

Easyriders

JUNE, 1971
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Easyriders

JUNE, 1971

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

Talk about contents!

Do not read immediately after eating	4	Easyriders' easy riders
Ramblings from the Doctor's couch	6	Taking It Easy
Star of rock musical "Hair"	8	Heavy Tribesman
What it's all about	12	Pfeilings
It's the little things that count	13	Inverted Triple Clamp
Can you dig it? A chopper from Iowa	14	The Fever Is Spreading
Two-toned shoes on a chopper?	18	The Straights are Coming
The seven different Harley engines	22	Oh, That's a Flat Shovelknuckle head
Who slipped Superman the acid?	24	Turned-on Superman
Paint tank and let 'em have at it!	26	Down with Stupid Gas Station Attendants
Useful tip stolen from Electric Bob	28	How To Mask a Tank
Anti-social trike	29	The Mind-snapper!
Super sanitary, traditional chopper	33	Chopper del Chicano
Designed for wasted chicks	40	Sissy Bar? You Gotta Be Kidding!
Big deal. Ten bucks for good ideas	41	Sissy Bar Design Contest
A Sportster from Ohio	42	Buckeye Sportster
Increasing the 74's stroke	46	Strokes for Different Folks
Your suppressed questions answered	48	Miraculous Mutha Tells All
300 pound bodyguard dwarfs his Hog	50	His Achilles Heel
Photos of bikers in action	56	In The Wind
Dual-engined 198 mph Triumph	58	A Limey and his Limey

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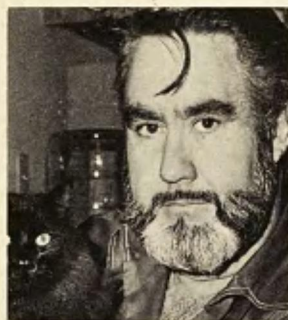
Easyriders' easy riders

By Spider

Holding the dubious distinction of having a chopper ripped off within four hours after buying it, **Lou Kimzey** has been riding choppers off and on since the days before choppers became a national thing—when Angel-type clubs were known as the "Winos," "13 Rebels," "Galloping Gooses," and "Deuces Wild."

Most of his editing background has been in the drag racing field. (He created and published **Drag Racing** and **Drag Strip** magazines.) However, he is an alumnus of **Big Bike** magazine, which he created, and on which he served as editorial director.

As editor of **Easyriders**, he wanted to produce a magazine that was entirely different in editorial concept and format from any other bike or chopper magazine.



The entire staff, working on the premise that it isn't only the "dirty fingernail types" (as one New York ad agency referred to bike riders) who ride choppers, feel that we have created a superior magazine, one that is different—different in too many ways to cite here.



A name that most chopper enthusiasts will know is **Don Pfeil**, who up until recently was editor of **Big Bike** magazine.

Don has joined our staff as editor-at-large. (Which means without restraint or confinement.)

His primary job will be to report on the fun side of owning a chopper—be it a beer-run with the one-percenters, or explaining the chopper's phallic appeal to women, he will always be where it all hangs out.

He will report from Japan, Detroit, Chicago, or wherever there are righteous choppers, or happenings. It is our intention that this magazine be an international magazine.

Don knows choppers. Aside from developing the first chopper magazine into a best seller, he is active to a fault—always screwing around with his scooter, or off somewhere balling on it. But he's gotta eat, so we know we will hear from him—even if he's in the middle of a five-day orgy in the mountains.

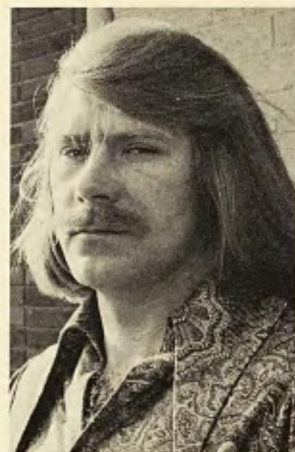
—Write *Easyriders*
Box 2086, Seal Beach,
California 90740

The chopper pro on our staff is **Joe Teresi**. A designer and builder of choppers and chopper products; he has over fifteen years and (he guestimates) 100,000 chopper miles behind him.

He has built and raced an 86" Harley fueller and a record-holding Buick-powered drag bike. He is presently building himself a 1970 shovelhead chopper (with a 100" engine) and plans to have it ready for the first big run of the year.

Joe jams all of his bikes—with the attitude that if you can't beat the hell out of 'em—really get it on—then throw 'em away.

He rode a chopper from Minneapolis to California eleven years ago, along with **Mighty Mil** (who is mentioned in next column). Until recently he was Technical Editor of **Big Bike**. His job with **Easyriders** is that of Managing Editor—which means he will be responsible for keeping an eye on Pfeil, and seeing to it that other staff members don't let **Ripple**, or whatever, cause us to call a can a knucklehead, or make similar dumb technical mistakes. If you find any, send your nasty letters to him.



Mighty Mil has pretty much the same chopper background as Joe. He builds and designs choppers, has raced drag bikes, and owns a panhead, but in addition to all that he is also a camera freak (he's a freak with the broads too, but that's another story), and as such, is **Easyriders'** photo editor.

Not happy with the dark, out-of-focus, poor quality and unimaginative photos that usually appear in other bike magazines, Mil decided to change all of that—this magazine is evidence that he succeeded.

A swinger (like Pfeil), he has a water bed (when asked if it's good, he just gets a spaced-out look on his face and says, "Y-e-a-a-h").

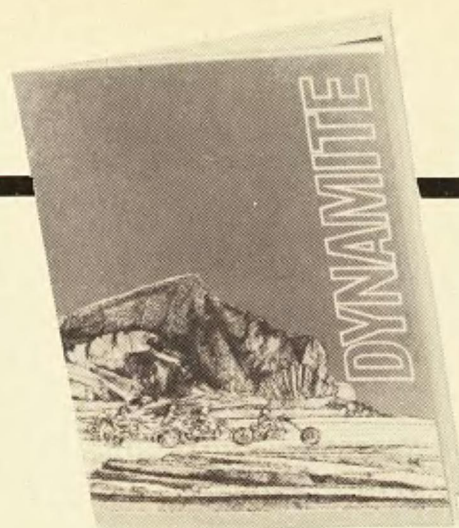
He really digs hip clothes, has long hair, and aside from women (8 to 80), his favorite pastime is metal sculpting.

In addition to improved photographic quality, you can expect some really hip, creative photography as well.

Between Mil and Pfeil, you may be surprised at what you'll find in this rag. The only problem is, we are not sure if we should let Pfeil and Mil out on assignment at the same time—they do get wasted at times.



General Catalog
Spring 1971



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miss our
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edition.

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Additional for chrome	7.50
Postage and handling	2.50
Total cost	\$22.95

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Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

(Please print and be sure to include zip)

No greater love: A leader of the Hell's Angels, explaining why he had creased a dude's head, expressed his feelings about his scooter with, "'Ain't nobody gonna kick my motorcycle. . . .you love that thing better than you love anything in the world.'"

Stranger than fiction department: While police in Helena, Montana were removing 33 illegal slot machines from a joint, a woman rushed up and played a quarter machine. Police Chief Jack Williams advised her to split.

Speaking of busts: If you have a choice of getting hit with a pitched rock about the weight of a baseball or a policeman's nightstick—choose the man's stick. According to someone who had nothing better to do than to figure it out—a rock sailing at 95 feet per second will strike with about 900 pounds of force, while the gourd crusher wielded by a muscle bound cop will hit with a piddly force of 600 pounds. Aren't you glad cops don't carry rocks?

Hard sell: Anyone notice the advertisement for a cheapy "'Angel"' type biker movie that blared, "'Hunting down their prey with a quarter-ton of hot steel between their legs.'"

GRAFFITI

Reality is all right for kicks, but don't get hooked on it.

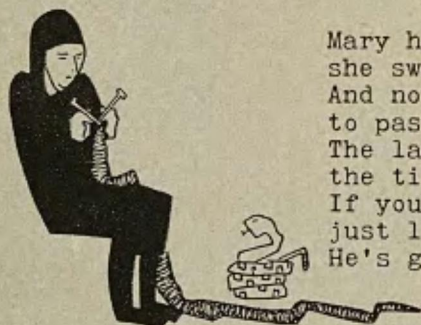
Ronnie Reagan rides a Jawa with training wheels.

My mother made me a homosexual.
(Underneath)

If I sent her the material would she make me one, too?

Candy is dandy, but sex won't rot your teeth.

Vice is nice—but incest is best.



Mary had a little watch,
she swallowed it one day.
And now she's taking laxatives,
to pass the time away.
The laxative, it wouldn't work,
the time, it wouldn't pass.
If you want to know what time it is,
just look up Mary's father—
He's got a watch, too.

Support mental health or I'll kill you.

The trouble with life is the screwing you get
is not worth the screwing you take.

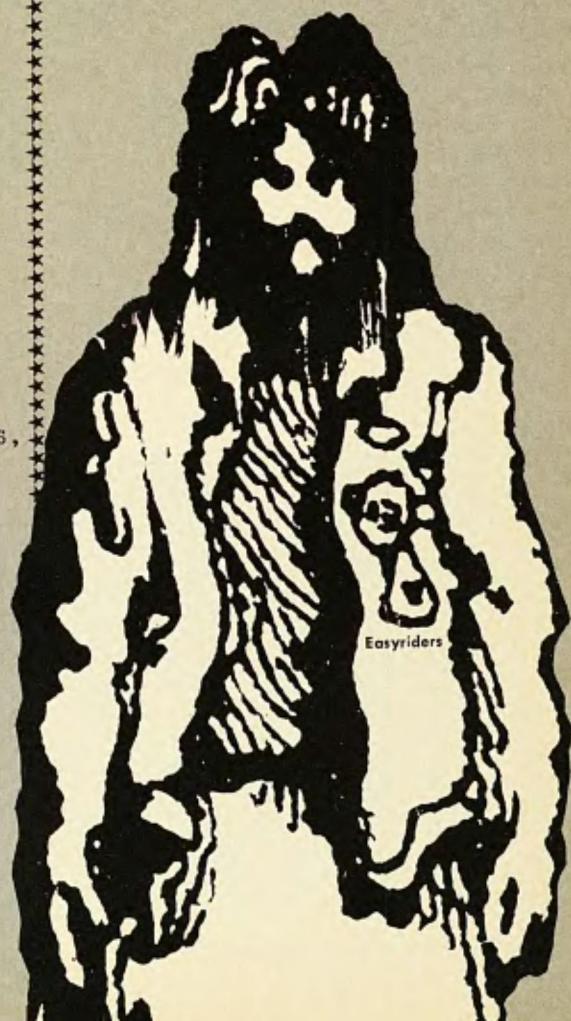


Eighty percent of the
Highway Patrol have hemorrhoids.
The other twenty percent are perfect asses.

—Write Spider c/o Easyriders Magazine
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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

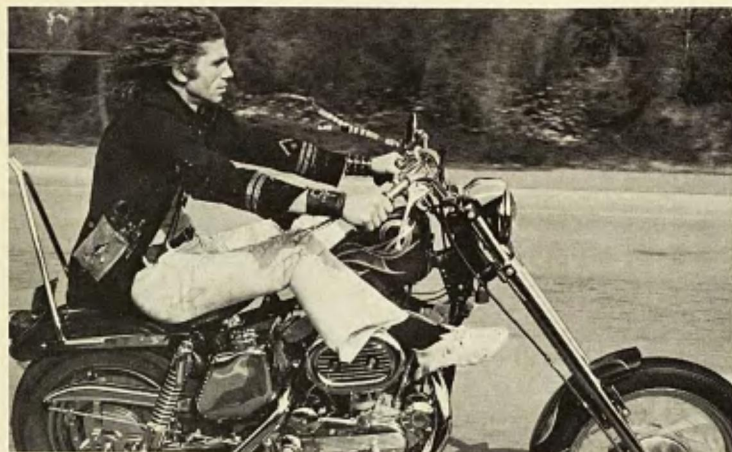


By Louis Bosque

Heavy Tribesman

A guy wearing his hair long can be certain of some kind of reaction from the uptight fringe of the Establishment. The further away he gets from the hip areas of a city, the stronger the reactions.

Leon Russell, one of the best rock musicians in the country, has a little scoring system he uses in evaluating these hostile reactions. His system is based on a scale from one to ten. For example: If a little old lady stares at him with mouth agape—as if he were picking his nose in front of a P. T. A. meeting—she would be rated a three. If it were a redneck who outright hated the sight



On stage (above right), Red sings the title song of the rock musical Hair. The words below the photo are from that song and are copyright 1967, 1968 by James Rado, Gerome Ragni, Galt MacDermot, Nat Shapiro, United Artists Music Co., Inc.



Flow it, show it,
long as God can grow it —
my hair.

Let it fly in the breeze,
and get caught in the trees.
Give a home to the fleas —
in my hair.

A home for the fleas (yeah),
a hive for the bees (yeah),
a nest for the birds,
there ain't no words
for the beauty, the splendor,
the wonder of my hair! *

*Star of the tribal
love-rock musical
Hair freaks the
straights as he
flashes through
Hollywood on his
Sportster*

of him and could easily be violent—Leon would rate him ten.

There is hardly a place a guy with long hair can go without getting some kind of a negative response—be it from a saleslady who deliberately ignores him, a restaurant asking him to leave, or constant harassment from the heat. (Didn't you know that wearing long hair automatically means you are a dope fiend?)

Some guys wear their hair long because they simply like it, or as a form of protest, and some, because it is part of their way of earning a living—or a combination of these reasons.

Red Shepard, the spectacularly thatched individual on these pages, receives more than his share of number ten reactions, because his hair is a little unreal in addition to being long.

Even with this wild hair, Red has it a lot easier than most long-hairs; he lives and works right in the middle of Hollywood, California, where all the action is. Transplanted to a redneck state, he'd blow their minds, even though his abundance of hair is a vital part of his scene—which is playing the part of "Berger" in the fantastic rock musical *Hair*.

Red feels that *Hair* is one of the greatest things that ever happened

to him: it has helped him to get his head straight about life. Prior to joining the Hair tribe, he played in various rock groups such as Red Shepard and his Flock, Salvation and Sea Train, formerly the Blues Project.

The Hair musical's message is basically: Let it be—what is to be, is to be, and let's all love one another. As Red puts it: "The idea is to love one another, to be positive and to eliminate all negative forces, thoughts and actions. To surround yourself with positive people—people who are not selfish, who do things for other people, and don't expect anything—nothing in return."

At a sidewalk health food cafe on the Sunset strip, and looking over a huge schooner of orange juice blended with honey and other health-giving goodies, Red continues, "Right down to the smallest fleeting thought—it's either positive or negative. A person must eliminate all negative situations and think and act only in a positive manner."

Red speaks in a calm, confident tone—completely at peace with himself. He says, "Tied into this philosophy is the belief in a universal being—that God is everywhere, in everyone and everything. Knowing this, everyone should act accordingly, be it to another human or an animal. Then people wouldn't be afraid of each other. They wouldn't kill each other, they wouldn't kill animals, and they would take care of their health."

Red performs six nights a week. During the day he writes music, and for relaxation he rides his slightly chopped Sportster.

Speeding along, with his feet up on freeway pegs, his hair pushed back by the wind—making it appear as if he were wearing a red mop as a wig—and dressed in super-casual clothes (early Thrift Store), he really adds color to the Hollywood scene.

When asked if all that hair is a hassle, he replies, "I love it! It's beautiful. It's wild. It's great—why should I cut it?"

Does it bother him that people point and stare, and even laugh at him?

"No, I'm completely happy —

—Continued on page 64





General

Fabrication by: Rich Budelier H-D

Year & make: 1970 H-D

Model: Sportster XLH

Value: \$2400

Time: 2 weeks

Assembly: Rich Budelier H-D

Chroming: Rich Budelier H-D

Frame

Year: 1970

Rake: stock

Rear susp.: chrome swing-arm

Bars: stock

Tank: Sportster

Seat: Cobra contour

Material: naugahyde

Sissy Bar: 24-in. hex

Engine

Year: 1970

Model: XLH

Builder: H-D

Displacement: 55 cu. in.

Cam: stock

Lifters: stock

Carb(s): Tillotson

Shifter: foot

Pipes: D&D header pipes

Mufflers: MCM shorty

Stacks: none

Forks

Type: Sportster tele.

Extension: 8-in. new legs

Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: none

Painting: Moly

Color: purple/burgundy/blue

Type: metalflake lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.25 x 19 Firestone

Rear: 5.00 x 16 Avon

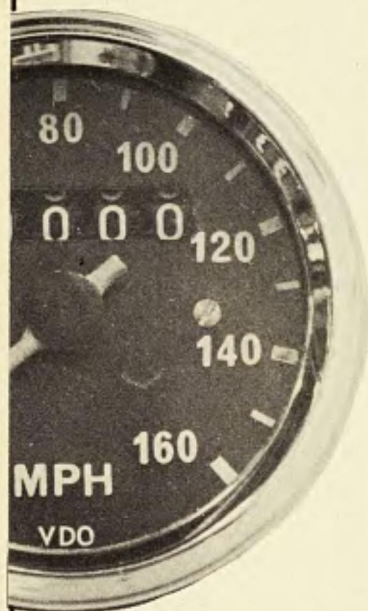
Wheels

Front: Steel 19-in. H-D

Rear: Steel 16-in. H-D

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Pfeilings

By Don Pfeil

Sitting around in an office, pounding away on a typewriter, is a gassy way to make a living. Especially if the thing you are writing about is the thing you dig most in life—motorcycles and riding.

However, there is at least one thing that just beats hell out of writing about motorcycles. Putting the cover over the typewriter, turning out the lights, and going downstairs to get on that bike and get out in the wind.

The life of a bike rider, especially a person who makes the scene on a chopper, is not simply getting out and riding from point A to point B. A bike is not simply a mode of transportation—it's a whole way of life. A style and a spirit. A thought and a deed. A way of thinking. A many-sided way of approaching life in our complex, modern society. Part of it is the sheer exhilaration of riding. Part is the joy and communication between a man and a piece of well functioning machinery. Part of it is the role that you play. And a big part of it is the simple thumbing of your nose at established society. A bike, a chopper, is just about the ultimate in "look at me—I'm different and I'm proud of it." This is what bike riding is all about.

Pull it out of the garage, and the bike fires at once. Seventy-four cubic inches of hammering power, the throbbing of the fast warm-up idle echoing down the quiet residential street. Thanks to many hours work the evening before, the bright red paint gleams in the sun—sparkles of undiluted sunlight glancing off the chrome, adding an almost surrealistic atmosphere to the morning light.

A spring morning. Early. There's a whole weekend in front of you, and the weather looks like it was ordered specially for riding. Not clear—that would make it too hot. Not cloudy either. Just a few small white clouds in a bright blue sky. Gotta get on the road.

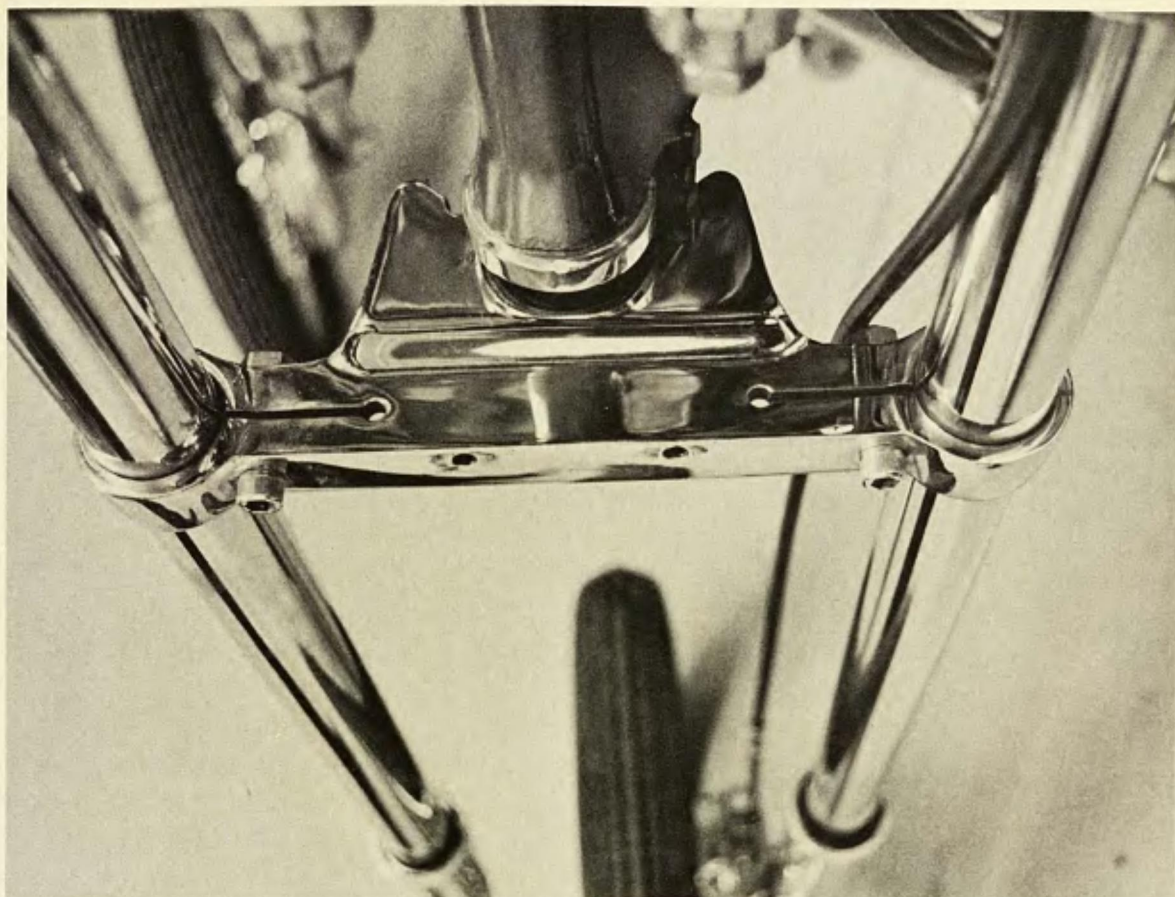
You settle into the seat, looking for that long-distance comfortable feeling, leaning back, transferring the weight of your body through your arms and into the bars. An easy squeeze on the clutch, a clank as your left foot taps the transmission into gear, and the bike swings away from the curb in an easy explosion of power that pulls you back, stretching the tendons in your arms, infusing you with a part of the power of your motorcycle.

Up through the gears, taking it easy, letting the engine settle in for a long day of riding. For a few minutes tears stream from your eyes and your feet dance on the vibrating pegs as your body becomes accustomed to your passage from the world of the citizens to the world of the bikers.

Freeway ramp ahead, and you drop quickly from fourth to second, stab the brake pedal, and lean the bike over hard to make the ramp. Your right peg is almost touching, and the ground seems to be only inches away from your shoulder. Grab the throttle hard, and the engine begins to scream. You can feel the rear tire begin to drift out a little under the sudden thrust of sixty-five horsepower, and as you line up with the ramp you straighten the bike up and hit third in a full-power shift.

For the smallest fraction of a second the engine seems to loaf, and then, with a suddenness that leaves you gasping for breath, that big twin seems to come to life. The unbaffled pipes roar a pure song of defiance at the road surface as the revs climb. A quick glance over your left shoulder tells you that the road is clear, and at a full-throttle eighty miles per hour you simultaneously enter the freeway and drop the transmission into fourth. Stay on it. Clean it out! Let that engine do what it was built to do. Carry you down the road to the complete freedom of life that is only found out near the limits of what man and machine can take. Well up over the hundred mark now, and the roar of wind in your ears sings a song of wildness, drowning out the howl of your engine. It's a new world, but one that you can't stay in for long or you might not come back. A world that asks too much of merely human senses and emotions. Ease it off.

The engine note drops with the speed, and soon you're cruising along at a comfortable seventy. Traffic is beginning to thicken—poor people enclosed in metal and plastic and chrome, out for a weekend, not realizing how much of the great world around them is kept out by their automotive wombs. Stares as you pass. Stares of envy, and stares of fear. Fear of any person who can accept the undiluted world that is only found by those with courage enough to go looking for it. This is the real world. This is the world of the motorcycle. This is our world!



reversed Lower Triple Clamp

Quite often the difference between building a nice-looking bike and building an out-of-sight chopper is simply a matter of "little things" and details—those small tricks in building that add little touches of polish and finish to a bike. One of these tricks is reversing the lower triple clamp.

Basically it is simply a matter of grinding the welding off the bottom where the neck stem goes through, pressing the neck stem out, and then pressing it back in and rewelding it from the other side. Along with this you should do something about relocating the fork stops below the frame crown.

Why go to all this trouble? If you've ever had a pair of glide clamps chromed you will no doubt remember how beautiful the smooth bottom of the lower clamp looked,

and how lousy the top looked because there was almost no way to polish the inside of the recess in it or get chrome to flow into it. In other words, the only way to see the good-looking side of the lower clamp was to lie on the ground. The only time other people saw it was when you were doing big wheelies.

One other little thing the inverted lower clamp does for the looks of your scooter is to move the clamps about two inches farther apart, and when you are running long legs, like 14 inches over stock and up, this eliminates the "bunched" appearance that wide glides sometimes get. Just one of those little things, but one that makes a big difference in how "complete" your scooter looks. ■



The fever is spreading!

The entire country is turning on to choppers — including Iowa!

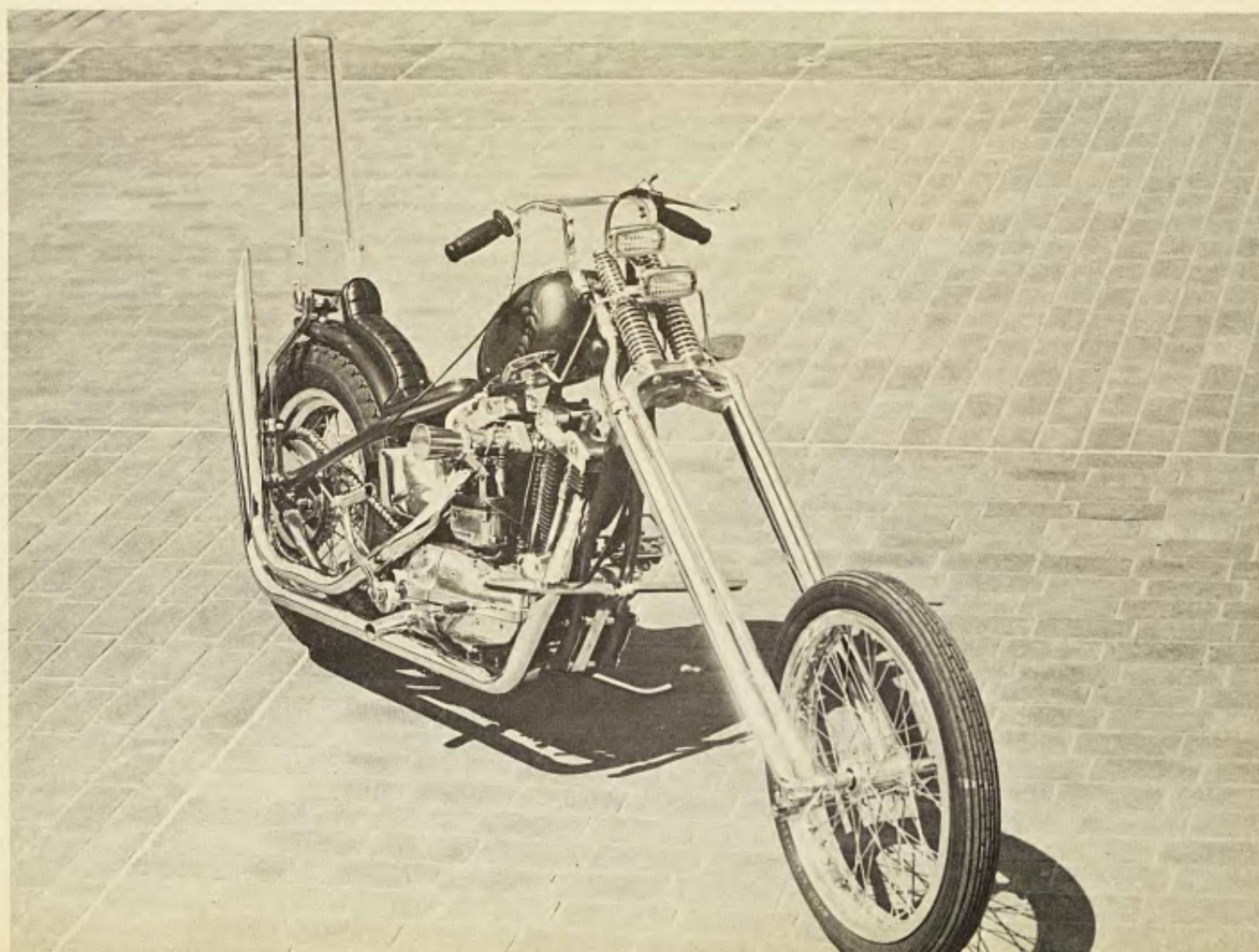
By the old-line chopper crowd, Sportsters are usually considered to be “almost-choppers,” no matter how much they have been built. But once in a while, though, someone comes along with a Sportster that is just so **right** that even the most die-hard 74 lover has to say “Yeah, that’s a bitchin’ scooter.” If you don’t believe that, just dig on Gary Strand’s ‘60 CH.

Gary is from the midwest, Iowa City, Iowa, to be exact, and building a far-out chopper in that part of the country isn’t the easiest thing in the world. After all, good-looking choppers are sort of rare in that part of the country, and parts and custom machining for chopper building are next to impossible to find. Gary hung in there, though, and when he wheeled his finished scooter out onto the road after six months of spare time work and a grand in cash he had one of the best looking Sportsters we’ve seen on either coast, or anywhere in between.

The bike was built primarily to ride, originally as a solo machine and more lately with a longer high-back seat for carrying a passenger. Out there on those long corn-belt roads Gary really purrs off the miles, and he says that he hasn’t had any problems with the bike since getting it together.

All the work on the bike was done by the owner with the exception of a few things which just had to be farmed out. Gary started off by going completely through the engine, adding 10.5 to 1 MC pistons, XLR valves, Sifton cams, ported and polished heads, all internal engine parts fine-polished, and a .100-inch bore to bring it out to 57 cubic inches.

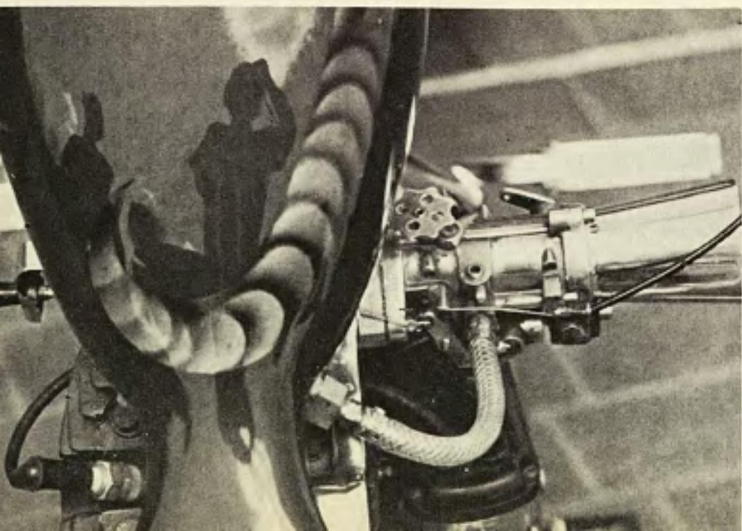
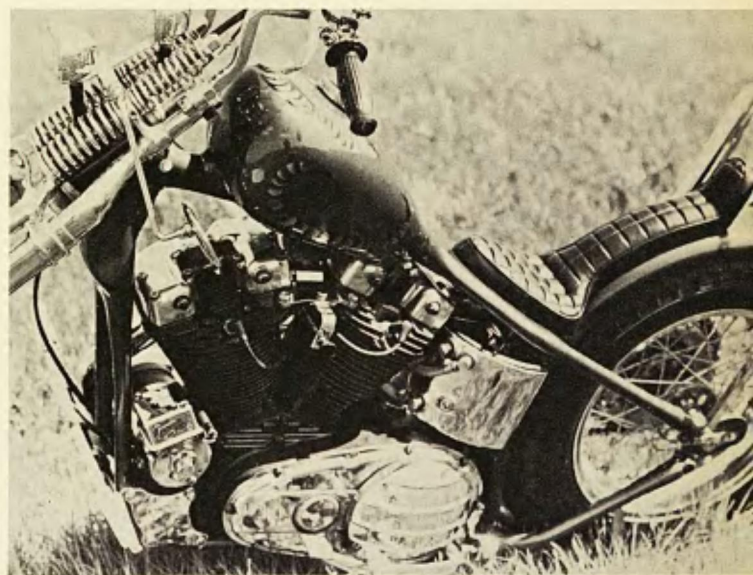
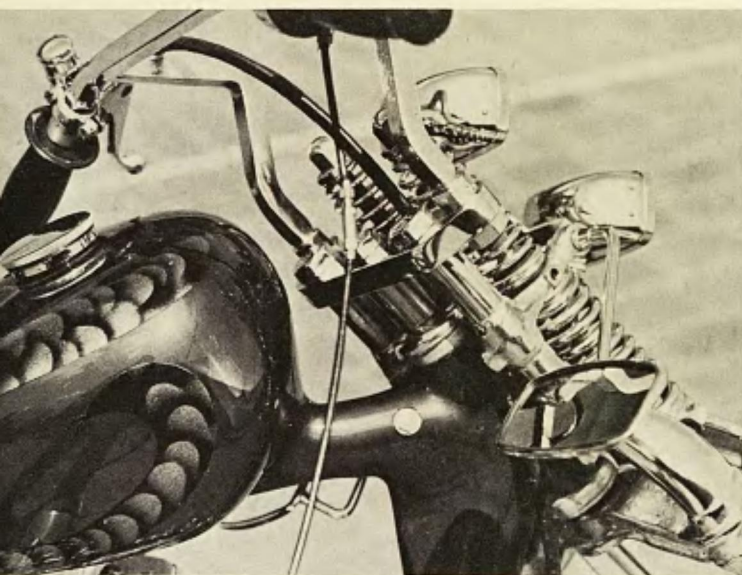
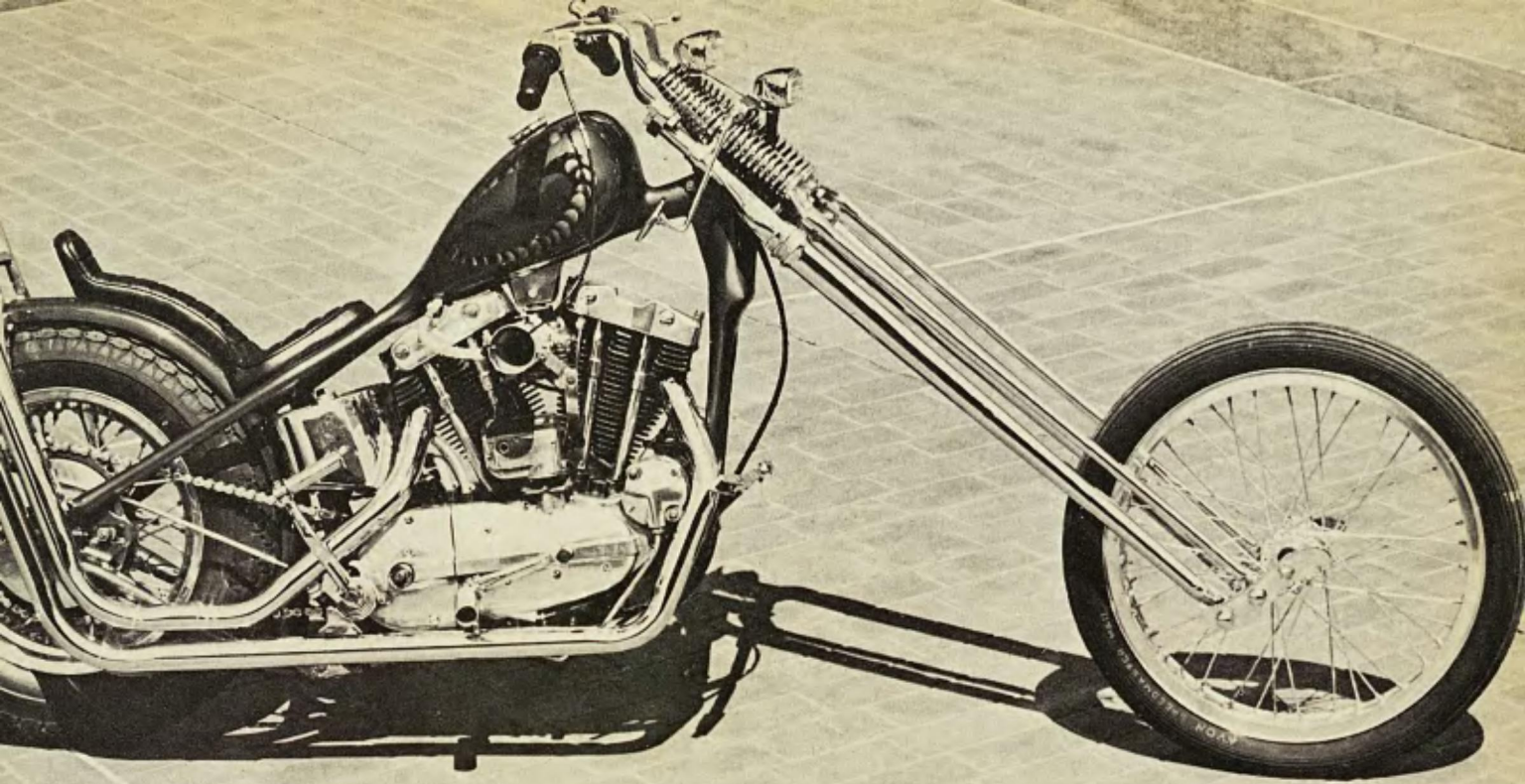
The frame was completely molded, with an extra 15 degrees rake being added to the neck, and Gary designed



and made the hardtail section in his garage. Up front is an old-style Harley springer, stretched 18 inches over stock, with a set of custom longer rockers that give more spring action. The 5.00 x 16 Beck rear tire is mounted on an Akront aluminum rim, as is the 3.00 x 21 Avon front tire. The custom pipes were bent by Midas Muffler in Davenport, Iowa, and McFall-Shubatt Custom Interiors in Iowa City handled the seat work. Star Galvanizing in Cedar Rapids handled all the custom plating. The base paint is candy red with black and gold design work, and was covered with 25 coats of Ditzler clear which was **not** rubbed out.

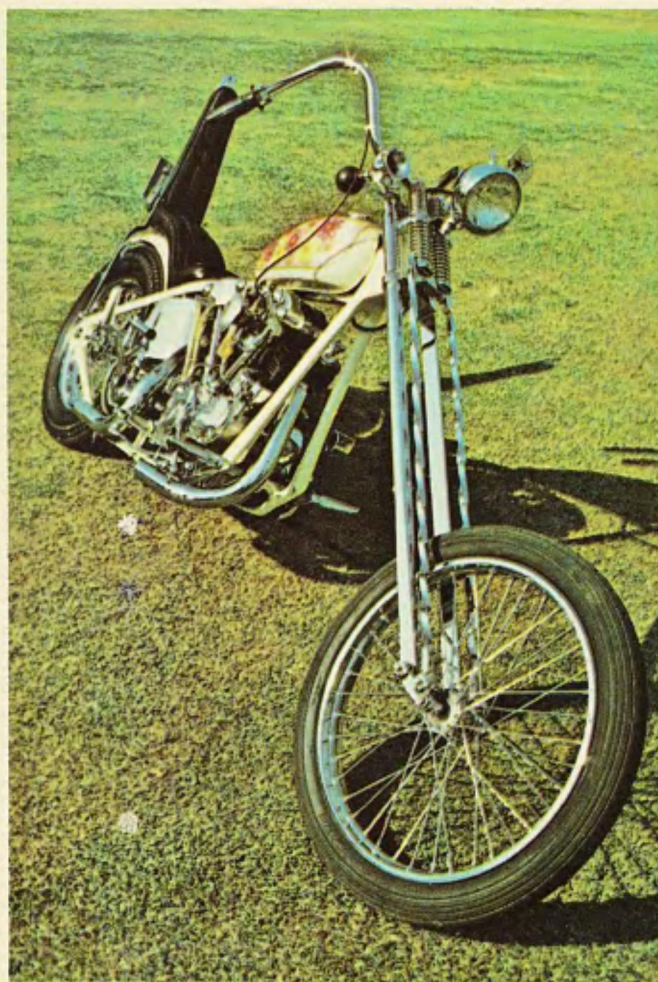
Gary is a draftsman who is currently going to college, 24 years old, and has been riding since 1965. This Sportster is his first bike, and it started out as a complete stocker. He decided to add a little class to it, and just never seemed to stop. For that matter, you aren't going to find many bikes, of any kind, that have more class than this Sportster.

General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Iowa Choppers, Inc.		Year: 1960	
Year & make: 1960 Harley-Davidson		Rake: 15 degrees	
Model: Sportster CH		Rear Susp.: Hardtail section	
Value: \$1,000		Bars: Drag-type by owner	
Time: 6 months		Tank: Peanut	
Assembly: Owner		Seat: McFall-Shubatt solo	
Chroming: Star Galvanizing		Material: Naugahyde	
Engine		Sissy Bar: 5/8" square by owner	
Year: 1960		Forks	
Model: CH		Type: H-D Springer	
Builder: Owner		Extension: 18 inches	
Displacement: 57 cu. in.		Builder: H-D/Owner	
Cam: Sifton		Painting	
Lifters: Stock		Molding: Owner	
Carb(s): Tillotson		Painting: Owner	
Shifter: Foot		Color: candy red/black/gold	
Pipes: Custom by Midas		Type: lacquer	
Mufflers: none		Tires	
Stacks: 20" custom by Midas		Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon	
Wheels		Rear: 5.00 x 16 Beck	
Front: 21-in. Akront Alloy			
Rear: 16-in. Akront Alloy			



Watch Out! The Straights are Coming!





... or is Burmuda shorts, knee socks, saddle shoes, and white bucks the way to go?

As the TV commercial says, "You've come a long way baby..." and nothing says it better than the gray flannel slacks and white buck shoes on the knucklehead pictured here.

It wasn't too long ago that a chopper and its rider had only one image—and that was usually bad. Weather permitting, the chopper rider usually didn't have a shirt on (a putdown of the leather boys), or if he did, it would be only a T shirt, leather vest or cut off. He also usually needed a shave and his Levi pants would stand up by themselves.

But lately the chopper rider's image is getting more respect-



able. More and more, the **straights** are discovering the good vibrations of owning a chopper. Now when the law swoops down on a chopper, certain of an automatic bust, there's a good chance of finding Joe Goody-two-shoes putting along with his wife on a Sunday outing. No longer does the Man get to hassle chopper riders or go through the numbers routine merely because it's a chopper—now doctors, lawyers and all

types of businessmen are running around on the wildest choppers available. Men who want a personal bike, expressing their individual personalities—not a motorcycle exactly like ten thousand others.

The chopper is replacing the sports car as the young businessman's escape—the chopper gives more kicks than a sports car—is more masculine and a helluva lot more fun.

—Continued on page 55

Knucklehead 74

Owner: John Bell, Burbank, California

General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year & make. 1939 H-D
Model: 74
Value. \$2750
Time: 3 months
Assembly: Owner
Chroming: D&D

Frame

Year: 1939
Rake: 1¾ in.
Rear Susp: rigid
Bars: Santee pullback
Tank: Banana
Seat: Minestrone hiback
Material: naugahyde
Sissy bar: D&D 36-inch

Engine

Year: 1939
Model: knucklehead
Builder: Owner
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: stock

Forks

Type: new springer
Extension: 18 inches
Builder: D&D

Painting

Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert
Shifter: D&D jockey
Pipes: D&D drag-type
Mufflers: baffles

Molding: Electric Bob
Painting: Electric Bob
Color: pearl white
Type: lacquer

Tires

Stacks: none

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear

Wheels

Front: Steel 21-in. D&D
Rear: Steel 16-in. H-D



There are seven basic types of **Harley engines** that are commonly used for building choppers. All are V-twins, and range in size from 45 cubic inches to 80 cubic inches (with stock bore and stroke).

The first of these is the **45-inch flathead**, which was used in Harley solo (two-wheel) machines in the Forties and in all three-wheelers, including the current models.

Next is the **45-inch K Model**, also a flathead, which was the forerunner of the modern Sportster engine. In design the engine and frame look much like a Sportster, except for the side-valve design and finned heads.

Also flatheads are the early **80-cubic-inch models**, which look like slightly larger 45-inch flatheads.

They have U, UL and ULH engine numbers.

The first of the Harley overhead designs is the **knucklehead**, quite distinctive in its rocker shaft and arm cover design. These engines came in 61 and 74 cubic inches displacement.

The later, and most common, overhead valve design is the **pan-head**, which came in 61 cubic inches in the early Fifties and in 74 cubic inches from its introduction in 1948 until it was discontinued in favor of the shovelhead at the end of the 1965 model year.

The **shovelhead** is the latest, and most modern, of the Harley engine designs, and looks much like a Sportster head mounted on 74 cylinders and cases. It comes

Here's the poop

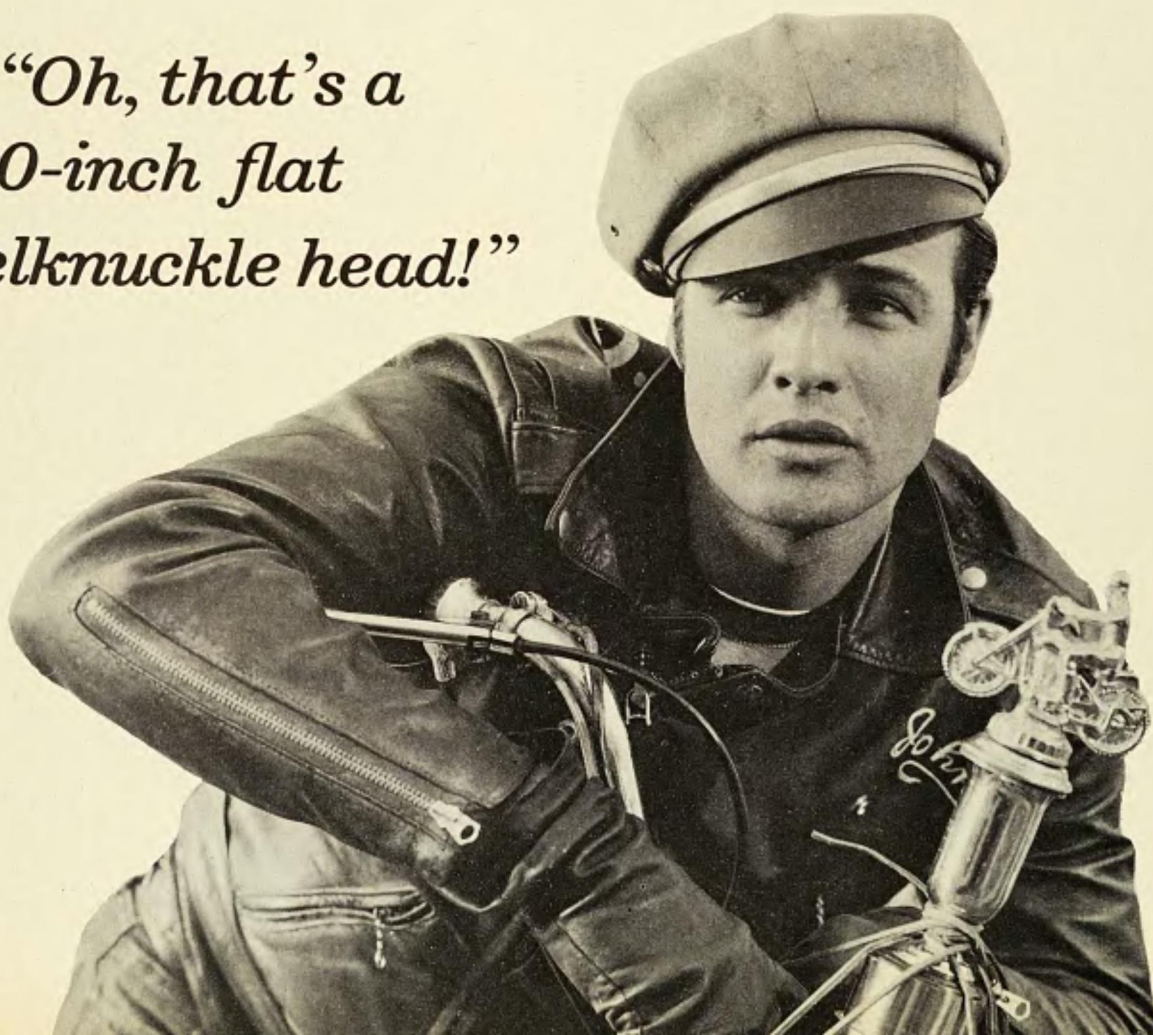
on the seven basic types of Hog engines

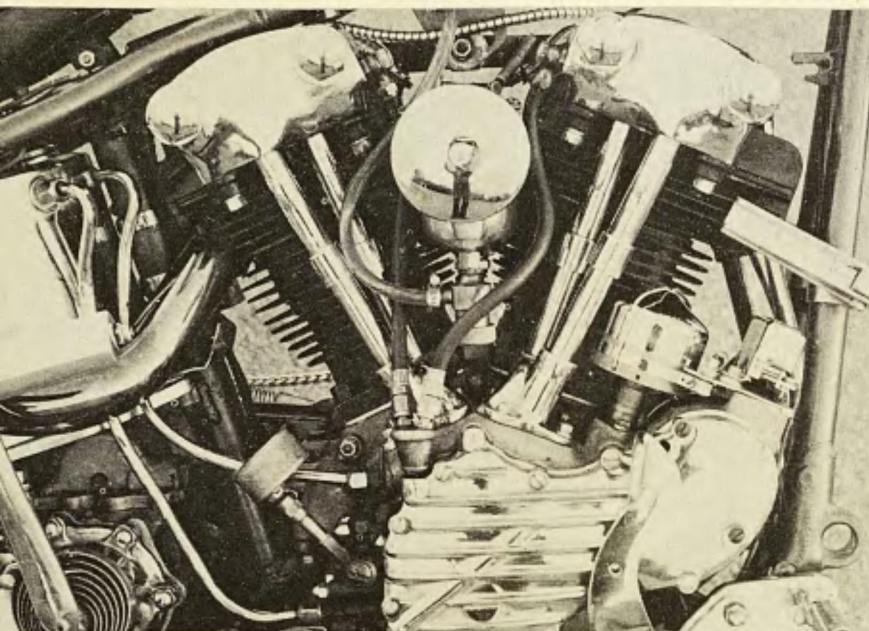
in 74 cubic inches.

The **Sportster**, also a modern design, combines the traditional Harley V-twin design with shifter and brake actuation much like the popular English twins. These engines displace 55 cubic inches.

Harley has built many other engines, such as the XA, JD and VL, but for one reason or another none are popular for chopper applications. The 80-cubic-inch flat-

*"Oh, that's a
300-inch flat
shovelknuckle head!"*

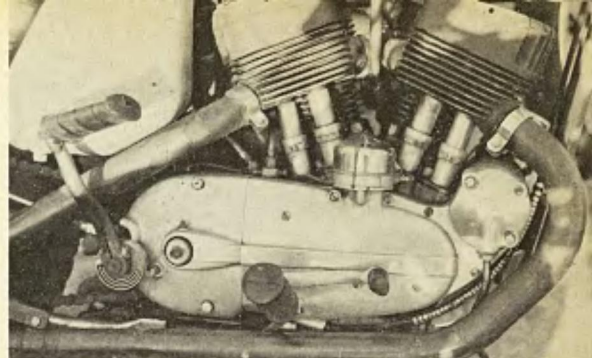




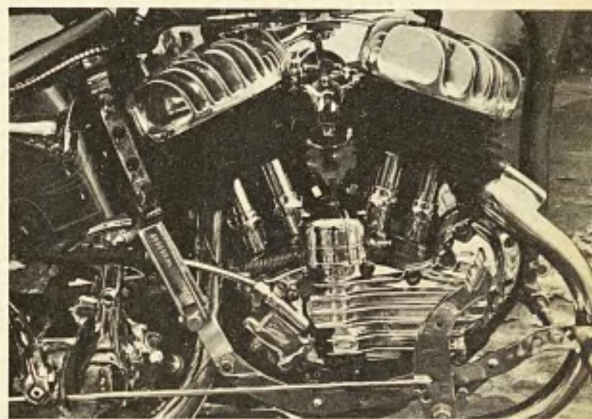
Knucklehead

heads and 45-cubic-inch K Model have some problems in the chopper field, the principal one being availability of parts. Until recently the knucklehead also was limited by parts availability, but in recent years some companies have gone into manufacturing hard-to-find parts for knuckleheads, and many panhead parts can be adapted to the knucklehead engine. The panhead, shovelhead and Sportster engines usually have no parts availability problems.

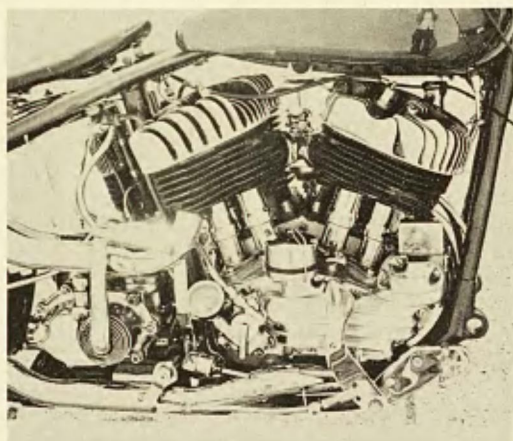
Which is the best engine? This is a question that chopper riders can talk about for hours, without ever agreeing, and one that usually ends up with assorted name-calling. The answer would have to be "whatever turns you on." Along with this is the question of how much time you are willing to spend looking for parts, whether you're after all-out performance, complete dependability, traditional "image," or a combination of all. In both the performance and dependability areas, stock engine for stock engine, in a chopper the shovelhead would get our vote. □



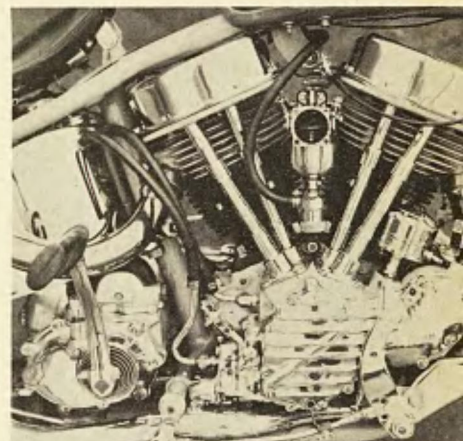
45-inch K Model



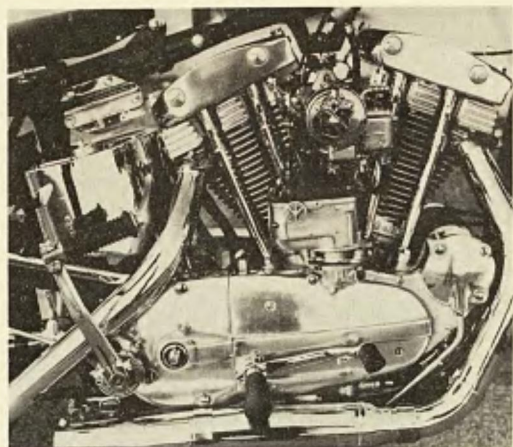
45-inch flathead



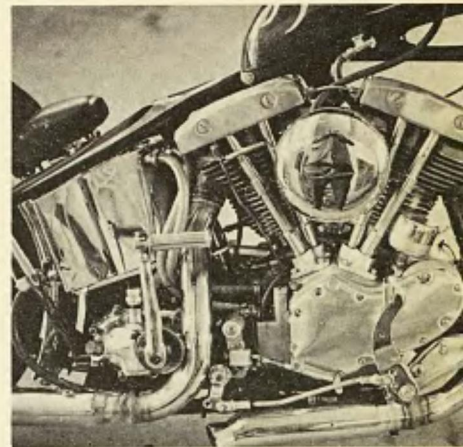
80-inch flathead



Panhead



Sportster



Shovelhead

How Harry Turned-on Superman!

What follows is taken straight from a tape recording made in Fairmont Park last summer on the tape recorder I carry around with me to discourage harassment, entrapment, and other police-like games.

Superman: (SWOOOOOSH) Pardon me, citizen, but did you see a criminal go by here?

Harry Krishna: You want criminals? Fly south to the Washington Monument and turn right . . . Wait a minute! Are you real? I mean, I thought I saw you fly, and either I'm into a whole new trip or you are.

Superman: What?

Me: He's a narc!

Harry: Don't be paranoid. He's GOT to be turned on; look at those colors.

Me: So, he's a colorful transvestite; he could still be a narc.

Superman: I BEG your pardon!

Harry: Look, man, it's all right. I mean don't be ashamed. If it grooves ya, do it. We won't hurt ya.

Superman: You CAN'T hurt me. I'm invulnerable.

Harry: I KNOW how you feel. See, I told ya, he's stoned.

Superman: Nothing can hurt me, really. I'm Superman.

Harry: Groovy, I'm Harry Krishna.

Me: Don't bother about me, I'm a hallucination.

Superman: You gentlemen don't seem to understand. I'm Superman. I came into this park looking for a criminal.

Harry: Criminal?

Me: See, I told ya.

Superman: Yes, I catch them. It's my duty.

Harry: Duty?

Superman: It's . . . what I DO.

Harry: Oh! . . . That's your THING.

Superman: My what?

Harry: Your THING.

Superman: Say, you're not one of those

homosexual fellows, are you?

Harry: Who? Me?

Superman: I hope not; I dropped the last one I apprehended.

Harry: DROPPED him!

Superman: Yes, right in the middle of the Expressway.

Harry: DROPPED him?

Superman: Well . . . he . . . he . . . fondled me . . . while I was carrying him. You're sure you're not one of them?

Harry: ME?

Superman: Well, I mean, all that talk about my THING and all; you never know.

Harry: Well, I don't put them down, if that's their THING, but . . .

Superman: It's illegal no matter whose THING it is.

Harry: No, no, I mean if that's what turns them on . . .

Superman: Oh . . .

Harry: Look, if you are Superman, then you must have all those super-senses.

Superman: Well, yes. I have X-ray vision, super-hearing, incredibly sensitive touch.

Harry: Groovy. Your whole life must be one long natural.

Superman: Natural?

Harry: Natural trip.

Superman: Trip?

Me: C'mon, Harry, it's a put-on.

Harry: Wait. You mean you never turn on?

Superman: Turn on?

Harry: Yeah, it's like having your mind come.

Superman: Come?

Me: Let's go, Harry; he's bringing me down.

Harry: Not yet. Don't you see, he has the potential for the Ultimate Trip? Look, what do you do for pleasure?

Superman: I fight evil.

Harry: Evil?

Superman: I catch thieves, murderers . . . you know, criminals.

Me: Do you tell them about their rights

when you arrest them?

Superman: Oh, I don't arrest anybody. I just capture them. The police arrest them.

Me: Do the cops tell them about their rights?

Superman: I really don't know. The police have their job, I have mine.

Me: "I only followed orders"—Adolph Eichmann. Let's get out here, Harry.

Harry: No. This guy really needs to be turned on. You've got to stop playing your social games, Superman. You've got to find out who you really are.

Superman: . . .?

Harry: You've got to learn to turn up all your super-powers full blast and just groove on being alive. This violence bag you're in is deadly. Turn up your x-ray eyes.

Superman: What?

Harry: Turn up your eyes! Turn 'em up!

Superman: All right, all right.

Harry: Now, what do you see?

Superman: Your bones.

Harry: No, no. Turn them ALL the way up.

Superman: OK.

Harry: Now, what do you see?

Superman: Cells, light, colors, pure colors. It's . . . beautiful!

Harry: Now, turn up your ears. ALL the way up . . . Now, what do you hear?

Superman: I hear light bouncing off surfaces. I hear molecules rubbing against one another. God, it is erotic.

Harry: Now, your skin . . . what do you feel?

Superman: Wind. Light. The reflection of grass. And it's been here all this time!

Harry: Now turn off your mind and let yourself dissolve . . .

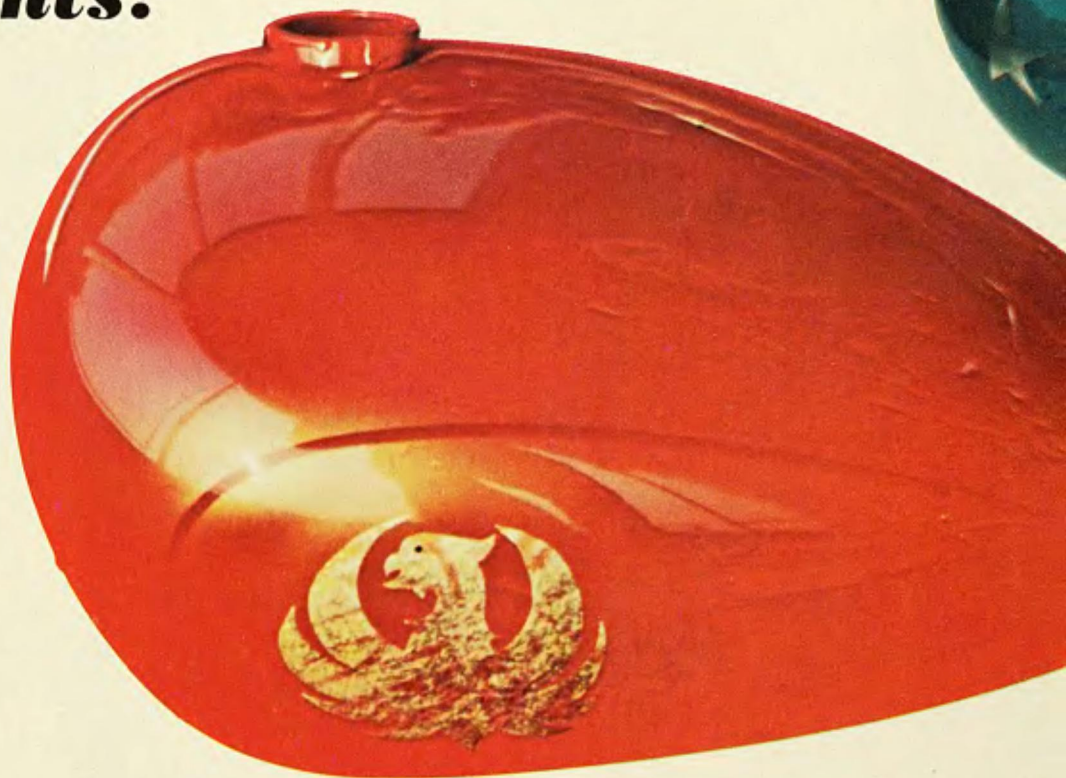
. . . do you feel it?

Superman: Don't talk, you're bringing me down.

Harry: Groovy.



Down With Stupid Gas Station Attendants!



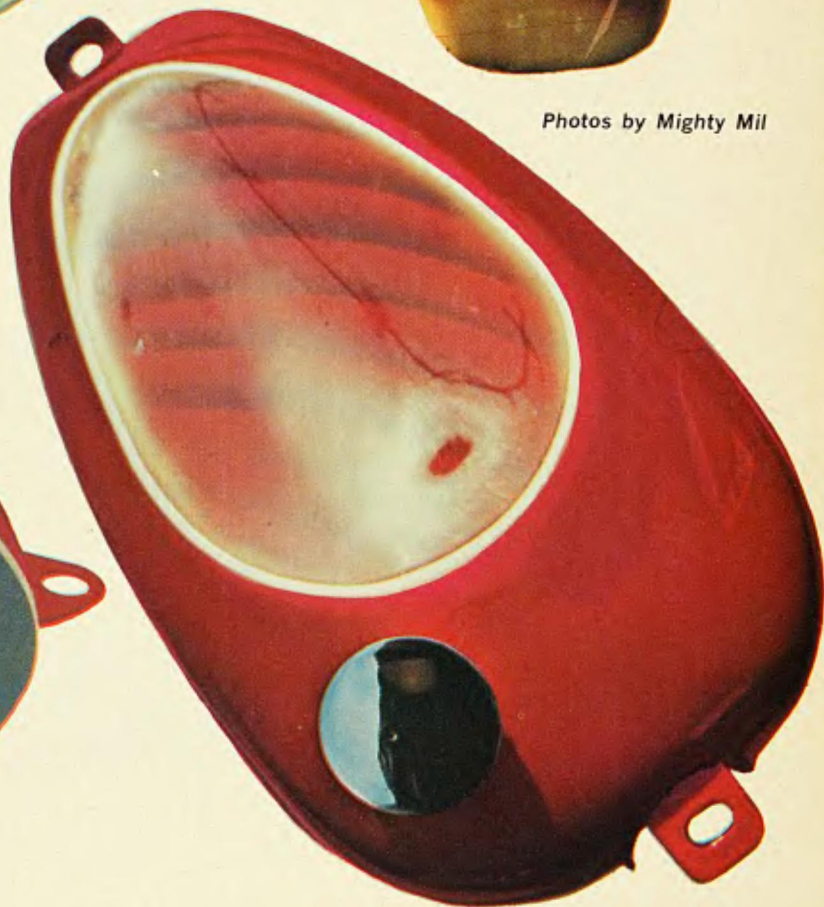
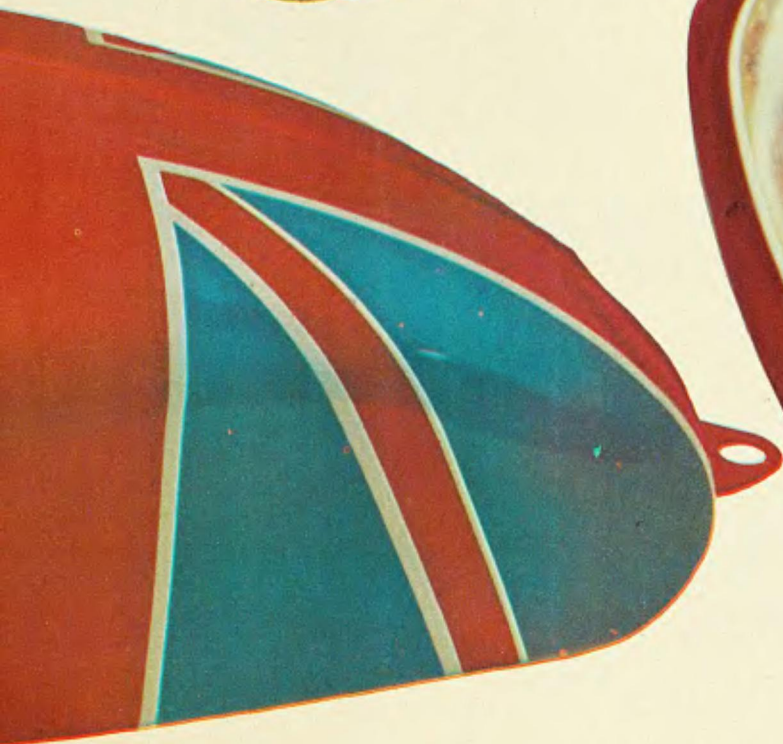
The gas tank is only place on your bike where you have sufficient space to do anything really creative, and it should receive special attention.

The tank and the sissy bar are the only two areas on a bike (any bike), where you have an unlimited number of ways of expressing yourself. You don't have to keep your BSA yellow, or your Yamaha red, or that bike name plate or decal on your tank. Clean it off! Paint it! Put your design on it—even if it's a lousy design—at least it's yours—at least your bike isn't like so many others.

Just think, after you paint it, after you've added two dozen coats of paint, you can join all the other proud owners of custom-painted tanks—and cuss dumb gas station attendants after they spill gas all over it!

To aid you in getting started in coming up with your own creation—so you too can cuss the station attendants—here's some bitchin' tanks for you to drool over. □





Photos by Mighty Mil

CREATIVE MASKING

By Electric Bob

Masking off patterns for painting is simply a matter of using the right materials and using them correctly. To start with, you will need two, and possibly three different widths of tape, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, and $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. Buy tape on rolls that have a large enough hole in the center for your hand to go through. This way the tape can be kept around your wrist while you're fitting it to the surface, stays out of contact with dirty floors, and is in easy reach.

Keeping the tape clean, especially the edges, is an important step in getting a good paint line. Even pieces of dirt and lint that are too small to be noticed can hold the tape up off the surface enough to leave a ragged line.

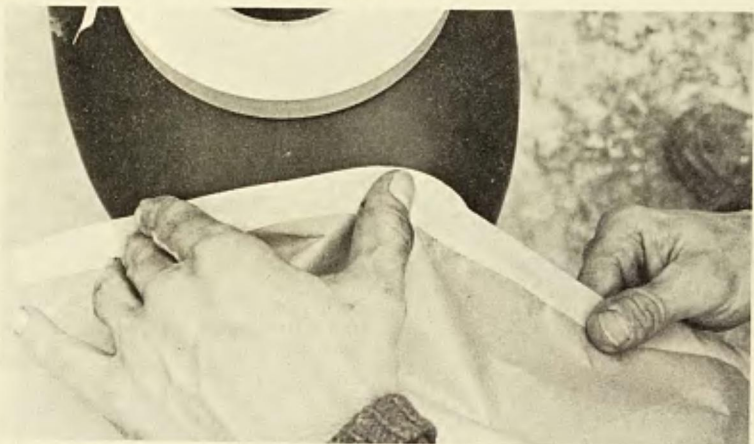
While straight lines are, of course, easiest to mask off, making curves isn't really that difficult with a little practice. Hook the tape over your wrist, using the $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch width, and try not to stretch the tape too much, as this will leave an irregular line and perhaps even pull up halfway through the painting from internal tension. When laying the tape in a curve make sure that it is wrinkling on the opposite side from the edge to be painted.

After completing the pattern with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch-wide tape, go over the entire pattern with your fingers to make sure the tape is thoroughly stuck down. Very carefully trim off the excess tape with an exacto knife or razor blade, trying not to cut into the underlying surface. Next add to the width of the masking job with $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch tape, again going over it with the fingers to insure that it is completely stuck down, and if necessary follow up with $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tape and paper to prevent overspray onto areas you don't want painted.

Once you have the job completely masked off, wipe the area down with solvent, wiping it off with a clean rag before it has a chance to dry, and then paint away. Let the paint harden completely and then pull the $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch masking straight out and away from the painted surface. □



Start with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch tape, and try not to stretch it.



Then add $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch or $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tape as required.



Pull tape straight out and away when removing.

The Mind Snapper

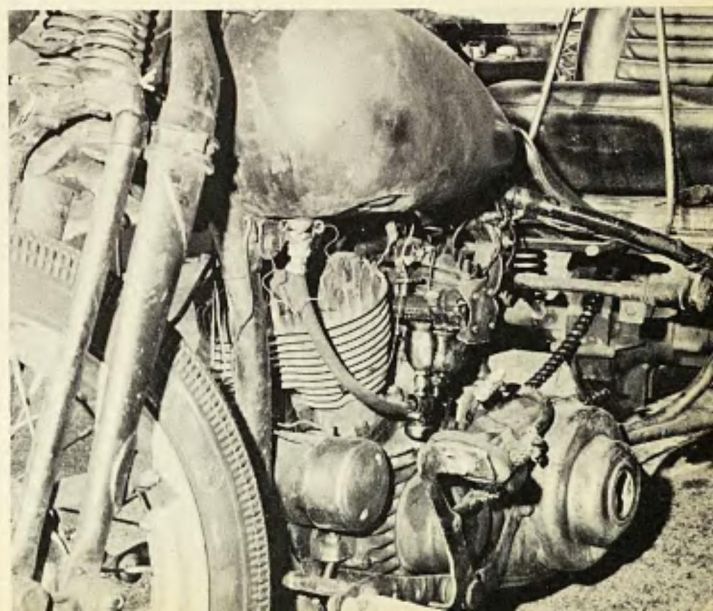
World's Ugliest Trike!



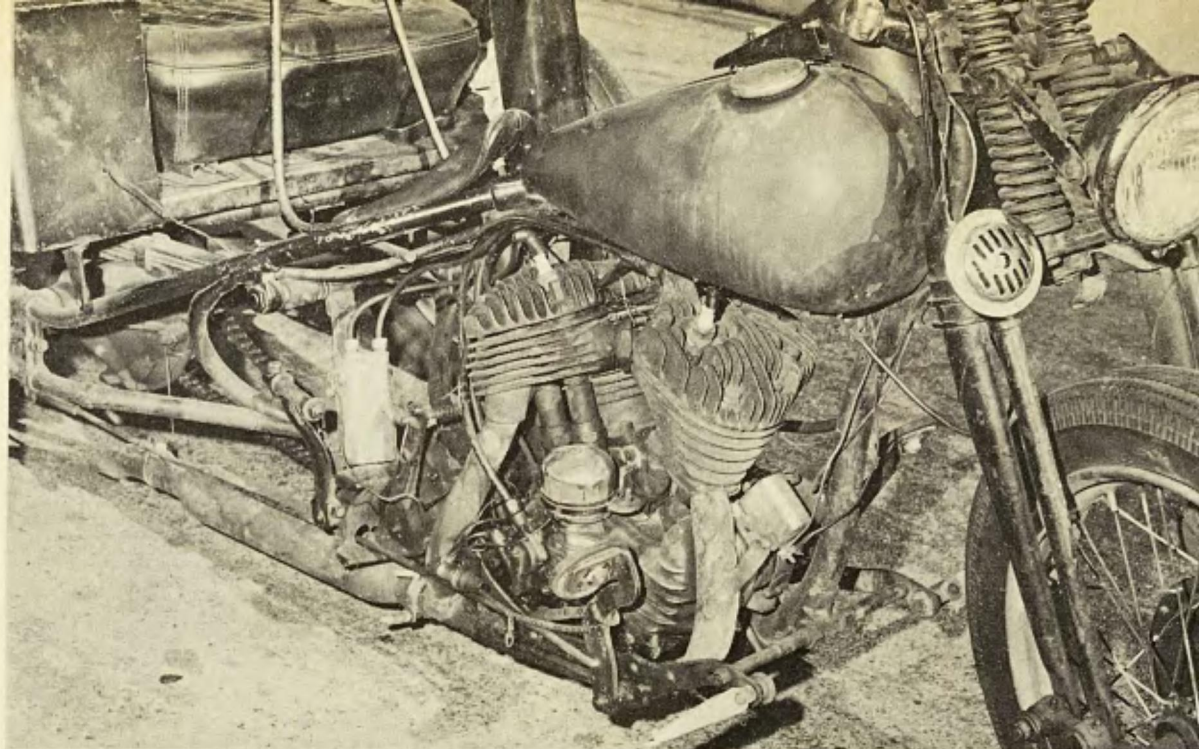
All we can say is, shine it on, man! There's nothing we can add to the statement made by these photos. As the owner says, "It's a reverse trip — instead of chrome and polish, I've gone the rust and wire route — it's really a mind snapper, when people flash on it."

Rather than attempting to describe his creation ourselves, we decided to let the owner tell you about it in his own words.

"I don't care what it looks like, I just want to get there and back — most of the time it does."

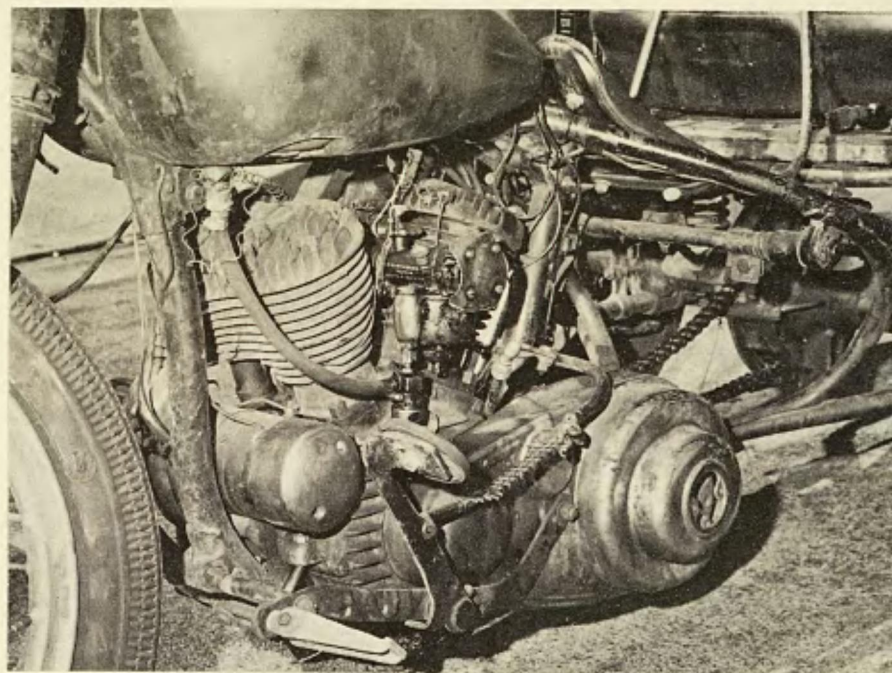
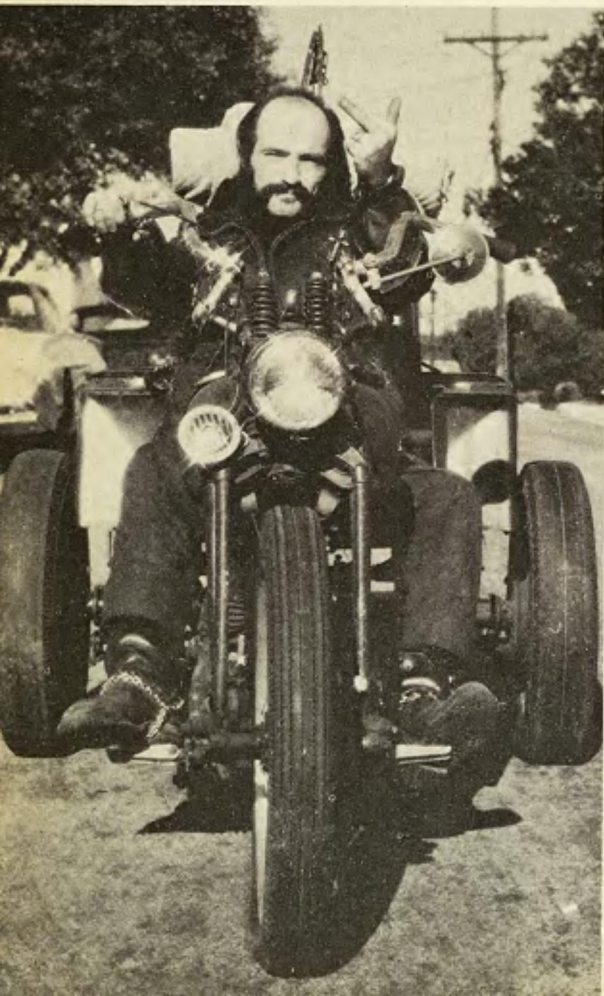


"I'm always adding something, or changing it — that's why a lot of things aren't hooked up yet."



"I fell off my roof yesterday — that's the reason for all of the scratches and bruises — I don't know how I did it — aah, I don't even remember why I was up there."

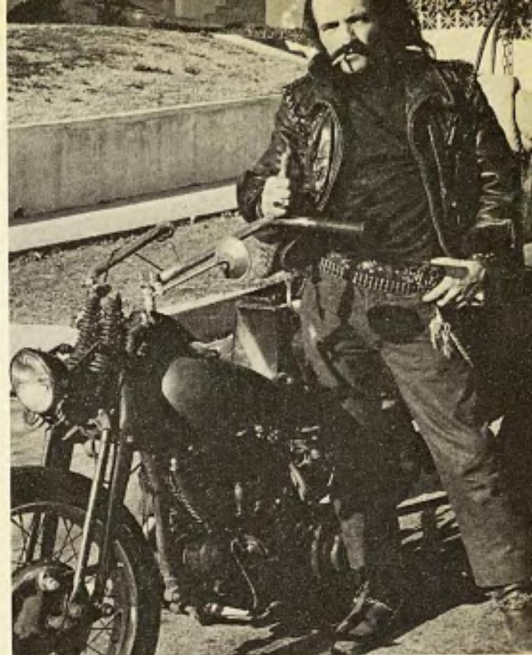
"The handle bars are from a trumpet. I cut them up and made pull-backs out of 'em. I'd like 'em a little higher — but I think they look pretty good — don't you?"



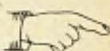
"Most of the time I act as if the nose-pickers aren't there — but sometimes they get carried away with their looking down on me, and I flip 'em the finger."

"Most of the cops react to seeing me go past them, by first scratching their heads with disbelief, and then changing to an expression like, 'shine it on, man.'"

"My name? Angel. Just Angel — everyone knows me as Angel. Angel the loner — be sure and say that — I don't want my head kicked in by a Hell's Angel thinking I'm a phony trying to pass myself off as one of them, when I'm not."



"I caused a wreck once, when two tourist-type drivers flashed on me at the same time — forgot what they were doing, and piled into each other."

MORE 



"That's a Mustang seat — I think it's a Mustang — I don't remember. I just told some buddies I needed a seat, and this is what they brought me."



"I earn my bread by making rings, bracelets, belt buckles, lamps — all kinds of nutty goodies for a head shop called the Mind Shaft Company, in Hollywood."

"I freak the tourists a lot. When I'm at a drive-in restaurant, I sit back on the Mustang seat with my legs stretched out on the tank, as I munch a burger — man, if you don't think that's a mind snapper!"

"I don't know what that 'Weed' sign is from — I found it in a head shop."



Photography by Pete Chiodo

Chopper del Chicano

To some non-chopper riders, one chopper looks like another. These same individuals also think that riding one bike is like riding another—if you've ridden one, you've ridden them all. Of course, that's about as stupid as saying the same thing about women. As we all know, there is a difference in women, just as there is in scooters.

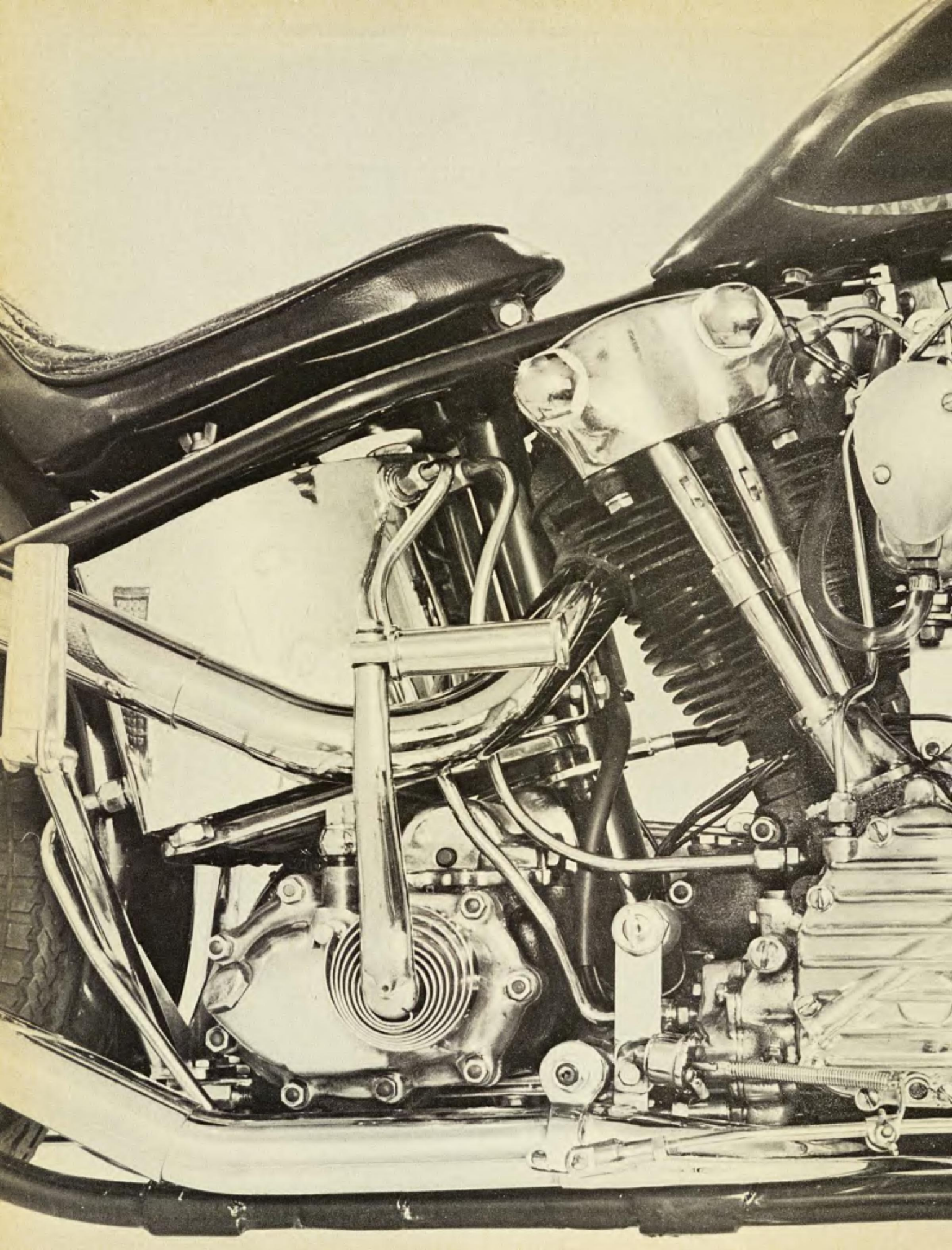
Take the super-sanitary chopper shown here, for instance. It's not a way-out design. In fact, it's a little plain when compared with the more exaggerated plastic creations, but still, in its rugged plainness lies the basic traditional chopper design. In three words: beautiful brute strength.

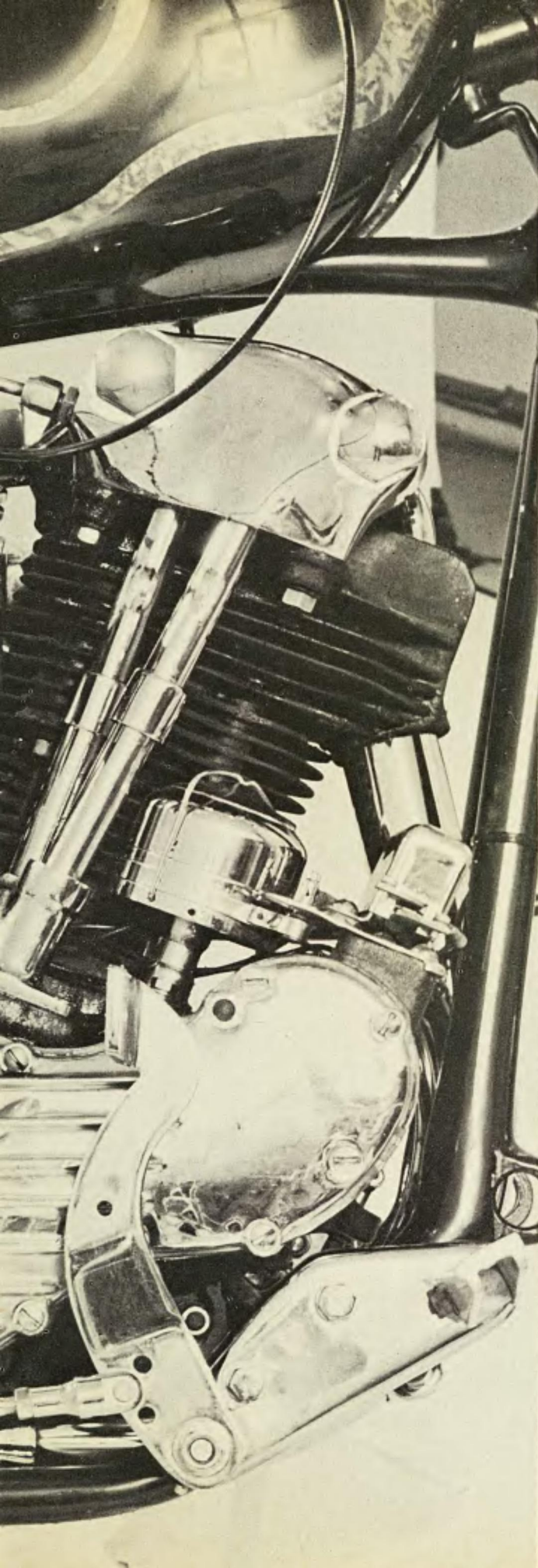
Even sitting motionless, it reeks strength and power—like an Indy 500 car. Nothing about it is delicate—it looks like you could get on it and go like hell all day long—and you could.





Knucklehead 74
Easyriders Magazine



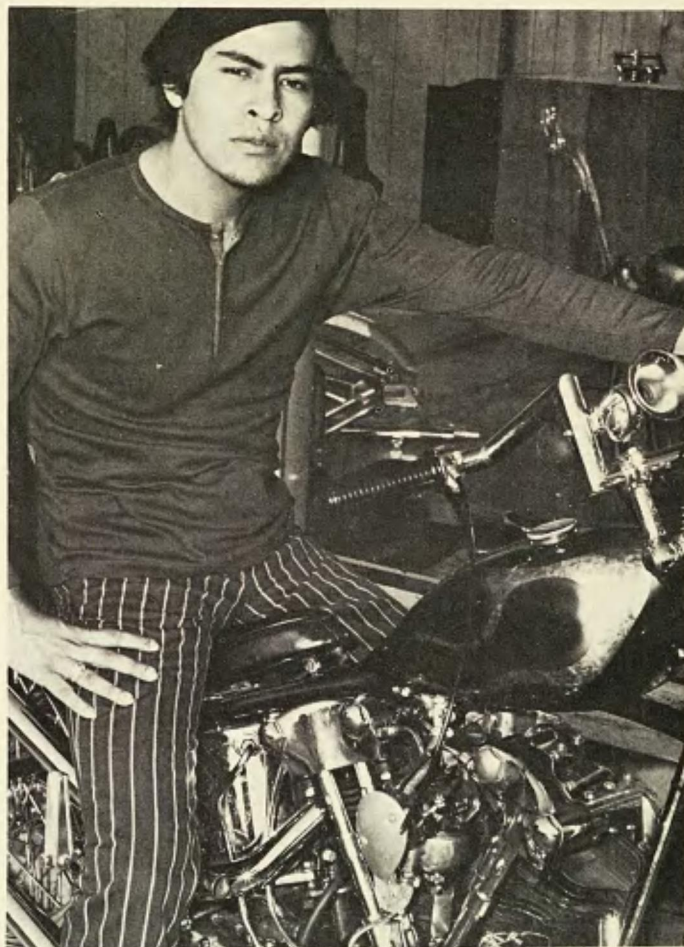


Super-sanitary scooter is an excellent example of a traditional chopper

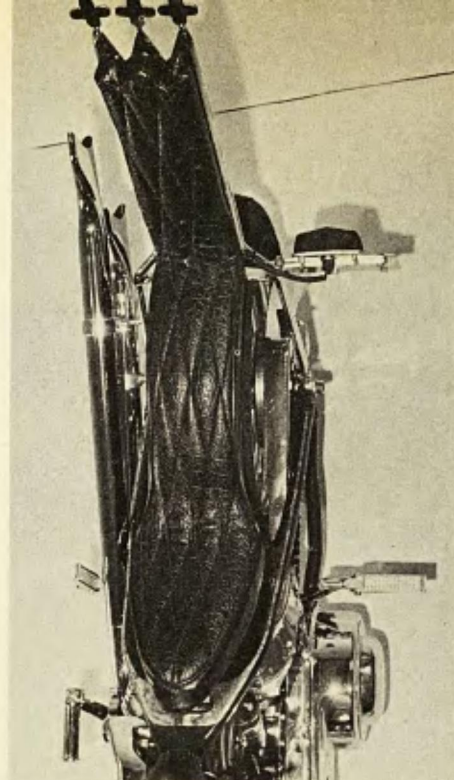
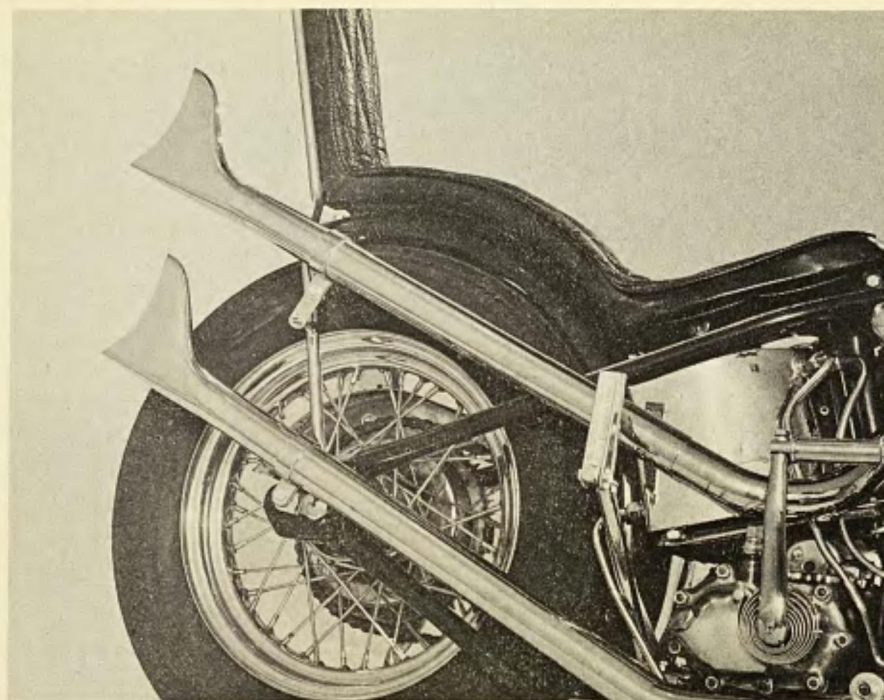
To ride it—to control all that power—to have it leap instantly to your demands is as if you and the machine are one. To this fantastic oneness you add the appeal of its masculine beauty and you **know** the difference—for there is **no** comparison.

Look at the knucklehead engine shown in these photos. It's a work of art. Everything seems to have been placed into position for design's sake first and mechanical function second.

We present here a detailed photographic study of a 1947 H-D 74 as a perfect example of a classic chopper. From this basic design you could go as far out creatively as you wish—but as for this writer, he likes his bikes clean and well built, just as he likes his women.



Proud owner, Ishmael Fernandez.



General

Fabrication by: D&D
 Year & make: 1947 H-D
 Model: 74
 Value: \$3250
 Time: 3 months
 Assembly: D&D
 Chroming: D&D

Frame

Year: 1947
 Rake: stock
 Rear Susp.: rigid
 Bars: D&D Wingback
 Tank: peanut
 Seat: Minestrone hiback
 Material: naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: D&D 40-in. 3-tube

Engine

Year: 1947
 Model: knucklehead
 Builder: D&D
 Displacement: 74 cu. in.
 Cam: stock
 Lifters: stock
 Carb(s): Linkert
 Shifter: foot
 Pipes: MCM upsweep
 Mufflers: MCM fishtails
 Stacks: none

Forks

Type: new springer
 Extension: 6 inches
 Builder: D&D

Painting

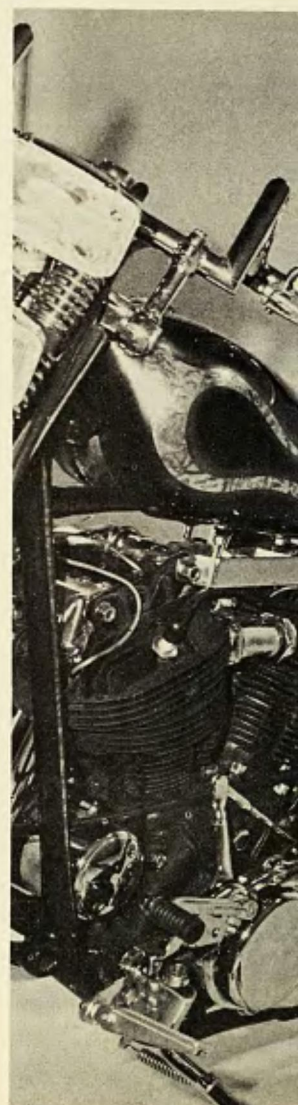
Molding: Electric Bob
 Painting: Electric Bob
 Color: brown/gold leaf
 Type: lacquer

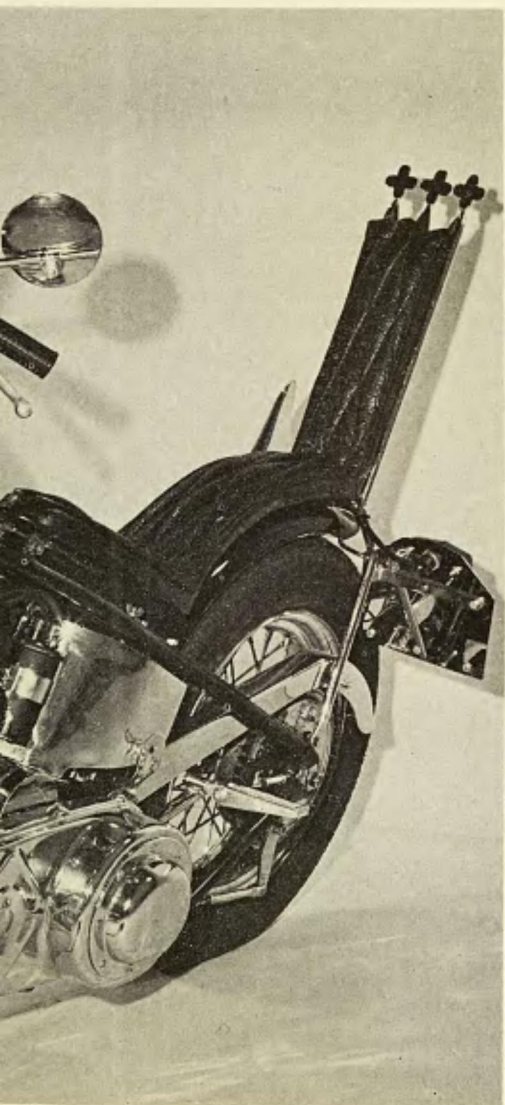
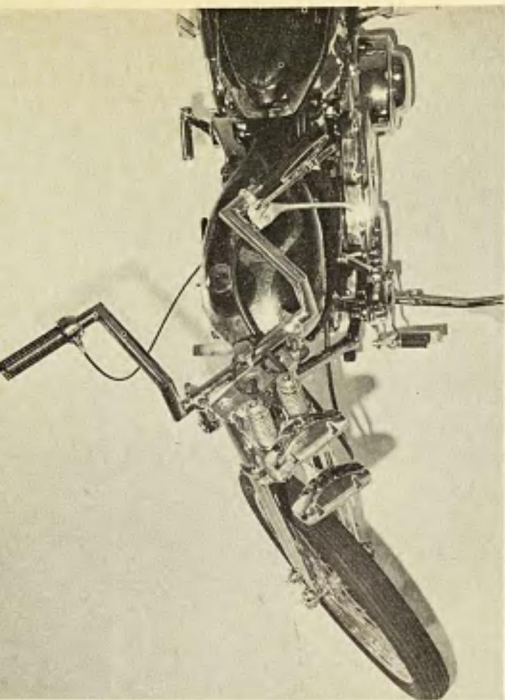
Wheels

Front: Steel 21-in. D&D
 Rear: Steel 16-in. H-D

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
 Rear: 5.00 x 16 Firestone





Yummy actress/model Gloria Conway is also featured on back cover in glorious color!



Sissy Bar? You Gotta Be Kidding!

There's this chick I met recently who thought a sissy bar (which a friend of mine and I were discussing over a couple of brews at the time) was a hangout for gays. She soon learned differently, of course, but while we were explaining (patiently) what a sissy bar was, the question of **how** and **why** came up, which led to a long, and alcoholic, discussion among my biker buddies.

The first sissy bar, or p-post as some call it, probably came into being quite accidentally during the construction of a brace to hold up a rear fender. Someone's stock fender and brace probably got crunched, and a buddy just happened to have a good Triumph front fender lying around. Well, this someone (let's call him Rube) promoted this fender for free, and he wasn't about to go out and spend good bucks for a new piece of strap metal for a fender brace. So, why not check out the barn to see if there's anything just "laying around" that would do the job? Like, what's wrong with this piece of concrete reinforcing rod? (How many bars made out of this stuff did you see in the "old days"?)

Rube, being of the old school, knew that you never measured anything. You simply left lots of extra material and cut it off later. The plan was to bend the rod in the middle, attach the ends to the frame, stick something under the fender as a brace, weld it to the reinforcing rod on both sides, and then cut off the extra material sticking up on top. This is where Jake comes into the picture. (Jake is the former owner of the Triumph fender and has been lending moral support to the project by sitting on a bucket, drinking beer.)

"Hey, Rube! Hold it, man! Why cut it off? It looks bitchin'! Plus, pick up, man, your old lady can

**A brief
history of
a security
thinger for
wasted chicks**



lean back on it. You can even hang your plate and taillight here in the middle." Guess which big-mouth's old lady had to have one before the next long putt.

From that point on it was "Hey, that's bitchin', but I would'a made it about two feet higher and maybe tipped back at the top," and "You could put your initials here above the taillight." A certain amount of pressure from the female element probably helped things along as well.

The next big push for sissy bars came along in the mid-fifties from — you guessed it — the Man. It seems that there were chicks falling off the back of scoots all over the place, and the Man started giving tickets to "passengers" (eleven bucks a ticket) for not having a "hand-hold." The recommended hand-hold was a strap, attached somehow between the driver and the passenger. No big thing—a piece of rope around the frame tubes between the solo seat and pill and your scooter is legal. Fine, except who wanted to ride around looking like your old lady was holding your ass for you? Definitely not cool, especially since ape-hangers were "in" at the time. So, you gotta find a way around the law, right? It so happens that BSA and a few other makes at this time had a chromed bar running along the back of the seat which the Law recognized as a legal hand-hold. The Man, at first, wasn't going for it, but the courts bought it, and for good reason. The bar, grown into a sissy bar, was the best possible protection for a chick who might be wasted and just happen to forget to hold on.

Today you have a choice of either having a sissy bar or going the grab-ass scene. Not only does the bar make your scoot legal, it also holds up the fender and is a good place to hang your pipes, chain guard, license plate, taillight and running lights. You can't find a better place for a bedroll, or even to hang your coat and hat when you stop for a beer. It even helps keep your old lady quiet on long putts. But, more than anything else, it simply looks groovy.



Sissy Bar Design Contest

The design of a sissy bar, and the decoration on a tank, are two areas where a bike owner can express himself — be an individualist — do his thing.

This individualism usually ranges from the outrageous (swastikas) to statements ("69," "13") to masculine symbols (daggers, bayonets) to very ornate designs.

We at Easyriders believe each individual owner should create his own ideas—to reflect his own personality — and should present his ideas to the tank painter or sissy bar maker, rather than leaving it up to them to create the ideas for him. This, of course, could result in a lot of miserable designs, so be sure to listen to the pro if he should barf his breakfast when you show him your masterpiece.

To help you get started designing your own sissy bar, we are presenting a

few ideas here, and will continue to do so in every issue.

\$10.00 for your ideas

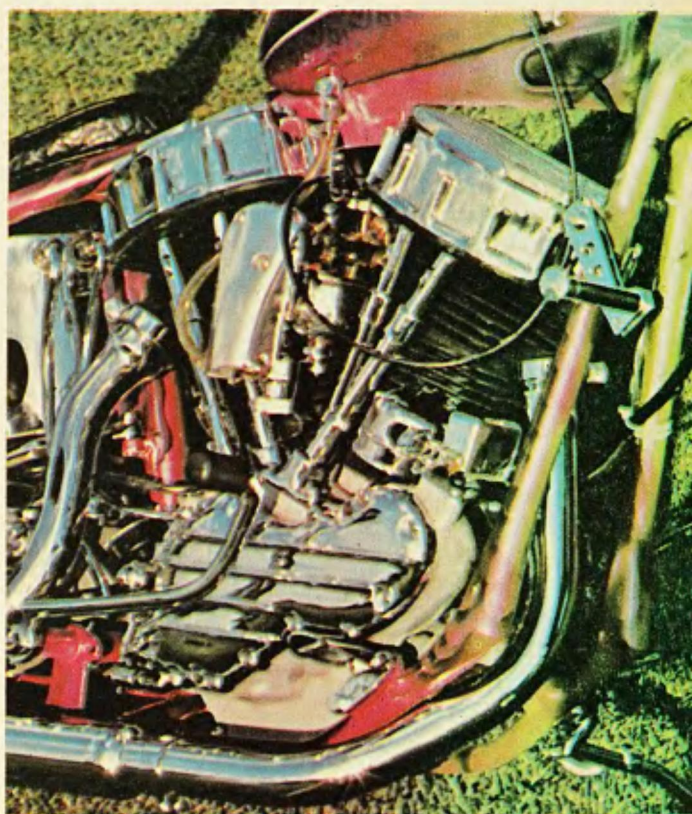
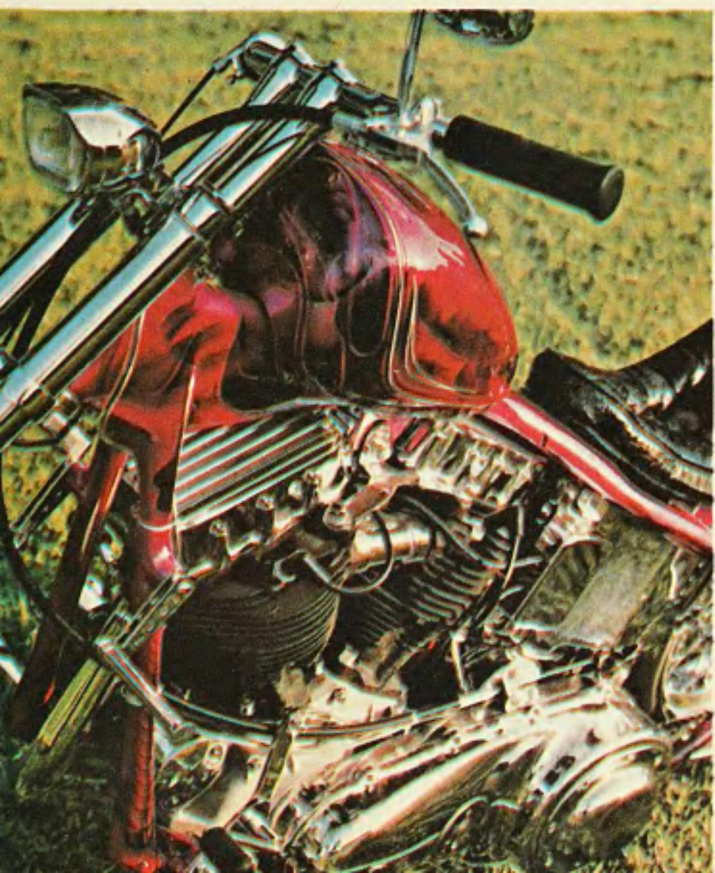
In the following issues we will feature sissy bar ideas submitted by our readers. To encourage you to send in your ideas we will pay ten dollars for every design idea printed in the magazine. The ideas can be any size and rendered in either pencil or ink. They do not have to be professionally drawn — we'll take care of that—it's the idea we're interested in, but there should be enough of a sketch to show us what you have in mind.

If you want rejects returned, then you must send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. All printed ideas become the property of Easyriders magazine. Send your ideas to Sissy Bar Contest, Easyriders magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.



BUCKEYE SCOOTER

When people think of choppers they usually think of the west coast, and for a couple of reasons they are correct in thinking this way. To start with, California is where the chopper scene started, where it has reached its highest development, and where most of the new trends in chopper design originate. Second, the majority of the choppers are on the west coast, where a sort of freewheeling western style carries over from the





frontier days, and beautiful riding weather makes bike riding a natural.

There are also many scooters from the east and midwest that are righteous, and the '55 Harley 74 that Bill Goodman puts around the Ohio countryside on is a good example of this breed. Bill is a mechanical designer who is getting close to the over-thirty generation, but he digs bikes and digs riding. He started out on a BSA, and rode a couple of other limeys, putting the bad-mouth on Harleys as a matter of course. He had ridden a couple of hogs, and couldn't think of anything nice to say about them. Then one day he had a chance to ride a 74 that had been put together right, and that blew his whole limey trip. After twelve years of riding he learned where it was at in the chopper scene, and the pictures you see here show that he learned right. He wanted a scooter that looked righteous, but he kept one thought in mind: there's no sense in building it if you don't ride it! This scooter was built to ride, and that's just what he does with it, going on one-to-three-hundred-mile runs almost every weekend during the summer, and putting around Cincinnati during the week.

Holding the front wheel is a pair of twelve-inch-extended legs held in three-inch narrowed clamps. The headlight is a Porsche driving lamp, and the 5½-inch risers were turned down from aluminum stock and then sent to the platers. The forks were mounted in a neck that was raked 13/16-inch and then reinforced with ¾-inch steel plates. Most of the molding on the frame was done with brass and steel plates, these being much less prone to cracking than 'glass or putty.

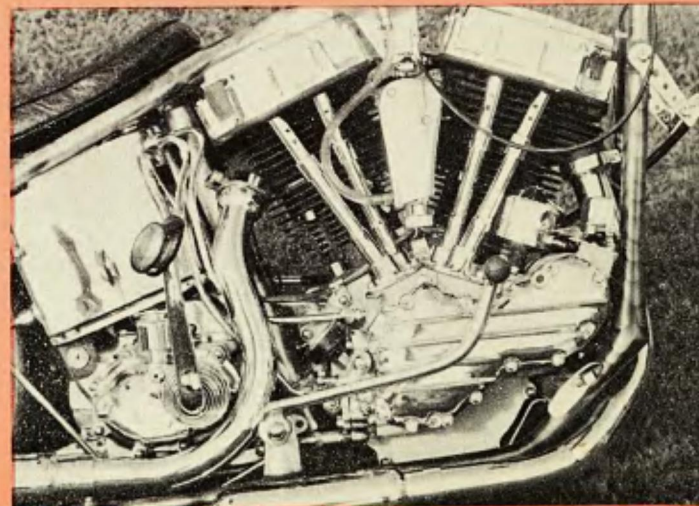
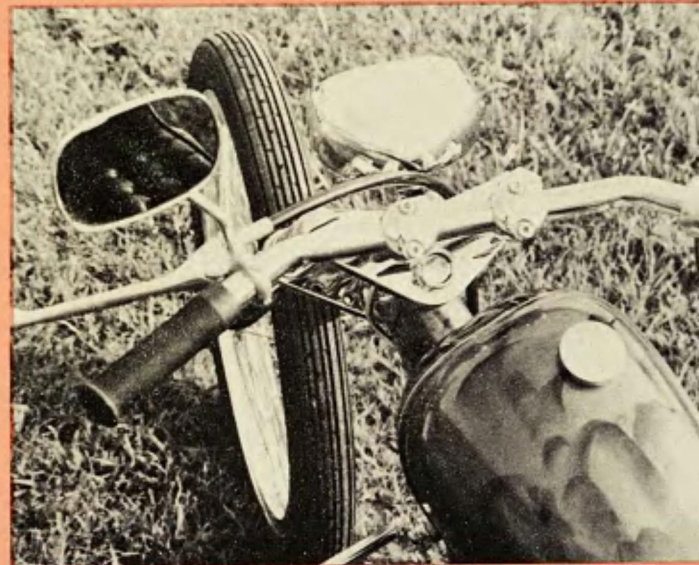
The outa-sight paint job was applied by one of the best custom painters in the midwest, Bill "Short Round" Roell of Latonia, Kentucky. Roell is best known for the fine paint he has sprayed on many of the top dragsters and custom cars from that area. Bob Schucter also had his hand in here, doing much of the metal prep work on the tank and frame before painting.

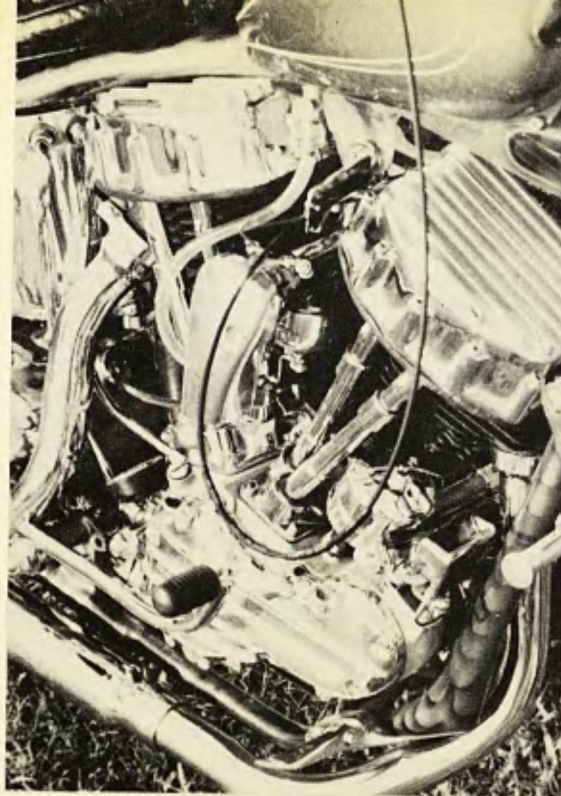
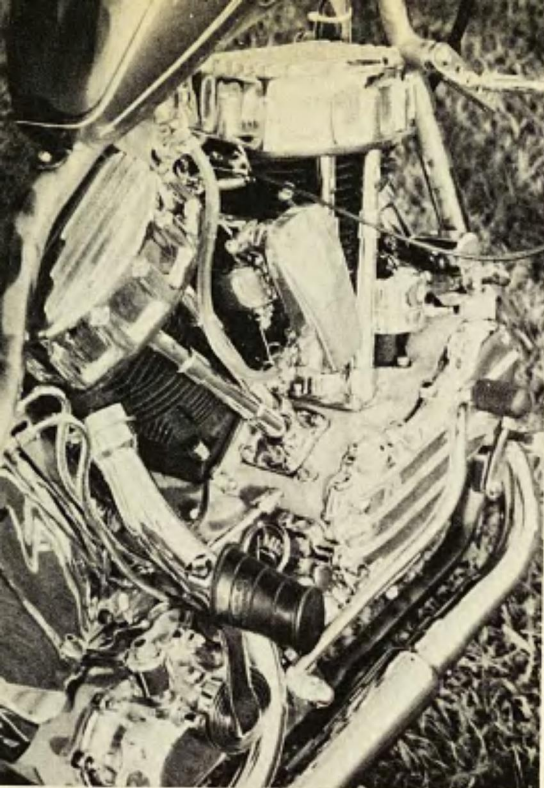
Getting the engine together and both looking and running right was the job of Doug Reese in Huntington Beach, California, and the internal work he did includes a .060-inch bore job, 10.5 to

1 MC pistons, Sifton lifters and magnesium push-rods. The cases and tranny were shot blasted and the heads and barrels black wrinkled.

The base plate for the custom seat was bent from aluminum plate, and then sent to Butch Braesher for covering. The brake and shifter mechanisms are from Dishong, and Bill picked up the finned dishpans and carb cover from Custom Cycle Engineering. Bill, with the help of several friends, built the light bracket, license plate mount, Frisco pegs and sissy bar. Finally, after a year of work and \$3,000, the scooter was ready for wheels, and Bill picked a pair of alloy units, wrapped with Avon rubber, the front wheel being laced to a custom AEE spool.

Despite all the riding that Bill does on his chopper he's managed to find time to enter it in three shows and two field meets, where it has collected seven trophies, proof that you can build a show-quality bike that can be ridden the way a chopper should be ridden.





General

Fabrication by: Owner
 Year & make: 1955 Harley-Davidson
 Model: 74 FL
 Value: \$3,000
 Time: 1 year
 Assembly: Owner
 Chroming: Cincinnati Plating

Frame

Year: 1955
 Rake: 13/16-inch
 Rear Susp.: Rigid
 Bars: drag-type
 Tank: Peanut
 Seat: Braesher hiback
 Material: Naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: 5/8" square by owner

Engine

Year: 1955
 Model: FL 74
 Builder: Doug Reese
 Displacement: 74 cu. in.
 Cam: Stock
 Lifters: Sifton solid
 Carb(s) Linkert
 Shifter: Dishong foot
 Pipes: Drag-type
 Mufflers: MCM Shorty

Forks

Type: Glide
 Extension: 12-inch new legs
 Builder: Owner

Painting

Molding: Owner
 Painting: Bill Roell
 Color: pearl lavender
 Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
 Rear: 5.00 x 16 Avon

Wheels

Front: Alloy 21-in. AEE Spool
 Rear: Alloy 16-in.

There are two basic ways of getting more power out of an engine once you have gone through the different hop-up routines. Redesign the engine with all the trick stuff, like overhead cams, all-alloy construction, etc., or simply make it bigger. Since redesign equals all-new engine, a factory operation, going big, bigger and biggest is the hot setup for the individual.

Eventually, in every conversation about making Harleys faster, the subject of stroke comes up. You hear about the magic "Eighties" and "Eighty-sixes," and while most bull sessions are just that, bull, most of the stories told about the power, smoothness and sound of the big-inches are true.

There are many methods of lengthening the stroke in a Harley engine, all the way from using offset crankpins in Harley flywheels to installing a set of new, billet, flywheels. The most common way of increasing the stroke of a 74 Hog, however, is using flathead 80 UL flywheels. This applies whether the engine is a knucklehead, pan, or new shovelhead.

Flathead 80 flywheels are fairly easy to come by, if you know what you are looking for. They aren't

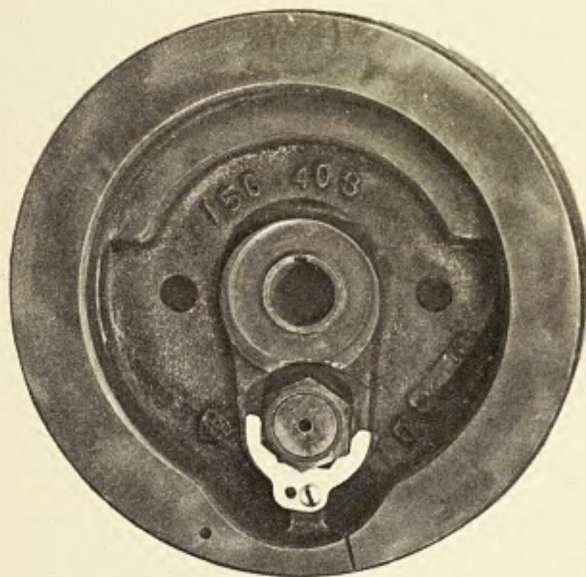
exactly common, and just where you are liable to find a set we can't tell you, but they are around. We can tell you how to recognize a set when you have them in your hands, though, and if you check out the photos and keep in mind the following three tips you, too, can go the big-inch route.

1. The 80 flywheels use a smaller crankpin than the 74s, and it is "stepped," with about a 1/16-inch shoulder where it fits into the wheel. This is not conclusive evidence that you have a set of 80 wheels, though, as the 61-inch Hogs use the same crankpin as the 80s.

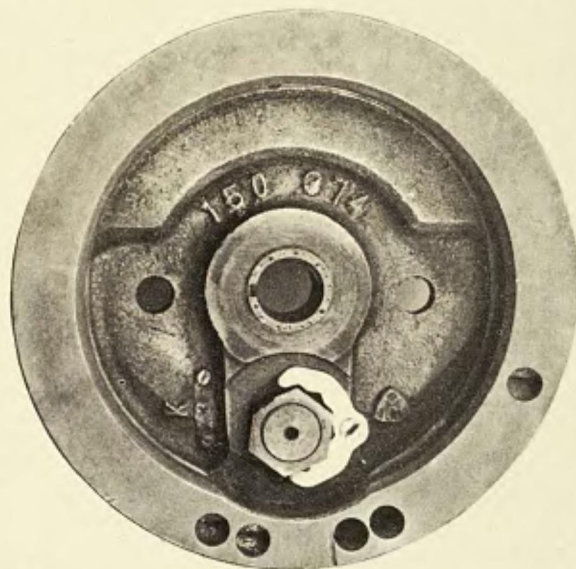
2. The 80 wheels are 8¼ inches in diameter, while the 74 wheels are larger, just under 8½ inches in diameter. This is not a misprint. The 74 wheels are larger in diameter despite having a shorter stroke.

3. The final point is the clincher, and is shown in the photos. The 61 and 74 wheels have a crankpin nut keeper with the hold-down screw located toward the outside of the wheels. The 80 wheels will have the hold-down screw hole located at the side of the crankpin hole.

Different Strokes for Different Folks



The slightly larger diameter 74 flywheel has the crankpin keeper hold-down screw at the top of the crankpin, near edge of wheel.



The smaller-diameter 80 flywheel also has a crankpin keeper hold-down screw, but it is located at the side of the crankpin hole.

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With the eager, enthusiastic, wholehearted support of Smiley, our cheery bookkeeper, and as part of our continuing campaign to stamp out money trips, we are offering you a special introductory subscription price of

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For a measly three bucks, you can have six issues of this great magazine delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.

All you have to do is fill out the coupon below (if you don't want to cut magazine, just put same info on separate sheet of paper) and mail it along with the bread.

Do it now while you're thinking of it—if you don't you know damn well you'll forget to.

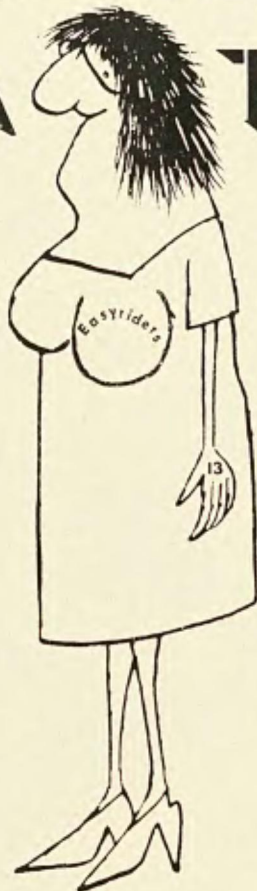
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Smiley, you old goat, send me a year's subscription to **Easyriders** magazine. Enclosed is my three bucks.

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



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



Who's Counting?

You know how, when you're on a run, sitting around a campfire at night, the talk sometimes gets sort of strange? Well, on our last run we were sitting around talking about the same old three B's (bikes, broads and booze) when someone said something about balling his old lady fifty times in a week. This led to an argument about how many times the average person balls a chick in his lifetime. Guesses ranged from 3,000 to 20,000. Any idea what the figure would actually be?

Johnny LaCosta
New Haven, Conn.

• *As far as we know nobody's ever done a study (or count) on this particular subject, but we can have a try at getting a realistic figure. First we checked with the magazine staff and assorted friends, but the number was so out of line that we decided to look deeper. According to Dr. Kinsey the average man balls a chick twice a week. Figuring that he started at sixteen, and is pretty much through at sixty, this would give him 4,576 chances. Of course, bikers are usually somewhat more active than the average man, so you could add some to that figure. Even so, that cat with the 20,000 estimate must be strong.*

Free-Life Facade

I seem to have a real bad situation brewing around my place, and I don't know what to do about it. My old lady always wants to go riding with me on weekends, but then, once we're on the bike, she's constantly complaining that her rear end hurts and that she wants to stop for a coke or coffee or something. I don't really think she's hurting that bad, so there must be some other reason why she wants to stop all the time. It's getting so I can't figure on riding any distance

on a weekend with her along, and all my riding partners are getting bent out of shape behind it and leaving on weekend trips without us.

Ralph Kobowicz
Hot Springs, Arkansas

• *Unless she's got some sort of medical problem she's not telling you about, sounds like you've got a problem we've run into before. That is, you've got an old lady who doesn't really like to ride, doesn't dig bikes, but glories in the image. That is, she wants everybody to know that the groovy looking guy and his chopper are hers, and that she's part of the free life of chopper riding, despite the fact that she couldn't care less about bikes or riding. Try leaving her at home a couple of weekends, and then if she really wants to go with you on a run lay the law down to her about it.*

Anybody Feel Helpful?

I have a bad problem, and I hope that you can help me with it. Re-

cently my husband and I got into an argument, he stomped out of the house, got on his bike, and took off down the road. A few miles away, out on the highway, he tried to continue the argument with a diesel truck. He left me with nothing but half-a-mil in insurance and his cat, who stays stoned all the time on Jack Daniels. I don't get along very well with the cat, I have nothing or nobody to spend the money on, and I'm awfully lonesome! Do you by any chance know anybody out there who might be able to help me?

Rita Will
Dallas, Texas

• *Sorry, but all we can do is hope that some of our readers might be able to help you. Anybody out there have any ideas on how to help a lonesome lady with loose bucks and a tight pussy?*

A Different Kind of Shop

Some of my biker friends are beginning to talk behind my back, all because they don't like some of the changes I've made in my chopper. Evidently the changes I made didn't go together, like the perilous pink paint job studded (excuse the expression) with gold rhinestones and the cute little fuzzy fur covers I made for the pegs, mirrors, etc. Do you know of any shops in my area that might be able to change things just enough so that it looks right without changing the basic idea?

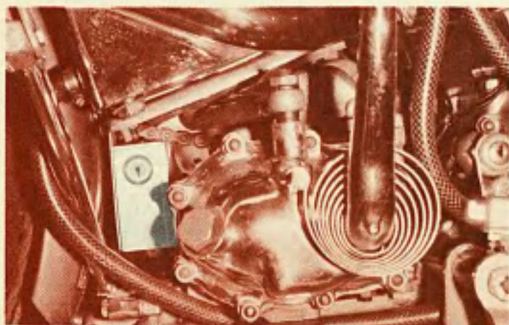
Ronnie Johnson
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

• *May we suggest that you need more work than your bike does?*

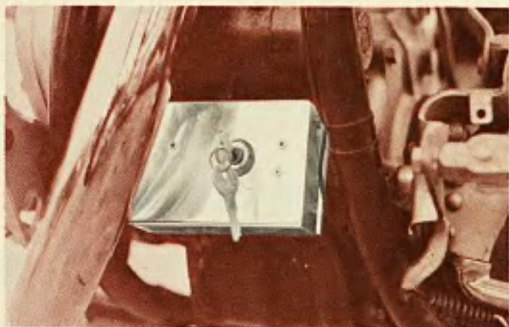
—Continued on page 65

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

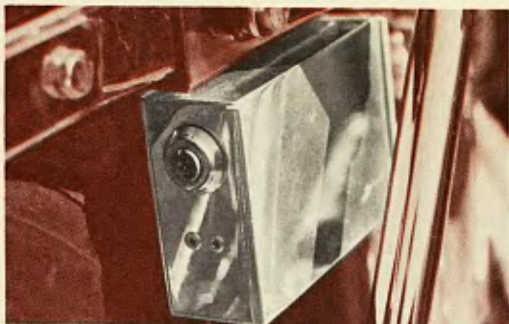
At Last! A Chopper Alarm!



Alarm location on rigid 74.



Alarm location on swing-arm 74.



Alarm location on Sportster.



Garage Alarm

A loud, noisy, tamperproof alarm that will blast away for 1 1/2 hours after the slightest movement by a rip-off artist.

Designed especially for chopper protection!

Not a bulky addition, it grooves with the chopper's engine and is practically unnoticeable, for it is chromed to blend in—you actually have to look for it to see it.

Small (4 1/2 x 3 x 1 1/2), and weighing only 20 ounces, it is completely tamperproof, weatherproof, and has its own self-contained power source. Absolutely no maintenance required and is simple to install on any 74 or Sportster. Designed to fit into a specific area on each bike, so as not to stand out or be obvious.

Not a gimmick. Satisfaction guaranteed. This is a rugged, well-constructed alarm designed to eliminate chopper thefts.

NOTICE!

Also available for overhead garage doors. Requires only a 1" hole in garage door for a key. Lifting door will set off an unreal blast for over an hour.

A few dollars can save you hundreds!

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Please send me a Chopper Alarm ☐ Garage Alarm ☐
I understand that I can return the Alarm within 10 days
if not completely satisfied. Enclosed is my money.

\$24.95 Chopper Alarm
2.40 Batteries
1.50 Postage
\$28.85

\$19.95 Garage Alarm
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1.50 Postage
\$23.85

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

His willpower is strong enough to put down wine, women, and song in pursuit of his occupation, but his chopper remains his

Achilles heel



Anyone who has been on a 500-pound Hog knows that it is one heavy machine to handle—and because of its weight, if for any reason you should get off balance, it's really a bitch to pull it upright. Flop it on its side, and it usually takes two guys to stand it up again.

With this in mind, flash on Armond Bletcher, a 6'3", 310-pounder who dwarfs his big 80, and makes it appear as if he's putt-putting around on a Yamaha 125.

He earns his coins by being a strong-arm body guard—strong-arm, meaning that his bad-news, mangler-of-men appearance, and obvious





capability, is used instead of a gun to protect his clients.

Armond lives the good life of his wealthy clients while on duty, and manages to spend three to four hours lifting weights every day on his own time, while chug-a-lugging quarts of milk along with his five meals a day. "Not huge meals—just five spread over the entire time I'm awake."

His chopper, as with most chopper riders, is his "escape"—so much so in his case that he won't even allow himself near the bike until after his workout—and most of the time he restricts his riding to weekends, because "Once I get on it, I want to go, and keep on going—and the hell with everything else."

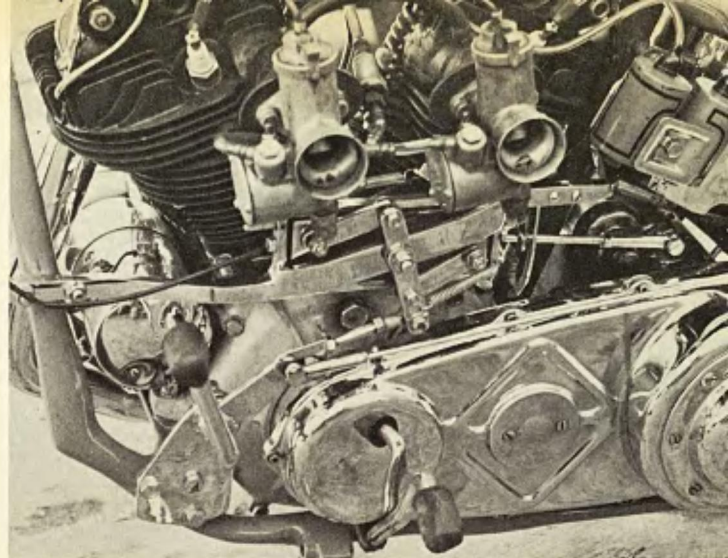
He's been lifting weights for seven years, starting at age 20 with 60-pound bells, and has maintained a daily schedule except for "A couple of times when I broke my fist in fights."

Really ape for his lifting and good health, he doesn't drink or smoke, has 22" biceps, can press 350 pounds, can bench press—"I cheat a little with an arched back"—590 pounds. His daily routine consists of four sets of each

The bike was built for super-fast solo riding, and fast riding is just what Armond does with it. Note the missing lower top frame tube for further weight reduction and an "open" appearance over the top barrel.

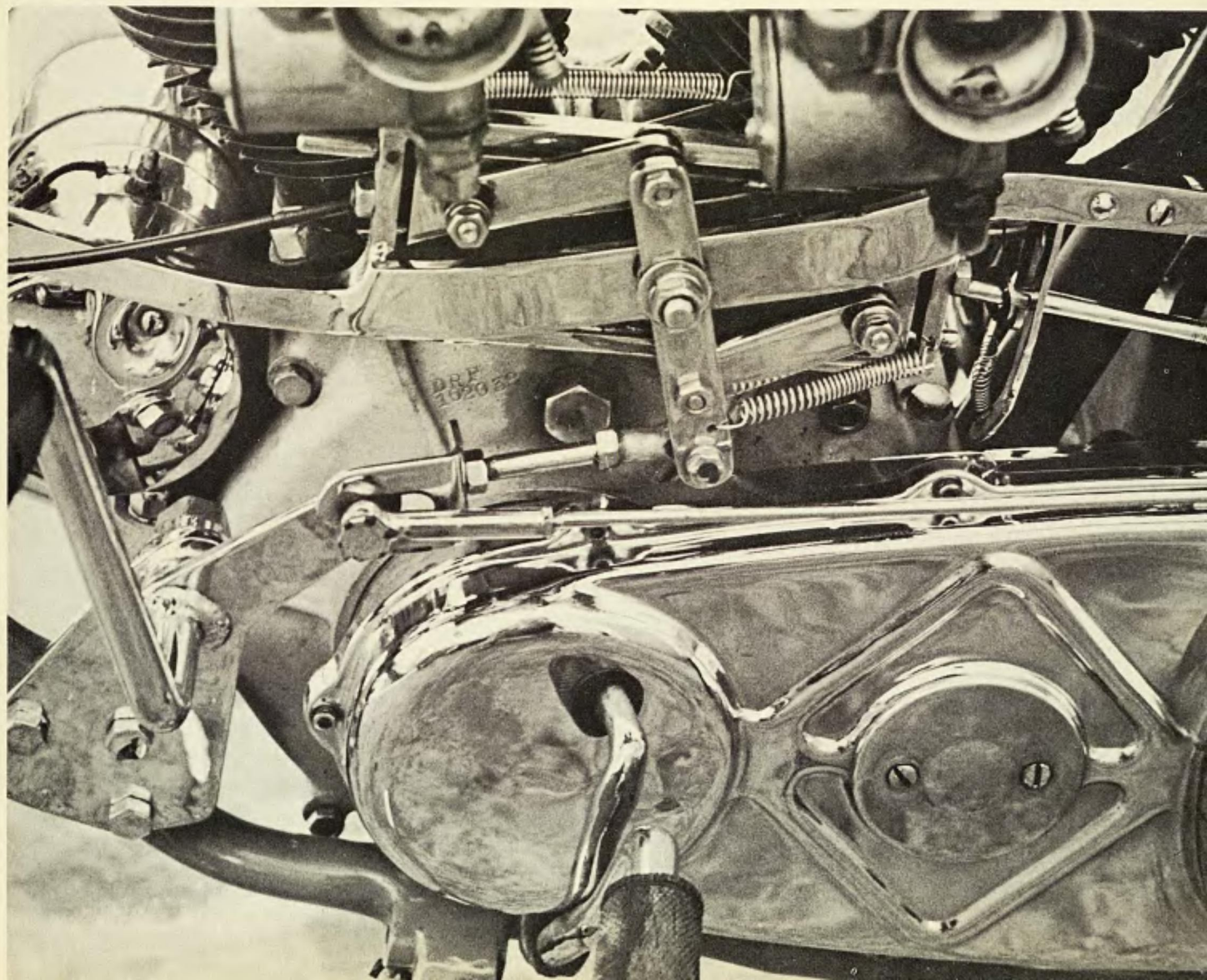


The oil tank was sectioned to allow the trans plate and transmission to be mounted on stands, moving them up from the stock location. This gives better weight transfer to the rear wheel, by raising the center of gravity, and gives more clearance under primary for tighter cornering.

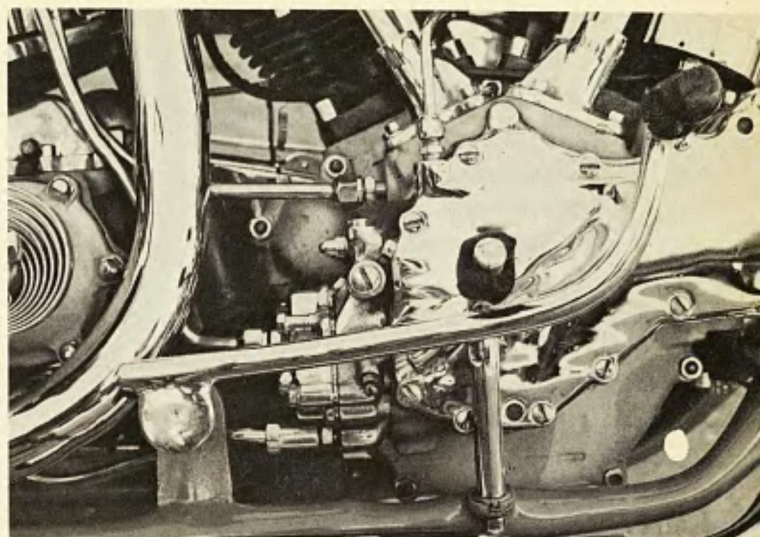


The involved speedyshifter mechanism. When the clutch pedal is stepped on, it not only releases the clutch but shifts the transmission to the next higher gear as well. Just bang the clutch lever and the shift is completed. A small lever on the bars reverses the procedure for downshifts. When sitting at a light the clutch pedal either has to be kept down or the transmission put in neutral, just as with a jockey shift. No jockey shift ever switched gears as fast as a speedyshift, though.

Cut and rewelded intake port manifolds now mount a pair of 1 3/16-inch Amal Monobloc carburetors, insuring that a sufficient supply of gas gets to the healthy 80-inch knucklehead engine. Making sure that the gas gets fired is the job of the dual late-model coils. The top motor-mount, speedyshift mechanism, early primary and generator cover are among the many parts which received a liberal coating of chrome. Note that the footpeg is mounted in the stock footboard tab.



Engine exhaust is handled by home-made drag pipes and shorty mufflers. Part of the reason for the specially made pipes is to eliminate the gap that would otherwise exist between the rear pipe and the bottom of the moved-up transmission. Check how high transmission sits in frame.



The curved brake pedal was moved back from the stock location and welded directly to the end of the cross-shaft. Note the chromed oil pump, lifter bases and cam cover.



General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year & make: H-D
Model: 74 (80)
Value: \$2600
Time: 6 months
Assembly: Owner
Chroming: Valley Chrome, Fresno

Frame

Year: 1939
Rake: stock
Rear Susp.: rigid
Bars: MCM drag bars
Tank: H-D Sportster
Seat: Pad-type by owner
Material: naugahyde
Sissy bar: none

Engine

Year: 1939
Model: knucklehead
Builder: Owner
Displacement: 80 cu. in.
Cam: Sifton
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): 2-Amal
Shifter: Speedyshift
Pipes: Drag-type
Mufflers: shorty
Stacks: none

Forks

Type: H-D springer
Extension: 10 inches
Builder: Owner

Painting

Molding: Jerry Christensen
Painting: Jerry Christensen
Color: black with silver flecks
Tank Illus: Neil Averall

Tires

Front: 2.75 x 21 Avon
Rear: 3.00 x 18 Pirelli

Wheels

Front: Steel 21-in. H-D
Rear: Steel 18-in. H-D



Going down the road Armond's size almost dwarfs the not-very-small knucklehead. The chain guard was bobbed as a part of the intensive weight-reduction program.

The rare 2.75 x 21 front tire is held in an extended Harley springer which retains the springer brake for better stopping ability. Glide risers were lengthened and adapted to fit the springer, and hold narrow drag bars above the Bates headlight.

exercise, sets of at least six reps—such exercises as curling 270 pounds.

He alternates his lifting schedule to work out different parts of his body, every other day, and increases the amount of weight as the exercise becomes too easy. He doesn't work out for the usual definition and small waist bit, but rather lifts to develop and maintain overall brute strength. As he puts it, "A bear has a gut, and you know what he can do to a guy." (His waist is 38".)

Working out in his own gym ("Because I don't like the creeps that frequent the public gyms"), he puts his lifting before anything else—he feels it's vital to his occupation. An occupation that requires he stand near his client, and merely from his size and looks, be able to discourage most people from hassling his client or even think about attempting anything, yet at the same time being physically able to do battle if the occasion calls for it.

He's a protector, an enforcer, a collector, and yet he has one admitted weakness—his chopper. □



The Sportster tank was mounted level with the top frame tube, a single rear tab welded on and molded in, and then set off with fine pinstriping.



PHOTOGRAPHERS (would be and otherwise)

- We are interested in purchasing professional quality photos and transparencies of choppers.
- We are interested only in **exclusive** photos of bikes that have never been published in a national magazine.
- **Black and white** photos should be either 5x7, or 8x10, single-weight, glossy finish. We prefer 8x10 prints.
- **Color photos** must be transparencies, either 35mm, 2 1/4 x 2 1/4, or larger. Do not send color **prints**. Do not send **negative** film. Only transparencies will be considered.
- Only submissions accompanied with a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope will be returned.
- Our regular professional rates will be paid for any photographs purchased.
- **Easyriders** magazine cannot be responsible for any material damaged in the mails.
- **Non-photographers:** If you feel your bike is good enough to be featured in **Easyriders** and you're not a photographer, it is okay to send us snapshots and color prints from any kind of a camera, to let us see if the bike in our opinion warrants our sending a photog, or having a local professional (photographer, that is), get in touch with you. If you want snaps back, you must send stamped return envelope.

Send all submissions to:
Mighty Mil, Photo Editor
Easyriders Magazine
Box 2086
Seal Beach, Calif. 90740

The Straights are Coming

—Continued from page 20

The gray flannel slacks and white buck shoes are worn by Jack Bell of Glendale, California. He is typical of the new breed of chopper owners. He's a sales manager of a chain of five tire stores in southern California. He found the bike in stock condition and built the chopper himself. A pretty hairy bike for a guy just getting the feel of the chopper's size and weight. Due to its extended springer front end (18") it is a little unmanageable when going slow in traffic, for it has a jockey shift that requires him to steer with one arm while shifting with the other. The super-pullback bars give him some leverage, but it still takes a little doing—especially with his wife on the bike with him.

Jack gets to ride his scooter only on weekends: his position requires that he dress in a business suit and tie on week days. He's so used to wearing a suit and tie that there are times when he rides his chopper dressed that way! As a matter of fact, he showed up for our photo session wearing a pinstriped suit! It was explained to him that choppers and business suits just didn't go together—and would he mind changing? He left, and returned dressed as you see him here.

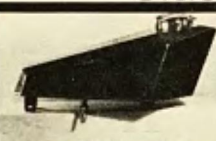
Maybe he's right—maybe you don't have to dress a certain way to putt around on a chopper—maybe it's just that we've gotten so used to the other style (style?) that we are blind to change—who knows? Either way it's a good trend. It's good that business types are moving to choppers for their kicks. It's good that the law can't group all chopper riders together as bad guys and dope fiends any longer—but on second thought, which is worse, to be hassled by the law at times, or to be hassled by your buddies for wearing white buck shoes?

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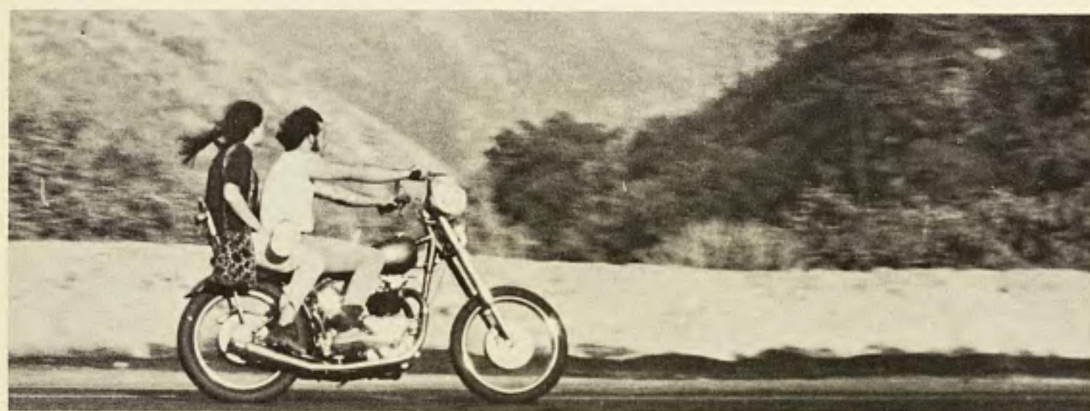
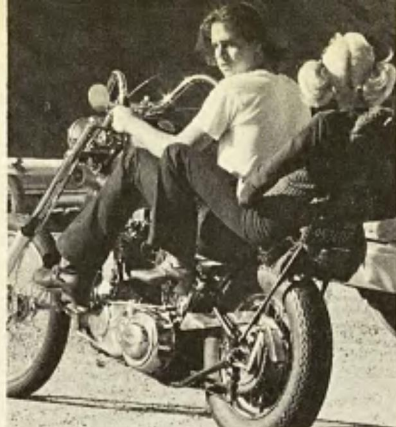
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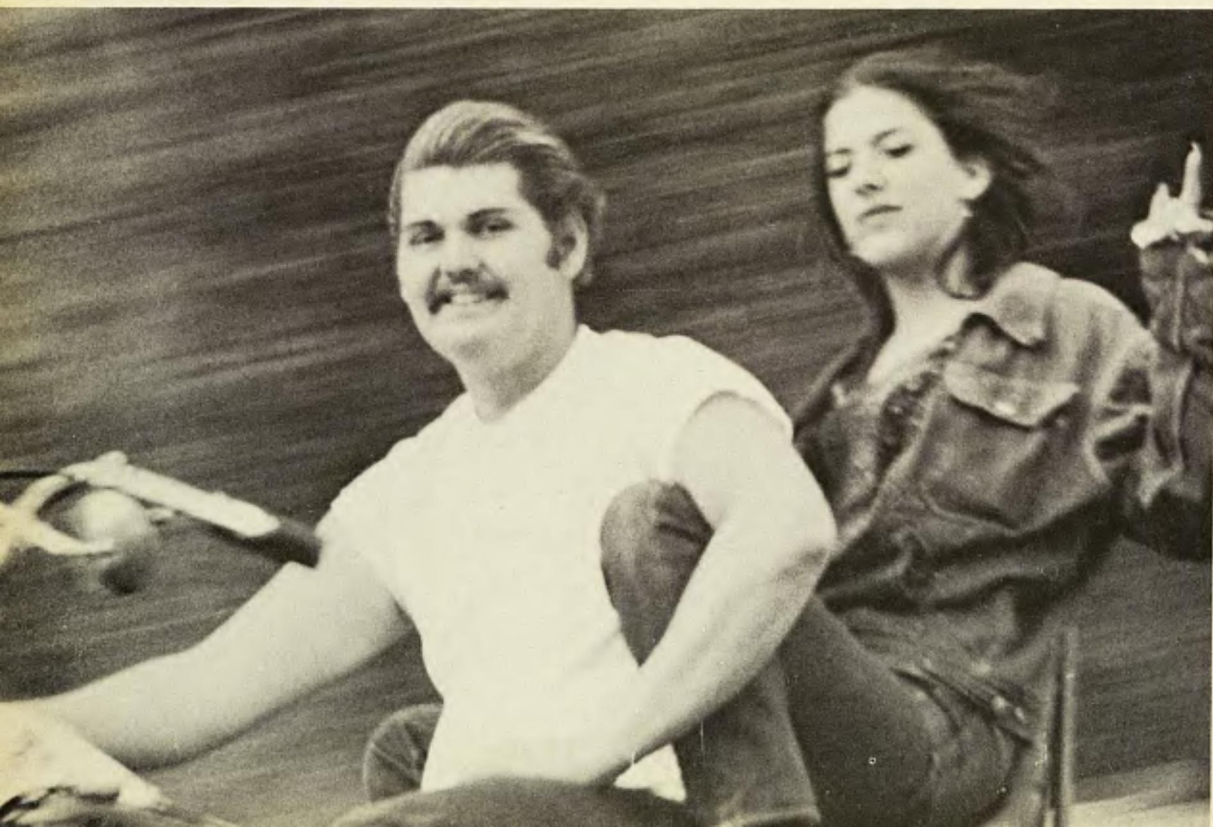
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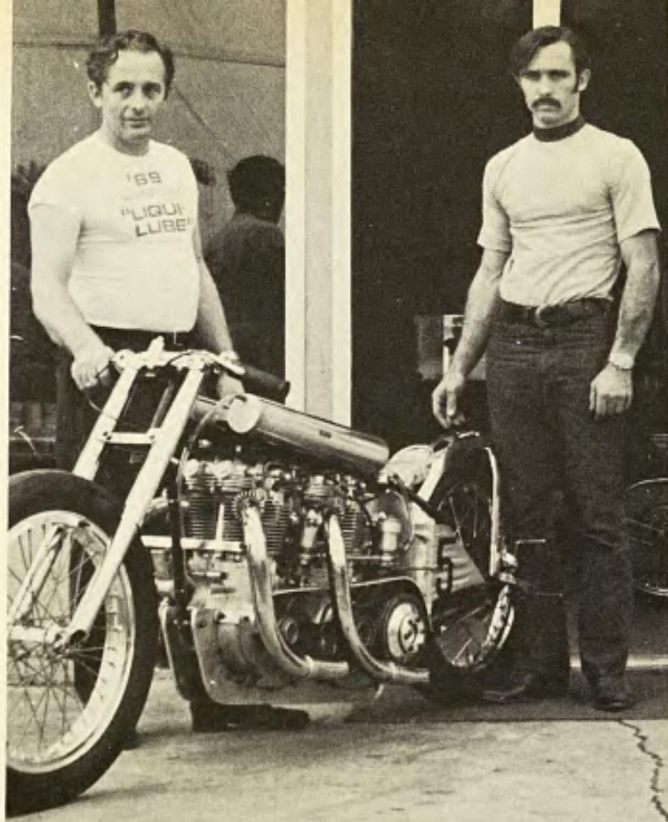
*M*ere words and photographs cannot adequately convey the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers gliding through city traffic or jamming on the highway. You have to get on a bike and ride it in order to appreciate the real benefits of owning one.

But short of actually riding a bike, we feel that nothing illustrates this freedom, this leaving all your problems behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy all laid out, his feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with hair blowing in all directions.

Easyriders will present to you, in every issue, photographs that convey these good vibrations. If you have photos that groove with what we are trying to do here, send them to Mighty Mil, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.



Don McEvoy, left, and Buddy Martinez wheel the Triumph super-racer out of Don's El Monte, California shop.



A Limey and his Limey

by Louis Bosque

It was a small, obscure motorcycle shop. You would have difficulty finding it, even if you were searching for it. The faded front with its lack of attention-grabbing signs allowed it to blend in with the series of small stores on either side.

The front door was open, encouraging me to walk into the dimly illuminated interior. At the back, there was a well-lighted room with open door. I walked back to it and found Don McEvoy working on a magneto which was clamped in a vise.

"Hi, I'm from **Easyriders** magazine. I'm here to get the poop on your dual-engined Triumph."

He stopped what he was doing and put out his hand for a shake as he said, "Hello. Joe told me you would be coming by—I'll be finished in just a few minutes."

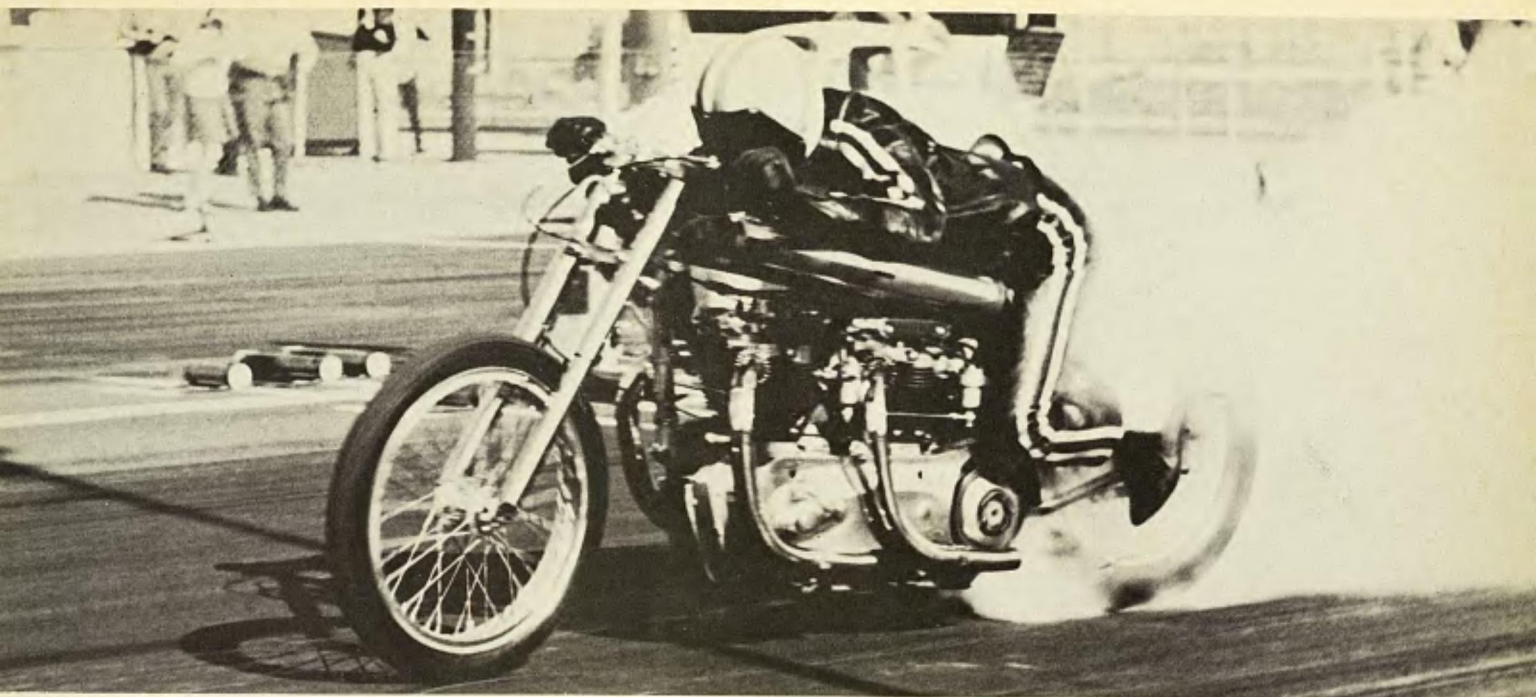
He spoke with an English accent—or was it Australian? He was wearing an Iskenderian T-shirt, was solidly built, and looked like an Englishman—an Establishment type, not the Beatle type. He continued to work on the mag as he said, "I just have to test it, and then I'll be finished." He

plugged in an electric motor after connecting it to the mag with a drive belt. As the motor turned, it turned the mag, making it shoot off hot dashes of sparks with a snapping noise.

"All magnetos should be checked out thoroughly before installation on a motorcycle," he explained, making some adjustments. "Some are not hot enough, and some are too damn hot. The variance is amazing. You can't trust the manufacturers—you must check each one out yourself."

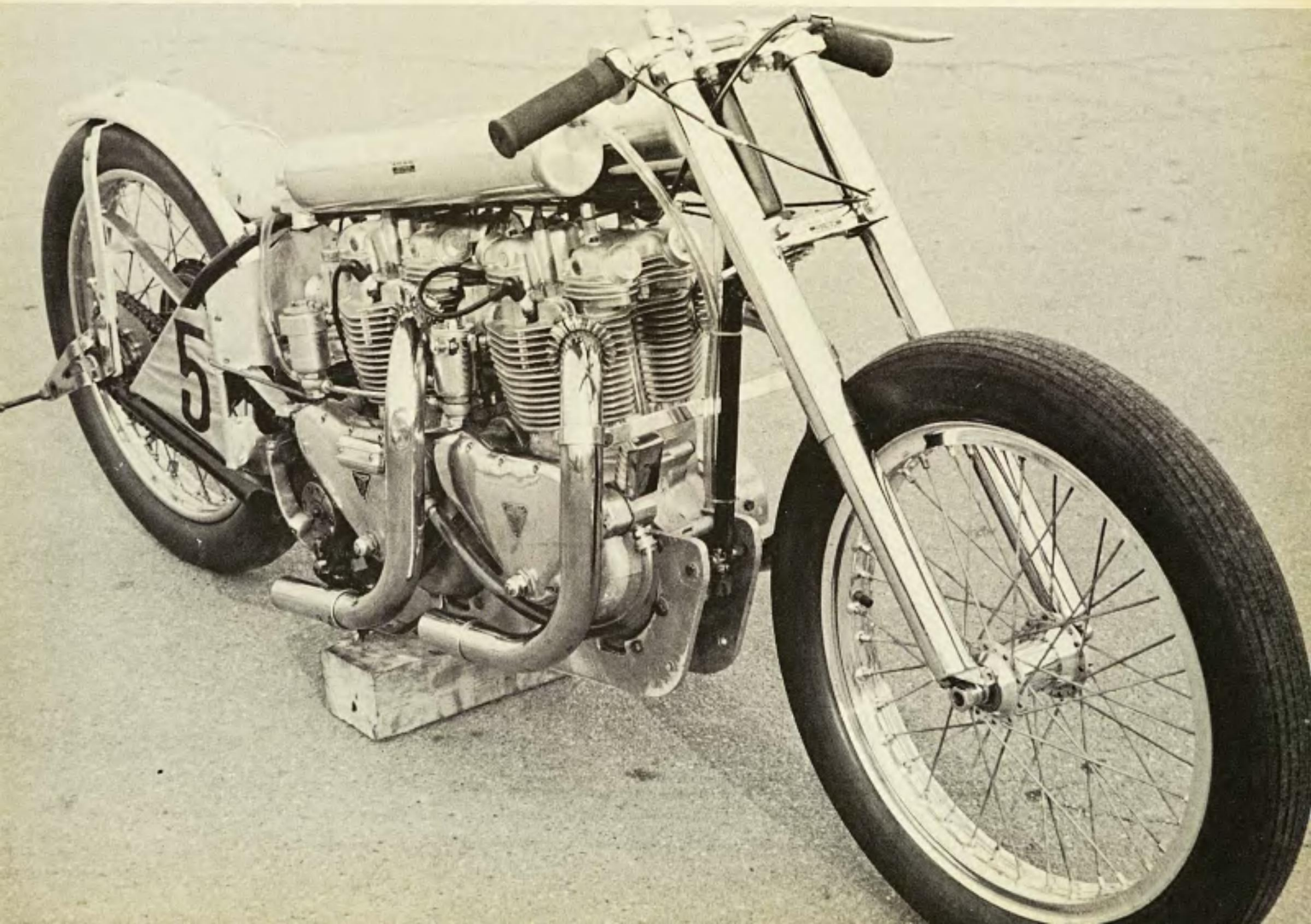
"Do you do electrical work as well as rebuild engines?" I asked for no particular reason.

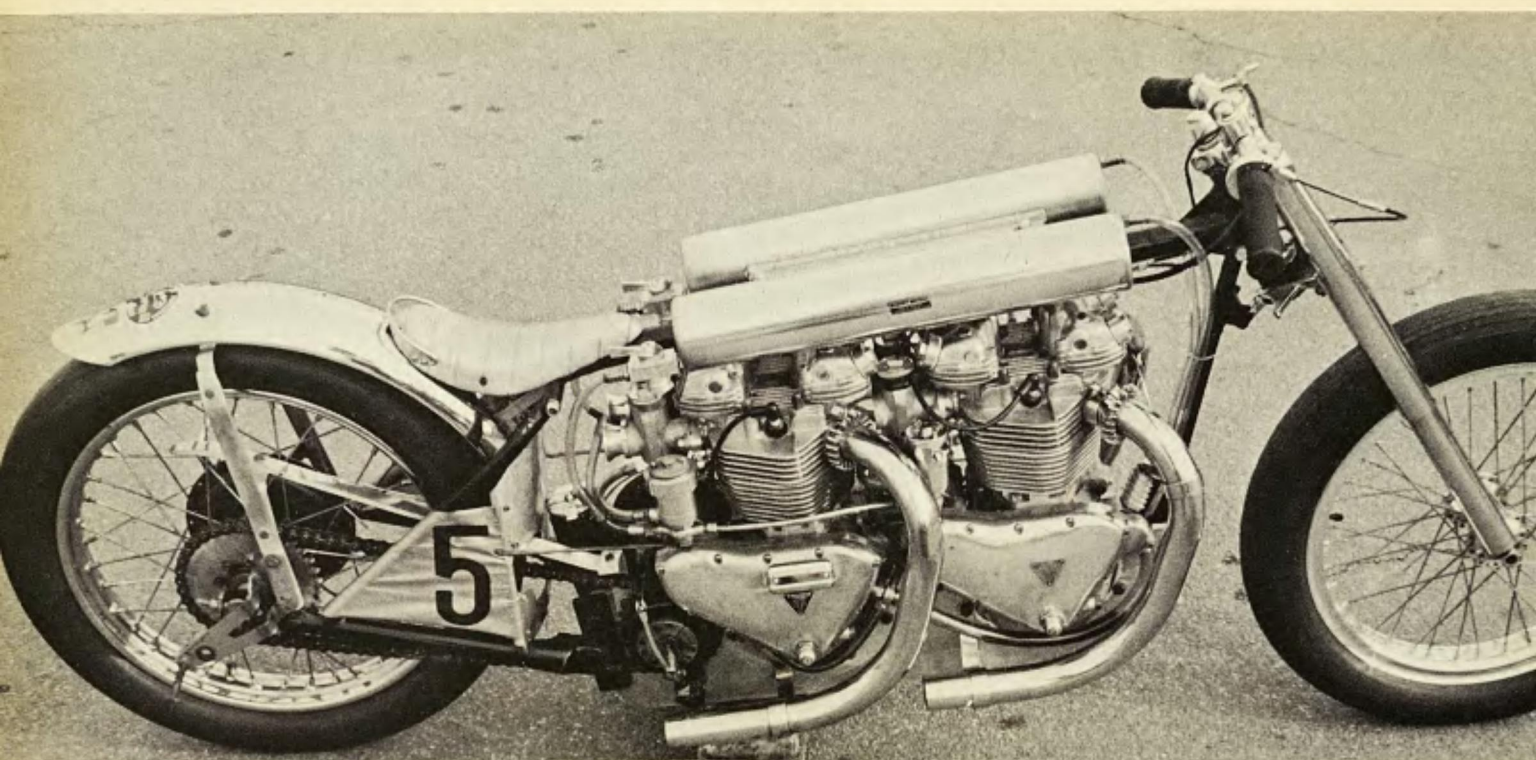
"I specialize in rebuilding and repairing Triumphs. I do what you might call custom work for the particular Triumph owner who wants individual, specialized attention—not just an ordinary job he could get from any dealer." He squinted at the mag and made another adjustment. "In answer to your question," he went on then, "I do the complete job—whatever is required. My customers know me and the quality of my work, and they're willing to travel as far as 350 miles to get me to do their work."



The twin engines are a combination of parts from many different years. Displacement is currently 750 ccs each, through the use of Chamtland aluminum barrels. Internally the engines feature 1969 cranks mounted in roller bearings, Harmon-Collins cams, using #9 intakes and #6

exhausts, radiused tappets, 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ inch intake and 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ inch exhaust valves, and Autolite 701 plugs. The engines fire 180 degrees apart, and the spark is provided by only slightly modified Lucas magnetos off earlier Triumph engines. A one quart tank holds the Torco racing oil.





His statement only verified what I'd heard before. Don didn't need an expensive shop. His customers came to **him**, not to a shop—and they would come to him even if he worked in a tent in his back yard.

Don started working on Triumphs in 1954 (five years after coming to the U.S.); his father and his uncle both work for the Triumph factory in England. He started racing Triumphs in the same year and won his first trophy by going 84 mph in the quarter.

"That trophy was my downfall. From that I got the bug, and I've spent more than ten thousand dollars since," he says with a grin. "I still hold the forty-inch record of 142 miles per hour in the quarter."

His first Bonneville attempt was in 1962 with a 42" Triumph, but he would just as soon forget about that year—he blew six engines.

At drag meets, running in the AA/Fueller class with an 80" Triumph, he ran consistently at 157 to 159 mph.

In 1967 he took the 90" twin-engined Triumph to Bonneville and went 194 mph one way but burned a piston on the return run. The record that year was 191 mph.

Bonneville was rained out in 1968, but he tried anyway in October. Because of the wet surface, the best he could do was 186.

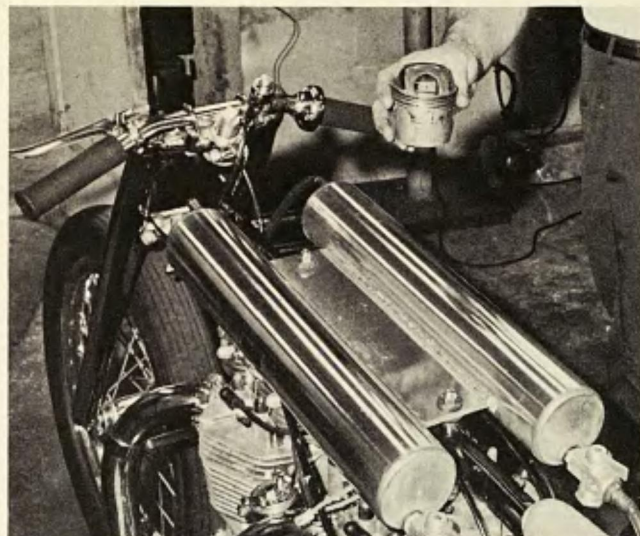
In 1969 he burned piston after piston, turning a top run of 192.

In 1970, with the record standing at 194, he went one way at 198, but couldn't get the bike started for the return run.

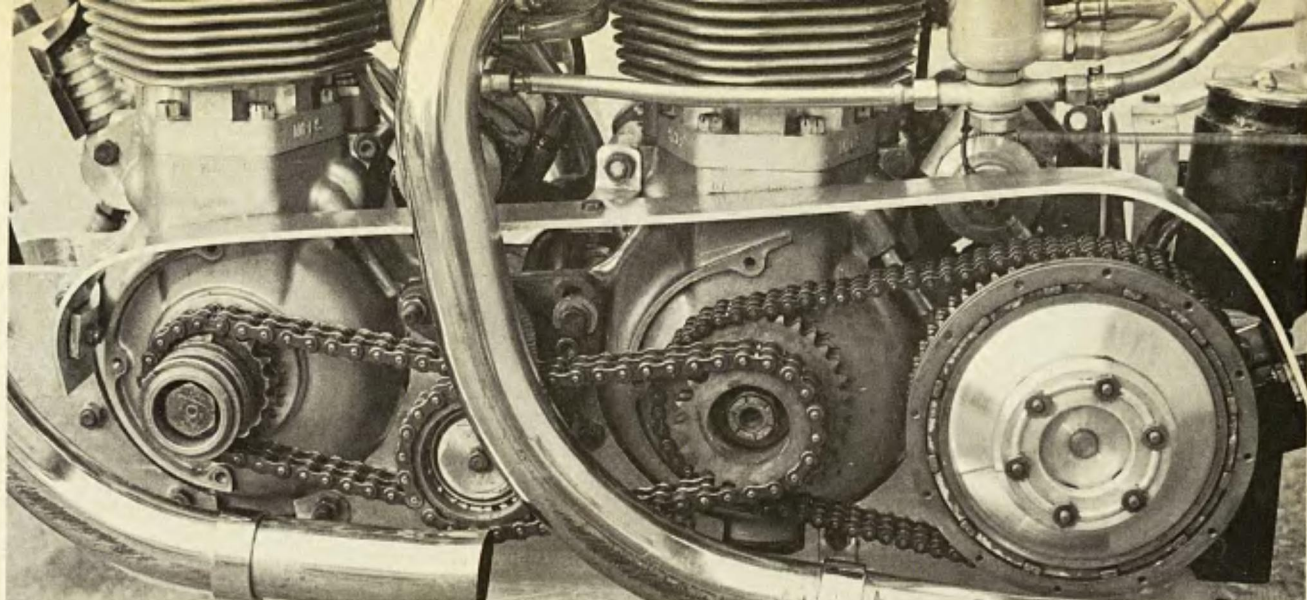
Since the bike has only a high gear, it is neces-

The twin 750 cc engines in the long-frame Triumph put over two-hundred horsepower on the ground, and "you lose" on the competition. The best drag strip e.t. was a 9.25, turned at the Fresno, California strip, and speeds were consistently in the 157-159 mph bracket.

Front and rear tires are 3.00 x 19 Dunlop land speed record tires, specially designed for running at Bonneville, where the bike recently ran at over 198 miles per hour before a broken engine put it out of the running. A series of eight passes made during qualifications all recorded runs over the 190 mark.

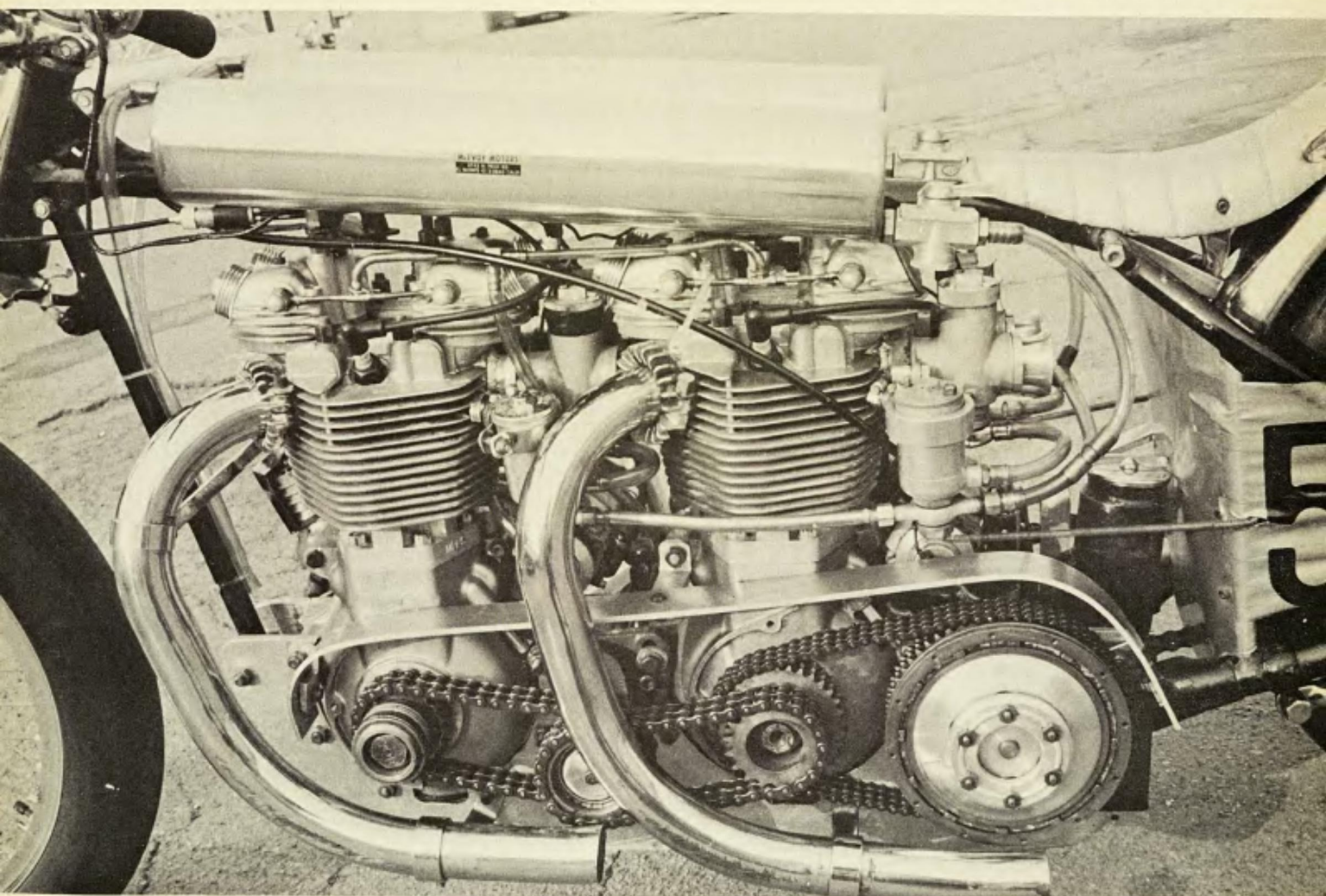


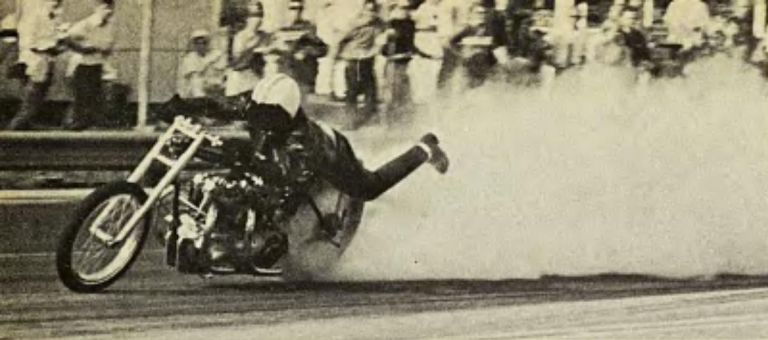
The 88% nitro mixture is fed to the four Amal TT carburetors from twin tanks with a 1¾ gallon capacity. A firm believer in horsepower through high compression, Don McEvoy shows one of the four 12½ to 1 compression Robbins pistons used in the engines.



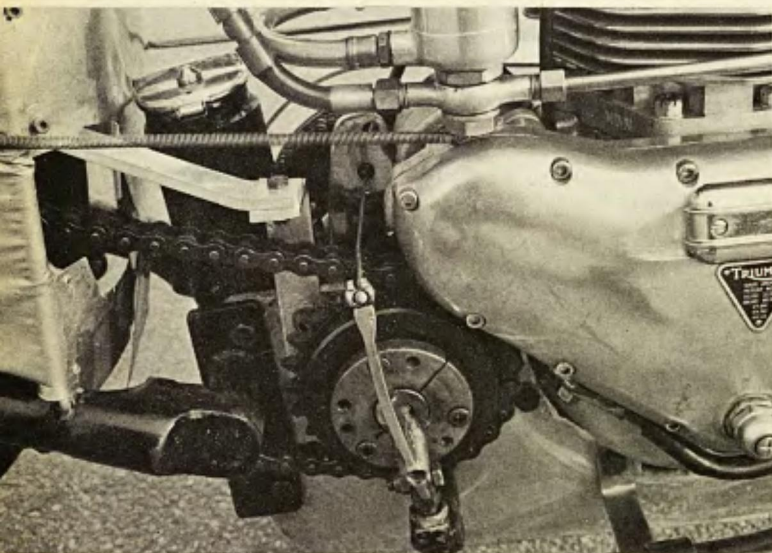
Short 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter pipes get the exhaust out of the engines. Don found that pipe length was quite critical for maximum horsepower development, with 28 inches overall being best. Check the long $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick motor mount plate made from soft 6061 alloy and the breather line connecting the two engines to the Pirelli breather at the generator mounting point.

Lots of chain is required to transmit all that power, including a three row 35 pitch Diamond chain from the back engine to the clutch shell. That clutch was made by Don from many bits and pieces, including an outer housing from a Sportster, a specially made center hub for running steel Triumph clutch plates, Barnett Sportster fiber plates, and a pressure plate adapted from an Ariel Square Four.

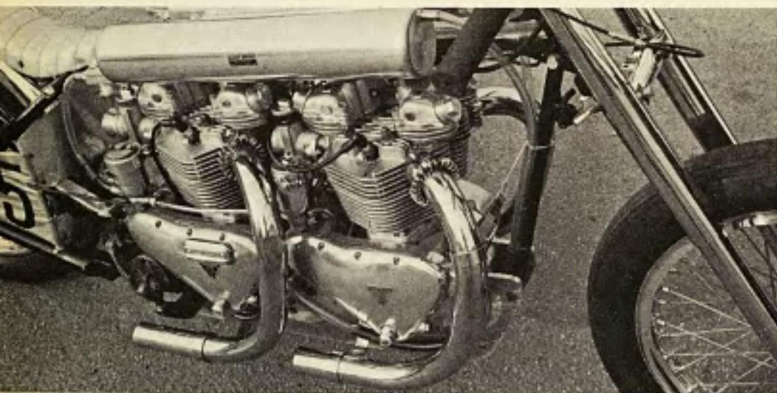




Slightly outta shape, Buddy lost it a second later and flipped end over end with back tire burning a streak across his back—right through his leather jacket.



A jack-shaft replaces the transmission, as the power output of the twin Triumphs is sufficient to eliminate the need for lower gears. A single row Diamond chain carries the power back to the rear wheel, which runs a 2.20 to 1 final ratio for Bonneville. The lower rear frame member is a Triumph swing-arm unit, and the stock long through-bolt turned out to be so super-hard that Don had trouble cutting it to weld on the equally hard mounting plate.



The twin Triumph engines fit together like they were designed by the factory for just this purpose, hiding much of the engineering work that Don spent getting it all together. The forks are stock length, completely chromed, and the spool hub was machined from a solid block of metal by Don. Don also hand-built the three piece frame from shelby tubing.

sary for Buddy Martinez—the current rider—to hold on to the side of a car and wait until he reaches 90 mph before letting go and firing. The bike is turning about 2500 rpm at 90 mph. Ideally, it should be going around 120 mph before firing. It's geared to turn 6000 rpm at 200 mph.

At drag races, with gearing for 160 mph at 8000 rpm, the bike must be towed at 50 mph to fire.

In the he's-got-hair department, Buddy (at Bonneville) was tooling along at 198 mph at the 2½-mile mark when the front engine blew up. Instantly he hit the clutch and the kill button as pieces of metal and spewing hot oil flew in all directions. He tried to sit up, but he was going too fast and was almost blown off by the ripping wind—so he just lay back down again and steered, coasting 176 mph through the lights.

At a drag race last year, Buddy hit some oil and got all out of shape (see photo). The bike flipped end over end, throwing Buddy twelve feet ahead. When the bike caught up with him, the spinning back wheel burned a track across his back—right through his leather jacket. Aside from the burn, he was unharmed.

Also last year, at Bonneville with a different rider up, the bike developed an interesting wobble at 180 mph. The driver shut down immediately and resigned on the spot. Buddy flew up to Bonneville and took over the riding job. Sure enough, the wobble showed up at 180, but all Buddy did was to move further back on the bike and go through the lights at 186 mph. A cool cat, that Buddy.

McEvoy doesn't build hot racing engines for anyone except himself. He feels that he can't tune them or control their use after they leave his shop, and without being able to do that, he would just as soon avoid building them.

He is in love with the Triumph—you can tell by the way he talks about it. Be it English pride or his honest conviction that Triumph is the best, he races it despite lack of help from the factory—purely for the challenge. And that lack of help seems strange. With most record attempts and record-holders supported by the factories, the Triumph people are unique. They seem to live on past laurels, blind to the fact that their prestige is slipping as they lose record after record.

Meanwhile, Don's prestige is growing as his machines make themselves known by setting records, nearly setting records, and generally giving an outstanding performance, win, lose, or draw. Little wonder his customers seek him out.



K 80

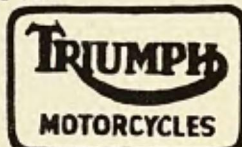
Maltese skull —back size large



ME 1



ME 1A



ME 3



ME 5



ME 7



ME 8



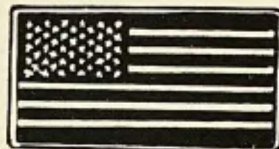
ME 2



ME 9



ME 4



K 88 K 88A



ME 12



ME 6A



ME 6

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K 89



ME 14



ME 19



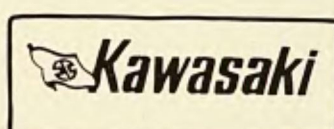
ME 16A



ME 15A



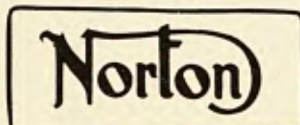
ME 18



ME 19A



ME 16



ME 7A



ME 14A



ME 11



ME 8A



K 90



ME 17



ME 4A



ME 25



ME 15

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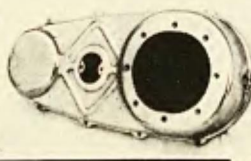
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Red Shepard

—Continued from page 11

much happier than the people who, because of their narrow vision, are doing the laughing. I have no repressed desires. If I want to do something, wear something—I do it. I don't stop to consider if it's approved, or what someone might think about it. I love them. I understand them. It's just too bad they can't be completely free to love a person in return. Even if he's wearing cowboy boots and swim trunks—what harm? Really, what harm?"

Red has had two bikes (Triumphs) before he bought the Sportster. He likes the Sportster best; he considers it a stronger bike, and he feels safer when he really lets it rip on the highways.

He's studied Yoga, and various other eastern religions, and gained something from all of them. But none helped him with his day-to-day life as much as the philosophy of the American Indian, which he has learned since his association with Hair, and from his current studies of Indian philosophy—especially the philosophy of the Hopi Indians.

The living room of his two-story house gives evidence of his interest in Indians; Indian artifacts, head-dresses, bowls, rugs and peace pipes are all around.

His beautiful wife, Karalee, digs bikes—rides behind him as if she were glued into position, as he darts through the Hollywood traffic jungle. She also digs his hair, and washes it every other day.

Adding it all up, singing for a living in a hip musical, at peace with himself and the world, a bike to do his thing on, and a beautiful woman to wash his hair—tell me, what more could a guy want?

MUTHA

—Continued from page 48

Rear End Problem

I recently got married to a chick who had never ridden before, other than a few trips around the block on assorted stock bikes. I have a rigid Harley, and while she's steady bugging me to take her for rides, she constantly complains about how uncomfortable the seat is and how the bumps hurt her. I've got a wide contour seat with a high back that runs up the sissy bar, and I don't know what more I can do, other than putting a stock Harley seat on, which I won't do. Any suggestions?

Mike Flores
Bend, Oregon

• If you happen to have a friend who has a rigid bike with a solo seat and pill, have him take her for a ride. If not, put one on your bike for a while, and pretty soon she'll be begging you to put the contour seat back on. You'll probably never hear another word out of her about the bumps.

Reality Or a Role?

What do you do when you're married to a groovy guy who owns and rides an out-of-sight chopper, but you can't stand to ride with him? You see, my husband is a very nice guy, he's clean, a good father to our children, makes a good living, but when he gets on his bike it's like another personality takes over. He wears dirty, grease-encrusted Levis, a chain around his waist, and something he calls a "cut off," which is just a ragged Levi vest with all kinds of Nazi emblems and stuff pinned and sewn to it. His mouth gets both loud and dirty, and he's constantly insulting me around his friends. I can't take this. What can I do?

Susan Cole
Denver, Colorado

• To start with, if that's "his thing" then you should accept that you are married to a "righteous outlaw," and that trying to reform him is not part of your marriage vows. However, if he wasn't like this when you married him—if this is a recent development—then you might have a different situation on

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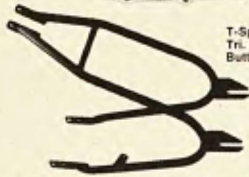
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your hands. Quite often people get wrapped up in the chopper scene, and then begin to confuse the image and the action. You might try talking to him about this some night. Is he digging on bikes and riding, or is he playing a role? Is he enjoying the freedom that bike riding brings, or imprisoning himself by trying to impress people with how "bad" he is? From your description he sounds like a right person, and perhaps getting him to thinking might get his head back in the right place.

Holy Wheeler

I've been watching the growing influence of choppers on the motorcycle scene for the past couple of years, and noticed that they have been getting more and more respectable. While I've wanted one for some time, I've had to forego the pleasures of riding because of my calling. Now I'd like to have one. Specifically a three-wheeler. Unfortunately the only ones I've been able to find have flathead 45 motors in them, which is not satisfactory for the kind of riding I intend to do. Can you tell me in what years Harley built 74-powered three-wheelers and where I might be able to find one for a decent price?

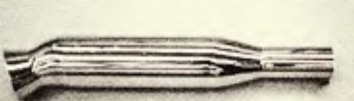
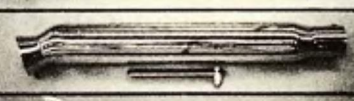
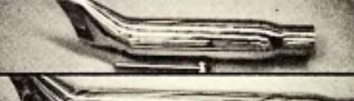
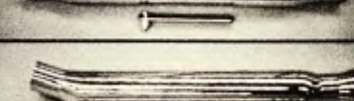
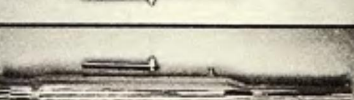
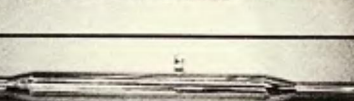
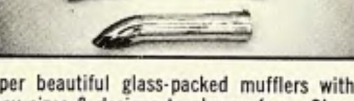
Rev. Paul Phillips
Manhattan, Kansas

• Sorry, but Harley never built a 74-powered three-wheeler. There are a fair number of them on the road, but they were specially built by individuals, not the factory. The usual method is to take a late model swing-arm 74 (one with a spring-suspended rear wheel), remove everything from the seat post back, and then graft it to the three-wheeler rear section and axle. You can also use a Sportster front section and engine for this conversion. The main reason for doing this is that the Harley three-wheeler flat-head engine is only good for about sixty miles per hour on the highway, and this isn't enough for most people. ☐



Go back
and read
page 49

CUSTOM MUFFLERS by RICHARD

#1 1 1/2 or 13/4 \$18.95 ea.	
#2 1 1/2 or 13/4 \$18.95 ea.	
#3 Honda 750 only \$19.95 ea.	
#4 13/4 \$18.95 ea.	
#5 13/4 \$22.95 ea.	
#6 13/4 \$22.95 ea.	
#7 13/4 \$18.95 ea.	
#8 1 1/2 or 13/4 \$18.95 ea. \$18.95 ea.	
#9 1 1/2 or 13/4 \$18.95 ea.	
#10 Honda 450 repl. \$19.95 ea.	
#11 Triumph 3 cyl. repl. \$19.95 ea.	
#12 BMW repl. \$24.95 ea.	
#14 TT ext. with baffles \$12.95 ea.	

✓ Super beautiful glass-packed mufflers with many sizes & designs to choose from. Gives deep, true tone improved performance.

#15 Sportster
header pipes
\$18.95 pair.
and bolt-on
muffler bracket
\$12.95

74 pan headers
\$26.95 set.

74 knuckle headers
\$26.95 set

74 shovelhead
headers \$29.95 set

Triumph TT pipes
1 1/2 or 1 3/4
\$25.95 pair

Honda TT pipes
305-350-450
CB or CL 5 speed
models only.
\$26.95 pair

BSA TT pipes
1 1/2 \$25.95 pr
1 3/4 \$28.95 pr

complete with all
mounting brackets

Sportster stacks

74 pan stacks

74 knuckle stacks

74 shovel-head stacks
\$49.95 set

All stacks adapt
to header pipes as
shown in top picture.
Baffles available \$4.50 pr

Sportster XLR pipes
\$25.95 pr

Baffles to fit. \$4.50 pr

Triumph side pipes
1 1/2 or 1 3/4 \$25.95 pr

Honda side pipes
350 CB & 450 CL 5 speed
models \$26.95 pr
BSA sidepipes
1 1/2 \$25.95 pr

Dealer Inquiries Invited



Super beautiful chromed headers & pipes, made from the finest materials available and triple chrome plated.

**motorcycle
goodies inc.**

When ordering mufflers — headers or pipes, please state make — model and year of motorcycle, also diameter size when applicable.

**MOTORCYCLE
GOODIES INC.**

8351 E. Garvey Ave. E
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(213) 280-3927



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