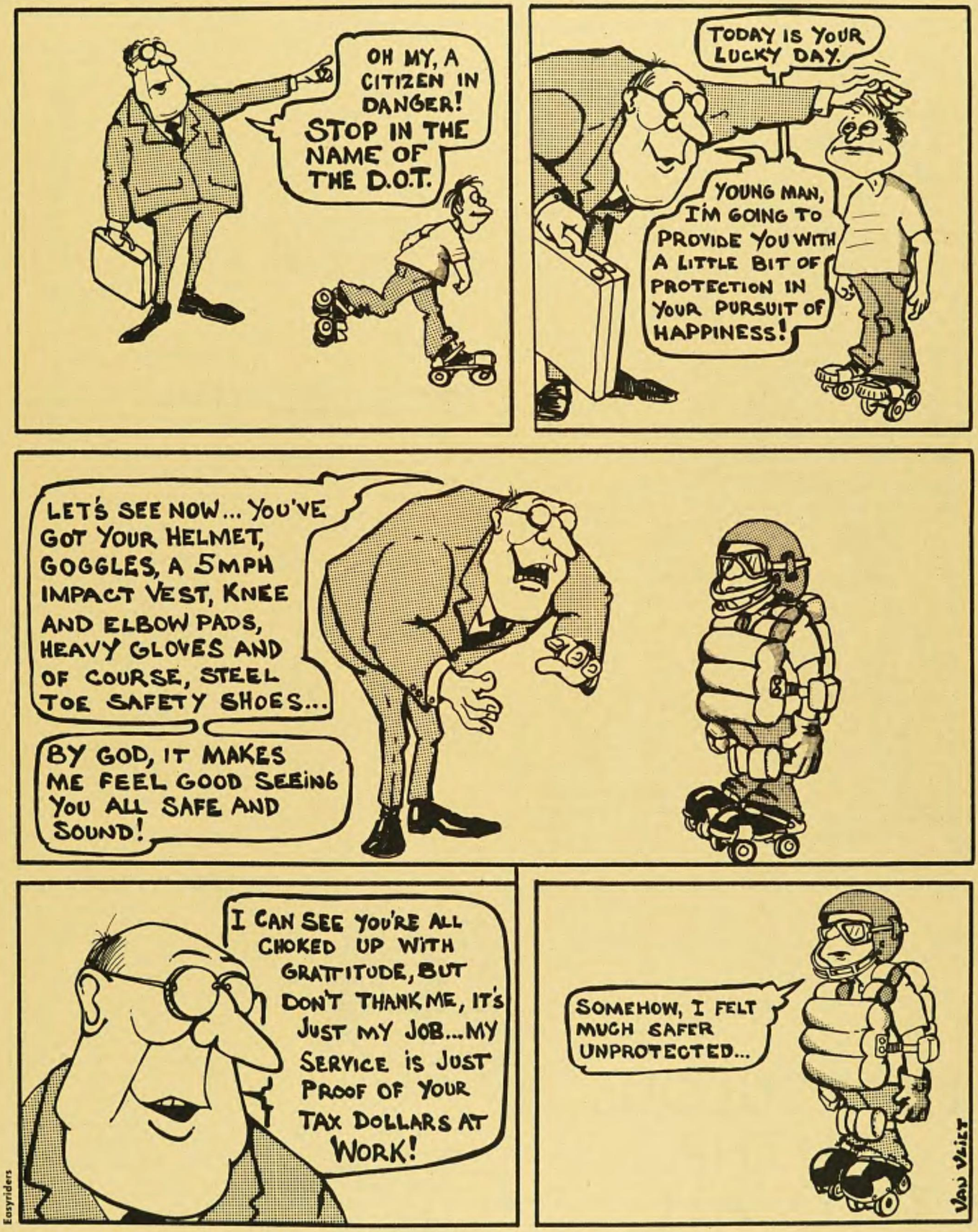
Idaho: We need to get letters to our legislators about the helmet law repeal. If you don't have your legislator's address, write or call us and we will send it to you. We want to hear from as many people as we can. Sometimes I wonder if some of you are all dead. Brothers, get involved in this fight—it's your freedom. Contact ABATE of Idaho, State Coordinator, 208 South Main, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

New York: We will have another bill introduced into the 1977 N.Y. State General Assembly. You must convince your legislator that you want your freedom back, that your personal safety is best decided by you, and that if people in cars would pay more attention, then motorcycle deaths and injury would be reduced. If you don't have the address of your representative, just call your local courthouse and they will give it to you. Let us know of the comments you receive. —ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205.

Utah: ABATE of Utah is battling a full-time headlight law this session. The ABATE coordinator rides a knucklehead and knows how the old H-Ds handle the electrics. He'll work his ass off to beat the unneeded bill.

And the vote was close last year on the helmet repeal. So, Utah brothers, keep those letters zinging in to your legislators. 1977 may be the year, with your help.—ABATE of Utah, 857 Edison St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84103. ■

DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION FUNNIES



Easyriders

Farts Again

When I eat my ol' lady's box, she gets so excited that she farts in my nose. What can I do to cure her farting?

Burntout Nose
Oscoda, MI.

● Give her some slack — breathe through your mouth.

Tasty Juices

How come most chicks like to give head but don't like you to come in their mouths? When I'm eatin' my favorite chick, her cunt juices taste like syrup on buttermilk pancakes. Don't you think so?

Road Hog
Paragould, Ark.

● The chicks I know all love that ultimate gulp.

Virgin

I used to be a dull guy and a virgin until I recently subscribed to **Easyriders** and became a fantastic dude and still a virgin. Since I now want the greatest, the maximum and ultimate in everything, I want you, the Cadillac, the Buck blade of cherry crackers, to blow away my virginity. Howzaboutit?

Hopeful
Homeland, Calif.

● That's the best letter I ever got—I'll do you any time.

World's Record Hardon

I haven't had any ass for a long time, since my ol' lady just had a rug rat. Last night she said, "Let's fuck!" My cock got so hard it pulled my hair down to replace my beard. My cock won't go down, I'm bald, and I can't blink my eyes (no skin left). No matter how much I fuck, my cock won't get even the least bit soft. What should I do?

Can't Blink
Glen Rock, Pa.

● Hang onto it—I'll be right there. I think my dream has come true.

Puttin' Poor

This is a serious question. Do you think it's fair when a chick's ol' man goes weekend puttin' without her? I've sat home for six weeks now because he wanted to go puttin' alone with his bros.

Bobbie
Burke, Va.

● No, I don't! I think an ol' man oughta take his chick along every weekend. This is one time I ain't gonna answer funny. Wise up, bros. If you don't treat 'em right, they ain't gonna stay around. My ol' man left me home just once and I beat the fuck outta him.

Pissed Off

What do you call a sonuvabitchin' ol' man who don't bathe, never washes his ten-inch cock, and wants to screw all day and night?

Rosie
St. Louis, Mo.

● Sweetheart.

Problem

I love my ol' man cause he's got a beautiful Hog, is good to me and is handsome, but he keeps wanting me to give him head, and that awful stuff gags me. Should I stay with him or get another ol' man?

Cherry
Bangor, Maine

● Blow.

Question

Do you fuck?

Horny Bill
Evans, Ind.

● I didn't until you asked, you silver-tongued muthafucker. Come on over.

Complaint Dept.

A while back I went to a club meeting with a dude and he turned me out. They whipped me, balled me, ate me, rammed it up my ass, and everybody pissed in my face when I got through blowin' 'em. Do you think that was nice of them?

Sunshine
Long Beach, Calif.

● A little lightweight — but nice.

Problem

The other mornin' my ol' lady made pancakes with plaster of paris instead of flour, and it hardened in my gut.

Corky
Las Vegas, Nev.

● No shit?

Curious

Saw your picture in **Trash.** Send me ten copies for my friends, money enclosed. By the way, how do you like it best, front or back?

Jake
Highwaymen M/C
Tampa, Fla.

● Are you kiddin' me. There ain't no best. Roll me over and find out.

Fill 'Er Up

Last night I was ballin' my ol' lady and she started foamin' at the mouth. Now she's just layin' there with her eyes bulgin'. What should I do?
P. S. She never douches.

Slime
Cleveland, Ohio

● Get another ol' lady. That one's full.

Wonderin'

After ten years in the joint, I got awful used to beatin' my meat. I actually enjoy it more than screwin' the three broads I'm livin' with. What do you think about that?

Funky
Ogden, Utah

● A push in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Inmate Question

I'm gettin' out next month, and I've got quite a bit of bread stashed. I know my ol' lady's been screwin' everybody in town, but she needed it, and I still love her. I want to buy her a present when I get out. What do you suggest?

Rocky
Plains, Ga.

● Probably some penicillin.

A Gift

Enclosed is a twelve-inch vibrator, my gift to you. Write and let me know if you like it.

Willy
Smackover, Ark.

● In a—aaangh!—minute.

Mother Love

I'm big, fat, and ugly. I grew up in an orphanage and have spent most of my life looking for my long-lost mother. Our resemblance is remarkable. Do you suppose you could be the mother I've been searching for?

Sammy
Kansas City, Mo.

● Maybe. I took a crap in Kansas City, years ago. Were you skinny and dark-complected at birth?

Weird Trip?

My ol' man recently discovered a chick who has a glass eye. He says he really gets off on takin' out her eyeball and screwin' the socket. He says the ultimate is when he starts yellin', "Wink, bitch, wink!" How can anyone compete with that act?

Leopard
Germany

● I guess you lose, Buckwheat.

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. ■

BIKER OR PANSY?
A NO BULLSHIT TEST

By M. Skvorzov

Have you noticed how everybody and his maiden aunt is out to figure out what's going on inside your head nowadays? You know exactly where I'm comin' from if your lady happens to be off into women's magazines. If she is, it's an even bet that she's conned you into taking a couple of "psychological tests." These tests —prepared by a bunch of frustrated old maids whose vibrators need new Evereadies—are designed to evaluate everything from your emotional maturity to the comparative size of your crank.

Only one thing: we all know that these tests are Grade-A bullshit. With that clearly in mind, a real test has been designed. This test ain't for some slope shouldered, pansy-assed accountant in Des Moines. It's for you. In short: **are you real biker material?**

1. You're kicked back in your favorite bar, giving the big-titted redhead in the corner booth the eye, when this dude comes stompin' out of the head. It's his chick, and he sees you scopin' on her. He walks over to you and asks if there's something you want. If there is, he wants you to know that he's a third-degree black belt in karate.

YOU:

(a) Stammer that there's nothing you want, and apologize if you've been rude to the lady.
(b) Tell him you didn't know that was his ol' lady. Wait and see.
(c) Tell him to fuck himself and his black belt.
(d) Figure the cocksucker just might be telling the truth. For insurance you bury a steel-tipped engineer boot a coupla inches into his gonads.

2. You're filling out a job questionnaire, when you get to question 13-A: Have you ever used drugs and/or narcotics?

YOU:

(a) Smile proudly and put down a big truthful NO.
(b) Put down no and hope they won't hold a little grass against you.
(c) Re-read the question, then stand up and yell out loud: "What kinda chickenshit outfit is this?" Tear up the questionnaire and cut a monster fart before leaving.
(d) Roll the application into a thin tube and use it to snort some coke out of your shirt pocket.

3. You're toolin' down the freeway, takin' it light, enjoyin' the shit outta your machine, when some asshole in a station wagon cuts in front of you—then brakes hard. Through his rear view mirror you see him laughing.

YOU:

(a) Brake like hell and drop way back; all the while looking for a turn-off. Boy, some of those drivers!
(b) Brake to avoid eating the back of the wagon—then flip him off.
(c) Swerve around to the left side of his wagon. Pull up to him, give him the finger slow and sure, then kick the living shit out of his door panel.
(d) Hold back behind the prick until he finishes playing games and speeds up again, satisfied that he's put some biker trash in his place. You then pick up speed, and dig into your jacket for a handful of nuts and bolts. As you pass the dipshit doing 80, you casually toss some assorted hardware in the vicinity of his windshield. During the split second before you hear shattering glass, you give him your one-finger salute.

4. Your ol' lady's splittin' 'cause (she says) you're not dependable, responsible, mature, etc., etc.—the usual shit.

YOU:

(a) Tell her she's right. You tell your little cutie pie that you'll change and do anything she says. Oh please, please stay.
(b) Wave 'bye. Grab a beer and turn on the TV.
(c) Ask for some head before she leaves.
(d) Demand some head before she leaves. While she's slurpin' pull out $20 from her purse.

5. There's this big, ugly dog that some asshole lets loose in your neighborhood. Whenever you ride home, this fucker chases you, nipping at your heels.

YOU:

(a) Turn your engine off a block away and sneak your bike home, hoping doggie won't hear you.
(b) Call the dogcatcher and wait for the furry fucker to get his.
(c) Wear the heaviest boots you can find, then dance the fandango on man's best friend.
(d) Knock the living fuck outta him with a baseball bat, cut off one of his paws, and wear it as a good-luck token.

6. You find out a bro's been busted for possession, and is sittin' ass in some hayseed county jail.

YOU:

(a) Realize that the law always catches up with wrongdoers. After all, laws are made for your own good.
(b) Notify his relatives.
(c) Bust your ass scraping up the bread to make his bail.
(d) Blow up the goddam jail and use the bail money to get both of you righteously ripped.

7. The manager of your apartment house has been complaining about the noise your scoot makes when you ride in late at night.

YOU:

(a) Apologize profusely and have Midas weld a Cadillac muffler stuffed with steel wool to your exhaust.
(b) Don't say much, but try not to crank it on too much in the driveway.
(c) Goose the throttle like hell every time you pass the manager's door.
(d) Ride into the manager's living room while he's watching Lawrence Welk; kick in the TV, explaining that you felt the crazy music was disturbing the other tenants.

8. You and your bros have been planning this run for quite some time. Everything had been taken care of, including confirmed reservations for a monster camp site. However, when you ride up and the rangers take a look at you it's: "I'm sorry . . . er . . . gentlemen, we can't seem to find your reservations, and we have nothing left. Sorry."

YOU:

(a) Shrug your shoulders and pout. Oh well, these things happen. Anyway, a ranger wouldn't lie.
(b) Flash your confirmed reservation receipt at the ranger and wait.
(c) Flip the Boy Scout off and ride in anyway.
(d) Pull the ranger's hat around his ears. Before riding in, tell him that if he hassles you again, you and your bros will start eating Smokey The Bear steaks.

9. Your ol' lady's been on a heavy beauty kick. Now she's buggin' for a nose job. This will set you back about 2½ grand.

YOU:

(a) Immediately sell your bike, grasp the money in your sweaty little palm, and run like hell to give it to the plastic surgeon. After all, your sweetie's little beak comes first.
(b) Buy her a can of Bondo.
(c) Sell your ol' lady and buy the trick front end you've been wanting.
(d) Give her a nose job with a piston rod. Then sell her.

10. You remember that foxy little chick you scored with at the Frosty Freeze? The one who kept runnin' off about not "doing this sort of thing." Well, you just found out that she's given you the weirdest dose of clap the free clinic's ever seen.

YOU:

(a) Immediately go to confession. Mom was right.
(b) Get righteously pissed. Do nothing. Have the clinic treat it.
(c) Kick the shit outta that cunt before getting treated.
(d) Have her suck you off for about two hours straight. Later, threaten to stomp her unless she fucks your parole officer.

11. You've found the motherfucker who burned you for your sled. One thing, though. The son of a bitch stands 6'8" and has 23" biceps. You stand 5'9" and weigh maybe 135 when drenched in Harley 50 weight. (Let's face it: not every biker looks like he stepped out of a Robinson cartoon.)

YOU:

(a) Are scared shitless. Call the police to get the big bad bully.
(b) Are scared shitless, but confront him anyway.
(c) Call your bros, paying special attention to Tiny, your 300-pound-plus sergeant at arms, then grab the heaviest thing you can find and rush in.
(d) Don't feel like hasslin' your bros over a lightweight situation. Get out your High Standard Riot Shotgun loaded with double aught. Blow the asslicker's legs off just below the knees to get him down to your size. Now challenge him to a fair fight.

Scoring

Give yourself a big fat zero (0) for each (a) answer; 1 point for a (b); 2 points for a (c); and 3 for a (d). Try to add 'em up, now.

Score	Clinical Diagnosis
0—12	Let's face it; you're a pussy. A word of advice: don't let anyone with a score over 40 catch your ass.
13—19	Not real biker material. Start with Humpty Dumpty Magazine, and work your way up.
20—26	Damned good possibility.
27—37	You're probably ridin' already.
38—45	As soon as you get outta the joint, you'll be ridin' again.
over 45	You may be one bad motherfucker, but you also can't fuckin' count.

Gun Nut Report

Hello all of you nitro snorters out there, this is Powder Burns with another Gun Nut Report. In this issue of the report we are gonna look at a slightly different chopper from the ones usually adorning the pages of this loathsome rag. I'm talking about the "Chicago typewriter" or "Tommy gun" that you've all seen at one time or another in the movies or on TV. This particular item is probably the world's best known submachinegun and also one of the most admired and sought after by collectors and/or criminals alike. Is there anybody in America that hasn't lusted after a tommygun at one time or another in his life?

World War One was responsible for a lot of the major innovations in warfare being used for the first time on a large scale—such newfangled things as poison gas, air warfare, tanks, flamethrowers, and the massive use of machineguns. Tactics of the day were fairly simple (mostly because of the stupidity of the generals). Thousands of good guys would dig in in front of thousands of bad guys and slug it out over a gap of a hundred yards or so. Usually the artillery would start pounding the enemy for hours and sometimes days with high explosive and poison gas shells. Moments after the barrage lifted (and sometimes while the shells were still falling) the attackers would go "over the top" screaming at the top of their lungs through their gasmasks and slopping through a hellish field of mud, shell holes, barbed wire, mines, and a rain of enemy machinegun fire—not to mention enemy artillery.

The few ragged-assed fuckers who made it to the enemy trenches tried their best to chase the bad guys at bayonet point back a few yards to their secondary trenches so the generals would get another medal and the newspaper headlines would proclaim "Good Guys Advance 25 Yards—Casualties Not In Excess Of 555,000." Even Clint Eastwood would probably have gotten his ass shot off.

General John Thompson watched all of this and noted the obvious—if you could kill more bad guys before they fell back to the next set of trenches, then chances were good that it would get easier each time you had to attack. After this earth-shaking conclusion he did a lot of thinking about the choice of weapons available to the infantryman—hand grenades (good), rifles (fair), bayonets (overrated), trench shotguns (good), and machineguns (no good). Since the average WWI-vintage machinegun weighed over 50 pounds with its mount, water cooler, and ammo, it was a little too much for a guy to run around with.

What the good guys needed (and the bad guys) was a light, portable, reliable small machinegun—to be carried and used by each infantryman. The wily general designed and produced a prototype gun that was perfect for the job—the Thompson sub (get it?) machinegun!

General Thompson thought of his "Trench Sweeper" as the ultimate close-combat weapon, and history would probably have proven him right. You can imagine hundreds of tommygun-toting doughboys hosing .45 slugs as they leaped into the enemy trenches, rooting the krauts out of their underground bunkers. What the tommyguns missed could easily be disposed of with a few well-placed hand grenades or a blast or two from a Remington pump trench shotgun. No more taking the time to laboriously skewer the enemy one by one with a clumsy and messy bayonet—just a quick burst from the old tommygun would saw a half-dozen of the fuckers in half!

Anyhow, that was the General's dream; too bad he didn't get a chance to see it come true. The armistice was signed before he could get his guns into production—thereby avoiding a large jump in the number of German war widows.

It wasn't until 1921, when General Thompson's Auto-Ordnance Corp. licensed Colt Patent Firearms Co. to manufacture the first batch of Trench Sweepers, that the Thompson submachinegun took its place in the folklore of America. The bad guys used it in the Roaring Twenties to rub each other out, the cops used it to rub the remaining bad guys out, and Sgt. Fury and the Howlin' Commandos single-handedly ended WWII with tommyguns and a few well-placed grenades. Elliot Ness, John Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde, Baby-Face Nelson, Machine Gun Kelly, J. Edgar Hoover, John Wayne, and Capt. Jim Kirk were all avid tommygunners.

The 15,000 1921 Model Colt Thompsons were the finest tommyguns ever produced. They were carefully machined to the closest tolerances and then finished with Colt's special heat bluing. Remington made the walnut stocks and grips, and super-accurate Lyman sights finished the job—one of the finest examples of military weaponry in modern times. Because it was Colt that actually made the guns—rather than Auto-Ordnance—they are marked "Colt Patent Firearms Co." and "Model of 1921."

They hit the market with a retail price of about $200 and **anybody** with the toll could have a tommygun of his very own—no registration, no tax, no nothing—cash and carry! The price was a little steep for most people in those days (a fine shotgun sold for less than $50), so the Auto-Ordnance folks had to think up lots of ways to sell the gun. An early advertisement showed a cowboy on the steps of the bunkhouse fighting off rustlers with his trusty chopper! They even offered the things by mail order!

In spite of the popular image of every gangster in America having at least two choppers, it has been reported that there were more tommyguns in Hollywood prop departments than in all of Chicago and New York between 1925 and 1940. A large share of the 1921 Model Thompsons were bought by the so-called right side of the law. Pinkerton detectives used them to guard trains and armored cars and to bloodily suppress miners and oil-field worker strikes. Municipal police departments also accounted for a lot of early sales and were supplied with matched sets of tommyguns in velvet-lined cases with four 20-round box magazines and the popular 50-round drums.

Don't think that Machine Gun Kelly didn't deserve his name or that gangsters in general were under-gunned. Since Bonnie and Clyde and other gangs of the late twenties and early thirties didn't want to stop at the local gun emporium to refill, they usually stole what they needed from the lawmen and bank guards they happened across, or emptied any nearby National Guard armory—making off with Browning automatic rifles, .45 automatic pistols and even hand grenades!

As far as legal uses of the tommygun are concerned, it wasn't until 1928 that the U.S. Navy decided it needed 1500 guns from Auto-Ordnance. The Marines had a few Thompsons in the Nicaraguan Insurrection that they used to restore law 'n' order. It seems that the local population decided to postpone indefinitely their acts of rebellion when they astutely observed that pitchforks and bolt-action rifles always ran a poor

By "Powder" Burns

second to leathernecks armed with full-auto choppers.

Since Auto-Ordnance still had most of the 1921 Thompsons lying around, the Navy got theirs from the original batch of 15,000. They were overstamped with an 8 over the 1 to read "Model of 1928". There was a slight internal modification to slow the full-auto rate of fire, and the front grip was replaced with a horizontal block. Also, the Cutts Compensator was supplied as a standard item on each gun. The compensator allowed escaping gases to blast upward as they left the muzzle and counter the climb caused by full-auto fire—greatly increasing the accuracy and stability of the weapon. (See illustration.) The recoil is also lessened by the compensator, but since a Thompson weighs more than twelve pounds fully loaded, recoil is not a problem—compensator or not. You can comfortably fire the gun one-handed with the butt on your chin without popping a single zit.

During the years from 1921 to 1940 no new Thompsons were manufactured. Auto-Ordnance relied on the original run of 15,000 guns to supply the world's demand for 1921, 1927 carbines, and 1928 Navy overstamps. The 1927 carbine by the way is a rather fascinating variation—and by far the rarest and most expensive of production tommyguns. Federal prison guards were issued 1927 carbines in semi-auto only—an internal modification of the Model of 1921 made sure they could not easily be tampered with and made to fire in full-auto. Then (as now) "screws" were an exceptionally dim sort and even the authorities realized it—they didn't want to put full-auto guns into the hands of their single-shot guards. No more than 50 of these special carbines were produced, and they are highly desirable collectors' items. If you could find one of these carbines today you would be lucky to buy it for less than five grand!

Getting back on the track again, it wasn't until 1940 that the original tools and dies were dusted off and sent to Savage Arms to manufacture tommyguns for Britain and France (you may remember from your history classes that they were in the first stages of an argument with Germany that was to grow to somewhat larger proportions in the next couple of years). Anyway, the first 10,000 Savage tommyguns were high-quality versions of the 1928 Navy overstamp and were marked "U.S. Model of 1928 AI".

Design changes over the years in the tommygun are the exact opposite of what has happened to the Harley engine. Auto-Ordnance started with an exotic design that shot fast and worked fairly well but was a shade temperamental—like the Sporty. As demand for the guns picked up (due to such minor incidents as World War II) they were simplified and strengthened to the point where they were accurate, reliable, almost indestructible, and cheap to manufacture—like the old flathead 45.

All Thompson models operate on the blowback system — probably the simplest and most reliable design for automatic weapons. The Models 1921 through 1928 AIs use the relatively complicated Blish Adhesion-Locking System of Delayed-Action Blowback. What that mouthful of shit means in simple terms is that when you cock the gun and squeeze off a burst, the bolt is pushed forward by a driver spring and picks up a round from the magazine, forcing it into the chamber. At the same time that the bolt is stopped by the forward end of the receiver, the lock has been driven downward into place. Simultaneously, the hammer pivots forward on locking, striking the rear of the firing pin, which in turn detonates the cartridge. Then, the pressure of the exploding round forces the cartridge back against the bolt, which in turn lifts the lock out of position and allows the bolt to ride back, extracting the spent case as it moves to the rear of the receiver ready to complete the cycle once again. Hold the trigger and hose down your target with a rain of slugs. In semi-auto fire a sear prevents the bolt from riding forward again until the trigger is pulled for another round.

"Blowback" (in gun terms at least) refers to the rearward force on the bolt caused by a detonating cartridge. The term "Adhesion Locking" refers to the small resistance offered by the lock as it moves in its inclined locking channel. "Delayed Action" is the time it takes blowback from the detonated round to overcome the adhesion locking. Since the locking piece in all the Thompson models from 1921 through the 1928 AIs was about as useless as tits on a boar, the later model Thompsons (MI and MIAI) abandoned it entirely and relied on a straight blowback action—the weight of the bolt and the resistance of the driver spring holds the detonated cartridge in place long enough for the bullet to clear the barrel and for chamber pressure to drop to acceptable limits before slamming back to pick up another round and do it all over again. This is the same action used by the Schmeisser MP 38 and MP 40, the Sten guns, and the U.S. M3 and M3AI grease guns.

The krauts, by the way, were very interested in the tommygun from the beginning, and captured documents reveal machinist's drawings and other data that indicate they were considering issuing tommyguns to the Wehrmacht. Funny thing too—the U.S. Army tested the German MP 38 Schmeisser in 1941 along with several other submachineguns and then adopted the M3 grease gun—a Schmeisser-like design. One U.S. collector has a one-of-a-kind Thompson made by Auto-Ordnance during WWII—it's chambered for the 9mm Luger ammo and has a banana clip. Although no real evidence exists as to why this version was made, it has been suggested that it was to be dropped behind German lines with agents of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), later to become the CIA. Since 9mm ammo would be easier to get from the krauts than .45 ACP, it would seem to be the logical choice. If any other 9mm Thompsons were made, they were lost in the shuffle, 'cause every book I've ever read says this is the one and only!

As the argument between Germany and the rest of the world got hotter, more orders were received for tommyguns and they were simplified for mass production. The compensator, Lyman sight, and knurling disappeared. The 1928 AI Thompsons with serial numbers beginning with "S" were manufactured by Savage, but those beginning with "AO" were manufactured by Auto-Ordnance in their own plant built in 1941—the year that marked the major design change in Thompson guns. WWII was in full swing by 1941 and the allied armies needed a hell of a lot of choppers in a hurry. Engineering and practical tests had shown that the Thompson's original 1921 action was just not reliable enough in combat conditions and so the Thompson MI version was produced which would allow for sloppy maintenance, heavy use, and a lot of shit in the works without jamming. So the Blish Adhesion Locking was thrown out in favor of a simple blowback action, and the cocking handle was moved from the top to the right side of the receiver; the stock was permanently mounted and bluing was replaced by the hardy military parkerizing finish. Also, since drum magazines were sometimes unreliable, the MI and the MIAI models use only box-type mags and will not accept drums. The MIAI is identical to the MI except that its firing pin is machined into the face of the bolt instead of being a separate part. These two strictly military Thompsons were manufactured by the hundreds of thousands during WWII and issued to all allied armies. They can still be found in daily use by armies all over the world—and are a favorite of revolutionary guerrilla movements.

Because they are the most popular and numerous of domestic submachineguns, the choice and number of tommyguns available to collectors is tremendous. For the very finest, rare Colt 1921 versions, you can expect to pay around 2,500 bucks. The later models are proportionately cheaper depending on the number manufactured and the quality of the model as issued. On the bottom of the list you will find the military models MI and MIAI. Because they are both crude by comparison with earlier models and there are so many of them, you can pick up a good one for about 650 bucks.

But don't think that you will have to settle for a museum piece. The tommygun is alive and well and is still being manufactured in America! Numrich Arms (under license from Auto-Ordnance) makes a copy of the 1928 AI Thompson with all the trimmings — drum mags, vertical front grip, Cutts compensator, etc. About the only thing changed from the original is that instead of being laboriously machined, the frame and receiver of the Numrich model are precision castings. Tommygun purists turn up their noses at it, but fuck 'em—it still does the job! They will sell it to "qualified persons and agencies" (read "cops and Federal dealers"). Although most American police departments have gotten rid of their old tommyguns in favor of M16s and other modern weaponry (it usually depends on whether the police chief is into Elliot Ness or "SWAT"), some still order new guns or parts for their oldies.

Okay, now that you've read all this trash and are hot (presumably) to buy a tommygun of your very own, this is what you are up against: All of the live-firing, fully automatic versions have to be legally transferred to the "qualified Federal Firearms Dealers and other Authorized Individuals." **And** you have to pay a 200-dollar transfer fee to the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division of the U.S. Government—in addition to the cost of the gun! The laws that will make you an "authorized individual" vary from state to state, but you can be sure that if you have fucked up any worse than a couple of speeding tickets, then legally you cannot possess a "controlled" firearm of

—Continued on page 55

Sick Tilly

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

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

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

Six joints and a case of beer later a fucked-up biker walked out of a bar and smashed into a parking meter. Dazed, he stared for a moment, then deposited a coin.

"Holy shit!" he mumbled. "I lost a hundred pounds."

—M. C. Suurs
El Cajon, Calif.

A well-known biker's funeral attracted hundreds of his bros. "If you think about it," the preacher intoned, "John is not really dead, he is just asleep."

Far in the back of the crowd, a voice shouted, "I'll betcha a lid th' dumb fucker don't wake up!"

—Joe Chiaro
Canon City, Colo.

A biker came home after midnight, his head all fucked up, and found his ol' lady in bed with a stranger. He pulled out his .357, and, holding it against his own temple, shouted at his screaming ol' lady, "Shut up, bitch. You're next!"

—Louis Videc
Cleveland, Ohio

Big Daddy Freak, naked, was taking a shit when his ten-year-old daughter came in to tell him of a trip that came down, the day before.

"Daddy, I want to tell you what happened in the park today."

"Yeah, so what happened?"

"Well, I was playing with my girl friend when this man came up and offered me a dime if I'd walk with him."

"So?"

"Well, I walked with him, and when we came to some bushes he told me he'd give me a dime if I went into them with him."

"And?"

"Then he offered me another dime if I'd take my clothes off."

"Yeah, well, uh, look, honey, why don't you go tell this story to your mother? You're givin' me a hardon."

—J.B.
Soledad, Calif.

"My bro has a wooden leg." the dude said to the biker, hoping to strike up a friendship.

"Big fuckin' deal," the biker answered. "My ol' lady's got a cedar chest."

There was a young girl named Flo Arden,
Who went down on a man, in the garden.
He said, "Please tell me, Flo,
Where does that stuff go?"
To which she replied,
"Gulp—pardon?"

When the eager biker pulled over in a secluded spot, his chick pulled out a reefer, fired it up, and asked, "Would you like a little hit?"

"I'd like to have a little—period!" said the biker, reaching for her.

"Wow, how neat," she exclaimed. "That's exactly what I'm having."

—D. J. Dodson
Fayetteville, Ark.

A young broad who rode on a Hog
Was attacked one night by a dog.
Neither growled at nor bitten,
She purred like a kitten.
For his joint was as big as a log.

—John Watson
Whittier, Calif.

Complainin'

—Continued from page 17

for 100 db(A). Hey, it might be worth the $150 just to run the bike in front of Dr. Belt's house at 100 db(A) all day Sunday!

Then there was Dr. Kryter, Director of Sensory Research at Stanford. He is a complainer with a real purpose, profit for his lab. He wants super-low noise levels that will require years of "research," and of course he will want truckfuls of your and my $$ transferred from our pockets to his. He complains that the Department of Labor states 90 db(A) for 8 hours a day is okay and also the Department believes it's okay to lose all hearing above 2000 Hz and to lose 24 db(A) below 2000 Hz on the average. Actually the Department of Labor doesn't say the 90 db(A) causes that kind of loss, as Dr. Kryter implies. The Labor Department said only that that loss should be acceptable. Remember the jute weavers even at a daily dose of 100 db(A) didn't come close to losing all hearing above 2000 and very little below. Dr. Kryter goes on to say: "Tests show, however, that losing this amount of hearing will have an adverse effect on the ability to understand low-level speech, or speech in the presence of some distortion or noise that occurs under everyday listening conditions." Well, he's right, but so what's so bad about 90 db(A) if that is the only result when you're old? When the Chairman asked Dr. Kryter what number he wanted the maximum db(A) reduced to, he played the numbers game. "To boil it down to a single number will be a little difficult." He must mean by this, I need a contract with taxpayers money to do a study.

Then there came the biker's old friend, the Motorcycle Industry Council. In a statement for the Hearing, the MIC backed the proposed noise bill but opposed one aspect of it that allowed states to establish lower noise limits than the feds. (This did get changed.) They were worried about meeting different standards and therefore having to put out motorcycles for all states that meet the lowest state requirements. But they did not object to the bill in general.

Some reps of the Automobile Manufacturers Association started out with a reasonable presentation. They asked the Committee to differentiate between noise annoyance and ear damage. Then they said automobile sounds aren't annoying, it's the motorcycles, buses, and sport cars that cause the problem because they significantly exceed the ambient noise level. So I didn't even finish reading their long presentation.

The International Snowmobile Industry Association supported the legislation with opposition only to specific sections.

There was testimony from "Citizens Against Noise," who called themselves "noise-battered citizens" and urged more noise regulation.

This kind of testimony went on day after day, page after page. Not one witness came up to protest this new intrusion into private affairs. Not one demanded that noise limits be established not on **annoyance** to people and animals, but on **actual ear damage.**

The last example of the complainer's art is worthy of its own section and is described below:

THE MODEL CITY NOISE ORDINANCE

A model noise ordinance for cities is being promoted in California. This model, as well as the form adopted by Inglewood, was promoted before the Noise Hearings. The EPA also has their version which is promoted and distributed "free," that is, at taxpayers' expense, to anyone or any city requesting it. You can look for this ordinance to be spreading and you better be ready to oppose it.

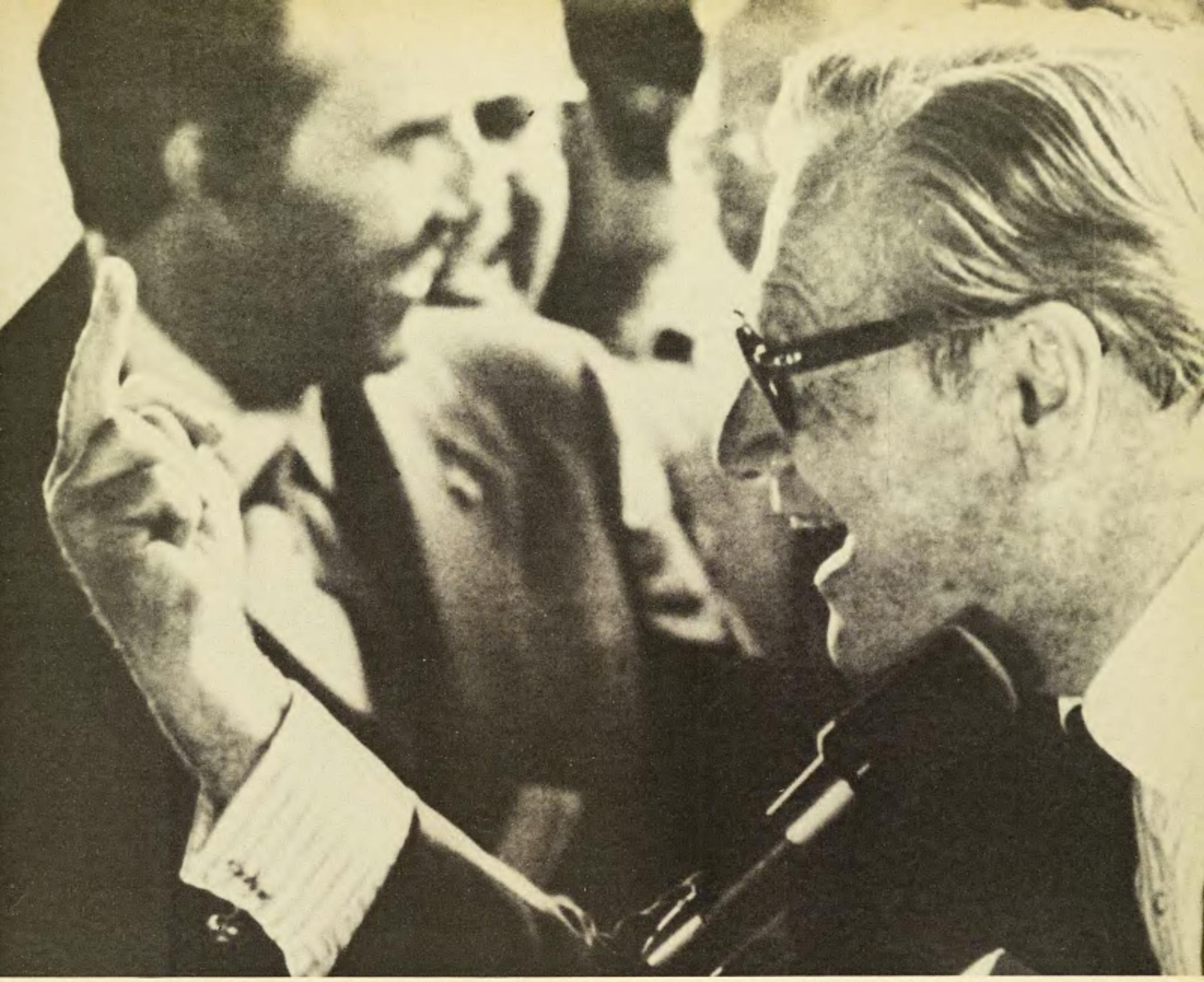
The most blatant, stupid part of this model ordinance is how excessive noise is to be judged. Ready? "Vehicle Repairs. It shall be unlawful for any person within any residential area of the city to repair, rebuild, or test, any motor vehicle (between the hours of 7 p.m.* of one day and 8 a.m.* of the next day) in such a manner that a **reasonable person of normal sensitiveness,** residing in the area, is caused **discomfort or annoyance."** You can bet the dude that runs a 90 db(A) lawnmower and an 80 db(A) hedge trimmer all day is going to be the reasonable person of normal sensitiveness, and a biker working on his bike in his garage in the evening is **not** going to be reasonable or normal.

Portland, Oregon, is covered by some kind of a local noise law. A biker was convicted **under criminal law** for making 64 to 78 db(A) with his bike on his homemade track in his backyard at 1:30 p.m. The limit is 60, which is the level of ordinary conversation. If it had been 1:30 a.m. it would just barely begin to be understandable. This is for real; watch the local politicians.

In another section of the model ordinance, loudspeakers are banned except by a complicated permit, "hawkers and peddlers" can't sell anything "by outcry," and no drum beating is allowed to attract attention, no musical

*Suggested times.

—Continued on page 67



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ONE IN EVERY CLUB

By Joe Dees

Every club, or group, in the world has its character, and ours was no exception. I'll never forget the time we were getting ready to pull out on a run. The road captain told Jinx, our club weirdo, to ride "tail-end Charlie," and Jinx, running true to form by never failing to misunderstand damn near everything, replied promptly, "No, man. Not me. I don't precipitate in no homosexual activities. Get somebody else to ride him."

He could mangle words, and the entire English language, with just about the same perfected ability that he had for misunderstanding all things.

Jinx thought Camelot was a place you went to buy used camels. No shit, the cat was unreal in his complete devotion to getting everything twisted around. Once, when we were about three sheets to the wind, after smoking some number-one weed, he got into what he called one of his intellectual moods, and took off on an oratorical trip.

I don't remember how or why it came up, but we were all sittin' around on the ground, shootin' the shit, when he somehow got on the subject of people's opinions. Now, any time a subject as heavy as that came up, old Jinx's eyes would light up like a redneck sheriff's bubble-gum machine at sight of a biker. Jinx just never could resist an opportunity to bestow upon us—from his vast store of rare and priceless knowledge—the finer points of analyzing a subject that was really heavy.

Standing up, he took a toke big enough to stone an elephant, chased it with half a quart of muscatel, then looked around to see if he had attracted everyone's attention. Seeing he had, he began.

"Brothers. Sisters. Please permit me, if you will, to say a few words here on this particular subject, as I have just recently spent a great deal of time contemplating on it." Everyone groaned, sensing we were about to be blessed with another of his "intellectual oratorials," then shifted around, getting into comfortable positions. If there was one thing that could be said for old Jinx, although his "oratorials" may've been totally obscure, they were always entertaining, and left everyone with some interestingly confused, and amusing, thoughts. Continuing, he said, "I fully realize that most of you have never even thought of what an opinion might be compared to. Well, bros and sisters, let me enlighten you.

"Opinions are just like assholes; everybody's got at least one, do you not agree? Is there anyone here who doesn't have an opinion? Or an asshole? Of course, there are a good many people who have wrong opinions, but it's theirs, and it's their perogatory to have it. Which brings up me next point.

"As I said, just as we have people who have wrong or bad opinions, likewise, we have people who have bad assholes. And rest assured, bros and sisters, that the bad assholes, like the bad opinions, by far outnumber the good ones. Therefore, since the good assholes need little in the way of explaining their merits, we'll just let it suffice to say that, like the good opinions, they keep their shit together. You dig what I mean? They keep it in place. Everything stays in the proper respective.

"Now, let's take a look at our bad assholes. Look at it from a pure scientific point of view. Take their location, for instance. If you have an asshole located rather high up on the tailbone, all I can say is, shame on you, if you've got fat cheeks. It's a known fact that the person with this type asshole will get more shit on their cheeks than the guy with a lower asshole and normal-sized cheeks. Therefore, the location of the asshole itself has a direct relationship with cheek size. It's the same with your opinion, and your ability to oraticulate it. Your opinion might be all right, but if it won't come out just like you think it, then just like the aforementioned asshole, you'll get shit all over you. See, you gotta give some thought to these things, and figure out what to do.

"Like in the case of the fat cheeks, you've got to rastify the situation. Some weight has to be lost, and the opinion that won't come out right has got to have some studying on public oraticulation, if necessary. That's the only way to make everything come out right. In other words, when you got one of these problems, just think about the hole-to-cheek relationship, and the way to lining it into the proper proportions is to make the necessary altercations.

"If some of these words I get to using here gets too heavy for you, just let me know, and I'll break 'em down somewhat. I realize that some of you ain't got the same education as me.

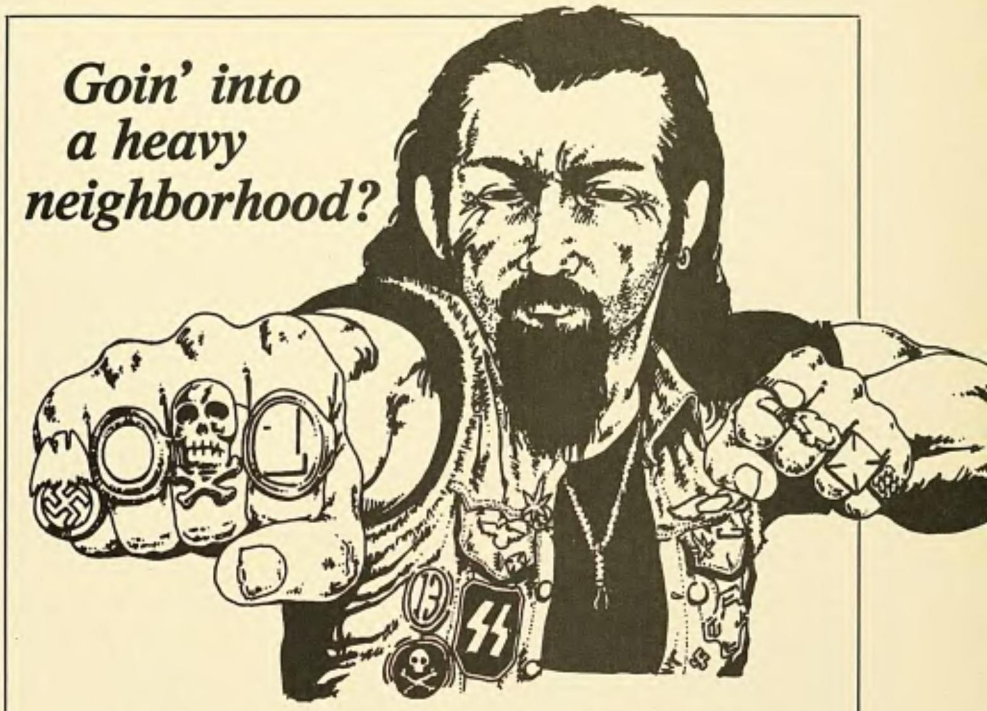
"Now, there's a lot more could be said, concerning locations, but I don't want to overload your minds, so let's do a little discussing on sizes. As you probably already know, the small and regular sizes come in the good asshole category. That's the same category as the conservative opinion, so we don't have to say nothin' on that.

"I think everybody'll agree with my next point. What does everybody think of the motherfucker who's got an opinion on **everything?** Right! Just a big asshole! Now, just exactly what do we have when we have such a big asshole? Let's analyze it. We've got a big pair of loose lips hangin' there, just flappin' in the breeze, hemorrhoids danglin' out, dingleberries around it, and shit dribblin' down the legs. It's just like a bad opinion. It just simply ain't got its shit together. No respective. Nothin'.

"Now, before I sit back down and continue to finish getting fucked up, bros and sisters, the next time you're ready to voice your opinion, stop first, and think of all the assholes you know. Then, if your opinion compares favorably with the good ones, then by all means voice it. If it doesn't, then keep your mouth shut, unless you want to become known as a big asshole. In other words, before you say anything, you gotta stop and think. You gotta be sure your opinion, just like your asshole, has got its shit together. Make sure it's all categorized correctly. Check your drawers and legs, so you can be sure that there's no shit, hemorrhoids, or other foreign matter smeared or dribbling around that may be the result of a bad asshole. Just like you should check your opinion. You wouldn't want to git it unless you had all your shit together, would you?

"Now, if you happen to be one of those misfortunates who possess the type asshole with loose lips, you'll be like people with bad opinions, who don't want to be exposed. They keep their mouths shut. You must never fart in public. Especially around anybody that's hip. The minute you cut loose, the very distinct and unmistakable sound that issues forth can only be made by loose, flapping lips, and will instantly expose the farter as a dude whose opinion isn't worth a shit."

Jinx sat down, then, and finished getting stoned, and, as I said before, he left us with something confusing to think about. ■



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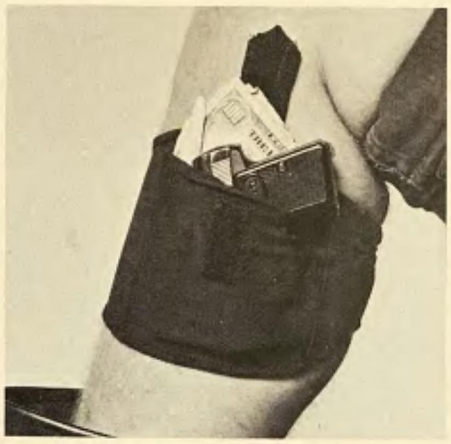

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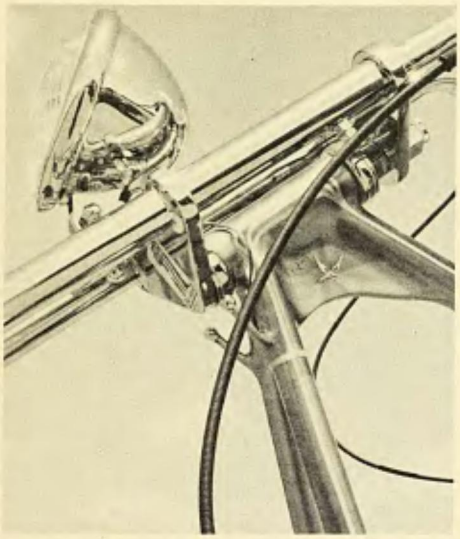
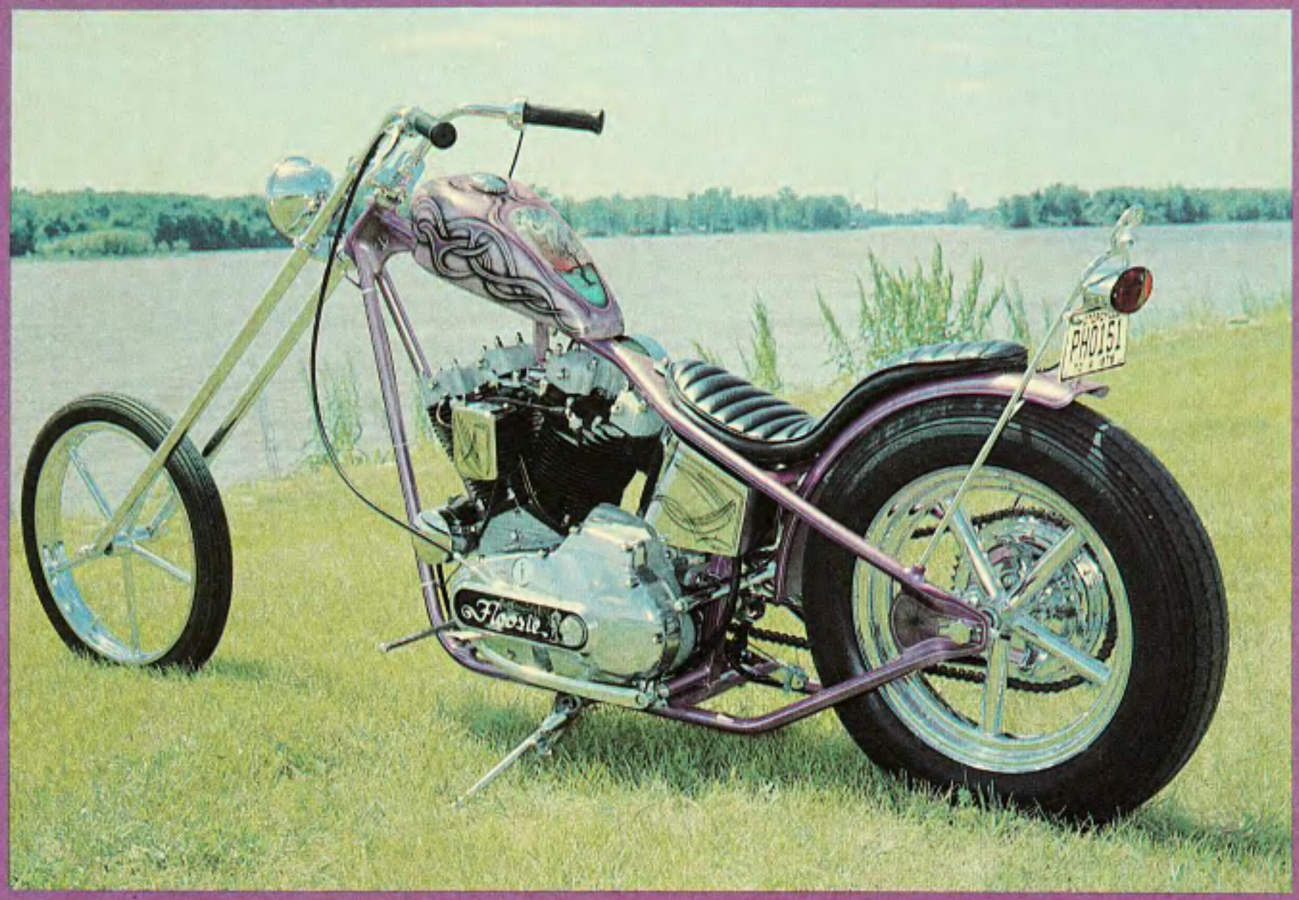


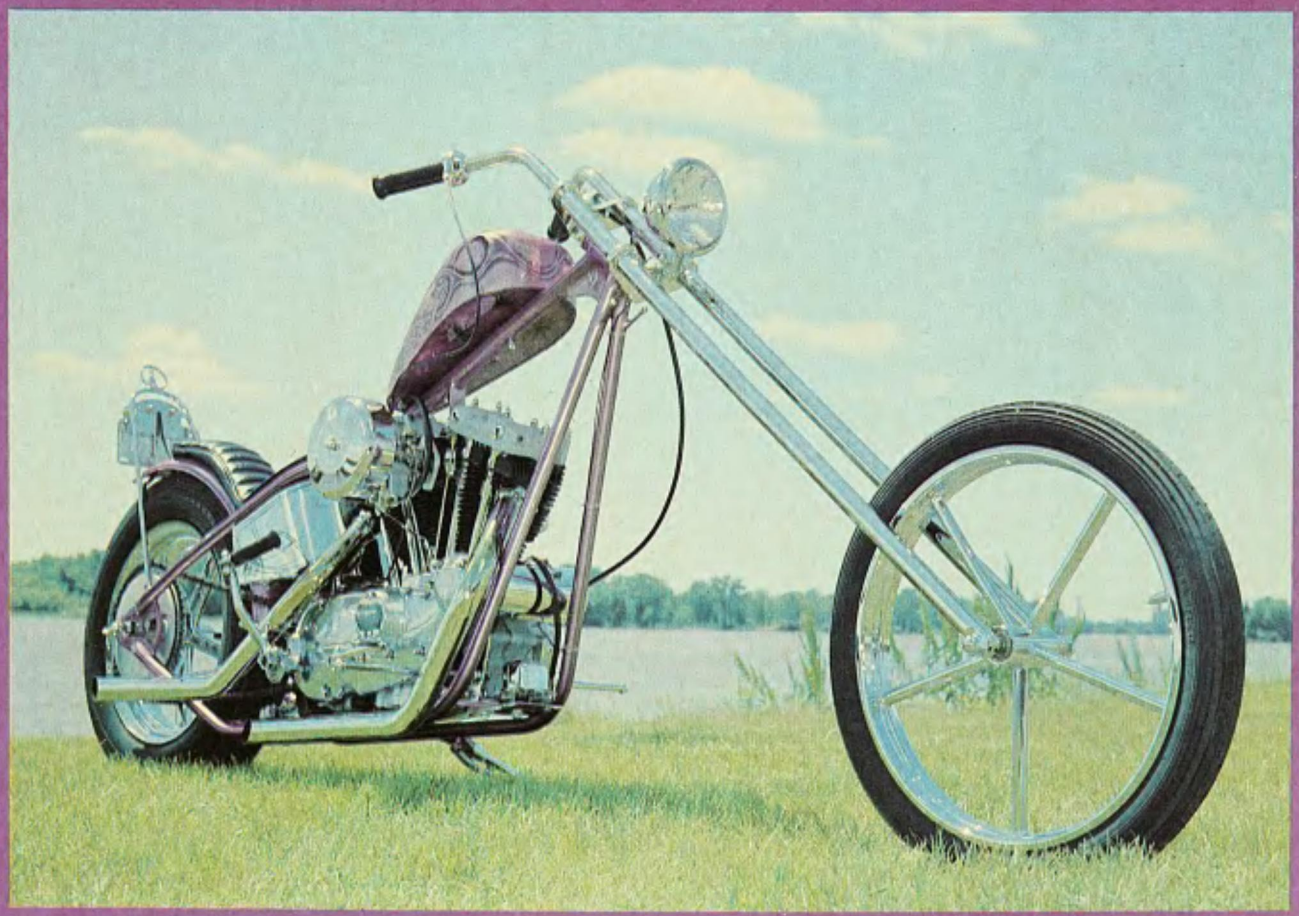
The weather not only can stifle the hell out of ridin', but it can throw a cold wrench into buildin' a putt. But in one respect it has its advantage. At least a bro living in an area where the winter resembles Siberia knows he has the time to rebuild before the next run.

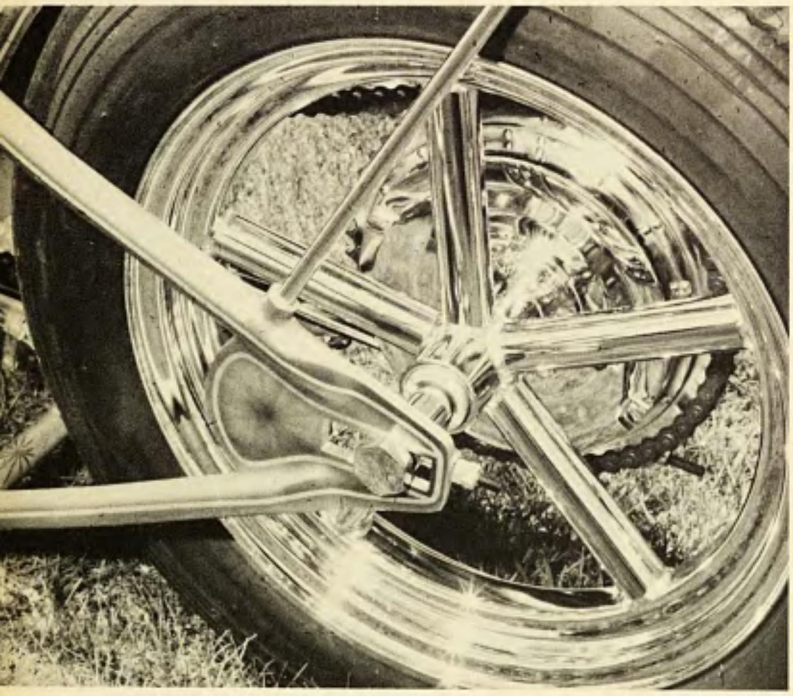
COLD COUNTRY SPORTY

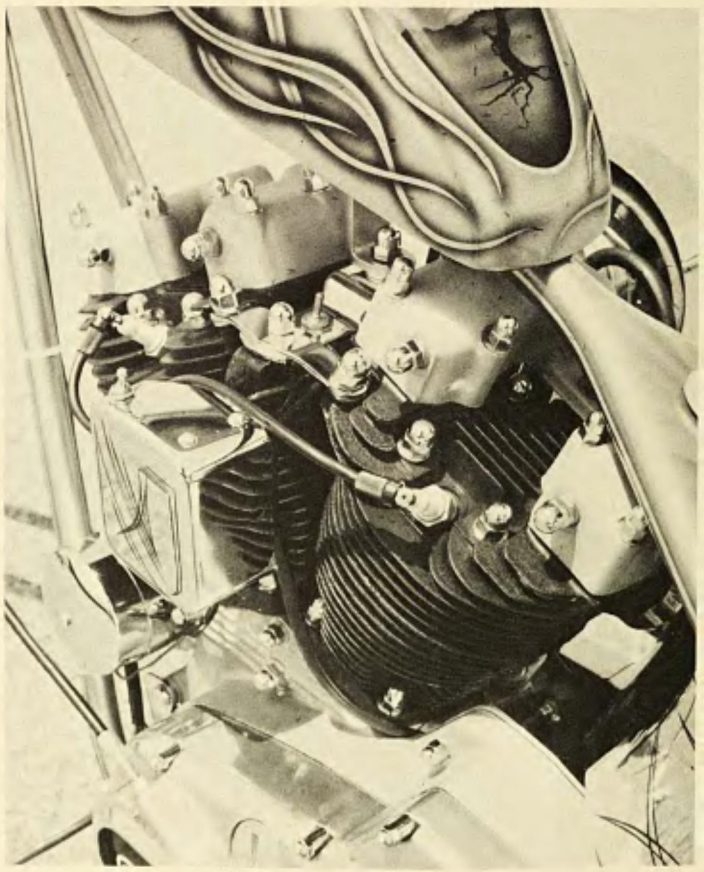
Ike, the owner of this stylish Sportster, lives in Muscatine, Iowa. And he faces a 15 to 20 degree bitter cold between the end of October and the first of April. He said that it's possible to ride, but then he paused as if to say, "if you're a fuckin' nut." But he does have those four to five months in which to tear his bike apart and make it strong as an ox for the next riding season.

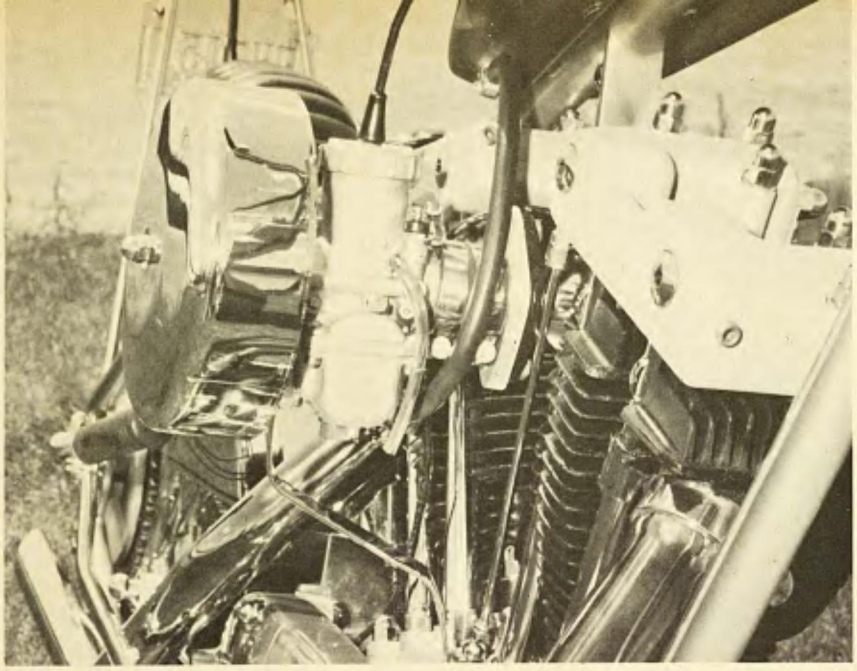
One catch though. If the bro's garage isn't heated or he doesn't have a warm basement, he might as well forget even going near his sled. Can you dig that?

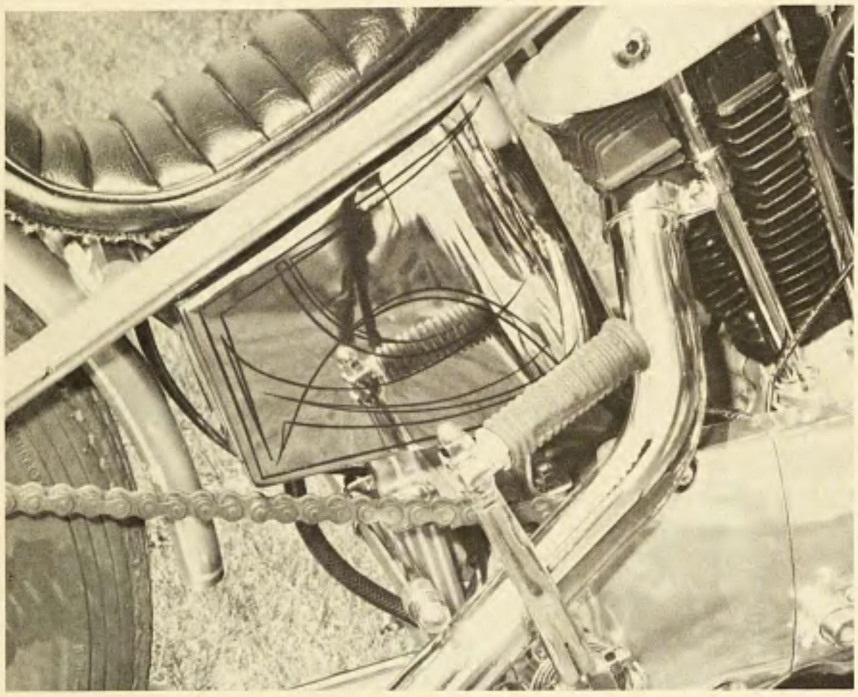


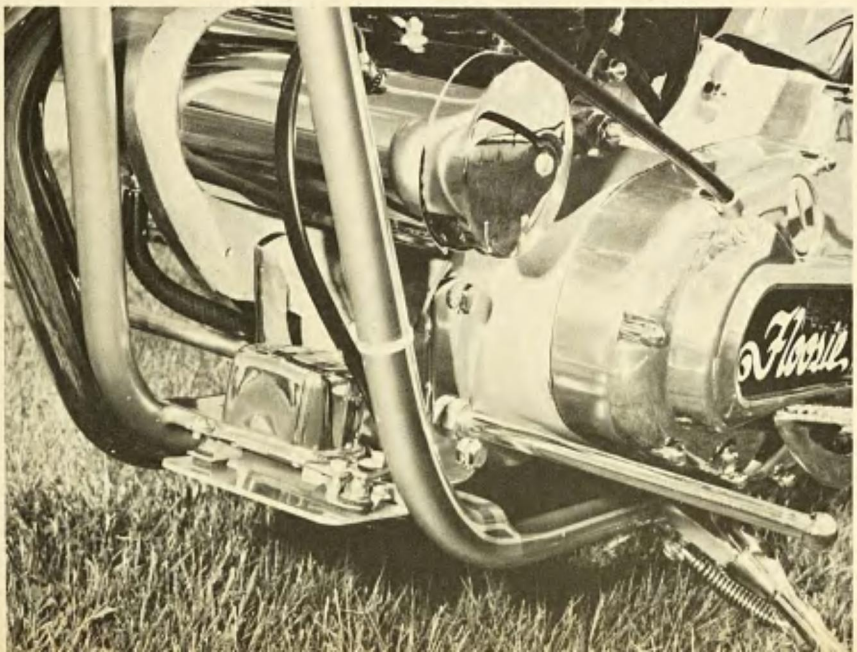












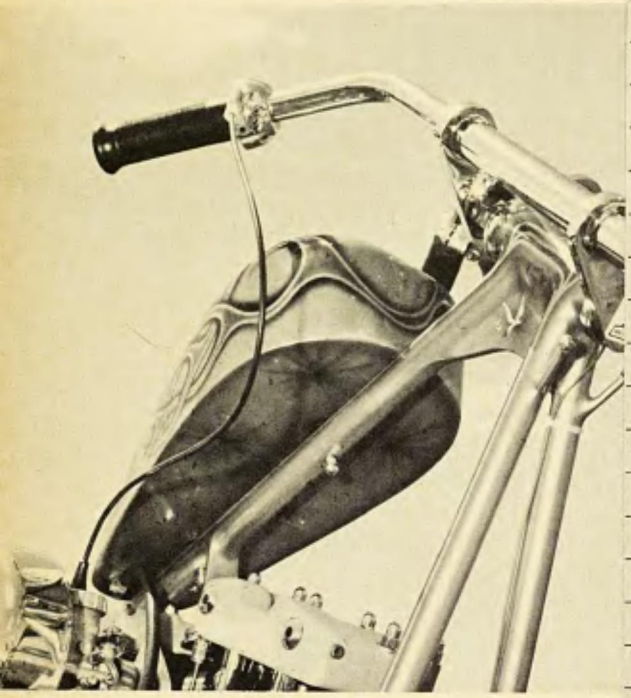
Photos by Jake

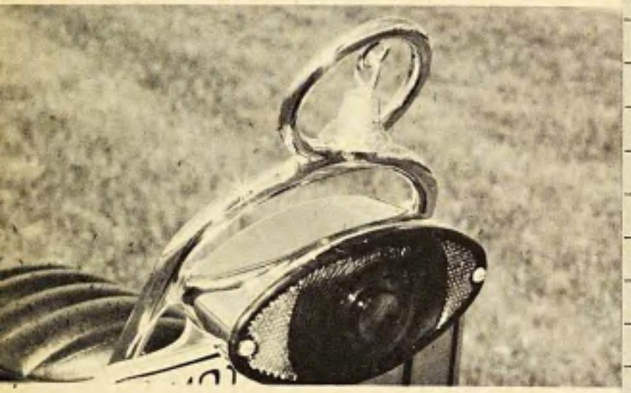
A brother wants to tear his bike apart but he knows that if he touches it his hand will stick to the cold metal. Tools would have to be heated. Then the unfortunate bro would have to bundle himself up so much that he'd take a chance of being shot because he might be mistaken for Bigfoot, if he were seen on the street. Stumbling and tripping over all the garments his body would be laden with, he'd get to his bike only to be able to dream of the improvements or changes he would like to make. His movements would be so hampered that he'd be lucky not to topple over trying to get back into the warm house, and then slowly freeze in the cumbersome trap.

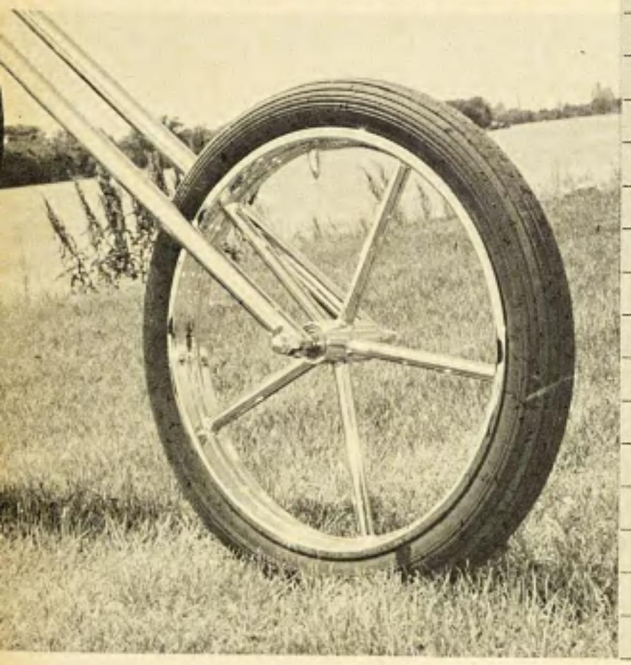
Okay, so it's not all that bad, but I sure wouldn't be motivated to work on my bike if it was 15° in my garage. But Ike, like most of his bros, manages to find a warm spot to stash his putt for the long winter months. Even if it's in the living room, next to the fireplace. Then he proceeds to tear down his bike and rebuild for the next season.

—Cold Shot

—Continued on next page







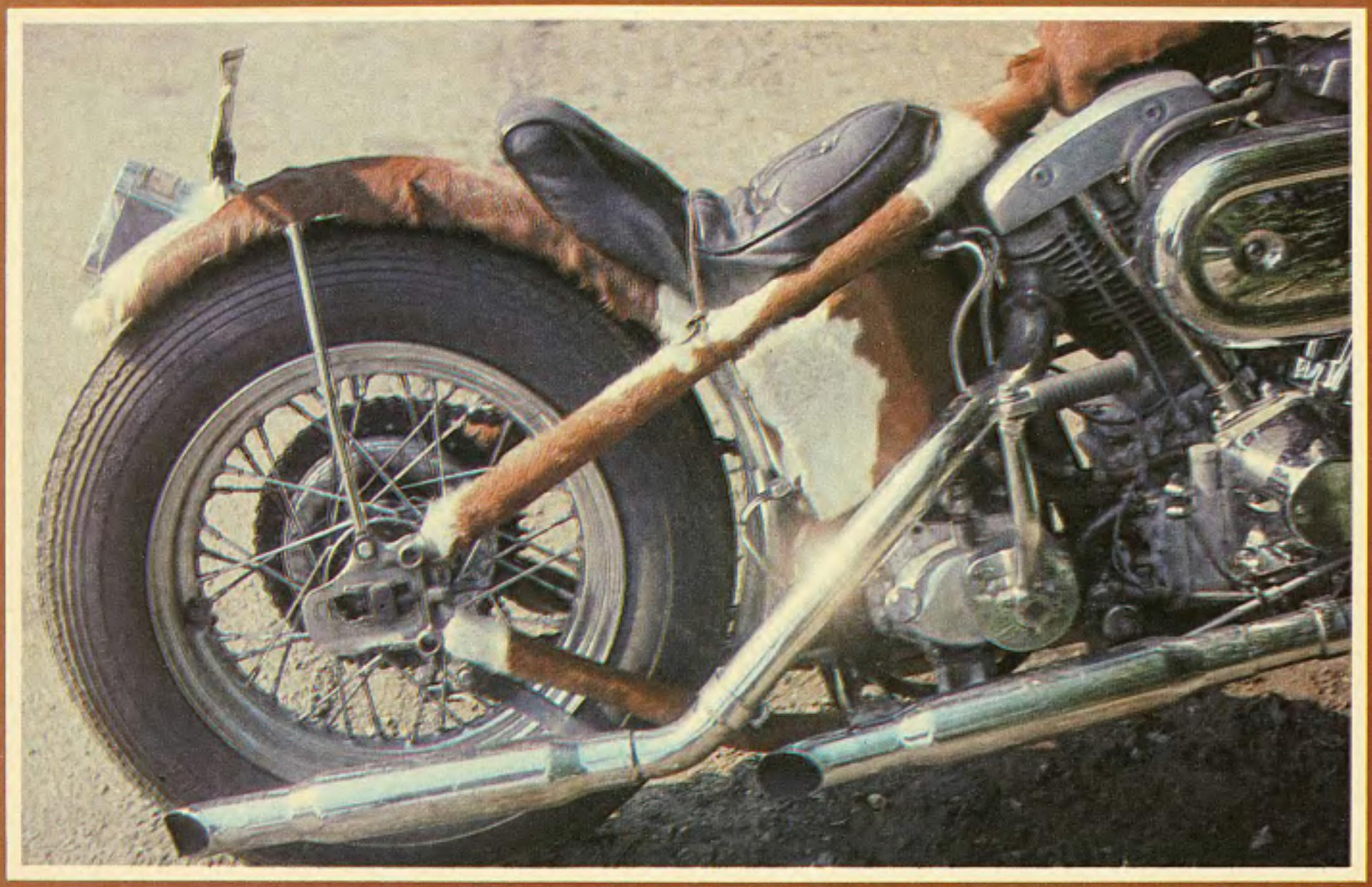
Owners: Ike Norris **City:** Muscatine, Iowa

General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1973
Year and make: 1971 H-D	Builder: Denver's
Model: Sportster	Type: rigid
Value: $3,000	Rake: 10°
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 5 inches
Time: 7 months	Other alterations: fork stops
Chroming by: Rock Island Plating	**Accessories**
Engine	Bars: Denver's
Year: 1971	Risers: none
Model: XLCH	Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Rebuilder: didn't need it	Headlight: Gary Bang
Ignition: battery/coil	Taillight: cat's eye
Displacement: 55 cu. in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: owner
Balancing: stock specs.	Rear pegs: Larry Schmidt
Pistons: H-D, 9:1	Electrics: owner
Cases: bead blasted	Gas tank: altered Sportster
Heads: stock	Oil tank: Larry Schmidt
Cam: "P"	Oil system: nylon, vinyl lines
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: polished
Carb(s): Mikuni 38mm	Seat: Bruderson
Air cleaner: D & D	Sissy bar: Bob Beatty
Pipes: Drag	Height: 10 in.
Muffler(s): none	Material: 7/16 round
Transmission	**Forks**
Modifications: none	Type: rigid tubes
Year: 1971	Extension: 15 inches
Shifting: foot	Builder: Denver's
Engine sprocket: 19	Special features: none
Trans sprocket: stock	**Wheels**
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front** / **Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in. / Size: 16 in.
Molding: Bob Beatty	Hub: Invader / Hub: Invader
Painter: Bob Beatty	Rim width: 2 ½ in. / Rim width:
Color: heather pearl	Tire: 2.75 / Tire: 5.10
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: spool / Brake: H-D

Special paint: Kenny John of Studio III

Other special modifications: Telescopic rear pegs, blasted rocker box cases and brake plate.

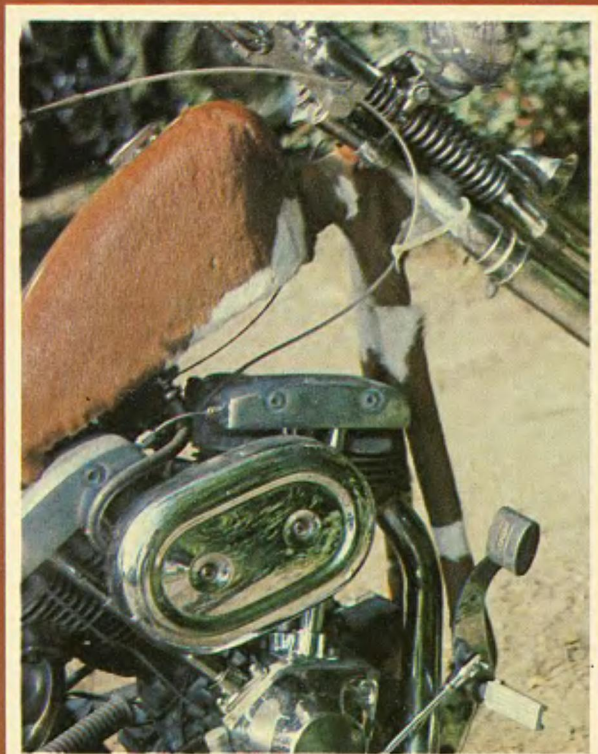
ELSIE THE COW



—Photography by El Crowe

Here it is, our technical art feature for this month. This bike is coated with a new concept in art and a durable finish to beat all. No, it's not a sponge paint job or a blotter job or hand done with crayons. This is something better. And so strong that it snuffs any weird paint technique you've seen pictured before.

Here, published for the first time, is the Jersey finish, developed and refined by El Crowe in Virginia. The Jersey cowhide has been tightly drawn around the frame, tank, and fender by a secret technique employed only by the master, El Crowe.



We did our damnedest to weasel the secret of his leather coat finish from him. But the only thing he would tell us was "Fuck you, and the cow I took it from."

—Weed

How to Stop Your Ol' Lady from Bitchin'

By Dirt Weed Dave

Bitch, bitch, bitch, all fuckin' day. I finally got my fill of bitchin' by noon, and fired the monster up, guided the Avon onto the black asphalt, and cracked the throttle open. With a jerk, the ol' pan lunged forward, and I was on my way. Who knows where I was headin', besides away—far away—from that bitchin'?

It was one of the best Saturdays of the summer. I felt secure and strong, straddling my scoot, and I just kept on jammin' along, sun on my back, wind in my face, when I suddenly felt the urge to go back, make her quit bitchin', and let her come along to enjoy this Saturday with me, like all the other Saturdays we had spent, kickin' back, but when I got home she was in a good mood again, makin' it unnecessary for me to use force on her. Somehow she knew I'd be comin' back for her.

She straddled the monster, fillin' the empty seat behind me—her seat—with her cute little ass. One time I had seen her almost kill a club mama over spilled beer. Beer that was spilled on *her seat*.

We were heading for the mountains, along a country road, when I got the idea. Why not cure her of her bitchin' right fuckin' now, before she starts again? Moody as she is, I knew it could start up again at any moment.

I swung into a dead-end road that went nowhere, then stopped and ordered her to get off. Acting mad, and using a snarly tone, I told her to get away from the bike. Then I proceeded to tell her that if she ever bitched at me again I'd bring her out here and let all my bros turn her out.

Just as soon as I finished shootin' my shit to her, I felt bad, knowin' I'd never do that to her, 'cause she was my woman. I only wanted to stress to her that I could take no more of that constant bitchin', and I couldn't believe I was hearing right when she started mouthin' off at me. You don't even want to know what she said, so I won't repeat it, but it was bitchin', all right.

What did she want? To be turned out to fifty or sixty smelly, burly, hairy animals? I tried knocking her down, but she bitched on. How much more could I take? I kicked her, but it didn't stop her. In fact, it even made her bitch worse. For a moment I thought I was going crazy, but that couldn't be. I've been crazy for the past ten years, the last five of them filled with her unrelenting bitchin'. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to dump her after all these years.

Two kicks, and the monster came to life. Another second later, I was sprayin' gravel all over her, headin' for the highway, but I hadn't even reached the main road when I got that empty gut feelin' that comes every time I putt alone. Alone, without *her*. Already I missed the feel of her hot crotch against my back, her big tits pressed along each side of my head, warming my ears, and, at the same time, helping to muffle the sound of her bitchin'. I knew I couldn't leave her. It was too late. She had become a part of me.

Now don't get me wrong. She's one of the best broads a dude ever had. She cooks, sews, rolls joints, polishes chrome, and she's the best lay I ever had. Some people might say I'm pussywhipped, that she had me by the balls, or that I'm insecure, but they never dared say it to my face. I turned and went back.

There she stood, smilin' like a possum eatin' shit. When I pulled up next to her, she had that look in her eyes, the look I've seen too many times. It was the kind of look that reaches out and broadcasts that she knew you'd be back, and that tells you that she's about to open her big mouth again. It was then that I realized, for the first time, that maybe—just maybe—the fault could be mine. Maybe it was the way I acted that made her bitch, and I was the one who was goin' to have to do the changin'. At the same time, I realized that if *I* changed, things would never be the same again. After that, I never let her bitchin' bother me again, and, for some strange reason, as soon as she realized that she couldn't piss me off any more, she split, but I knew she'd be back. I knew she'd come back, just as I'd returned to pick her up, and, two weeks later, there she was, knockin' at the door. Ya know, I hate her guts at times, but then—shit, I guess we're just hooked on each other. What can I say? ■

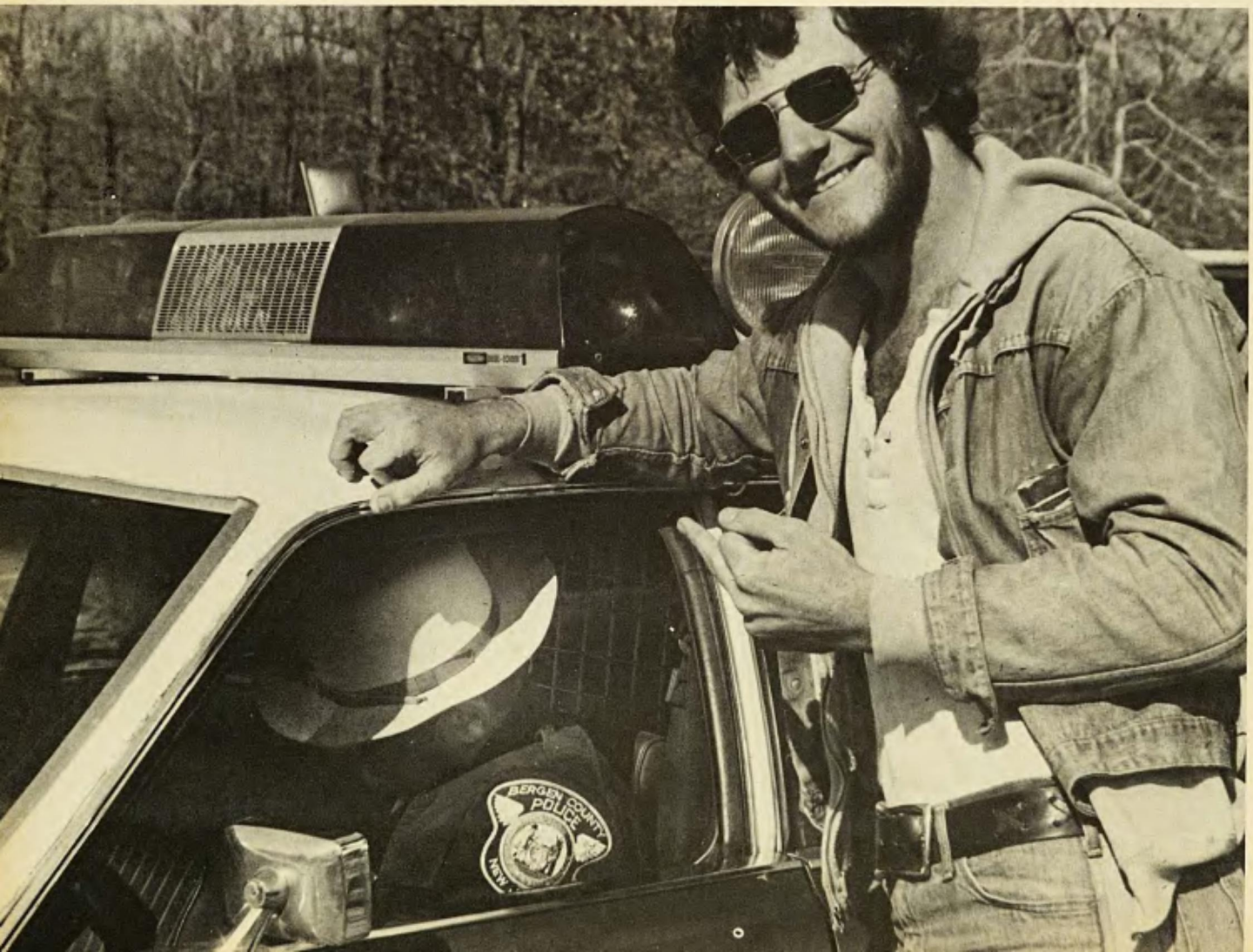
(This yarn reminds me of a bro of mine who, when I asked why he put up with his ol' lady's constant bitchin', shrugged and said, "Man, she's a three-way broad—and them kind are hard to find!")—Spider

Photography by Alan Houghton

In the Wind

As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot *use them. We can use* only *black and white prints (any size), and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼)—nothing else. As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.*

—from Michael J. Germana, Staten Island, N.Y.



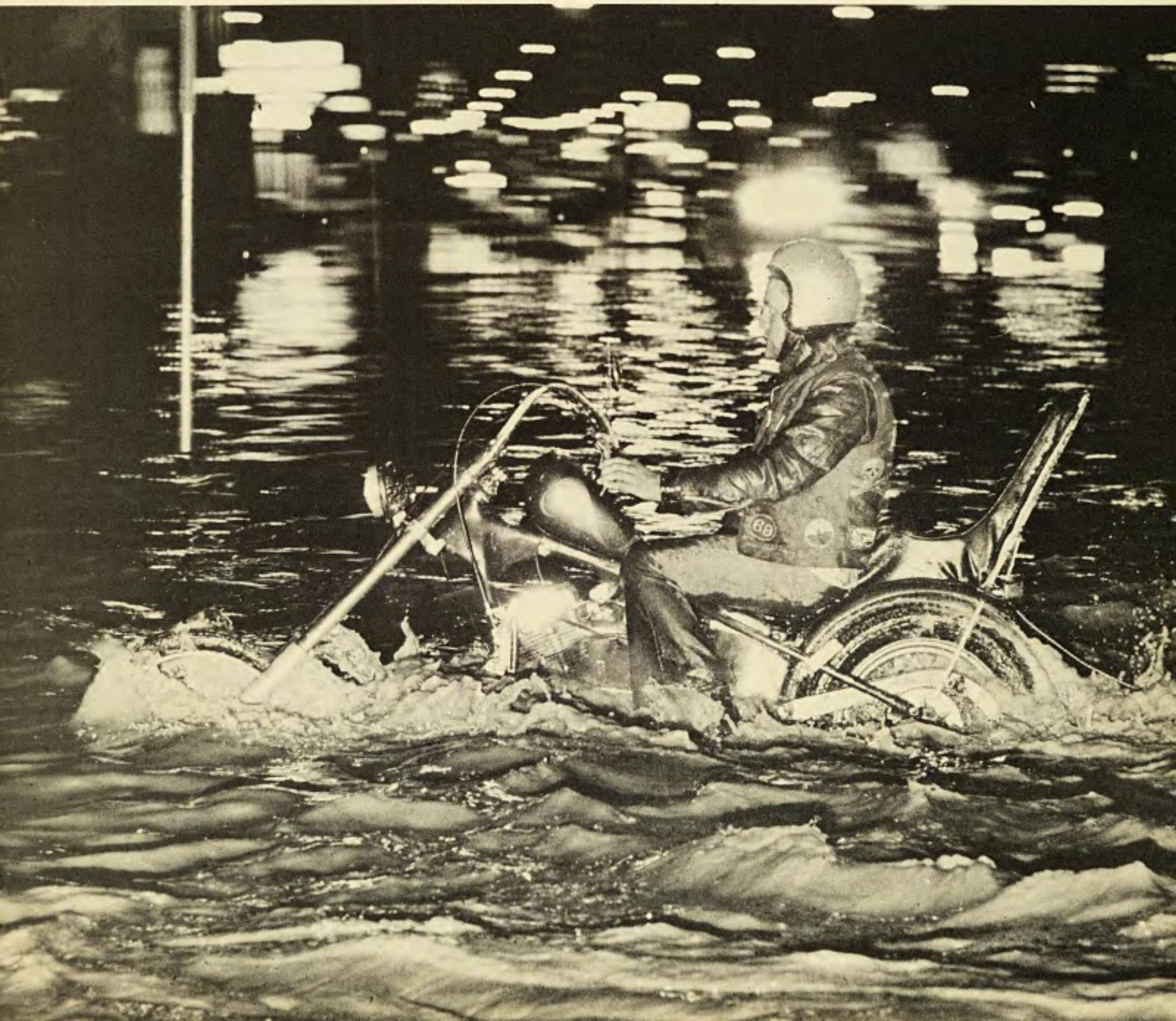
—from Ed Carcone Jr., Westwood, N.J.

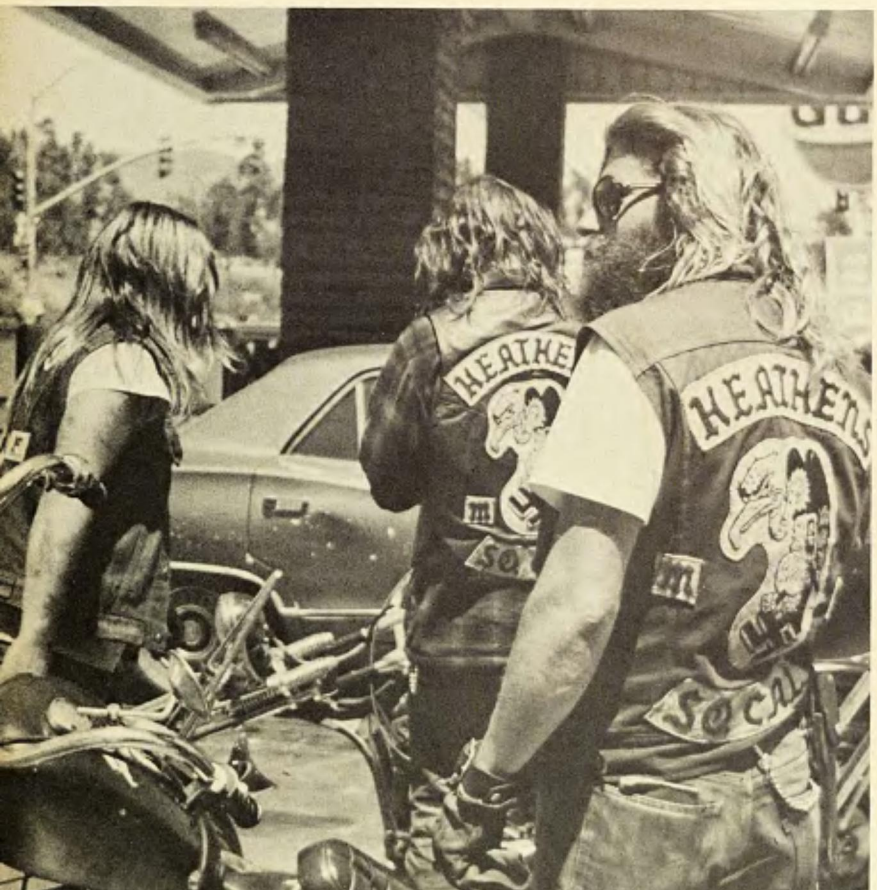
—from Bob DeMartini, Seattle, Wash.

—from J. E. Scott, Burton, Ohio

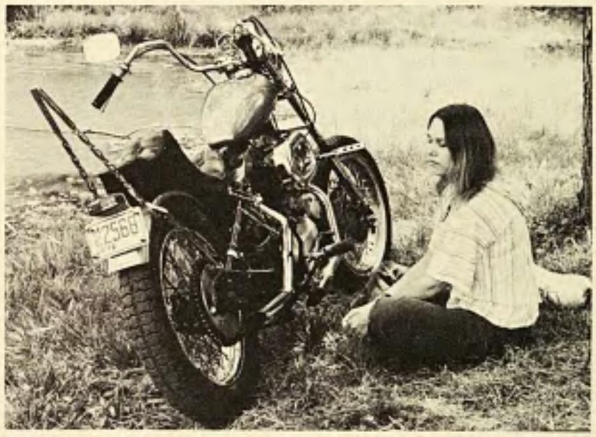
—from Brian, Malibu, Calif.

Mad Dogs
NORTHERN MONTANA





—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



—from Joel Speck, Lincoln, Nebraska

—from Tom Buchkoe, Marquette, Mich.

—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

—from Ron Denaro, New London, Conn.

POOL
BAR
LESS
They're the Wild Bill Hickoks, the Billy the Kids – they're the last American heroes we have, man!
Easyriders Magazine
DAVID MANN

Hawaiian Pearl

Bikes often have strange stories behind their existence — be it the owner or the way they went together. Somethin' like a bro of ours. He's built lotsa bikes, but when the time comes to sell, he keeps the front end. Each one of his scoots has been endowed with the same forks.

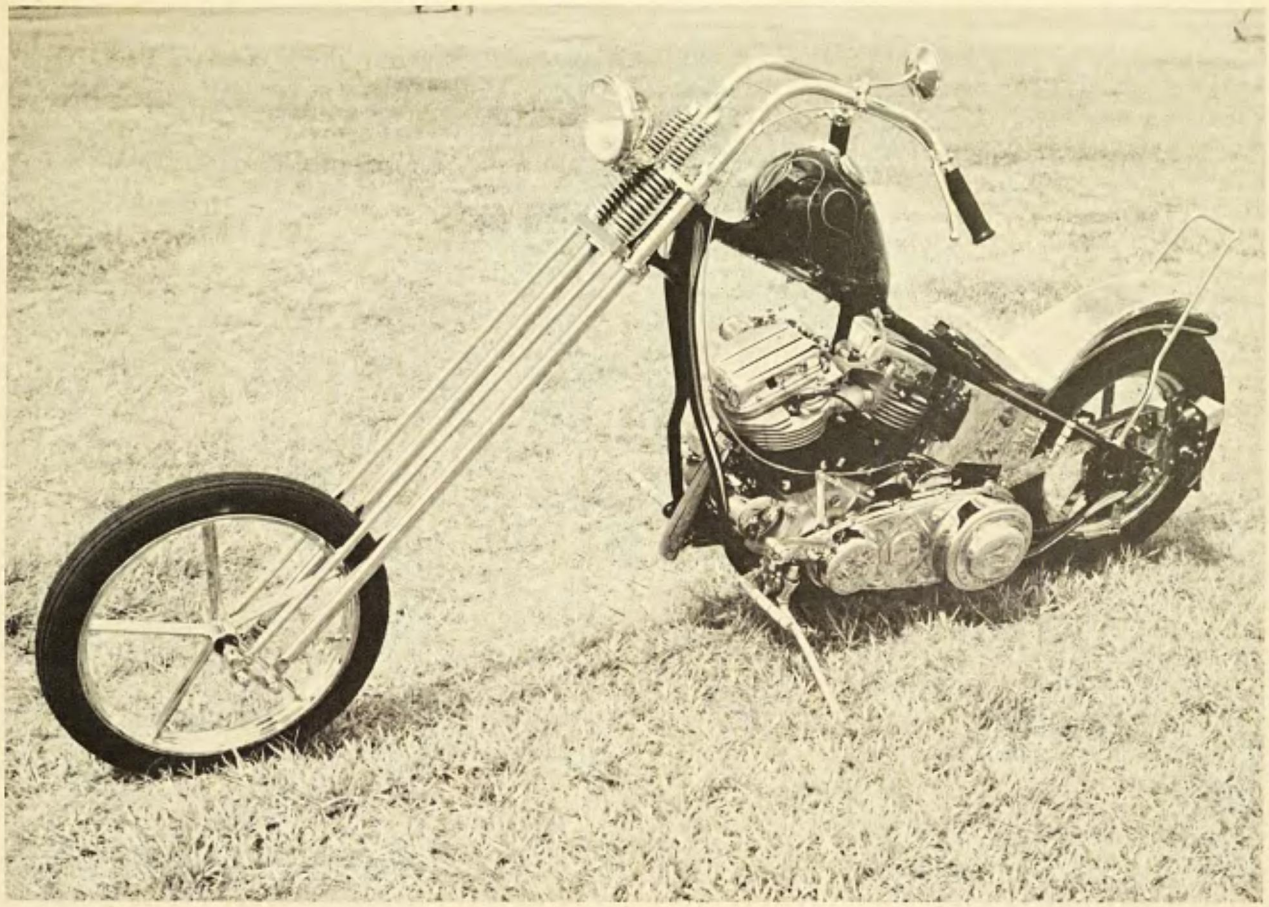
This bike has a couple of strange trips behind it, too. It was originally built with a shovelhead mill in it. And as

you can see, it's now a pan. Odd, 'cause the hot shoe thing to do almost anywhere in the country is to cop a shovelhead mill or top end and slap it onto whatever V-twin might be strainin' to get the owner's bike down the road. But it's not odd to Francis Dias. He builds a pretty shovel, then yanks the late model engine and clunks down an old tin can motor in its place.

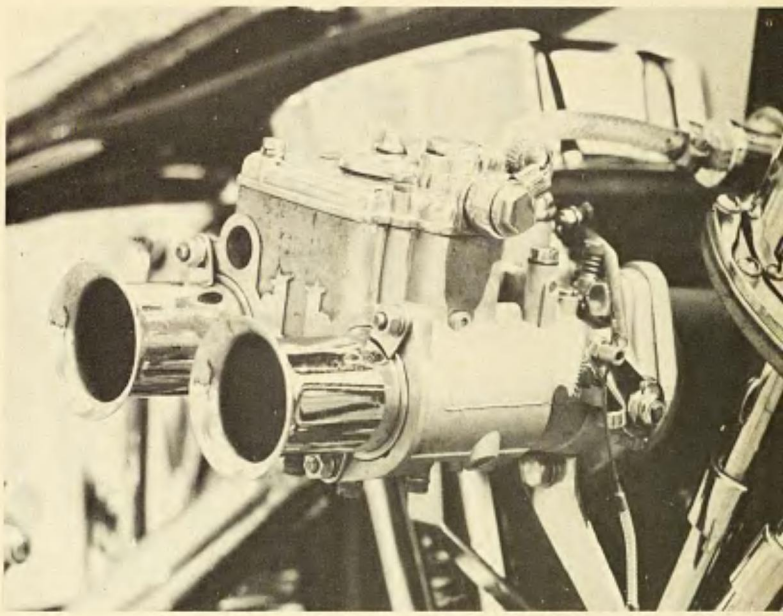
But like in the case of our bro with the front-end fetish, there may have been an ulterior motive behind the conversion. Ya see, Francis Dias built the pretty bike. Then, 'bout a year later, he let his dirt-bikin' brother, Rocky, give him all the heavy Hawaiian bucks for the shovel. And about that time the bike became a panhead. In a mysterious transaction one humid night in the middle of the Pacific, the engines swapped spots.

Could it have been a strange desire for Francis to keep the later model shovel? It's a good possibility that they're as scarce as low prices on the Islands. But, whatever, the pan is runnin' strong along the beautiful beaches of Hawaii. And we can only guess that Francis fled with his prized shovel motor.

—Shotgun



Photos by Capt. J. A. Williams



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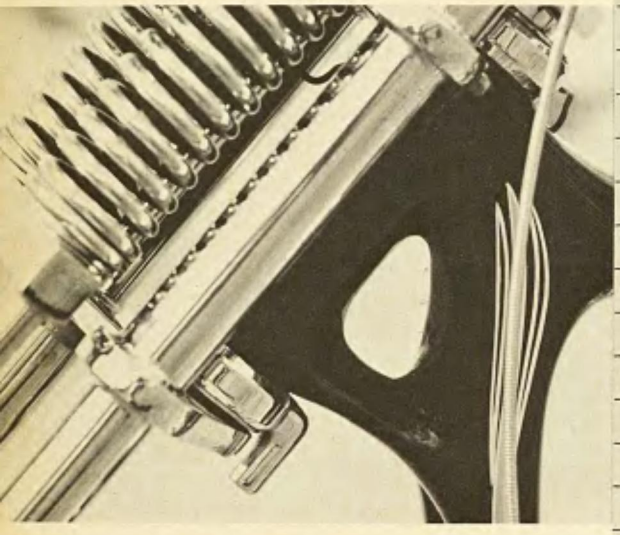

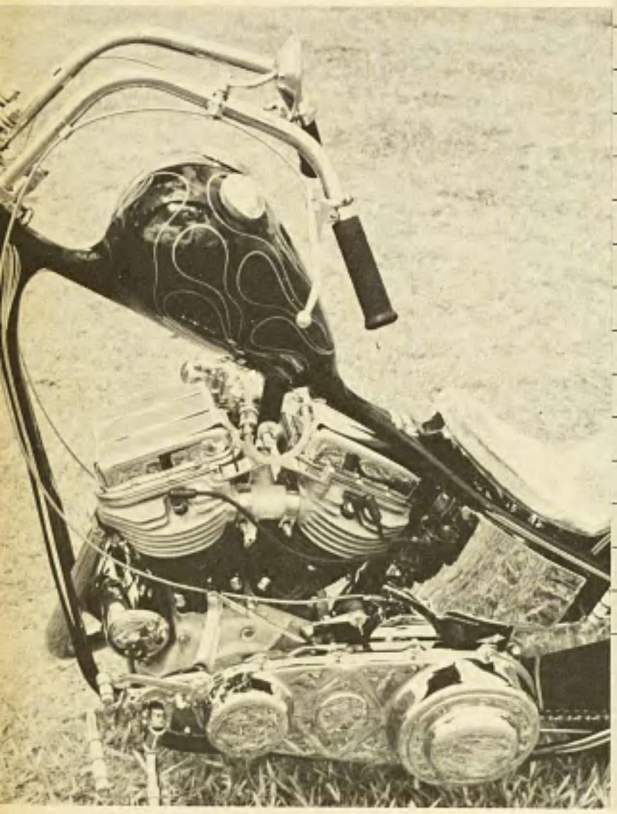

Owner: Rocky Dias **City:** Kaneohe, Hawaii

General

Fabrication by: Dias Cust. Cycle
Year and make: 1960 H-D
Model: Pan
Value: $4,000
Assembly by: Francis Dias
Time: 3½ months
Chroming by: Progressive Chrome

Engine

Year: 1960
Model: 74
Rebuilder: Dias Custom Cycle
Ignition: stock
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Lower end: Francis Dias
Balancing: Dias Custom Cycle
Pistons: .030 over
Cases: glass beaded
Heads: glass beaded
Cam: Sifton 412
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): Weber 40 DCOE
Air cleaner: velocity stacks
Pipes: Alphabet collector
Muffler(s): collector

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1960
Shifting: ratchet
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: Dias Custom Cycle
Painter: Dias Custom Cycle
Color: black
Type: acrylic lacquer

Frame

Year: 1953
Builder: Denver
Type: stretch
Rake: 35°
Stretch: 6 in.
Other alterations: legs bowed

Accessories

Bars: Denver
Risers: none
Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Jammer
Speedo: none
Front pegs: knurled round
Rear pegs: knurled round
Electrics: relay, 3-brush generator
Gas tank: 1.8 axed H-D
Oil tank: H-D
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: replacement H-D
Seat: Denver velvet
Sissy bar: Francis Dias
Height: 8 in. above fender
Material: 9/16 in. cold rolled

Forks

Type: springer
Extension: 20 in. over
Builder: Denver
Special features: bars slip into tubes

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub: Invader	Hub: Invader
Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width:
Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: 5.00 Gdyr.
Brake: none	Brake: mechani

Gun Nut Report

—Continued from page 29

any kind — sawed-off shotgun, semi-auto pistol with a detachable shoulder stock, or fully automatic weapon.

Since I don't want any jailhouse lawyers comin' down on my case I won't go into any more of the legalities here. The best bet is to get the laws regarding transfer and ownership of full-auto weapons from your District Attorney's office for your state and the city you live in (call from a phone booth if you're paranoid — and don't stay on too long). For the Federal Firearms Laws, write to the local office of: Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, U.S. Treasury Department, Internal Revenue Service, United States Government.

If you've checked the local and federal laws and have struck out, then you still have a couple of options. You can sweet talk some guy with a clean record and a home of his own into buying a chopper which you can then "steal" from him. Or, you can just resign yourself to the next best thing—Auto-Ordnance Corp. is now selling a new-manufacture Thompson Mod 1927 Al carbine in semi-auto only. Just like the prison guard version that is ultra-rare and outwardly exactly like full-auto tommyguns, the new model carbines are an almost exact look-alike (the barrel is slightly longer than the original —a legal 18 inches) of the traditional gangster versions. Because they can't be converted to fire full-auto they are **completely legal to own and shoot** without any of the Treasury Department bullshit. That's right, if you can own a .22 rifle, then you can buy a tommygun!

These are the real thing from General John Thompson's Auto-Ordnance Corp.—the original manufacturer! Beautifully finished with finned barrel, deluxe Lyman rear sight, Cutts compensator, vertical front grip and the indispensable 40-round drum magazine that James Cagney loved so well. These beauties retail for about $380 in your neighborhood gun store, or you can write to the manufacturer for more details.

Now if you are like me and you want one of those little carbine fuckers but you can't spare the toll, then you are gonna be interested in this other alternative: Commando Arms (great name) of Knoxville, Tenn. has a look-alike version of the MI military tommygun for a measly 150 bucks. Theirs is also a .45ACP semi-auto version, and it has a choice of grips, Cutts compensator, adjustable rear sights, and will take 30-round box magazines only (too bad, drum freaks). They call it the Mark III (a Mark V has just been introduced but I don't know much about it), and it is as rugged and accurate a weapon as any man can ask for. The perfect all-around tool for smashing a door in with the butt and then spraying a room with slugs—all in fun of course. Their ads say, "developed primarily as a law enforcement weapon, this gun has proven to be ideal for the individual as protection or a deterrent gun . . ." No shit! I can't wait for the next St. Valentine's day party.

Last, but by all means not least, if you're just looking for something to hang on your wall, then you will be interested in the Replica Models version of the 1921 tommygun. This high-quality metal and wood model is an exact duplicate in size and weight and operates like the original—the bolt slides back to cock, the drum mag can be loaded with realistic ammo. The price is a little steep—about $100—but you are paying for a replica that has to be compared side by side with the real thing to spot the fake.

Well, tommygun freaks, that's about all I have to say about this weapon. Until next time this is Powder Burns saying ". . . You dirty rat! . . . Now I'm gonna give it to you like you gave it to my brother!"

For information on new Thompsons—the Numrich full-auto and the new Auto-Ordnance 1927 Al semi-auto carbines, plus parts and accessories, write to: Numrich Arms Corp., Broadway, West Hurley, NY 12491.

For collector's item Thompsons and listings of other full-auto weapons for sale, write to: J. Curtis Earl, 5512 North Sixth St., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012 (add $3 for his catalog); or Fred L. Rexler, Jr., P.O. Box 36096, Houston, Texas 77036 (add $4 for his catalog).

If your local gunshop doesn't carry the Mark III or Mark V semi-auto carbines, then write to: Commando Arms, P.O. Box 10214, Knoxville, Tenn. 37919.

The Replica Model of the Thompson 1921 is available from: Replica Models, 610 Franklin St., Alexandria, Virginia 22314. ■

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WEEKEND
RUN

Photos by Pete Chiodo

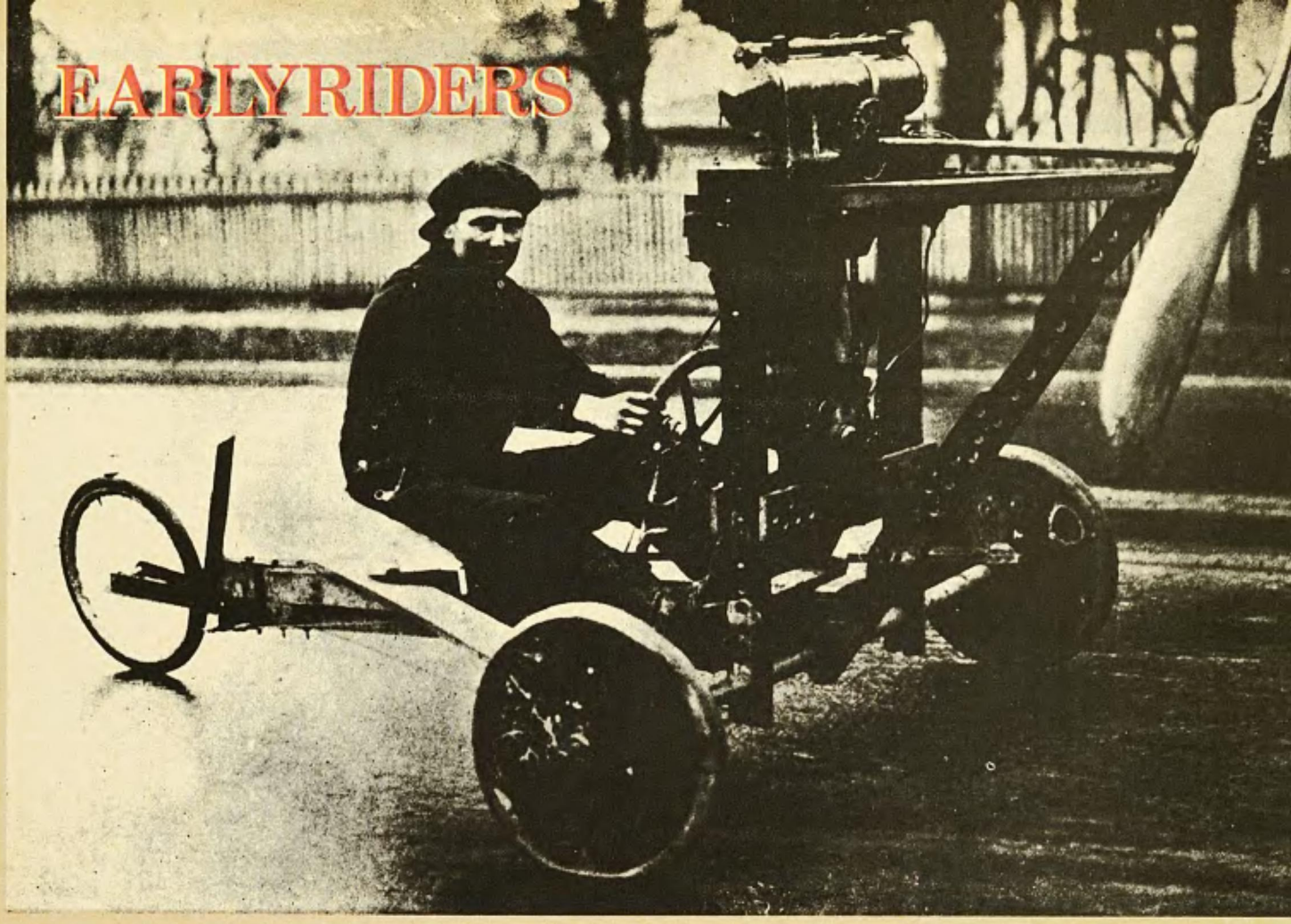
Shootin' down the freeway a while back, headin' for a run, our friend, Paul, spotted this chick with a flat tire. After changing it for her, and indulging in some sweet talk, he got her on the back of his scoot and took her on the run with him. Being a first-timer, she wasn't the least suspicious when the run turned out to be only five miles long, ending at his pad.

The nice thing about taking a chick like Diana on a run to your pad is that there are no bros to share with, no bugs to go crawling around on your bare skin, at crucial moments, no pigs to interrupt the festivities, and, if you crash, there isn't anyone there to set fire to your clothes.

While he had the bike parked in the living room and they were camped out in front of the fireplace, Paul decided to take the accompanying photos. Later, he took a few other things, like advantages, hits, drinks, and a lot of gasps, because, while Diana had never been on a run before, she was pretty talented in the ridin' department.

As it turned out, Paul made the right decision in taking Diana to his pad. The run ended down by the Colorado River, on a stormy weekend when all the roads were washed out, and while his bros were fighting the rain and cold, Paul was all snuggled up in a sleeping bag on the best camp-out he'd ever had. Diana had to go to the doctor, a week later, however. It seems she needed a shot of novocain in the face. She couldn't stop smiling. ■

EARLYRIDERS

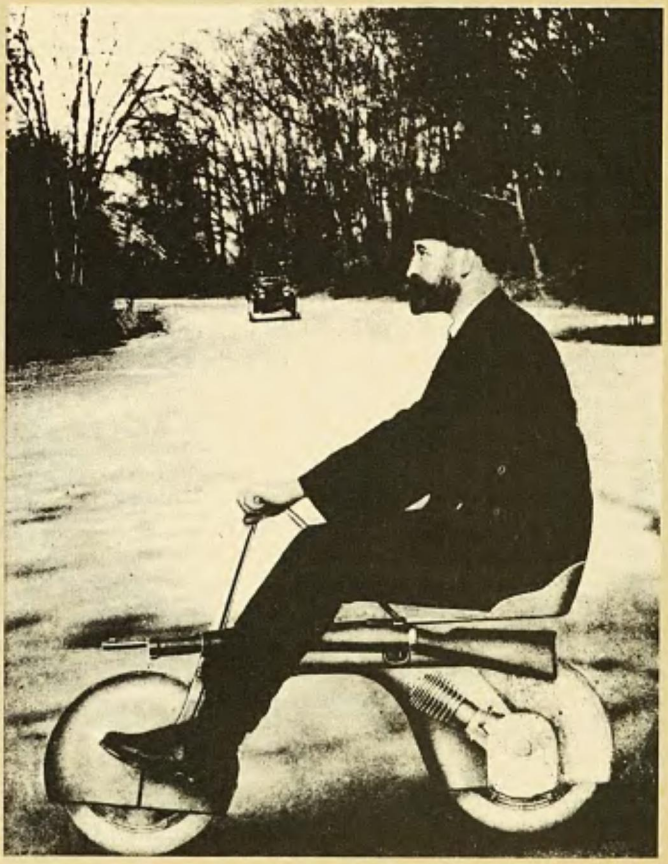


THE "AIR" AUTO

Two Canadian youths are the inventors of the "aeroplane automobile" shown in the illustration. It is said to have attained a speed of more than fifty miles an hour. The machine is driven by an engine of four and one-half horse-power to which is attached an aeroplane propeller. The engine is mounted on the forward two wheels and a six-foot blade is connected directly on the shaft.

THE "MON-AUTO"

Traffic cops in Baltimore recently were astounded to see the baby automobile, shown in the accompanying photograph, suddenly appear from a seemingly solid mass of vehicles, through which it had wriggled, and speed on down the street. It is the invention of a Baltimore genius, and while primarily intended for military use it may come into use for the busy man who is in a hurry to "get there." He has named it the "Mon-Auto." It stands about the height of an ordinary chair and is forty-eight inches in length. The main tube running lengthwise forms the fuel tank, with capacity of one gallon. The machine weighs only fifty pounds and on one gallon of gasoline, it is said, will run seventy-five miles. The motor is of two and one-half horse-power, affording a maximum speed of twenty-five miles an hour. The frame of the little car is light but it is constructed of steel and will support quite a heavy load. One backward motion of the handlebars throws out the clutch, throttles down the engine and applies the brakes. The engine, after being started by a self-starter, is put to work by a reverse operation; the handlebars are shoved forward, and the farther forward the faster the speed. The uses of the machine in business life are obvious but in military usage there is even a larger field. The car weighs less than the soldier's usual equipment.



—Spider thanks the Sisters of Perpetual Emotion for this feature

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

There seems to be some bitchin' and moanin' around the pad lately. It's probably your ol' lady (or both your ol' ladies, if ya got two) with her usual gripin'—"You keep all the good shit for yourself," or "Ya never take me when ya party," or "I'm sick of using your soldering iron to curl my hair, and "You meant to break it, 'cause who ever heard of a dildo that ya jump started?" Try putting a little alum in her mouth wash!

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

You can take a bro doing some shit to ya, like pissin' in your boots when ya lightweight out on 'em. This month some rumpkin who can't even pedal a ten-speed wants to play with the big boys. It's bad enough the lame wants to bullshit with ya all the time about the scoot he's building (he already has the rear view mirror). You know the type—he can't wait to fondle your machine. If giving a swift boot to his ass doesn't deter him, you're on your own as to what to do next.

Aries (March 21—April 20)

Last month's activities had ya a little petered out. Ya barely had enough strength for a wet dream. Get ready to see a big rise on the old peter meter! By the middle of the month you should be able to break bricks with your dick. You're speeding on your own juices. So if ya were plannin' to tear down your machine, get your ass in gear and do it!

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

This month, instead of snortin' and pantin' like your sign, the "bull," you're gonna be sniffin' and smellin' like a dog in heat! That deadly dong of yours is quivering over some mammoth milk-bags. Too much playin' now will cost ya a chance for extra cash. Before ya start squeezin' and squirtin', best check out your situation. Ya might have some hot butter balls and no bread to go with 'em!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Something you started several months ago is beginning to have a castrating effect on ya. Be patient a while longer, since any ideas ya get now are about as practical as a rubber on your tongue. You could be so spaced out on your private stash that you overlook important details. Use your head for something constructive—like warming up your ol' lady for some tween-meal snacks.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Except for an occasional brown-out that colors your shit brown, you may be in a blue mood. It will take a lot more than a loud pussy fart to cheer you now. It could be you're feeling sorry for yourself over some crap that isn't as important as you once thought it was. My advice is scrounge up enough bucks to get crocked and forget the whole fucking thing!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Your usual taste for tits and clits may have to lighten up a bit. Since your putt comes first, you're into some serious wrenchin' right now. Some good bush and a few cases (ya might need a keg) of brew should get ya plenty of help. So do your partyin' in your garage this month. Be sure to take some time out to sneak some snatch.

Virgo (August 22—September 21)

One of the reasons you're so popular with the broads is that you're one of the good guys. You're so polite you'll say "thank you" after a gang bang or send a get-well card to the oinker you gave the clap to. Right now people may not realize what a prick you can be and try to bad-mouth you. Show 'em that the only lip you'll take is a lip-lock on your crank!

Libra (September 22—October 22)

It's the shits when your bros put ya in the middle of their hassles. This kind of pressure can soon have your jockey shorts stickin' to ya. Besides that, your tendency to see both viewpoints could create more excitement than a box of amyls! This is definitely the time when a tongue-in-cheek (your own cheek, animal!) attitude is best, since the loss of a bro would be a low blow and not the kind you enjoy!

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Besides being over-sexed, right now you're also oversarcastic. It could be the combination of Lilly F-40 and your temper causing you some lumps and bumps. Remember, not everyone will laugh off your red attitude, especially some redneck shitkicker. You're better off workin' off your steam by shootin' off your cream!

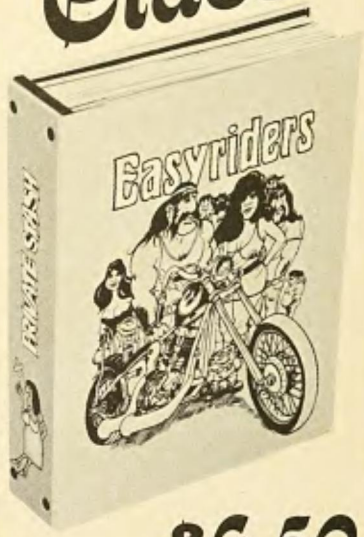
Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

You've become a taste stagnant lately. You know, after a while gettin' fucked up and readin' "Hemorrhoids Can Be Fun" (by the famous Chinese doctor, Mi Bungus Hurts Tou) can get to be a pain in the ass. Pack up a jug of wine and split for a weekend putt—don't forget the peanut butter and pussy sandwiches!

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

You might have some problems in communicating now. For instance, ya send your ol' lady to pick up a new primary chain and she brings ya back a peter pump (where's her head at?). Or you tell the operator you want F as in fuck, R as in rape, E as in eat shit, and D as in dick. Then after she faints, she tries to get your phone taken out. Or some scumbag has to piddle and ya thought she said, "let's diddle!" ■

Class



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DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

SOUNDS

BEST OF LEON: Leon Russell has had his golden moments, and they're treasures to be sure. A lot of them are on this album, like "Tightrope," "This Masquerade," and "Song For You," just to mention a few. Fortunately, Leon's lesser songs aren't on it, and there have been a few of those, too. An artist who worked ten years to become an overnight sensation because he either did things his way or didn't do them at all, Leon remains a massive talent who, just like everybody else, can't win 'em all. These songs are his winners, his shining hours, with the promise of more where they came from.

IN ONE EYE AND OUT THE OTHER: This is the second album by the Cate Brothers and probably not their last because these good old boys from Arkansas ain't half bad! The two brothers Ernie and Earl have been playing together since the early sixties, musically I hasten to add, and were joined some time ago by Terry Kagle and Ron Eoff. They have a good tight sound and aren't just another dumbass Southern boogie band. Possibly they haven't hit their stride, but "Eye" is a step in the right direction.

THE TROUBLEMAKER: Legend has it that Willie Nelson is a shitkicker. There's no area slur intended because nobody's ranking the part of the country he comes from. There are just different types of people. Most anyone who saw a pile of shit would walk around it. Willie'd kick it. He kicks it good and hard on this album, and the result is flat-out fantastic. His songs range from wise to wiseass, and his low-key delivery of his own material warms the soul and ears.

BREAD AND ROSES: However you feel about Judy Collins (including with both hands) you've got to admit she has one thing lacking in most of the top female singers. Namely, a voice. In times when distaff talent is so feeble as to allow the success of vocal incompetents like Helen Reddy and Olivia Newton-John, Judy's voice is a bell, a beacon.

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS, LIVE!: Here's another iffie. If you haven't tried reggae, this is it at its finest, played by the hot, hot group from Jamaica who've become such huge stars in America. If you hate reggae, look at it this way. Any band that advocates smoking at least a pound per week, per player, can't be all bad. And that's rasta, man.

FANDANGO: ZZ Top is presently on tour, trying to bring Texas to the world (a little vice versa couldn't hurt either) and doing good gate in their attempt. They also did a good album before they left, this one. Down Alamo way, a fandango is a celebration with loud music and great happiness and drunken revelry. We have the same thing, only we call it a putt.

FLICKS

MARATHON MAN: If you haven't been to the dentist in ten years and you're starting to feel shitty because your ol' lady is begging you to at least get the bugs scraped off, don't give it another thought. See this flick and you'll never be bothered by these guilts again, nor will the dentist ever be bothered by your presence in his office. Laurence Olivier brilliantly plays an aging Nazi and dental torture expert who gets right after it with the tools of his trade, namely electric drills and other toothsome items. Dustin Hoffman plays the poor asshole who winds up with all hell breaking loose in his mouth. The torture scenes are terrifying or fantastic, whatever turns you on. Hoffman's in this fix because his brother, a special agent, dies in his arms and the baddos think he knows something they want to know. An involved movie, but relatively easy to follow, it's worth going to see just for the gore which is heavy on the gullet-slicing. Hoffman is good in the role of Hoffman (ahem), but Roy Scheider is wooden as the brother. I was going to say he sucked in the role but since there are homosexual overtones in his relationship with fellow agent William DeVane, I thought better of it. DeVane, by the way, is a relative newcomer to films who nearly steals this film from the heavyweights therein, despite the fact that he looks like Robert F. Kennedy doing an impression of Jack Nicholson.

PORN

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA: Those porno kings The Mitchell Brothers have managed to stay out of jail long enough to bring us another fuck flick, this time a film adaptation of a famous old naughty story. The flea in question gets around faster than a case of crabs on a weekend putt, and winds up on some mighty interesting pubes.

DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (Revisited): This pair is still playing at hump houses all over the country and, if you've never seen them, you really oughta. All the first flick did was bring cocksucking to the masses, but Miss Jones is another story. It's porn with class, good production values, and a star who gives head to a snake. Who could ask for anything more? ■

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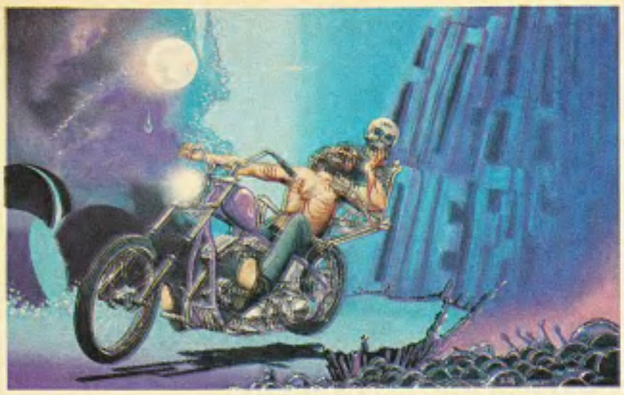

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M-8
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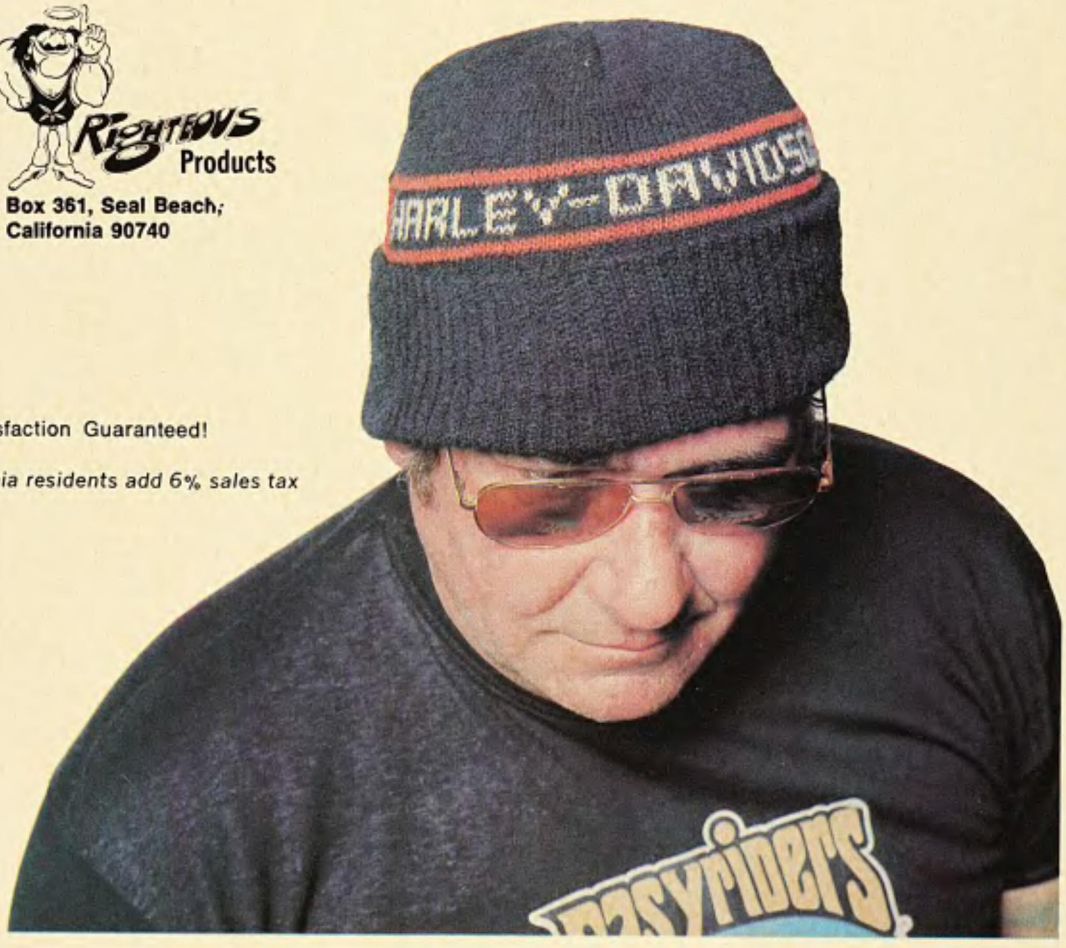

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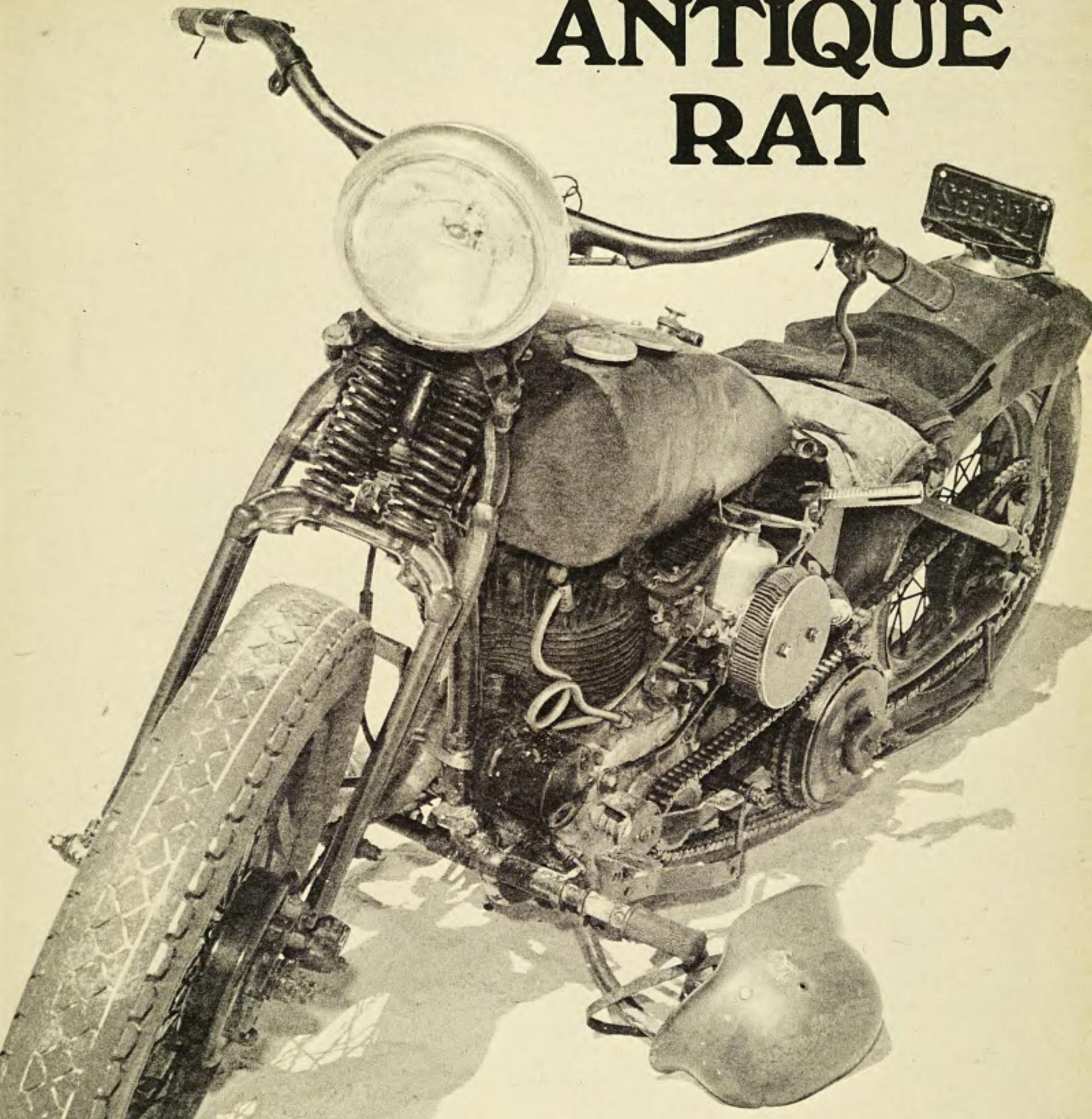
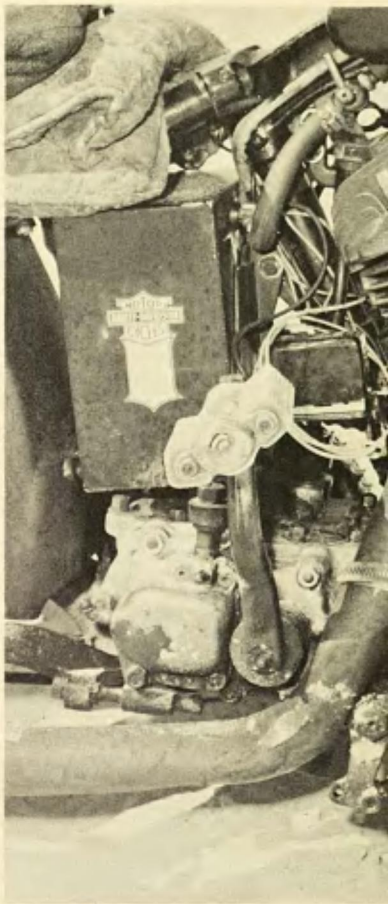
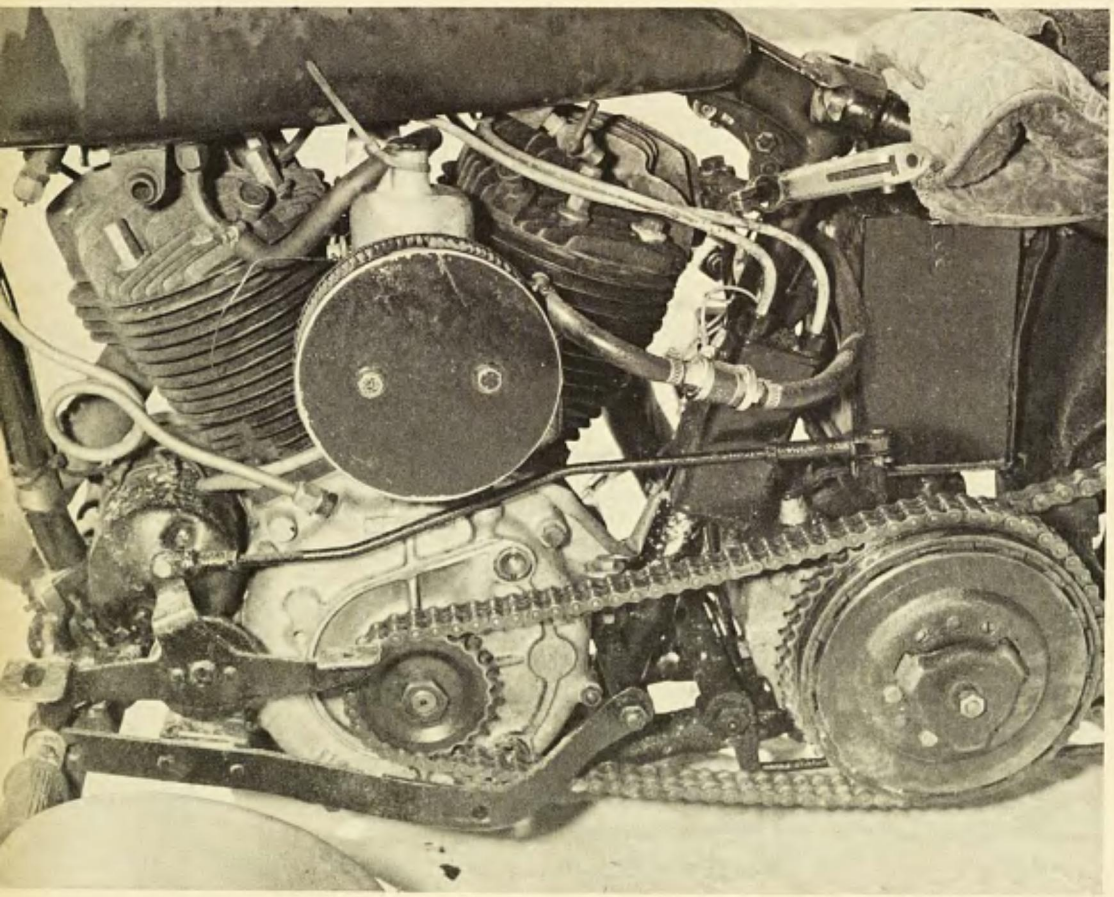
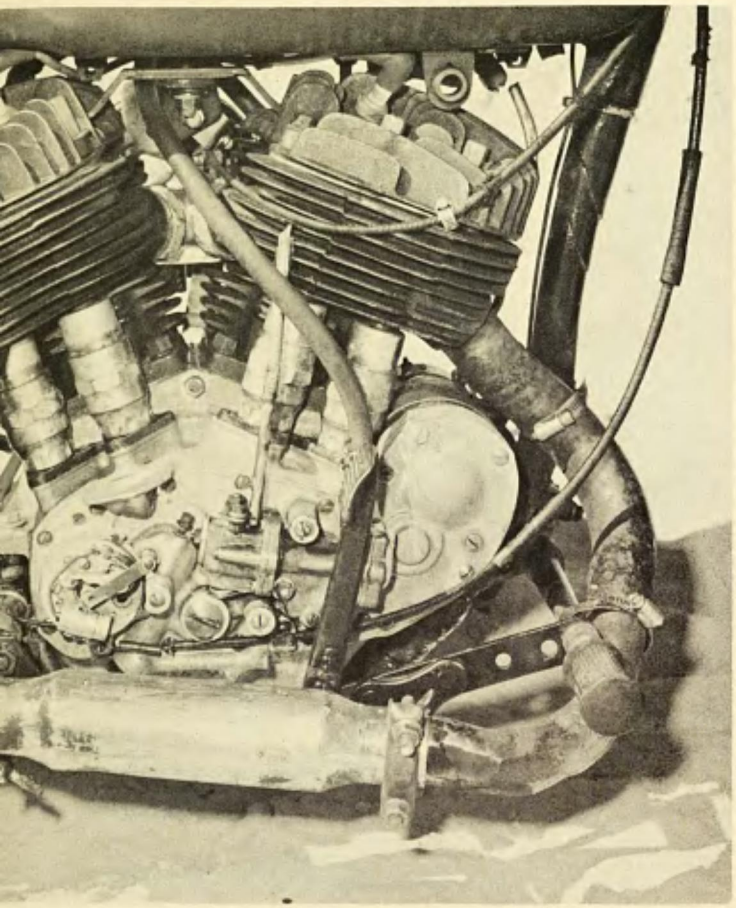
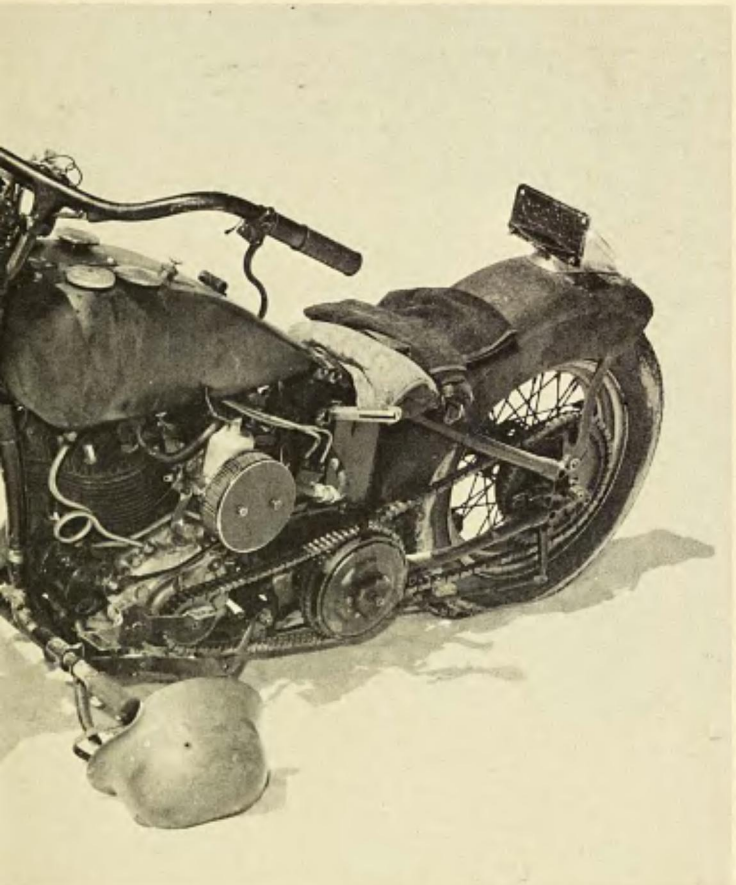


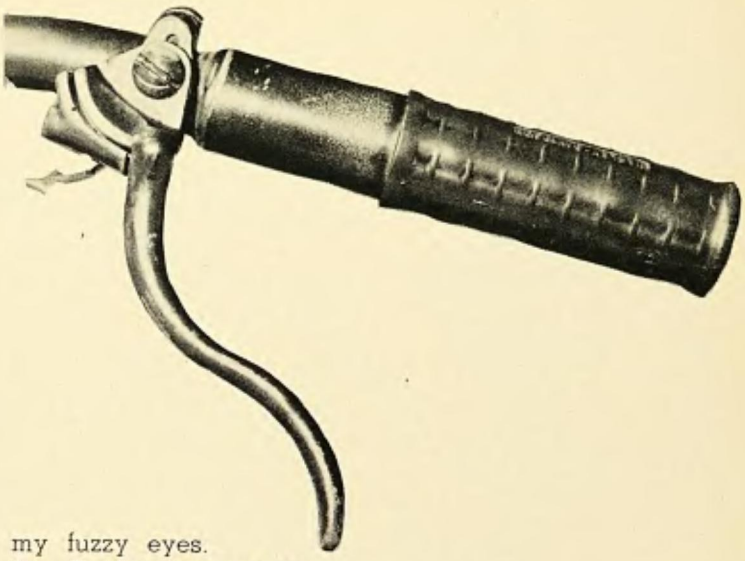
Sometimes it's fortunate that we make it through one lousy week and take care of business. Take for instance today. I was out till four in the morning snortin' and guzzlin' everything that came near my head (and it's only Wednesday). I can hardly hold my head up straight; my pen is shaking so bad it's a blur before











my fuzzy eyes.
Bro Spider has yet to show up and it's two in the afternoon. 'Course I've only been here an hour. And I might not stay much longer; all the chicks in this dump are on the rag. What a grumpy bunch of ol' ladies. They're good to look at, but I keep my ears plugged—a fuckin' henhouse.

Although I've got all the energy of a frog squashed dead in the road, I connected with one of my illustrious bros smoking a bomber of Colombian in a closet. He wouldn't let me interrupt his tokin', so after he finished the joint and could hardly walk, we decided to put this rat VL feature together.

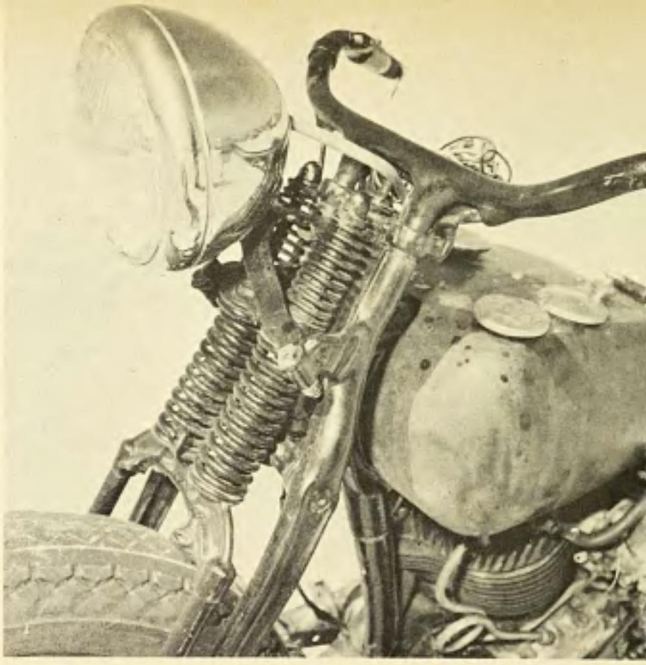
It took us two hours of diggin', throwin', and shreddin' to find the flicks. Another hour to argue over each and every photo, only to discover, after a lightweight fist fight, that we didn't have a chart or any information on the bike. It was shot in Daytona and somehow we don't even remember who the owner was. With that bewildering fact rolling around in our tired brains, we flopped back on an old stack of milk crates full of spare parts and photos, lit a number and sent one of the ol' ladies out for a pint of peppermint Schnapps.

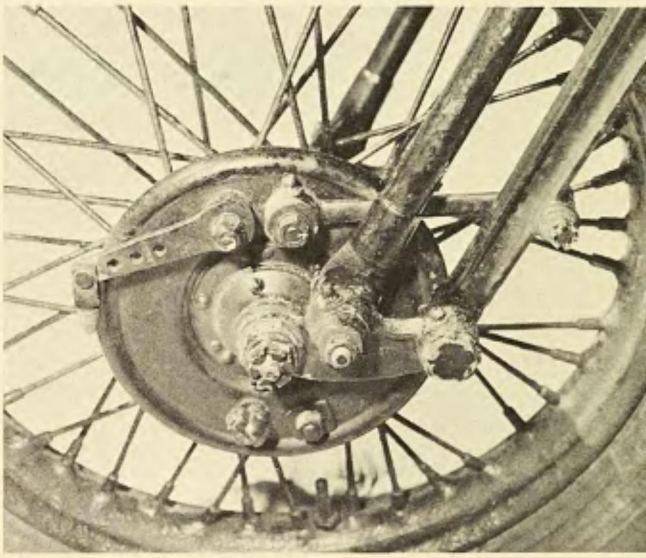
An hour or so later we decided, fuck it. We'd just do it and when the bro who rode this classic rat, old VL from Connecticut to Michigan and then to Daytona (at least we remembered that much) spots his ride peering out at him from these pages he can write us a gripe-and-bitch letter. And we'll roll it up and smoke another bomber of Colombian with it—and whatdafuck, it made it into the magazine, didn't it?

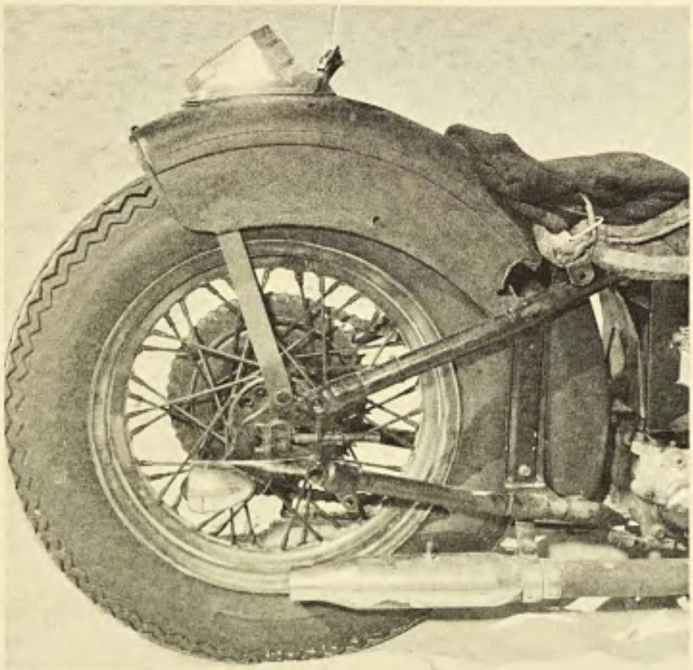
—Snake

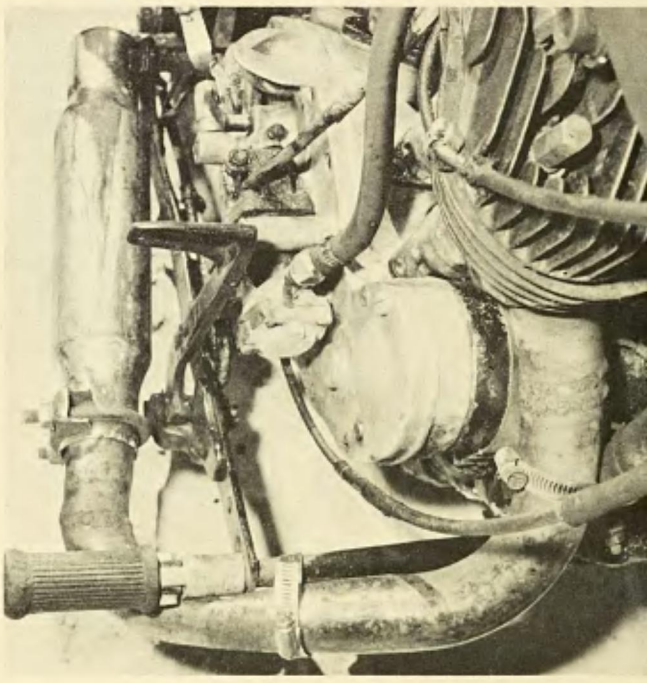
—Continued on next page

Photos by Pete Chiodo









Complainin'

—Continued from page 30

instruments, TV, or phonos, etc., between specified hours so as "to cause discomfort of neighboring residents or any reasonable person of normal sensitivity."

Think this isn't serious? The June issue of **Cycle** reports that a dude on a Z1 had a radio on the bike with two speakers. He got a citation for having speakers without a permit! Evidently that city had the model noise ordinance.

The EPA-promoted model provides for inspection of private property, if not by owner's permission then by search warrant, to examine the property and perform sound-level tests. It provides for citizens' suits against neighbors over noise that causes **discomfort** or **annoyance.** In this land a couple of hundred years ago we had people in the government who wrote the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Today we have people who write the Noise Control Act.

THE NOISE CONTROL ACT OF 1972

Like our problem over helmets with its source in The Highway Safety Act of 1966, passed by Congress, the problem we're going to have over noise is rooted in The Noise Control Act of 1972, also passed by Congress. Doesn't everyone know all of us will have our super-quiet 0 db(A) for one fucking long time when we're put in that final slammer and dropped underground?

The Noise Act in Section 4 (a) gives authority for carrying out its provisions to the Chief of the Environmental Protection Agency. This Agency has nearly 10,000 employees and a budget of nearly ¾ billion of our dollars. By Section 5, EPA is to publish noise criteria, establish noise levels that will "protect the public health and welfare with an adequate margin of safety," identify products that are noisy**, give information on techniques for control of the noise, and state the cost. Section 6 requires EPA to set noise emission standards for items identified as noisy, based on public health and welfare, but taking account of magnitude and conditions of use of such products, and the cost of compliance. An example of taking account of the cost of compliance is the recent limit of 76 db(A) on a new portable air compressor. The price increase was 12.3%, which the government merely said "is cost effective in terms of the benefits derived."

Even if motorcycle exhausts are noisier than the government likes, the magnitude of use should be accounted for: that is, if a complaining "reasonable" person gets to hear a good bike only a few seconds every few days, that never can hurt his health or welfare. And the cost in lost hp and increased engine sizes must be accounted for, as well as the cost of supporting the EPA. Can bikers afford this? Can anyone afford the EPA?

Section 6 goes on to state that the cost of noise reduction can't be figured and publicized by the manufacturer! He must use the cost increase assigned to him by the Department of Labor! And the Department of Labor **must be granted access** to all records of the manufacturer so it can come up with the "true" added cost. This is yet more infringement on private companies, another step on the inexorable march toward the bureaucracy and business management becoming **one.**

Then in Section 6(e)-1 is a step that brings Washington bureaucracy and state governments closer to being **one:** No state or any division thereof may make a noise reg on a product different than that set by the bureacracy. In other words, you can't go to your state legislator, who may live down the street from you and who may listen to you especially near election; you gotta go to the non-elected, totally insensitive, federal bureaucracy. You know how far we got talking to the bureaucracy about helmets! Where were we when the Congressional hearings were held for this law? The profiteers and complainers were there in an endless procession.

Section 10 should blow your mind if it already hasn't been blown. It is titled **Prohibited Acts.** Remember, the EPA must identify noisy items, then regulate the noise sources, force labeling, and enforce compliance. Motorcycles are on the noisy list. The prohibited acts are:

1. For a manufacturer to distribute a new product not in accord with the noise regs.
2. "The removal or rendering inoperative by **any** person" any device installed in a product to comply with the noise regs, either **before or after sale,** or the **use** of the product after removal or rendering inoperative.
3. For a manufacturer to distribute a new product not labeled regarding noise in accordance with the regs.
4. The removal by **any** person of a noise label on a product as required by the regs, before the sale.
5. The importation into the U.S. by any person of a new product not in accord with the regs.
6. The failure of a manufacturer to comply with noise record keeping requirements, etc.

Section 11, titled **Enforcement,** provides for $25,000 per day fine or up to 1 year imprisonment or both, for any person violating items 1, 3, 5, and 6, above. These items have to do with the manufacturer, while the remaining items 2 and 4 have to do with you as the purchaser and the retailer. The EPA can hassle only the manufacturers, not you the purchaser. But you can't safely unstuff that bike's muffler after the federal limit is established. Item 2 prohibits **any** person from removing or rendering inoperative any noise-reducing elements and it's backed up by Section 12. Section 12 provides for "citizens suits" **commenced by anyone against anyone** "who is alleged to be in violation of any noise control requirement." Noise control requirement is defined as any of items 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 listed above, including item 2, which applies to **you** and your bike. Congress realized there aren't enough spies (yet) in the EPA to handle all the citizens in the country, so they have set neighbor upon neighbor. Remember that your neighbor will be that "reasonable person of normal sensitiveness" described earlier in the Model City Noise Ordinance. Nice arrangement—for lawyers.

It's sickening to go on, but Section 12 allows citizens suits against EPA if EPA doesn't pursue its duties of hassling everyone with enough vigor. Section 13 requires manufacturers to keep records with respect to noise, make reports, perform tests, etc. If a manufacturer lies or cheats or shuts off or tampers with any monitoring device, he can be fined $10,000 and/or be imprisoned for 6 months. You know who will pay for all the paper work and tests. Then there's Section 14 requiring noise **research by contract** for control of noise, and investigation (Section 14 1(A)) "of the psychological and physiological effects of noise on humans and the effects of noise on **domestic animals,** wildlife, property, and determination of acceptable levels of noise on the basis of such effects." No shit, if some dog has psychological problems over your bike's noise, it's gonna be regulated to a lower level (your bike, dummy, not the dog).

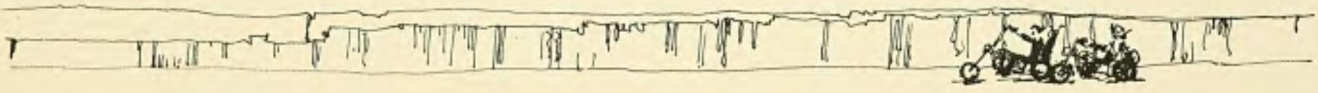
There are other provisions, but this is enough. We just have to wait until this bureaucracy publishes the magic number for bikes and your neighbor and his dog find out what they can do to you.

ACTION

If we don't stop this intrusion into our sound-reception rights, you can count on the fact that in five years every cop will carry, in addition to his arsenal of guns and his peeping tom radar, a new plaything, a db meter. He'll be poking it at your bike, car, hammer, shaver, your dog, stereo, and you, and for all I know pointing it toward the thunder in heaven and issuing tickets to whoever up there.

We need to make some superloud noise to our legislature, asking them to restrict EPA to establishing noise limits based on real hearing reduction approximating that of the jute weavers after 40 years of working in 100 db(A) factories. Based on this, motorcycles don't need any regulation since even a glass pak rarely exceeds 90 db (A). If a regulation on street bikes must be made, then the limit need not be lower than 90 db(A). This will never damage anyone's ears and will not result in expensive design changes to new bikes. Furthermore, it might keep The Man from hassling you for nothing any more than he already does. If the complainers and the profiteers don't like our noise from bikes or our noise to Congress, well, they can stick plugs in their —ears. ■

**Motorcycles were listed in the Federal Register as noisy early this year. Later this year the EPA noise limit is to be set. Right now there is no federal limit. Bikes are probably limited by the manufacturers because of California's limit of about 82 db(A). So everybody in the country gets 82.



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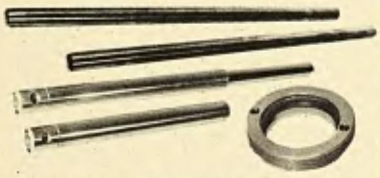

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Rider

—Continued from page 19

a slice of bread in the house to feed his two kids.

"It's worth that and more," he said, knowing he was going to sell it, get the worst part of the bargain, but not worry too much about it.

"Write me out a bill of sale," I said. Even though I felt sorry for him in a way, it had been the best part of a sweaty hot day.

* * *

I snapped awake and stiffened my grip on the handlebars. The wheels bounced on the edge of the shoulder, caught the sand and jerked back on the pavement.

My heart raced and I felt warm. I'd almost had it. I'd almost dumped it—just now. Fall asleep again and I'd ride into a six-foot hole. Jesus, nobody'd be around to help; nobody's out this late—must be two-thirty, three. Left at two. Win or lose, I was gonna leave at two. Work tomorrow. Friday, day after payday—could take sick leave—Fridays and Mondays.

The warmth didn't last; it flashed like deer eyes by the side of the road, and I felt new cold shrink my skin. It felt like my heart was getting cold; the thum-pa-thump sounded slower and slower. I hunched down farther into my sheepskin jacket. Nothing stopped the wind. If I stopped riding . . . that'd be foolish—freeze to death in an hour. Feel good to stop—no more shaking—no more roar.

The roar hesitated; the engine coughed like an old biplane and died. *Out of fuel . . . out of fuel . . . out of fuel* pushed its way into my cold-numbed mind. *Pull the reserve* came through finally.

My hand left the throttle and unscrewed the knurled button at the top of the right tank. I pulled it up and the engine caught. The chain slackened and tightened and I pulled the shift liver back into third. Accelerate smoothly. Don't hurry. Save gas.

"How far will your Hog run on a tank? *Ninety* miles—that all? No shit?"

Reserve'll last for ten miles. Make it on fumes, if I do. Tank will ring like a silver dollar when I pull in.

* * *

Silver dollars . . . piles of 'em in front of me. Place your bets . . . c'mon break, she's gonna break, I know it . . . up jumped the devil . . . sonofabitch, three times in a row, she can't hit blackjack again . . . place your bets . . . come *on* six, give her a six to go with that ten showin' . . . sorry, looks like it's my night . . . place your bets . . .

The club had been like a penny arcade, ringing with slot machines. PA voices mingled with chimes, making the air move like a pinball game. Payday. I had a hundred and fifty bucks in my pocket—twenty-five I'd taken away from Bud and Felix in the warehouse and a U.S Government check for one hundred and twenty-five, even.

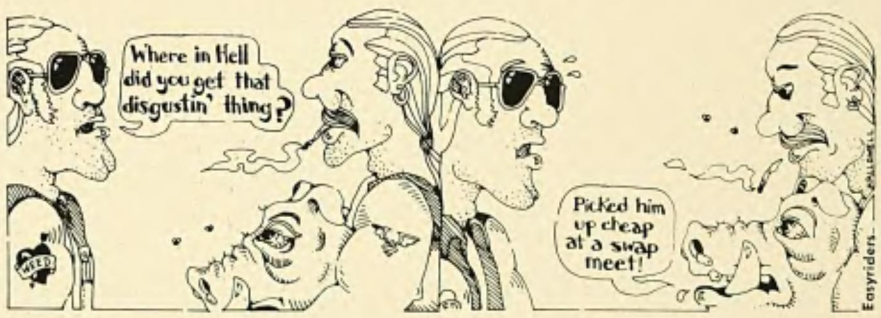
I'm gonna do it tonight: take Harold for every cent I can and get out before he can take it back. Gonna leave by two—two sharp. That was the mistake I made last time—stayed too long, ran my luck out. Won't do that this time. Won't do it.

I chose the table by the up escalator. It was the redhead's table. Melvene Corke (from Sweetwater, Texas) was lettered in black on white plastic. Tall and smiley. Most of 'em smiled, but Melvene meant it—she smiled more when she lost. You could tell the ones who meant it; they always smiled when they lost.

"When you gonna shave that beard?" she asked as I sat down.

"When we start playing with blades instead of chips," I said. Melvene laughed.

A tall man with a cigar, playing



third base, didn't look up. The cowboy between us smiled.

"Chips?" Melvene asked.

"How about twenty cartwheels to start with?" I said, catching her drawl and straining my words through it.

I liked her asking—most of 'em just looked, a tired, who-gives-a-shit look, never asked if you wanted chips or silver, never said a goddam thing, just raked in the money.

She dealt around and I blackjacked the first hand.

"Should've bet big—tonight's not my night," she said as she put a dollar and a half on the single cartwheel I had on the green baize.

In an hour I'd doubled my pile of dollars. Two-dollar bets went to three and four.

"Have to start paying you in chips," Melvene said as she spread the new deck out, counted the cards, and flipped them to check the backs.

"Bet small with a new deck," I said, putting a single on the table.

She didn't say anything as she riffled the cards.

First time around she busted. I raised the bet to five and won—my twenty to her nineteen. I let it ride. Won again—twenty-one to twenty. Twenty bucks bet. Ten was my first card. She got a ten tôo. Six for me—around and Cigar got a seven. He'd stand. She had to have a five in the hole—had to. I passed. She turned a five over and hit with six.

"Twenty-one," she said as she raked in all the money.

I was beaten, but I didn't go broke—that six would have caved me in. The next few hands were just as bad. I went down to a dollar, started winning, and then started playing five-dollar chips.

After three blackjacks in a row, I decided to take a break.

"Cash me in, will you, Melvene?"

"Sure," she said. I got thirteen five-dollar chips and a single dollar. I left her the dollar. She waved her hands over it, opened her drawer and dropped it in.

I got a drink from the bar and strolled over to a crap table. It was my night—I was hot. I could play any game I wanted to. I dropped a few dollars in a dollar machine and didn't even get a cherry—knew I wouldn't anyway.

The crap tables were full for a Thursday.

"Next shooter—come-out roll," the Indian-looking croupier said.

I put a couple on the line and the fat woman rolled a seven.

"Seven—winner, seven."

I let it ride. She rolled a six.

"Big six," he said, paying a small man who had bet the big six. "Hardways—eight or six."

Field and come bets were made. She rolled a three.

"Three, craps."

She rolled another six.

"Six—winner, six."

I tried rolling, betting with and against me. Hard ways. Sixes and eights. Nothing did it. In an hour and a half I lost every chip I had. I walked over to the cashier and got my check cashed.

I felt a little less confident. But I could win back. Another few hands of twenty-one would do it. I'd had it before—I'd get it back.

Melvene was on break when I went back. Sharon Jones was her

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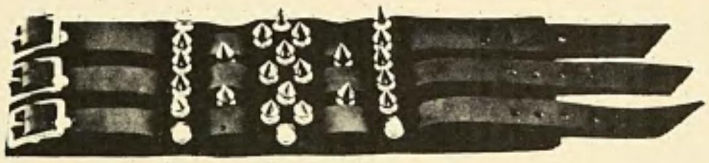

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replacement. She was a fake smiler, but the table was good and Melvene would be back.

I lost thirty bucks while Melvene was on break. When she came back, Cigar, Cowboy, and I remarked on how bad Sharon had been.

"She wasn't that bad, was she?" Melvene asked.

"Worse," I said.

Melvene took another thirty away from me. I had sixty-five left. Thirty of it had to go for the alimony payment; Sue would get pissed off if I missed again.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Twelve, straight up," Cigar said.

"You in a hurry?" Melvene asked.

"To break Uncle Harold," I said quickly.

"Good luck," she said. It was the first time she hadn't smiled when I made a remark.

I won and lost fifty-five dollars in the next hour.

"What time is it?" I asked again.

Again Cigar answered: "It's one."

I started sweating. I fingered my chips—four five-dollar chips and twenty in silver. Forty dollars left. That'd only leave me ten till next payday. Maybe I could give Sue twenty—yeah, give her only twenty.

I started betting a single dollar again.

"Won't break me that way," Melvene said flatly.

"Or me either," I said as I managed a chuckle. My stomach was rolling and it felt like I was gonna take a piss in my pants.

I couldn't win a hand—I smelled like a loser. My hands were dirty and my fingers had green nails. At five-to-two I had two dollars left. I bet them.

Melvene dealt the cards fast, as though she knew I was ready to leave. She blackjacked.

"Sorry," she said under her breath.

"That's it for me," I said as I got off the stool. I'd had it. Nobody even

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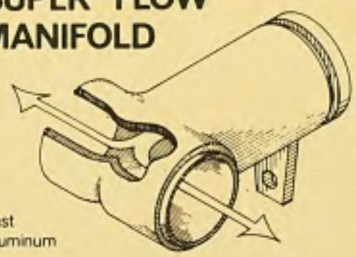

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said goodbye and I'd blown every cent. Jesus.

* * *

Vague blurs ahead looked like whitish-yellow blotches on black silk. They were steady, like some kind of signal. Why two signals? Two beacon fires? Two streetlamps? They looked warm. Warmer than the cold in my bones. Why was I cold? Was it death? The lights were getting brighter. I was almost there. Get into my bed; pull the old army blanket over me; shiver for a while and then relax. Feel myself drift off to sleep.

The lights ahead blinked up, then down. Up and down again A horn made a loud noise—off . . . on . . . off . . . on. Car?

I was in the left lane and there was a car a hundred yards ahead—coming right at me. I swerved back into the right lane—the car swerved too. I swerved back to the left and then wheeled onto the white line and passed him. He honked—blahhh-a-h-h-h-ahhh as he passed on the wrong side.

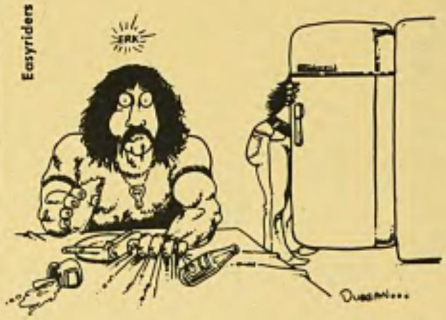
Asleep again. Awake again. I sat forward and felt the cold sweep around the back part of the saddle. I was starting to get numb all over. How much gas did I have left? The odometer wasn't working. I was at least five miles from the base. Five miles and one car from the base.

Patches of ice on the road: I slowed: back tire was too slick.

Ice in the air. Was it ever going to end? What sort of ride was it? Other rides didn't take this long. Maybe it wasn't going to end. Was I the highwayman?

I shivered, but it didn't feel like a shiver; it was something my body had to do. It created no warmth; my muscles were too cold. I was stiffening up and starting to imagine things: I thought I heard a deep whump. I thought I saw bright light flash ahead.

Just a few more miles—was that



"Honey, have you seen the leftover cat food?"

the mercury-vapors?—can see those babies five miles off. But no. Even mercs couldn't have thrown that much light. Maybe it was another big gas explosion like they had a couple of years ago. Blew out half of Reno's downtown area, but didn't touch the clubs. Flash of light—almost like the test sites near Vegas. That would've been something: A-bomb dropped on Reno. Why? Why not? Because Reno's behind you, that's why not. And that flash was ahead.

Mind's getting stuck in a horror rut. Too cold. Too tired. Maybe I'll call in sick tomorrow—today—anyway. What's Bud gonna do—fire me? Hah.

I made the turn off 395. Three miles to go. Engine's still roaring. There's the lights—tiny dancers—way off.

The headlight flicked onto a dead horse. In the middle of the road: I swerved to miss it. Slow down. Somebody didn't see him—didn't slow enough.

The road was littered with debris. My front tire caught something in the mess. I horsed the handlebars around trying to keep from dumping everything. I wheeled back and forth among more debris—glass, tin, pieces of chassis.

I got scared, felt horror fill my cells. What the hell had happened? I slowed down and had to stop? The bridge was out. I put the headlight onto the shattered guard rails and saw a sign on the remaining bit of asphalt: "Explosives."

Below the bridge was a hobo. I asked him whether one of the ammo trucks had blown. He didn't answer: It was as though he hadn't heard a thing.

"How long you been here?" I asked as I felt his pulse to see whether he was still alive.

He didn't answer. He'd freeze to death before morning. His hands were like blocks of ice. His heart was barely audible.

With a clotting emptiness inside, I left him and waded across the river. The water was warmer than the air. I crunched through fresh ice at the other side.

When I got back on the road and stumbled over more debris and saw sagebrush burned to ashes, I knew the shock I'd felt was the truck when it blew.

I shook the numbness out of my arms and tried to run but my legs were too cold. Jesus, it was going to be a long two miles back to town. ■

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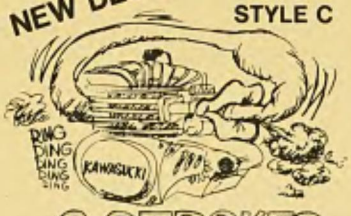
STYLE C



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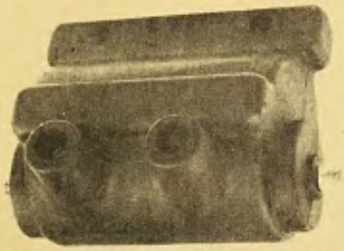

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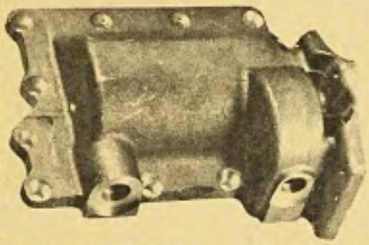

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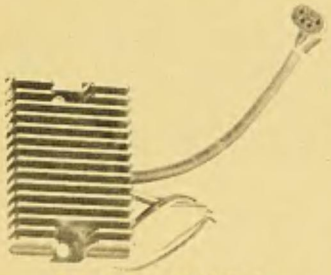

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The Scavengers

—Continued from page 15

hinted that they should pair up after reaching L.A. Yeah, Toots was ready for that deal. Quiverin' for it, as a matter of fact. Well, who wasn't!

Unconsciously his throttle hand twisted slightly and the scoot picked up speed.

Okay, Turk thought. All's we gotta do is get across this goddam arid Arizona, dump Nora's ass in Redlands, and I can pack Toots the rest of the way with Corky's blessin'! He chuckled, squinting against the descending sun's glare and wishing the fuckin' thing would drop behind the weird mountains directly ahead.

The panhead throbbed steadily between his legs.

* * *

In the isolated pass where the road climbed in a wide, gentle curve, the twisted body of the Chevy sedan still loomed beside the pavement—lodged in the jumble of rocks and boulders where it had smashed days earlier. Fats slowed the van as they approached the wreck.

"Out!" he ordered. "Get them flares set by that junker and light'm fast!"

Clutching the flares, Gopher half-fell out of the inching van. Stumbling toward the abandoned car, he began hastily positioning the three flares he carried. Fats swung the van off the road, easing into a space large enough to hide it between two huge slabs of stone jutting upward into the darkening sky.

Setting the emergency brake and switching off the engine and lights, he sat for a moment rechecking the highpowered rifle, the telescopic sight—quickly and expertly affixing the silencer. Then he left the van, pausing only to swing open the rear doors before trotting back to the highway where Gopher stood waiting in the glare of the now glowing flares.

"Raise that goddam hood, dumb-ass!" Fats bellowed, moving around behind the wreck.

"B-but there's no mill in it!" Gopher protested.

"They ain't gonna have time to discover that!" roared Fats. "Now stop arguin' with me and do like I said, ya mouthy little prick! I know what I'm doin'!"

Gopher raised the buckled hood.

"Fine!" said Fats. "Now getcher

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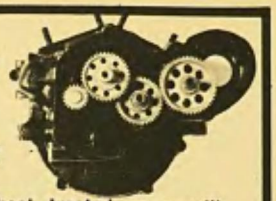

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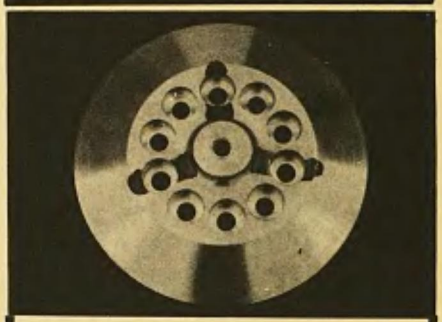

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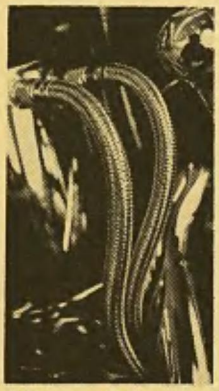

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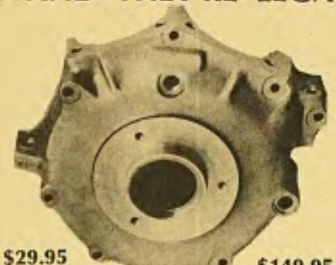

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butt out there in the road! Wave that fuckin' flashlight like crazy!"

"Wh-what if they don't stop?"

"They'll stop."

"Y-yeah—but wh-what if they *don't?*"

"So I pick the shitheads off if they only slow down. But I want your ass right out there in the goddam middle of the lanes! Stop worryin', will ya? I know how these assholes think. They're always stoppin' to help some driver. Buncha fuckin' dogooders is what they are—even if the public ain't quite snapped to that yet!" Fats laughed harshly. "The minute they see you wavin' the flash, they'll start brakin' down. They'll get a convincin' glimpse of that junker and that'll lure'm right over to the shoulder. By that time, man, their ridin' days are over!"

"Christ, I hope you don't miss!" muttered Gopher.

"Don't sweat it. This is one of the things I do best!" Fats grinned confidently, remembering some of the sniper assignments in Nam. "If anything does go wrong, just drop to the fuckin' deck. That way, you'll be outa the line of fire. Got that, dipshit? Stay flat if they show any fight!"

"Ohhhh, sh-shit!" quavered Gopher miserably.

The sound of bike engines in the distance suddenly blossomed in the moving breeze. Swiftly the rumbling sound grew louder, nearer.

"Wh-what if them broads run?" demanded Gopher.

"Run? Where the fuck they gonna run? After I've wasted the bikers, you grab the broad closest to you. If the other one *should* have a piece, jes' block her fire with your broad's bod."

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"Shaddup and wave that flashlight!" bellowed Fats.

Abruptly, as the sound of the machines increased to a thunder that was almost deafening, the bikes rolled into sight around the curve, headlights catching Gopher as he frantically waved the flashlight back and forth. Instantly the sound level dropped as the riders slowed their choppers, aided by the rising grade of the highway.

Lowering his eye to the telescopic sight, Fats lined up the first rider, changing his mind and swinging the rifle until it was trained on the second rider's head. No goddam head shots in this light, he decided,

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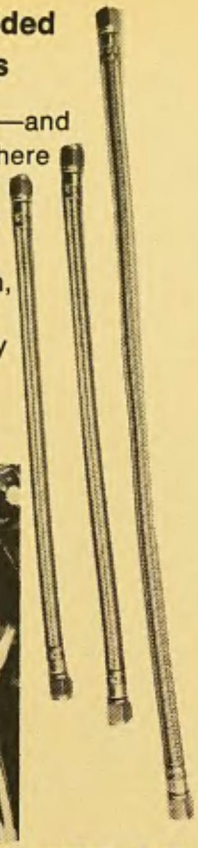

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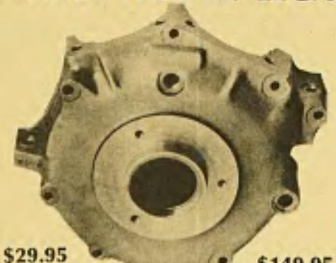

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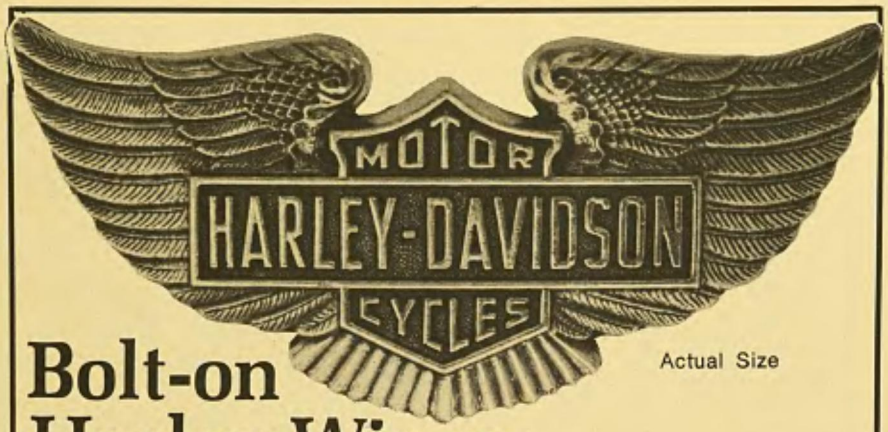

Bolt-on Harley Wings

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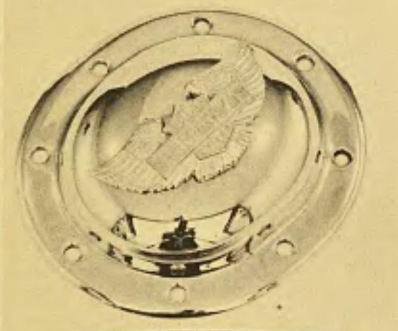

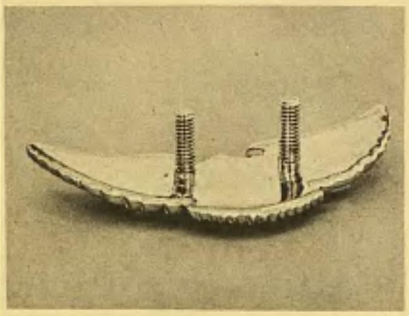

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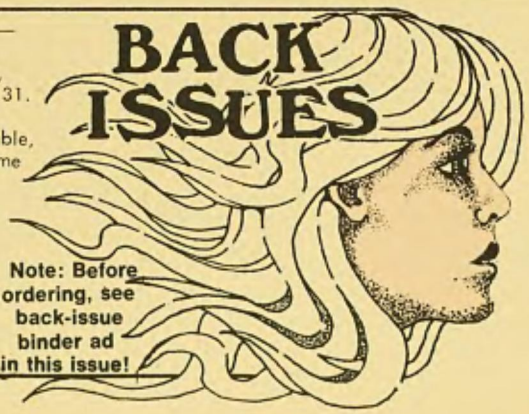

Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue!

lowering the gun until the man's bulky chest was centered, turning his own body to move with the rider as he slowed and came closer, enlarging as a target with every turn of the barely moving chopper's wheels.

Adios, muthafucka! muttered Fats.

His finger skillfully squeezed against the trigger.

* * *

Thwiik!

Toot's shrill cry yanked Turk's attention from the unexpected flares and the little dude hopping up and down with the flashlight. His head twisted around in time to see Corky slumping awkwardly sideways off his sled.

Setup! screamed Turk's mind.

Twisting gas to the scoot and swinging the handlebars at the same time, he managed to veer around—moving away from the side of the highway where the flares sputtered ominously, putting Nora's body between himself and the hidden gunman.

Thwiik! Nora grunted, her body suddenly stiffening before leaning heavily against him briefly. With a soft, gurgling moan, she slid away from his back—falling from the bike as he surged forward, the machine lurching unsteadily from the shift in balance. Nora's leg caught on the bike—her convulsing foot jammed somewhere behind him—and he threw himself clear as the sled went over.

Thudding into the asphalt, he rolled, stunned, and felt the sting of gravel flying explosively into his face as the next shot hit nearby, the flattened slug screaming off into the night. Desperately he forced himself to continue rolling farther into the darkness, catching a glimpse of Toots streaking toward him, her figure outlined in the garish light of the flares.

"Down, baby!" he yelled. *"Down!"*

She dove headfirst at him, and together they half-rolled, half-skidded over the lip of an erosion ditch, dropping abruptly onto a rock-studded bottom. Another bullet ripped sharply through the air over their heads.

"F-follow me!" gasped Turk, untangling himself from the girl's legs. Ignoring the agony in his hands and knees from the knife-edged rocks over which he scrabbled, he moved along the deepening ditch, feeling it angle downward until he was again off-balance and rolling down the incline.

"Never mind them goddam bodies!" howled a distant voice. "We gotta catch that other bastard! Get movin', ya little shithead!"

Crashing into solid stone, Turk was halfway to his feet in a crouch when Toots rolled clumsily into him, almost knocking him flat again. Glancing wildly in all directions, squinting to adjust his vision to the darkness, he grabbed her hand, pulling her to her feet and dragging her after him as he ran staggeringly behind the immense boulders now looming before them.

"G-God!" panted Toots. "I'm—I'm—"

"C'mon!" Turk urged brutally. "We keep movin' or we're dead! Jes' stay with me, hon!"

Hauling the shocked, exhausted girl along behind him with a vise-like grip on her wrist—pulling her with him, either on her floundering feet or roughly yanking her over the ground whenever she sprawled helplessly—he fought forward, aware that the sand beneath his boots was flattening out.

He paused finally, studying the area ahead. A canyon. The sandy floor snaked around boulders, vanishing behind a bend no more than another hundred feet from where he stood. Toots staggered to her feet.

"C-can't—can't w-we rest—just f-for a—" she pleaded faintly, sobbing for breath.

"Well," he said hesitantly, seeing the flashlight's beam moving away from them as it zig-zagged, searching for them. "Try walkin' while ya catch yer breath. We gotta make it around that bend up ahead."

"C-Corky and N-Nora—" Her voice broke.

"Both dead, probably," he said flatly. "But we're not. Maybe we still got a chance—somehow. Think

"Yeah! Just like mother used to make —only she didn't shit in it!"

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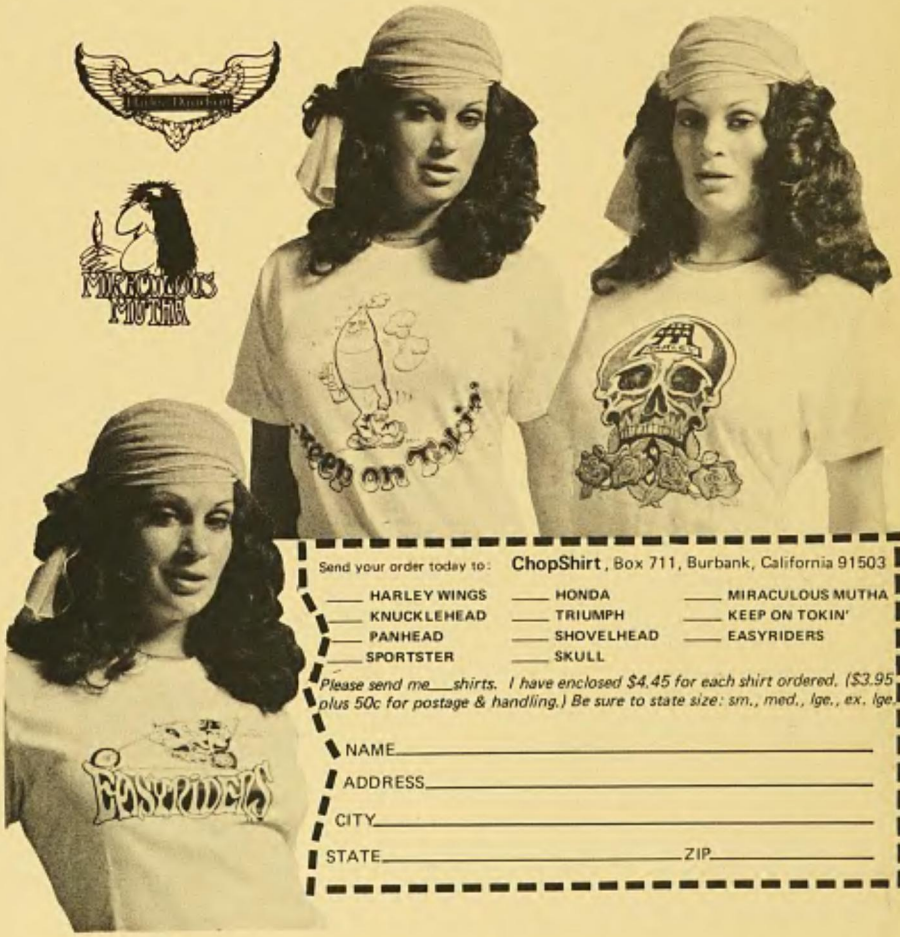

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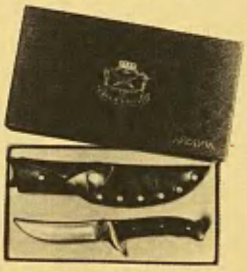

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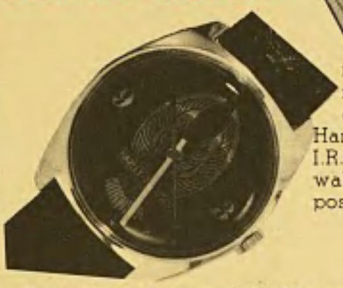

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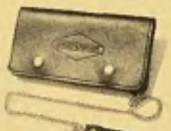

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about *that*, Toots. Nothin' else."

Overhead the sky grumbled menacingly. From beyond the stone walls ahead, a sliver of lightning streaked across the horizon, brilliantly illuminating the scudding masses of clouds churning above them, and was gone as quickly as it had come.

"Let's hook'm, baby," said Turk. "If we can find a hole to hide in, they *might* settle for robbin' bodies and haulin' off the scoots."

"Didn't you and C-Corky have any guns?"

"Yeah. In the fuckin' road bags." He kicked a stone viciously out of his path as they hurried along. "But it'd be pure-shit suicide to try and circle around and latch onto them now. Not with the chance of those flares still lightin' up the area. Not with a bastard as good with a rifle as that sonuvabitch is. No way. We gotta sweat this one out somewhere."

Her hand tightened around his fingers as they entered the narrow canyon, moving laboriously over the sand.

• • •

"Here we are!" gloated Fats, squatting and holding the flashlight's beam over the footprints. He raised his head, staring warily into the canyon. "Yeah, they went in there. Probably tryin' to hide behind a rock right now." With a grunt, he hoisted himself to his feet. "You think anybody goin' by out there"—Gopher's hand gestured toward the Interstate—"will notice anything, man?"

"Shit, you worry like an old woman!"

"Well, goddammit, there's a coupla good-sized pools of blood on that highway!" Gopher's voice rose thinly with fear. "Sure, the bikes and them bodies are outa sight and no problem, but if somebody should see that—"

"Shut yer fuckin' face and lemme think!"

"Wonder if that dude might have a piece on him," mused Gopher worriedly. "Maybe them guns we found in the bags slung over the sissybars aren't the only—"

Fats slapped the smaller man with his open hand, sending Gopher staggering backward.

"Hey, fer G-God's sake!" whined Gopher.

"You gotta be the dumbest fucker I'll ever meet," growled Fats. "No shit. The dumbest. If that guy had a gun, he woulda taken a shot at

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us by now. And us makin' the world's finest fuckin' target, trompin' around with this goddam flashlight!"

"N-never thought of that."

"Tell me about it, bungmouth. If you could think, you'd be dangerous." Fats sent the beam of light forward, tracing the double set of footprints clearly etched in the sand. "Okay, all's we gotta do, asshole, is follow them keen tracks till we corner the bastard. You bring the other rifle?"

"I got it," said Gopher dully.

"Then I'd say it's just a matter of a few minutes before the dude's no longer a problem. Why, I'm feelin' so good about this whole number—especially after us findin' all that dope and cash—I might jes' get bighearted and let *you* snuff the dipshit."

"Are we gonna share the redhead, like you promised?"

"Well, I'll hafta think about that."

"How come ya gotta *think* about it?" Gopher's voice rose again in anguish. "Hell, I've earned the right to share that cooze! And you know it, too!"

Fats grinned, keeping his eyes on the tracks but glancing up at both walls of the canyon as he walked slowly forward. "I'm not really sure you'd know what to do with that big-titted, wet-crotched little bitch! You've pulled your own pud so long, jerkhappy, you might get confused or somethin'!"

"Listen, Fats—"

"But I might let you watch while I pour the crank to her till her pussy hisses. Now wouldn't ya like that a lot better?"

"Shit!" rasped Gopher.

Fats led the way, chuckling sadistically, and they proceeded up the canyon. It was raining steadily now. But the downpour hadn't washed away the footprints they followed with no hesitation or difficulty. A bolt of blinding-bright lightning sizzled down, exploding loudly as it struck an edge of the rocky wall far above them.

"Goddam!" wailed Gopher, flinching. "We oughta get the hell outa here. This storm's gettin' worse, man. We got the bikes loaded. Why don't we just fergit about that dude and his—"

Crackling thunder directly overhead rippled noisily.

"Will you shut that fuckin' yap or do I gotta close it for ya the hard way, pukeface?" Fats glowered over

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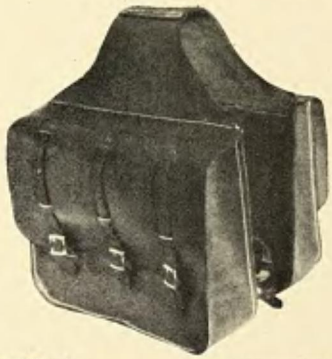

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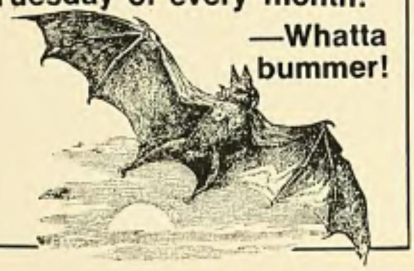

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his shoulder without breaking stride. "I want that dude real dead. Wasted bastards can't talk. And I want that redhead—for a while."

Bent against the wind which was now buffeting them, they plodded over the sand. Rivulets of water flowed from the puddles here and there along the canyon's floor. The downpour increased to ragged sheets of water, cascading over them, drenching them violently.

Fats stopped, playing the flashlight over the tracks which, blurred, led directly to the sheer wall of stone. He raised the beam, letting it crawl upward over slabs and fissures until the cave's mouth appeared in the pale, weakening light.

Fats smirked grimly. Glancing triumphantly at Gopher, who stood behind him with a bewildered expression, he cupped his mouth with both hands, holding the rifle under an arm. "I know you're in there!" he shouted. "I just want the broad! Send the cunt out and I'll let ya go!"

The wind snatched his words, whirling them away. Only the rushing of the rain and wind filled the darkness.

"Maybe he can't hear ya," suggested Gopher.

"Shit, he hears me!"

"Maybe we should jes' climb up there and—"

"If I hafta blast ya out, I will!" Fats yelled, rage thickening his voice. "I'll shoot enough lead in there to bounce all over that fuckin' hole—and some of it's *bound* to getcha!"

There was no answer from the gaping mouth of the cave.

Distantly, something sent a powerful sound of hissing and rumbling before its growing momentum. Then it erupted around the up-canyon bend, spewing forward relentlessly. A flash of lightning glittered on the

"After gettin' pissed on, and bein' forced to brown nose that old whore, there can't be much more they'll put us through!"

monster—showing the onrushing wall of water as it tumbled and churned toward them, littered with boulders and trees.

"What the—" Fats grunted, staring.

"Flash flood!" screeched Gopher, throwing himself forward and trying to scrabble up the slippery rocks but falling in his desperation.

The fifteen-foot-high crest swept into the two men, knocking them from their feet and grinding their bodies ruthlessly as it carried them rapidly down the canyon. Both were dead within the first ten seconds of being battered by the maelstrom of stone and wood roiling in the tons of muddy water as the flood added them to its cargo of crushed and mangled things.

* * *

Hours later, the rain had stopped and the torrent in the canyon subsided gradually until it was merely a gurgling, shallow flow of thick, reddish liquid in the early morning light.

Turk awoke, his body and limbs cramped. Painfully he forced himself to move from where he had been sprawled beside the sleeping Toots, and he slithered to the cave's entrance, peering down at the lowered water.

"Beautiful!" he murmured.

Behind him, Toots stirred. "Uh, what? Hey, where are ya, hon? *Turk!*"

"Don't panic, baby. I'm out here."

"What's wrong?" Terror was reborn in her voice as she wriggled alongside him.

"Not a goddam thing!" he said happily. "We can get outa here now. It's been a shitty night but now we're okay. We can finish the run."

"Wh-what if those fuckers are still out there, just waitin' for us?"

He laughed. "No way, baby. I watched that water wash them right outa our hair! They've been dead and gone for hours. I didn't bother wakin' ya after ya finally crashed because the flooding was too fast and deep for us to leave."

"God, what a nightmare!"

"You had bad dreams?"

"Hell, the whole goddam night was a bad dream. Poor Corky and Nora." She sniffled. "I hope those fuckers took a long time dyin'."

He nodded. "Yeah, well, let's amble back down to the Interstate and see what's left around—if anything."

Together, helping each other, they clambered down the damp, slippery

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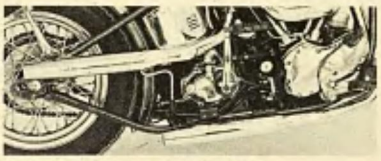

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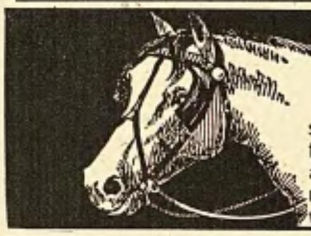

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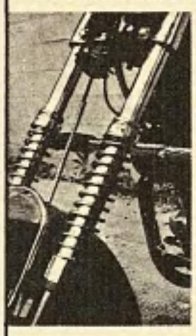

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In memory of my man, **Big Red,** who was blown away by a redneck bigot. He died as he lived. His lady, Little Red.

The highest height of my stoned bro, **Refa.** May he ride high for his eternal life in Harley Heaven. Lovin' ol' lady, Pat.

Bandit the Greek, my twin brother, **Foxy Aztec,** and **Big Al** died together in the same smash. Rest in peace, bros. Brother George, Cycle Tramps M.C., Sutton Coldfield, England.

To a true 1%er, **Tall Paul,** Dayton Outlaws. Lived, died, and buried in style. From Mickey, Outlaws M.C.

In memory of **Danny Turberry.** Hook 'em up, Danny. Ride on. From Radical Rosie, San Diego, Calif.

Wheelie Phil, We'll always be ridin' with ya. A down-home, righteous bro. Highwaymen, Sonoma, Calif.

Male Call

Come on, women, give a little of your time and share it with us. Write Buzzard Van Gorder 40335, Watch Bear Dorson 43107, Box 1010 CH-7, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Wanted: Pretty little lady, caress my inner feelings. Steve Brown #8471, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

Doin' time and your letters sure would fix me. Blayne Blackwood, Box B-67352, O-Wing, CTF-C, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I can dig on some scribes, so what the fuck! Somebody write me. Dino (Dynamite) Wilson 8563, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Foxes, could dig some mail and visits from ya. Write James Burge B-72513, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Wolf needs to howl with you. Write Ronald D. Grigg, 30534-120, Box PMB, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Young biker needs chicks to drop him a line. Pat Getsinger #47527, Y.R.C.C., Box 1 R-1-A, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

I am downed in Colorado without a gal. Write Robert Keith Ratzell #102-076-074, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Lonely Florida biker wants some of you sweet bike-loving chicks to write. Wayne Philyan #018211, Mail No. 319, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Another biker jailed and forgotten. Please write. John N. Moses #28630, Box 7 2-B445, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Have a few laughs and a friend for life. Write Larry Ward, 39845-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Write before the price of stamps goes up. Jake Lonkoski #30323, Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

I'll answer all letters from the female sex. Robert (Rabbit) Norman, P.O. Box 221, S.W.U. 65-0201, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

If you're lonely, write the lonely. Lee "Blue" Jacksen, John "Hobo" Berry, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Damn, letters would look good. Earl Price #96508, Dave Buckland #90899, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Open-minded Leo locked in a cage. Will answer all who dare. Ron Desnet B-50299, Box AE, 6305, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Need an ol' lady. Please write Phil Douglas #051009, Box 628, Lake Butler, Fla. 32054.

Down and out lowrider could dig getting some kites from you. Dino "The Dinosaur" Wagner #00-130-122, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Wish to hear from girls only. Dominique Miszta, 246392-C3-13, Wash. State Reformatory, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Canadian bros need scribes. Write George (The Greek) Koutsouratis and Dave Stone, Box 760, Campbellford, Ontario, Canada.

Got an unlimited supply of stamps and paper. Now I need somebody to write. Eddie J. Howell #13576-116, Unit "I", P.O. Box "W", Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Say something, little girls. Mathewayne Tidwell, Box 99 C-61490, W.C.H. 211, Pontiac, Ill.

I'd get off on some notes from any young, foxy ladies. Robert (The Pervert) Curtis #7923, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Interested chick, write this lonely con. Leonard Sims B61540, P.O. Box 600, H113 Tracy, Calif. 95376.

How about bringing a little light into three tramps' lives? Larry (Dirty Red) White B-73344, Don (Greese) DiMascio B-68990 and Smokey Davis B-59961, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

C'mon, you sexy women of America, write me. Johnny Czajka #C-50967, Box 112, Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Yes, I'm down, and need a friend. So why not write me. Freddie Conyers #A-031343, P.O. Box 747, T-3-N-4, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Dig, like I could rush on some lines from real people, so write Butch Price 1525, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I'm a down'n tramp from Maryland. Write "Bemore" Larry Pfarr 047672-D14-T, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Come on, all you sweet babes out there, write me something I kin heat my meat to. Dave (The Kid) Geibel W-3030, Box 200, Camphill, Pa. 17011.

I'd sure like to hear from some sincere lonely chicks. Bradford "Lucky" Gardner #J-355, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Would some hot chicks please send me some mail? Manuel Mendoza, Reg. 42822-CH-7 P.O. Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Down bro from N.Y.C. doing time in Ohio. Need freaky, lonely chicks to write. A. "Ricco" Sanabria 98625, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Get off your ass and write. You won't be sorry. Stepping Wolf Motley, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

A brother with time on his hands wants a cute pie to share thoughts with. Demetrius Dodd, Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

Sure could dig on mail from 1%ers, outlaws, and ladies. "Sage," Box B-31756, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Relax and write—do us both good. Charles Jerkins, #038989, P.O. Box 221, SWU C-7, Apt. #220, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Wanted: Foxes and freaks, young or old. Write Gerald Anderson, Box B-35282, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Two brothers down would dig a few sweet chicks to write. Jack Esteppe #97555 (Zappie), Mickey Wax #97359, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Give us some rap, babes. Sonny Mike, Paul (Bad Co.) Reefer, 100 N. Court St., Westminster, Md. 21157.

I don't need anything but a young lady. Mike Grace, P.O. Box 38182, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Nurse wanted. Write Doctor Zoom, Doc Melton, Prado CC #28, 14467 Central Ave., Chino, Calif. 91710.

Southern California biker wants females to run for him. Don Anderson "The Brains," P.O. Box 441 B-28052-B, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Some mail would reincarnate my moods. Mike "Moody" Stogschill #8800, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Hey, brotherman, I'm in prison and could dig having a chick to write to. Richard Brooks #043846, U.C.I. P.O. Box 221 B-2, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

If ya know any chicks who can write a hot line or raise a hard on, my crank is all for it. (Dirty Red) M. D. Kessler, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

All you hip, sexy chicks, scribe this lonely dude. Lee Ginger, #140-381, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Convicts need lovin' too! Eddie (Playboy) Howell, #13576-116, Unit "I", P.O. Box "W", Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Sure could use a letter or two from a righteous lady. Bill "Worthless" Worthington #37083, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Give me a little heart, will ya? Kenny Crenshaw, M.N.627, 051312, P.O. Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

You chicks could sure help me through the long hours. Write Wayne Philyaw, M.N. 319, 018211, P.O. Box 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Loneliness is a bummer. I'm going nuts. Jeff Renn, Y.A. #09724, P.S.I. RR Box 5, Ione, Calif. 95640.

We're two Northern California tramps who need some vibes from some good ol' ladies. (Dirty Doug) Rouse, P.O. Box B-70799, Kenneth (Red) Morris, P.O. Box B-51060, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Lonely convict wants female for marriage. Please write Edward C. Pourier, P.O. Box 126, Georgetown, Calif. 95634.

The streets are very near; would like to hear from East Bay miss. Russ (Doc) Archibald, P.O. Box B-58033, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Any young lady, please write me tonight. Gordon Devonish #235129, Route 3, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

From Boston—got thrown in an Oregon dungeon, need scribes. John Palaia, O.S.P. 36904, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Sporster jammer in the slammer, need scribes. Ken Minor #6774, P.O. Box 2, Lansing, Kans. 66043.

Need some mail from you ladies out there. You won't regret it. Steve Miller, P.O. Box B-52977 and Mark Robertson, P.O. Box B-64260, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Get into a real thing with this lonely fucker. Write Crazy Harry Ball, 1600 West 24th, Ward 12, Pueblo, Colo. 81003.

Need a swinger. Write Richard Vaughn #40696, Box 711, Menard Ill. 62259.

I'm lonely and miserable. Would love to hear from you. Write Phillip "Joe" Donovan #011887, P.O. Box 747 T-2-N-3, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I want to hear from a for-real young lady. Morris T. Lewis #30929-138, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.

33-year-old bro hung up in the Arizona state pen. Ladies, write to Walter (Buddy) Gammons, Box B-35860, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

fissures and juttings until they were back on the canyon floor, wading through the muddy water flowing steadily past their knees.

"That cave sure was a lifesaver, wasn't it?"

"In more ways than one," he agreed.

Moving cautiously and supporting each other, they continued down the twisting canyon—almost losing their balance now and then but regaining it again—and finally emerged at the highway where the flooding was only ankle deep as the water fanned out over the flatter, open ground. The bodies of Corky and Nora were gone but the colorless van was still parked on slightly higher ground across the highway where the initial force of the water had almost entirely turned it around.

There was no traffic in either direction.

Inside the van, Turk looked over the sleds while Toots searched for cigarettes, finding some in the glove compartment. Lighting two and handing him one, she stared out the windshield.

"Wonder how far that flood took them."

"Who, baby?"

"Nora. Corky. Them other bastards."

"Dunno. But if you can live with it, I think we better just keep rollin' and not fuck ourselves up by reportin' all this shit to The Man. Dig?"

"I dig."

He started the van's engine. It coughed a few times before coming all the way to life, running smoothly. Carefully, he put the vehicle into gear and it lurched forward, bumping over something that had been caught under a front wheel.

Turk stuck his head out the window, peering down at the muddied, lifeless body of Gopher, who lay on his back, most of his face mashed into a featureless mess of ruptured flesh and splintered bone. One shapeless mass of exposed muscles and tendons that had been his left hand was curled around the crushed skull in a protective gesture. Turk studied the dead man for a few seconds in silence, resisting the sudden urge to back the van's wheel over the motionless cadaver.

"What is it, lover?" asked Toots.

"Nothin'," mumbled Turk, "Nothin' at all, baby."

Fishtailing through the mud and water, the van turned westward and took off. ■

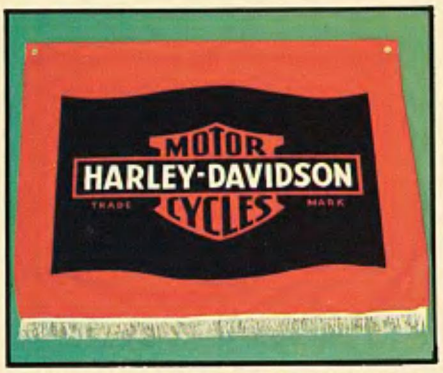
Marble Plaques

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.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **$24.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

Also, if you are a member of a club or organization, we will put your group's insignia into the marble (minimum order of twenty). Send an excellent rendition of your emblem so every detail will show on the marble plaque.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches



H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **$10.95** plus 75¢ postage and handling.

The skull on the wheel is almost an ounce of sterling silver and is inlaid with jet and turquoise.

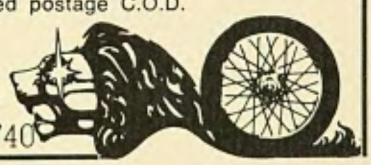
The complete pin with the silver skull against the inlaid sterling wheel goes for **$35.95**, or for the same price it will be made to hang on a chain.

The sterling silver skull ring goes for **$14.95.**

And the sterling skull, by itself, made as a pin goes for a mere **$13.95.**

More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

I-R-S-LIMITED
Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740



California residents add 6% for The Man

Choppershopper

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Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model. also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list $2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (51)

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)

"Death or Glory" neck pendant, silver plate $5.25, 24k gold plate $6.50. Cap badge $5.00. Blue Max neck chain $10.95. Nazi winged wheel motor sport badge, pinback—black $10.00, silver plate $10.50, 24k gold plate $11.00. All postpaid. 32-page illustrated catalog of repro Nazi items, skull pendants, etc. $1.00 Saxony House, P. O. Box 575, Havertown, Pa. 19083. (46)

Junk, I love you, kid. F.T.W. Your ol' lady forever, Trouble. (44)

45 owners! Technical information on Mikuni conversion, 811cc cylinders, installing big valves, increasing oil flow; $2.00 money order each subject. We have many new and used 45 and 80 parts. $1.00 for catalog (refundable 1st order). K & S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Road, Valley Stream, N. Y. 11580. (44)

Wanted: Biker chick in Miami area who knows what's happenin'. Tired of fucked-up broads. Just got down from Jersey. Live-in possible for right chick. Write and send pic. Little T., 2135 Van Buren St., Hollywood, Fla. 33020. (44)

Benny: To a dynamite guy. I love ya. Your crazy bitchin' ol' lady, Tutti-Bug. (44)

For Xmas? This is your last chance to send $1.00 to: Warren, Box 39A, Stoutland, Mo. 65567. You'll be surprised. (44)

Wanted: Back issues of **Easyriders,** volume 2, no. 5 and volume 3, no. 1. Russell Carlson, Spiritwood, N.D. 58481. (44)

In memory of Mary Annett Cannon. She lived fast, she died fast, and the wind it cries Mary. (44)

VL problems? We have shafts, bearings, pistons, guides, batteries, whole motors, transmissions, etc. for 74 and 80 VL and UL 1930 to 1948. Can't hurt to ask! K & S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N. Y. 11580. (44)

Bikers, get the straight skinny on how, when, and where to purchase H-D's and other Government Surplus supplies at a fraction of their original cost. This is no bullshit. Just facts. Send $2.98 for full report to Northeast Traders, 33 Stoughton St., Randolph, Mass. 02368. (44)

Wanted: Pre-1958 Harley 74 and pre-1952 45 solo parts. Need complete 37-57 side setup, catseye dash and tanks and pre-48 fenders. Earl Cousins, 4125 Silbury Rd., Richmond, Va. 23234, (804) 271-1864 or 232-5144. (44)

Thom, thanks for our dream come true. I'm happy. Maureen. (44)

Johnny McKenzie, where are you? If free, call me. (404) 447-8577. If not there, call (813) 977-4174. Cheryl. (44)

For sale: Chrome plated Joe Hunt mag for panhead. Accel wires, clear cap. Like new. $125.00. Write: John Belzel, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44)

Bitchy Barb—Don't make me go straight. I'm lost without you. Please come back. Biker Don. P.S. Bring some dope. Remember? (44)

Harley parts, 1914 to present, new and used. Send description, part number if possible, and self-addressed stamped envelope. Mike Stamper, Big S Cycle & Salvage, Route 1, Box 65, Pryor, Oklahoma 74361. (44)

For Sale: Complete **Easyriders** collection minus #15. Send serious offers to: Randy Hilst, Box 571, Manito, Illinois 61546. (44)

Knuckle Owners: Pan barrel conversion, complete instructions, the straight story, $2.00 money order. Your aluminum oil pump converted to fit 1936 to 1965 motors $15.00. New main drive bushing carefully installed and reamed to exact size. Send high gear, mainshaft, $15.00 to K & S Cycle, 229 E. Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, N. Y. 11580. (44)

Steve: Man, no words can say it. October really sucked. We have respect for none like we have for you. House of the Rising Sun lives on. If ya could've willed something to us, we hope it would've been your messin' around. You put up a good fight till the end, when most bros would've quit. You kept on keepin' on. You're still here with us. Later, Bro. The Myers Gang of N. J. (44)

1942 Harley-Davidson XA shaft drive, parts, frame, complete rear drive unit and rear wheel, $300. M. Howe, Rt. 1, Box 164, Fruitland, Idaho 83619. (44)

Got any dirty pictures? Don't take your leg-wettin' best photographs and movies to the drugstore where they might get dripped and drooled on by some pimply-faced clerk. Send them directly to us. We'll develop and print absolutely anything. Even your hottest cunt shots won't get flashed around. And you'll get off on our professional quality. Send self-addressed, stamped, long envelope for film mailer and price list. We charge no more for hard-core porn than for ordinary snapshots, and that's a helluva lot cheaper than Polaroid prints. Quality Specialists, Box 9246, Denver, Colorado 80209. (44)

200 suppressed, incredible inventions. (100 mpg, super energy, etc.) $7.95. Guaranteed. Astonishing 20¢ catalog. Fry's 879 E. Park, Perris, Calif. 92370. (44)

Nazi T-shirts, $4.25, 3/$10. Totenkopf, Box 2814, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. (48)

Bill, your lady is still waiting. Don't you think it's about time we get back together? Come get me. Stinky. (44)

Photo I.D. For information send self-addressed stamped envelope to Terry Weber, Box 205, Paramount, Calif. 90723. (44)

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-19, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (44)

We haven't always been on Easy Street, babe, but it's been a wonderful year just the same. I love you! Your Strawberry. (44)

'40 knuckle, all original, even paint. Bored 74", runs perfect. $3,500. Write Gerry Groth, Rt. 1, Box 110, Hayden Lake, Idaho 83835. (44)

All you bro's in Shelton or Monroe, Wash. Two tramps are doing time in California because of a rat named Tom "TJ" McMaster. (44)

Ol' lady left me. Want some understanding chick to talk with. Write Gary, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44)

We'll develop any color film, 12-exposure roll for $1.50. Key Photo, New Ulm, Minn. 56073. (44)

H-D and Honda riders: Used and new custom and stock parts. From 1948 to present. All way below dealer prices. Also information on how to buy wrecked and used motorcycles in your area for profit. For price list and information send $5.00 (refundable with first order), plus stamped self-addressed envelope to Don's Used and Wrecked Motorcycles, 720 Sherman Ave., Sharon, Pa. 16146. (44)

Zeke and Jane, what it is. Best wishes. Ed, Burb, Bud. P. O. Box 66350, Chicago, Ill. 60666. (44)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of David Coupriet, 35 yrs. old, 6 foot, 180 lbs., red curly hair, rides '73 blue superglide ser. #2C17095H3, please contact Bob Hampton, 5115 Lear Nagle Rd., North Ridgeville, Ohio 44039. He ripped it off from me. (44)

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-15, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (44)

Tattooing Outfit: Complete with two points (outliner and colorer) plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries. No electric needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or for fun. $99.00 plus $3.00 postage. Send money order only for $102.00 to S & W Tattooing Inc., P. O. Box 263, East Northport, N. Y. 11731. (45)

Nazi party pins $3.25. Armbands $3.25. Swastika earrings $3.50 each, $5.00 pair. Pirate's cross $3.75. Catalog $1.00. M. C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Michigan 48910. (46)

Wanted: **Easyriders** issues 1 through 18. Will pay top dollar. Must be in excellent condition. Write Richard, c/o **Easyriders,** P. O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44)

Devil, always remember who loves you! J.F.M., Georgia. (44)

1947 knucklehead in excellent condition. Will sell reasonably. Call (502) 842-7634. (44)

Wanted: Old Harley speedy shifter in good condition. Send price, year, and photos, if possible. Curt Evitts, 2008 Labo Rd., Carleton, Mich. 48117 (44)

Attention: Houston, Galveston area: Biker, 37, with 7 months left on sentence, is looking for two righteous foxy freaks for future ol' ladies. Must have their heads together and be able to take care of business, be unattached, and love puttin'. Send complete info and pictures. I'll do same in turn. Will answer all. Write S. S. Stratman, c/o **Easyriders,** Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44)

'Snider' (William L.), call me collect any time! Smitty, Steven R. Smith, (714) 583-3566. (44)

Happy birthday to Clumsy and John. How was your trip to Memphis? Sure is cold up here without you. Pat. (44)

Wanted: a chick. I'm in the Army and lonely. When I get out, you'll be riding the queen seat of my Super Glide. Send photo please. Jim W. Werner, 399-64-2992, HHC 2/48 Infantry, APO New York, N. Y. 09091. (44)

Happy birthday, Mike—from Jan, Cookie Monster, and Percy. Maybe you can get your stroker next year. (44G)

Bumper stickers in Day-Glow, "Bikers Make Better Lovers," "Helmet Laws Suck." Warning stickers in chrome, "If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it." Same for van and car. Also "Helmet laws suck." 50¢ ea. or 3/$1.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel. $2.00 ea. & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Ray's, 5730 W. 87 St., Burbank, Ill. 60459. .Dealers, Letterhead please. (49)

Raymond Badiyo, happy birthday, fucker. From your bro in Germany. (44)

Long white haired dude with Sportster seeks small chick over 35 with pad in Calif. Valley area. Need to relocate and job, semi-truck driver 18 years exp. Send pic & info to: GWR, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44)

Kim, happy second anniversary and many, many more. I'll love you always. Jim. (44)

Gigantic smoke bombs, 40,000 cubic ft. of smoke! 3 for $10. Howelab, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (44)

Chicago dude doing time. Would appreciate scribing back and forth with any young lady. Duck Dzambazovic, C-62720, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (44)

Buzzard, get well soon. Brother Dave and Marilou, San Diego, Calif. (44)

Mary Ellen, your ol' man really loves you and the Frog. We did have some good times. Rota, Spain. (44)

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-12, 515 Locust, St. Louis, Mo. 63101. (44)

Bikers' wallets $5.95, tents, knives, vibrators, Items of interest to bikers. Free list. Red Bud Dist., P. O. Box 82, Utica, Mi. 48087. (44)

Dale J. Wherever you are I thank you for that first putt on your pan. Michelle (Debby), Salem. (44)

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. (44)

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Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yummies that have appeared in this rag.

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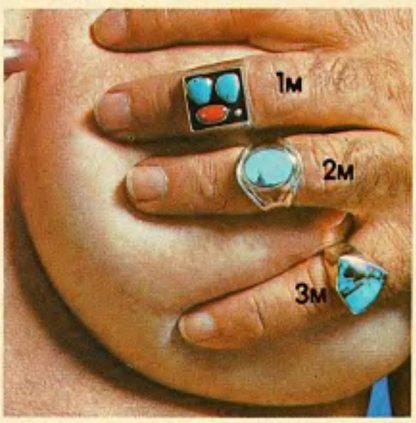
California residents add 6%

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 silver (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_____

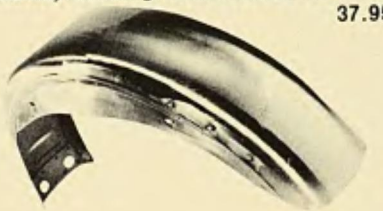
6% sales tax for California residents

ADVERTISEMENT

Jammer

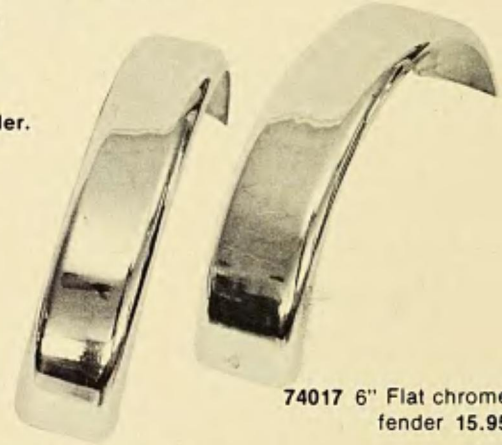
FENDERS

74014 Sportster Style Cutaway Fender. Stock replacement tender for XLCH. Has cutaway for taillight. All steel construction. **37.95**

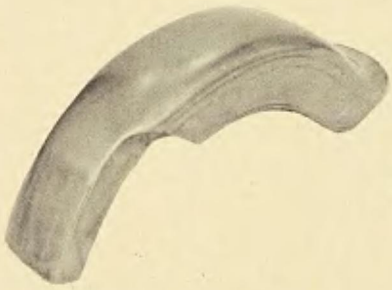


74015 Sportster Style Universal Fender. Rear fender with no taillight cutaway. All steel construction. **37.95**

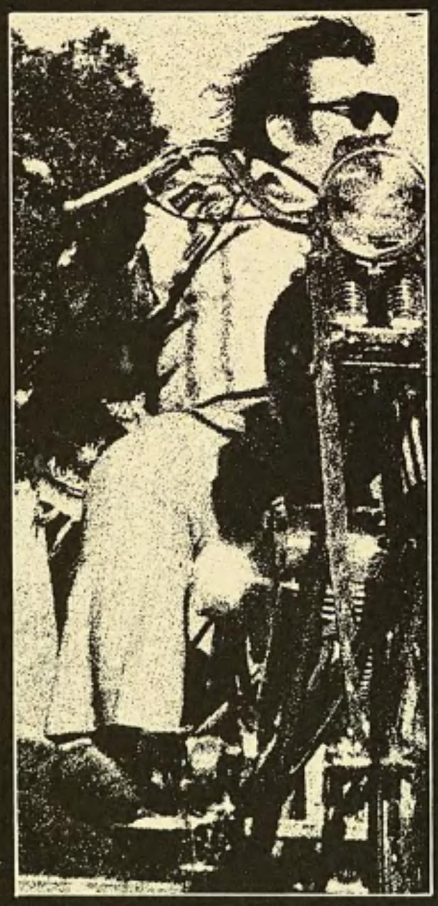
Chrome Fenders. These 16 gauge triple chromed fenders made to our specs give you the best lengths, contour and looks on the market.



74017 6" Flat chrome fender **15.95**



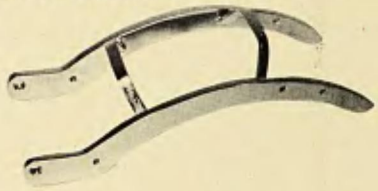
74016 5" Flat chrome fender **14.95**



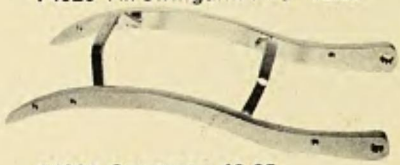
Fat Bob Fender. Heavy gauge steel stamping. No ripples or die marks — easy to prime and paint. Fully beaded edge and cut-out for chain. 37" x 7½".

74012 Left side chain **31.25**
74013 Right side chain **31.25**

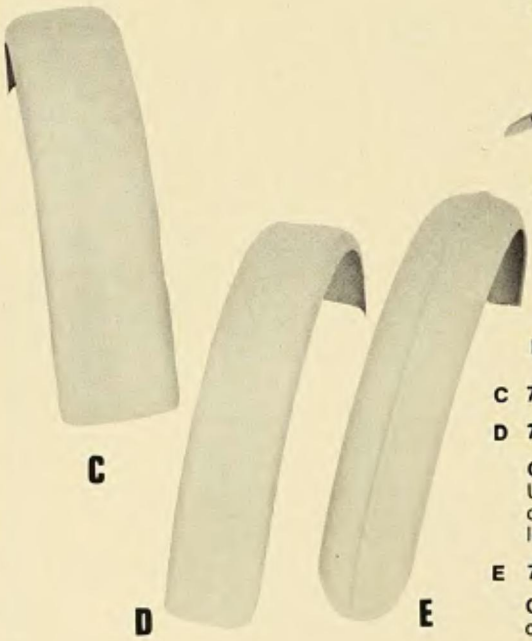
New Chrome Fender Struts for HD. Replace your old fender and struts.



74020 All swingarm 74's **42.95**



74021 Sportster **42.95**



	Part No.	Style	Width	Length	Price
C	7403	Flat	6"	41"	12.95
D	7404	Flat	5"	41"	11.95

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

Comment: E the standard of the custom builders.

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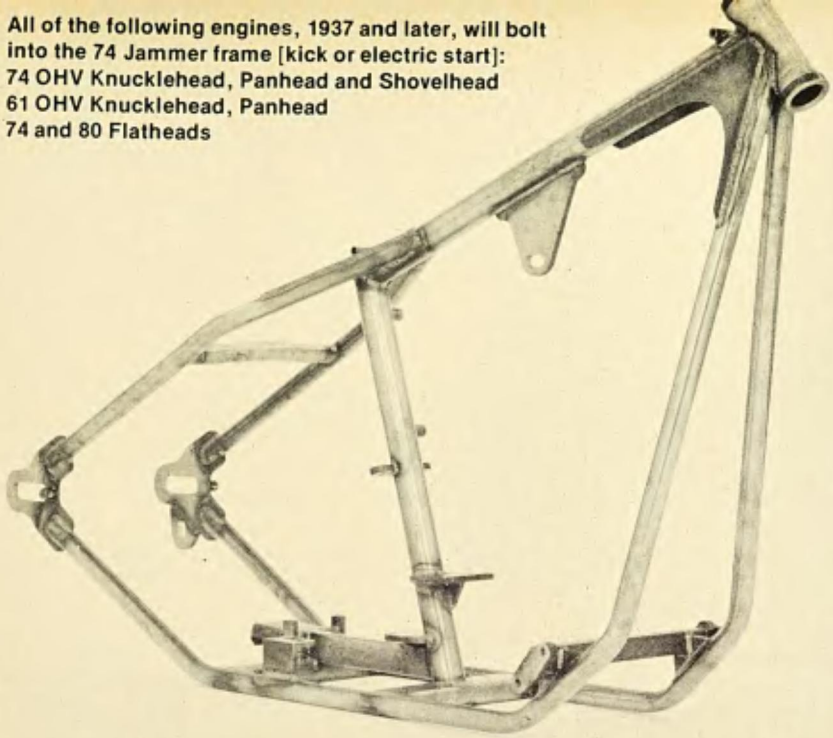
JAMMER FRAMES

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



2804 *74 Jammer frame* **$285.00**

Solid, Safe Construction

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

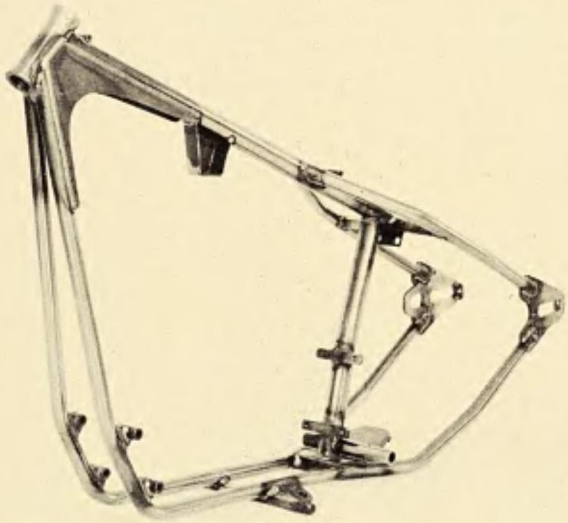
2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame:

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

2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **$305.00**

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

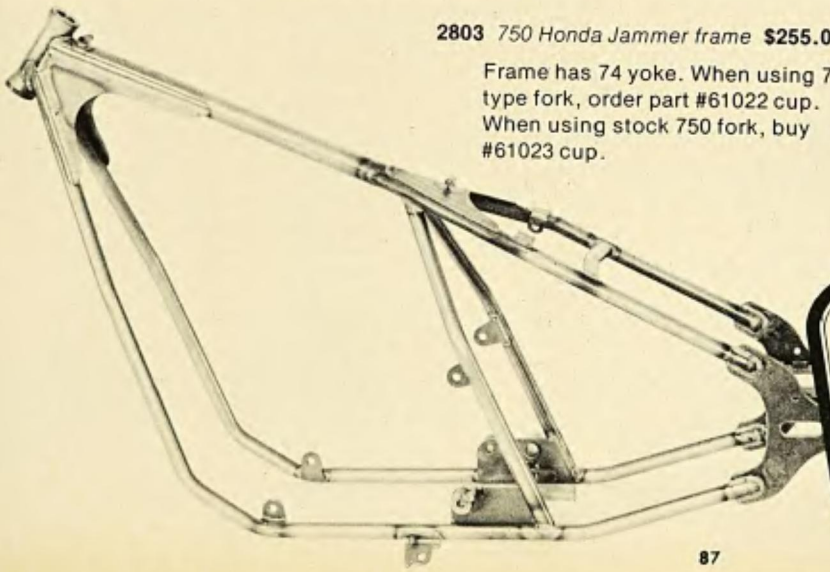
***For disc brake wheels and linkages see page 84.**



2802 *Sportster Jammer frame* **$265.00**

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame:

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

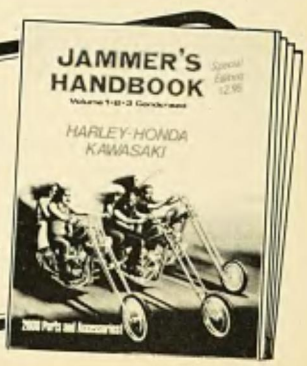


2803 *750 Honda Jammer frame* **$255.00**

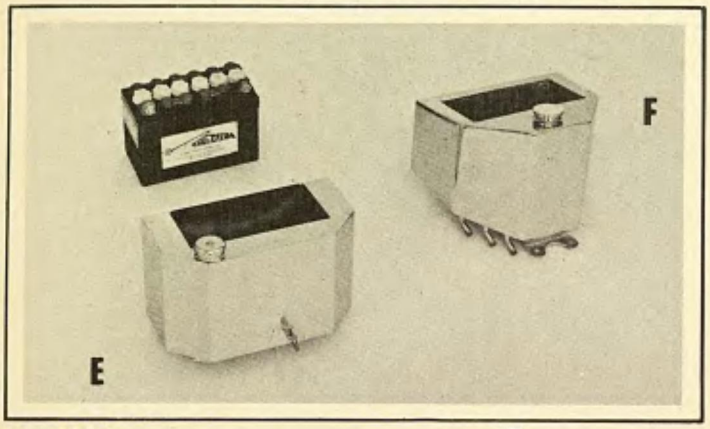
Frame has 74 yoke. When using 74 type fork, order part #61022 cup. When using stock 750 fork, buy #61023 cup.

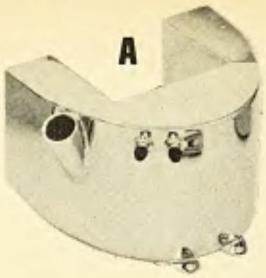
2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame:
Accepts any year 750 engine. Made of mild steel. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our seats, sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. Most stock parts fit with no modification. **255.00**

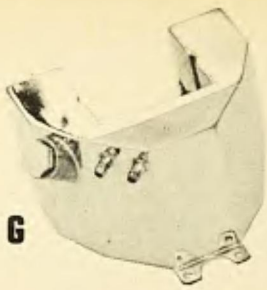
You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer.
(See ad on back cover)

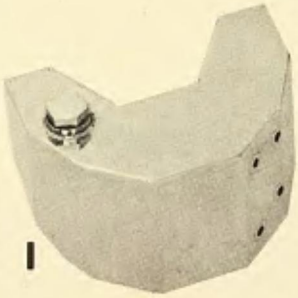


OIL TANKS









Harley-Davidson Sportster Oil Line Sets [using "Horse-shoe" Oil Tank].

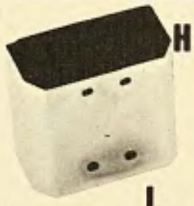
J **37032 1957 through 1961 Sportster XLCH. $38.45**

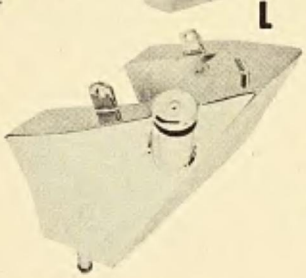
37033 1962 through 1965 Sportster XLCH. (Using stock "XLCH" Oil Tank). **$38.45**

37034 1966 through 1969 Sportster XLCH. $44.25

NEW Kick or Electric

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





A **3701 Centerfill Oil Tank.** Wrap around design. For HD 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. **73.95** (Not Shown)

A **3702 Sidefill Oil Tank.** Wrap around design for 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. **79.95** (Shown)

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

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

D **3709 Oil Tank Cap.** Chromed. stock cap. **2.50**

37024 Honda Wedge Oil Tank. For Jammer 750 Rigid Frame **$89.95**

E **37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank.** Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. **69.95**

F **37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank.** Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3 3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74's: swingarm or rigid frame; aluminum or steel primaries; electric or kick start. **95.00**

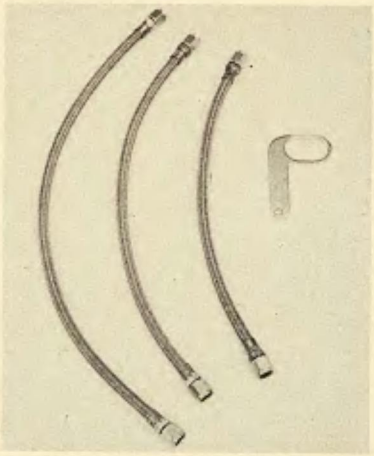
G **37014 Octagonal Sidefill Oil Tank.** For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. **79.95** (Shown)

G **37020 Octagonal Centerfill Oil Tank.** For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. (Not shown.) **73.95**

H **3805 Battery Box.** For 3804 tank **14.95**

I **3804 Octagonal Sportster Oil Tank.** Topfill. Fits most Sportsters. Includes mounting bracket and cap. Three quart capacity. **66.95**

J **High Performance Oil Lines.** Braided stainless-steel aircraft and racing type oil lines are the latest "must" in detailing street and custom Harley-Davidsons.



Custom Oil Line Sets for H.D. Big Twins [using wrap around oil tank].

J **37015** For Panhead and Knucklehead **29.95**

37016 For Shovelhead **49.95**
1968 through 1975. (using steel inner primary cover).

J **37029 1968 through 1975.** (using stock aluminum inner primary cover). **$49.95**

37030 1966 through 1967. (Using steel or aluminum inner primary cover). **$49.95**

37031 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover and stock oil tank). **$48.95**

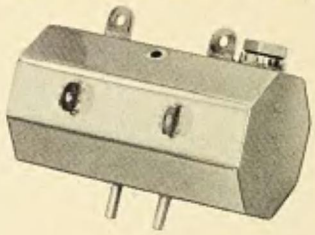
L **Mini Oil Gauge.** Measures only 1½" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work bikes. **Custom chromed.**

37018 For 74 **9.95**

37019 For Sportster **9.95**

37023 For Honda 750 **9.95**

OCTAGON OIL TANKS



3801 Triumph Oil Tank. Designed for Triumph rigid or hardtail frames. Cap included. 3 quarts. **59.95**

3802 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank. Fits most Sportster frames with minor modifications. Cap included. 3 quarts. Chromed. **59.95**

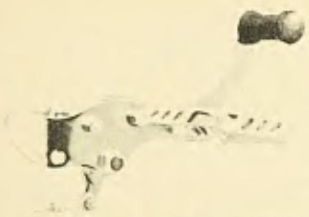
3803 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank for Battery. Bolts onto most Sportster frames with minor modifications. To be used with kick-start battery. Cap included. (Shown) 3 quarts. **73.95**

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

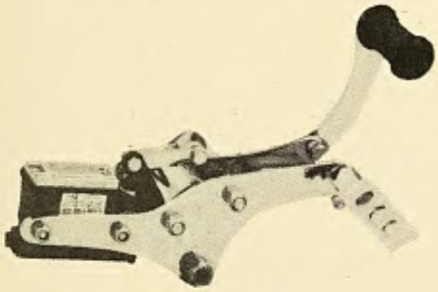
3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank. Holds 3 quarts. Mounts with minor modifications. Cap included. Chromed. **88.95**

HD 74/SPORTSTER
BRAKE & SHIFT ASSEMBLIES

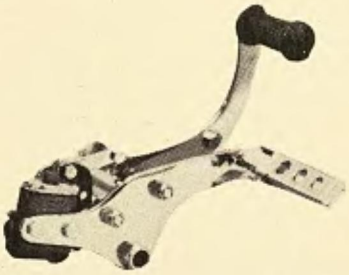
Note: Each unit includes chrome foot peg.
For hydraulic brake switch, use our Brass Tee **#141029 $1.95** and Brake Light Sending Unit **#141030. . . $2.40.**



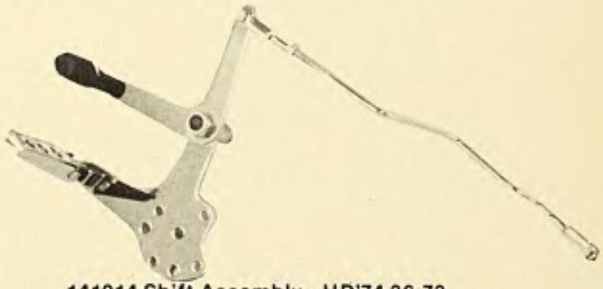
14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.
Use Stock HD Master Cylinder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hydraulic or Rear Disc. **$69.98**



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



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

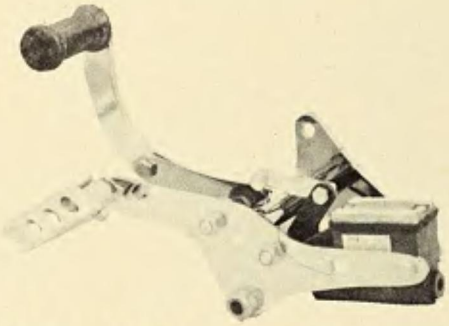


141014 Shift Assembly - HD'74 36-73
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. **$64.98**

141015 Shift Assembly - HD '74 '74 - up. $64.98
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg.

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

Hallcraft Wheels Purchased From Jammer Come With Large Master Cylinder



14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Use our large master cylinder **$69.98**

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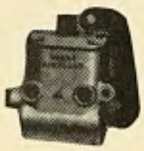
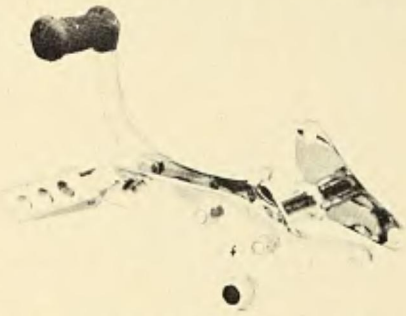
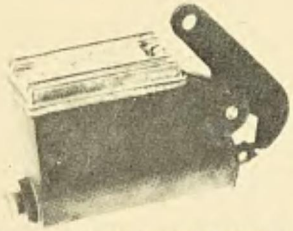


141019 Small Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart
$28.95

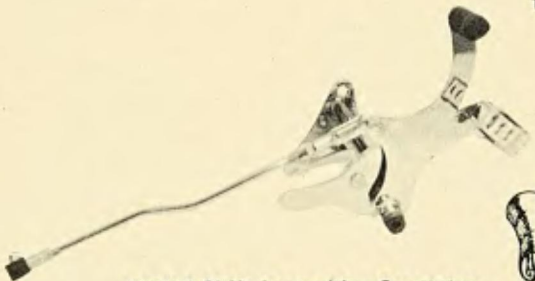
14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster Stock. For Stock Mechanical Brakes. 1954 - 1974. All Linkage included. **$74.98**



14106 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Use our Hurst Master Cylinder Part #141019 1954-1974. **$69.98**



141020 Large Rear Master Cylinder.
Hurst-Airheart
$42.95



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

DANIEL A. BOONE INCORPORATED
MANUFACTURING CO.
MANUFACTURERS DISTRIBUTORS

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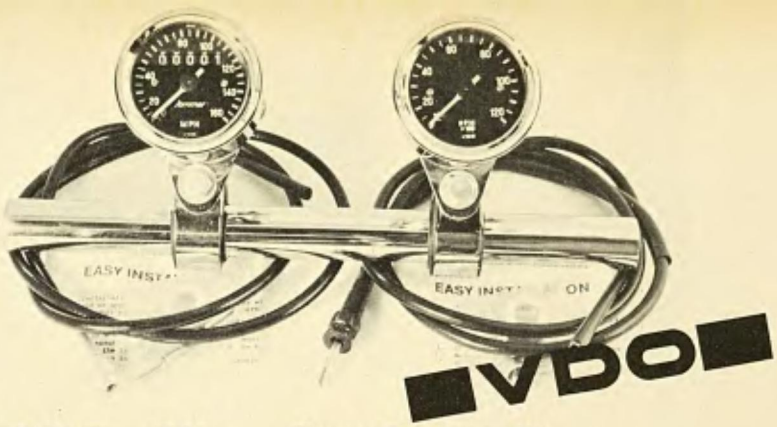
SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



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

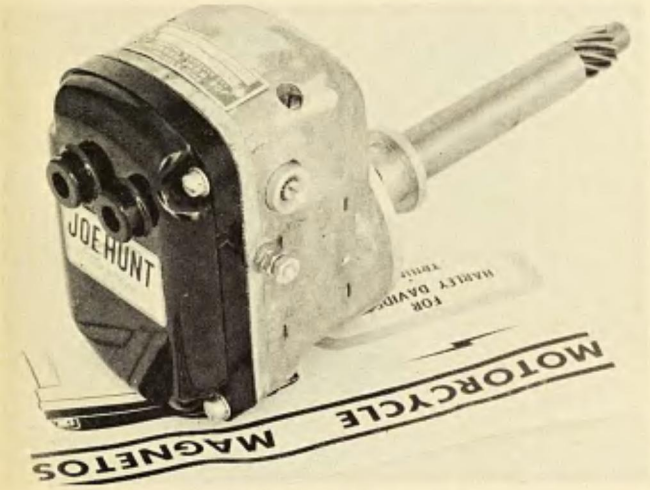
12701	For HD 74 '61-'72	**47.95**
12702	For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73	**47.95**
12703	For all Honda 750	**47.95**

Chopper Tachometer Kit.

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

***Modification required.**

All kits come with cable, clamps and instructions.



MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS

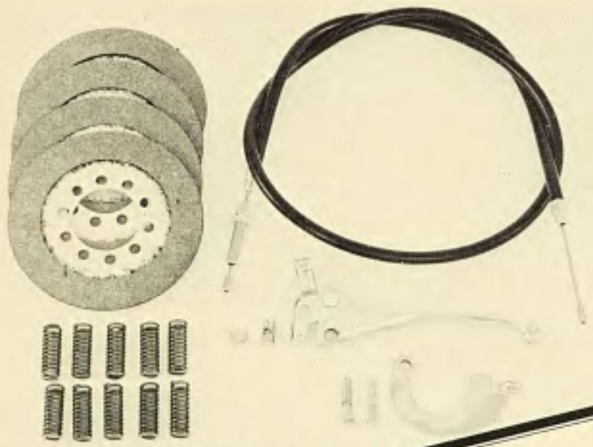
Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

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

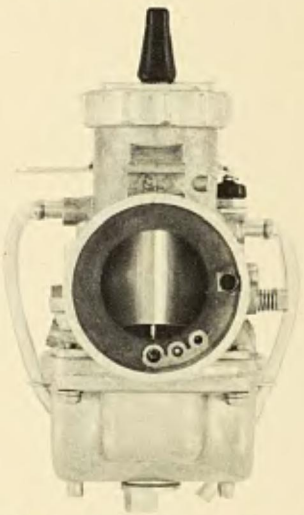
136017 For HD 74 1970 and later. **198.50**

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

MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT



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

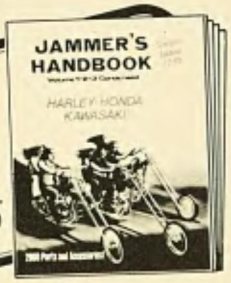


13504 Mikuni Carburetor. 38mm. A great performer. All tests indicate better gas mileage, more horsepower and long trouble-free use. Clean and easy installation. **50.99** 45.95

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

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

You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2633 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See ad on back cover)



CAMSHAFTS FOR HD "74" ENGINES

SHOVELS, PANS KNUCKLES

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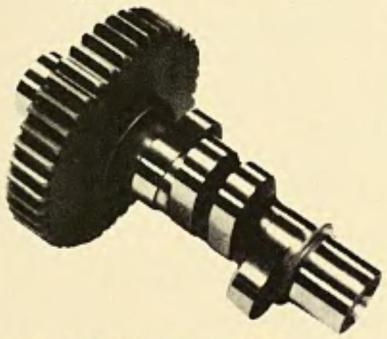
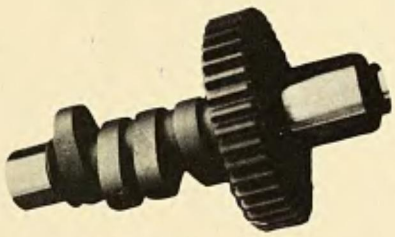
How about performance cams for H/D "74" engines? Whether you want a better street cam for a stock motor, a hot grind for a big stroker or an all-out dragster cam. All cams are computer designed and precision ground from alloy steel billets. All our H/D cams are heat treated to highest standards to ensure maximum durability and life.



EARLY STYLE (48-69)



LATE STYLE (70-UP)

KNUCKLE

GRIND	TIMING	TOTAL DURATION*	VALVE LIFT**		DESCRIPTION
		(SHOVEL PAN)			
J	IO 21 IC 41	242°	.405	.425	Mild street. Pans and Shovels, smooth idle and more power thru RPM range. Bolts in with NO head work. OK for solid or hyd. lifters. 6000 RPM with stock valve springs.
	EO 41 EC 21	242°	.405	.425	
140050 48-69 $80.00		140051 70-up $96.00			
A	IO 21 IC 43	244°	.450	.470	Street and drags; Bolts into Shovels with NO head work. More mid-range and high end power, idle smoothness unaffected. OK for solid or hyd. lifters. 6000+ RPM with stock valve springs.
	EO 43 EC 21	244°	.450	.470	
140052 48-69 $80.00		140053 70-up $96.00			
B	IO 26 IC 50	256°	.485	.507	Hot street and drags; Much more mid-range and high end power. Idle smoothness unaffected. THE cam for modified 74 inchers and mild strokers. Spring spacing required. Stock valve springs and solid lifters OK for 6000+ RPM.
	EO 50 EC 26	256°	.485	.507	
140054 48-69 $80.00		140055 70-up $96.00			
6	IO 32 IC 56	268°	.510	.535	New for '76; hotter version of B grind. Big street cam especially for 84/88 in. motors: maximum torque available from 2500/6500 RPM range. Also works well with small fuel motor.
	EO 56 EC 32	268°	.510	.535	
140056 48-69 $80.00		140057 70-up $96.00			
C	IO 37 IC 61	278°	.525	.550	Hottest production cam made for "74s". Strokers and high performance motors will really turn on with this cam. Broad torque range pulls from 2000-7000+ RPM with solid lifters and light valve gear. Streetable in modified engines but has higher idle speed. Stock H/D springs must be spaced.
	EO 61 EC 37	278°	.525	.550	
140058 48-69 $80.00		140059 70-up $96.00			
K4	IO 35 IC 63	278°	.366	—	Bolt-in replacement for Knuckles. Modern cam profile means more performance thru entire RPM range; pulls hard from 2000-6000+ RPM with stock springs and valve gear.
	EO 63 EC 35	278°	.366	—	
		(KNUCKLE ONLY)			
140060 To 47 $83.00					

*Total duration measured at .053" off heel (base circle) of a cam in crank degrees.
**ANY given cam profile will always have less lift at the valve on a Shovel motor than on a Pan because of the difference in rocker arm ratios.
Stock FLH outer and FL inner valve springs are recommended for cam grinds A, B, C and will, if properly installed, run to 6000+ RPM without floating.
Specifications subject to change without notice.

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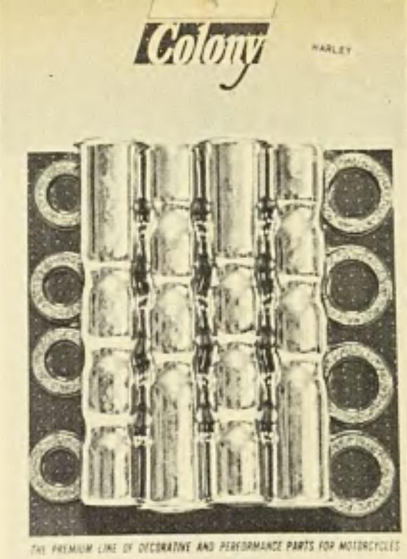
Colony

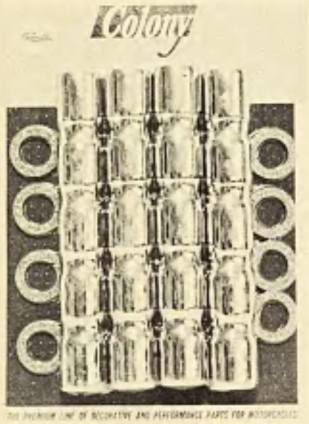
COVERS

140020 Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrods. Contains 4 aluminum alloy tubular pushrods. These strong lightweight pushrods are manufactured from the best materials obtainable regardless of cost. All parts are accurately machined holding tolerances of as small as five ten-thousandths inch—(.0005). All Steel wear surfaces are carbo-nitride heat treated for maximum durability and long life expectancy at high valve spring loads and high R.P.M. Fits Sportster 1957-up. **$15.00**

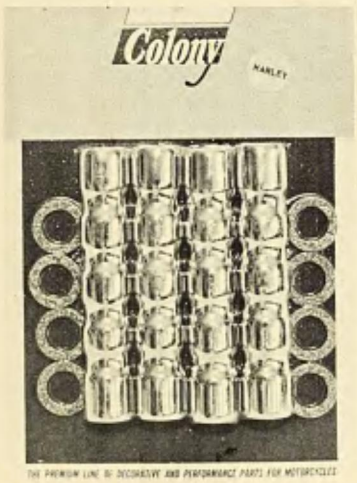


103033 Custom Pushrod Covers. These lightweight, highly polished and chrome plated aluminum covers will add a distinctive look. Packaged 4 covers per set with cork gaskets. Fits all Knucklehead engines 1936-1947. **$18.00**

103034 Custom Pushrod Covers. Contains four chrome plated tubular steel pushrod covers and eight cork gaskets. These covers will add a distinctive look. Fits any Panhead or Shovelhead engine. **$18.00**



103035 Custom Pushrod Covers. Contains 4 chrome plated tubular steel pushrod covers and 8 cork gaskets. These covers will add a distinctive look. Fits Sportster 1957-up. **$18.00**



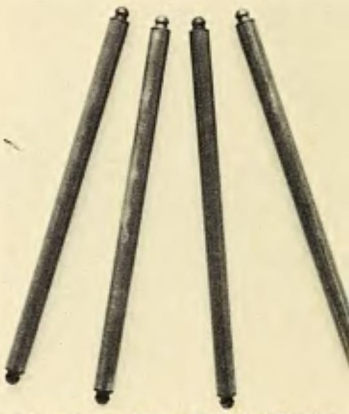
Replacement Upper Pushrod Cover Set. Contains four chrome plated retaining clips, four springs, four gaskets, four steel washers and four chrome plated cups. These are exact duplicates of the Harley part and are available for the following engines:

103031 Fits all Sportsters 1957-up & all Panhead engines. **$16.00**
103032 Fits all Shovelhead engines 1966-up. **$16.00**
103030 Fits all Knucklehead engines 1936-1947. Must use Jammer Part #103033 Covers on 38-47 Knuckleheads. **$16.00**

Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushrod and Hydraulic Lifter Conversion Kit. Contains 4 adjustable pushrods, 4 springs, and 4 hydraulic lifter adaptors. The installation of this kit will correct all problems at the same time substantially reduce valve train weight. Fits 74's

140015 1953-65 **$35.00**

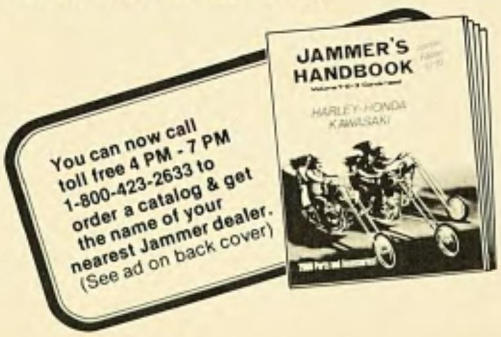
140016 1966 and later **$35.00**



74 Aluminum Alloy Tubular Pushro
Contains 4 aluminum alloy tubular pushrods. These strong, lightweight pushrods are manufactured from the best materials obtainable regardless of cost. All parts are accurately machined holding tolerances as small as five ten-thousandths of an inch—(.0005). All steel wear surfaces are Carbo-Nitride heat treated for maximum durability and long life expectancy at high valve spring loads and high R.P.M. Fits all 74's

140013 1936-47 **15.00**

140014 1948-52 **15.00**



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2. Double check part numbers. That is the only way we have of identifying parts.
3. By having you write a description of the part, we have a double check of our own.
4. **Cancellations:** There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
5. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank – which means you have to allow three weeks.
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Less 25% C.O.D. deposit		
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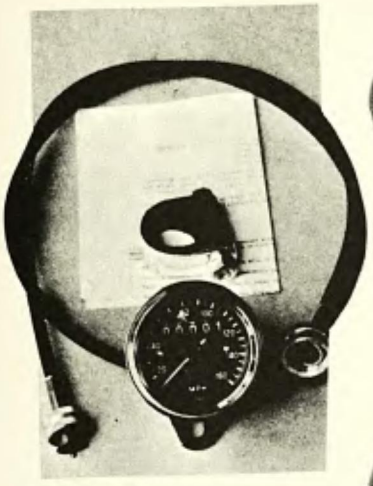

160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper! *and Sportster*

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2⅜" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer

Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **$44.95**

Specify 74 or Sportster when ordering.

FOUR GALLON AXED HARLEY

4 gallon capacity; 13½" wide, 16" long, 9" deep. Frisco style tunnel.

#816A SINGLE CAP **42.50**
#817A DUAL CAP **44.95**

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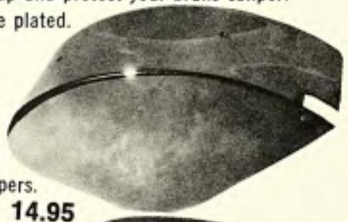
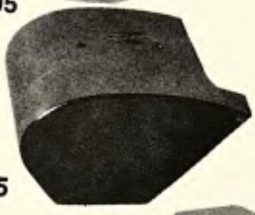
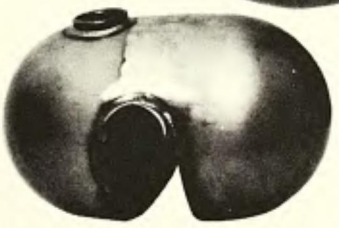
Dress up and protect your brake caliper! Chrome plated.



#737
Fits 1972 to present HD 74 with large calipers. **14.95**



#737A
Fits 1974 HD 74 with small calipers; front only. **13.95**



AXED HARLEY
GAS TANK

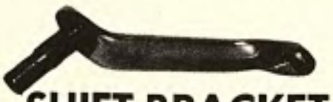
3.8 gal. capacity. Deeper tunnel gives your bike the fat bob look!

#818A Single cap **44.95**
#819A Dual caps **49.95**

SHIFT BRACKET

Chromed stock replacement. Fits 1936 to 1954 with foot shift assembly, will fit 1955 to 1973 with ⅜" spacer on bushing.

#203A **14.95**



SHIFT BRACKET LEVER

#203B **7.50**

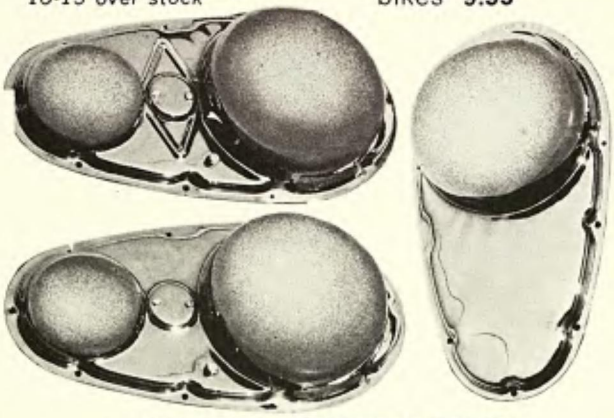
Chromed. Stock replacement; fits 1936 to 1954 with foot shift assembly

Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes **9.95**

HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

6-10 over stock
10-15 over stock *$24.95*



OUTER PRIMARIES

HD XLCH Sportster 1958-69

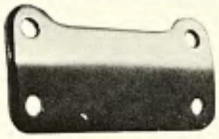
#761 DIAMOND STYLE **33.95**
#762 SMOOTH STYLE **33.95**
#763 SUPER SMOOTH **33.95**

CUSTOM OIL TANK

FOR ELECTRIC START 74's

4 quart capacity; side fill. Designed for aircraft style and FX Electric Start Battery. Mounting plate and battery clamp included. #746B **65.50**

HEADLITE BRACKET



Chromed; use on extended front ends. Fits all 74FX and Sportsters.

#526 **3.50**

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