

Easyriders

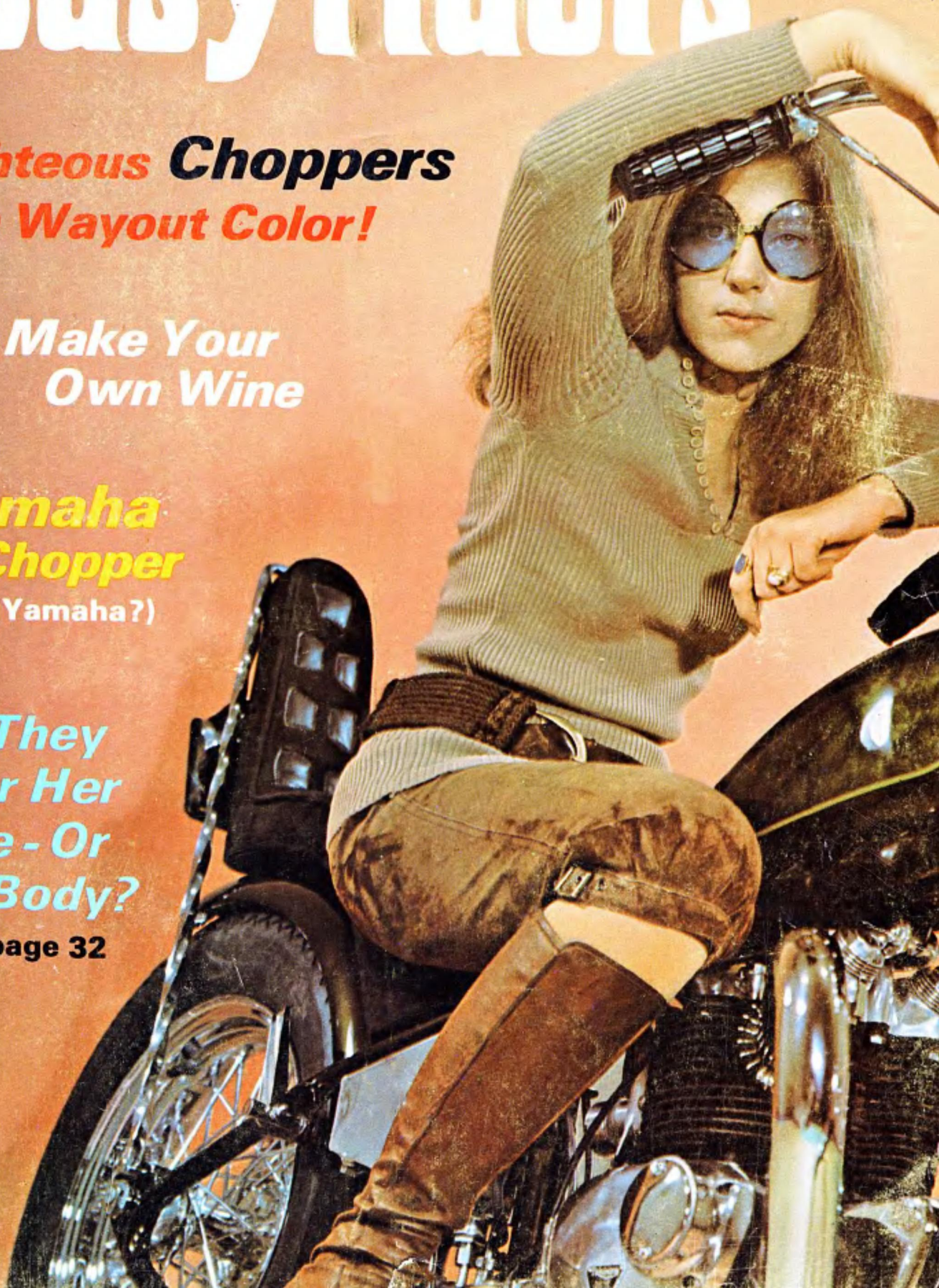
Righteous Choppers
in Wayout Color!

**Make Your
Own Wine**

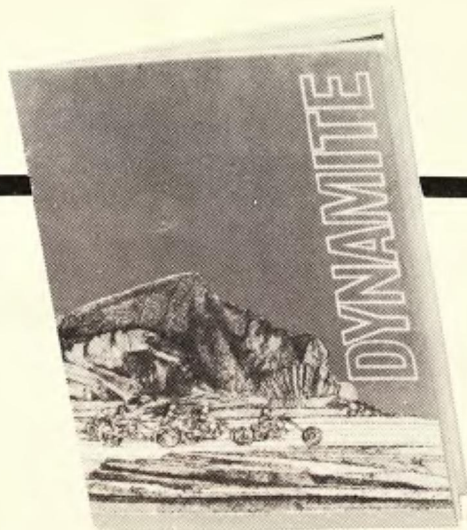
**Yamaha
Chopper**
(Yamaha?)

**Are They
After Her
Bike - Or
Her Body?**

See page 32



General Catalog
Spring 1971



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Easyriders

August, 1971
Volume 1 Number 2

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Cover Photo: Linda Greaves on her Trump, by Pete Chiodo.
Back Cover by Mighty Mil

TAKING IT EASY



By Spider

Are you ready for this? A dude speeding along an expressway was suddenly yanked off his scooter when his parachute popped open! He went south with the parachute, while the bike continued on its own until meeting a truck head-on.

The biker hit the ground on the run and managed to escape being mashed by oncoming traffic. Don't ask me why he was wearing a parachute while riding a bike—I'm still hung up on that one myself.

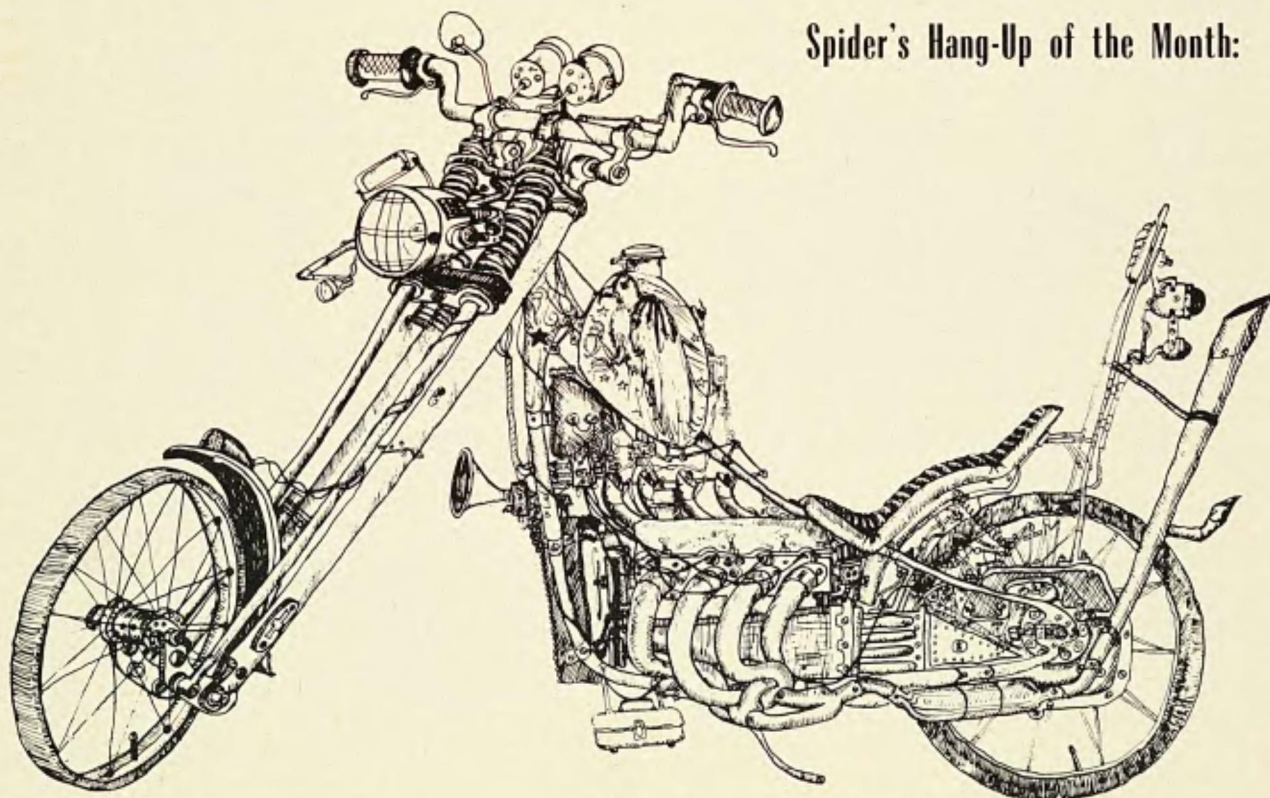
One possible reason most policemen are uptight has been discovered. According to a nationwide survey, the ailment most identified with policemen is constipation.

Two liver-quivering facts: Some broads aren't taking their pills! Would you believe that 21 out of every 100 births are the result of premarital balling? And did you know that the average person carries around about eight pounds of skin? (Slightly less, if you're a Jewish dude.)

A below the belt scheme: A guy can live under the threat of 75 years imprisonment for possession, or even the possibility of a 30-year stretch should a seed be found wedged under a toenail. A person sorta gets used to living under such pressures and soon adopts a fatalistic attitude—if an engine from a 747 is going to fall out of the sky on you, it's going to fall on you, and that's that. But the latest hype of some doctor announcing that a person will become impotent from smoking too much grass is hitting below the belt! That's going too far. There

—Continued on page 6

Spider's Hang-Up of the Month:



by Tony Cochran

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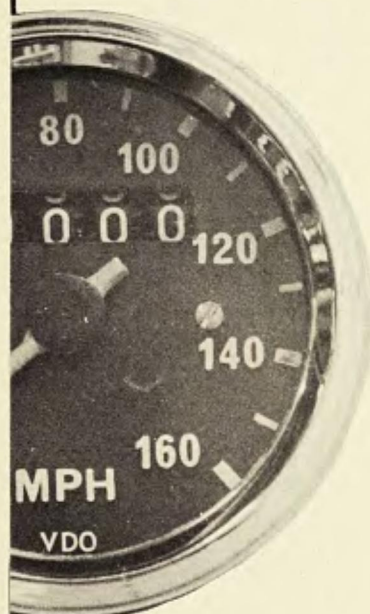
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Taking It Easy

—Continued from page 4

may be worse things that could happen to a guy, but his thinger saying 'Sayonara' is probably the worst of all. As a result, the anti-pot people have come up with their most effective weapon against the dread marijuana menace—the threat of impotence.

I can see the scare campaign now: 'Dick is Limp From Smoking Hemp,' 'Joints Are Bad For Your Joint,' 'Marijuana Makes You Limp,' 'It's Impotent To Smoke Grass.'

And speaking of pot: Did you see where the National Cancer Institute has ordered two million tailor-made marijuana cigarettes for testing? They say the joints will be smoked by smoking machines, but I'm wondering what they are going to do with the two million roaches.

Turn-off of the month: A judge in Brighton, Colorado recently sentenced two teen-age girls (18 and 19), to 90 days in jail for the horrible crime of hitchhiking. The state of Colorado has a law against hitchhiking, with unreal penalties of up to six months in jail, and a \$500 fine. Where in the hell would we be, how would we ever manage to get through life, if good old goody goodshoes—Big Brother—wasn't always passing dumb laws to 'protect us,' or wasn't trying to legislate morality?



"I don't care if he is an angel — I still think somebody goofed!"

Lock It Up!

Protect your most valuable possession (your bike, of course) with an **Atlas Chain/Lock** belt.

Forget your fears of your bike being ripped off. Chain it to a tree, a pole, or any stationary object with this hardened $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain and revolutionary anti-crowbar, circular, hardened steel lock, and then snicker in contentment.

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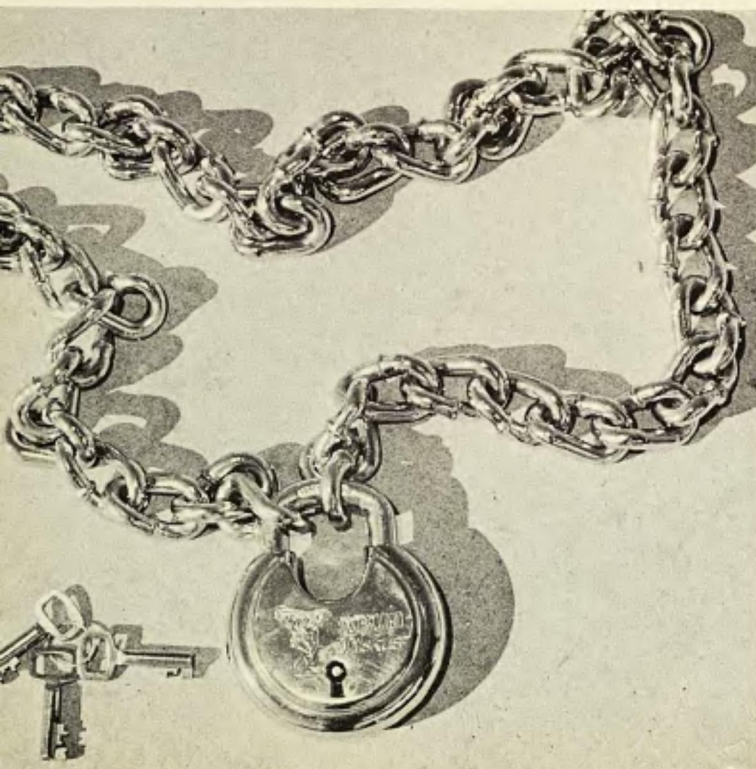
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Photos by Mighty Mil

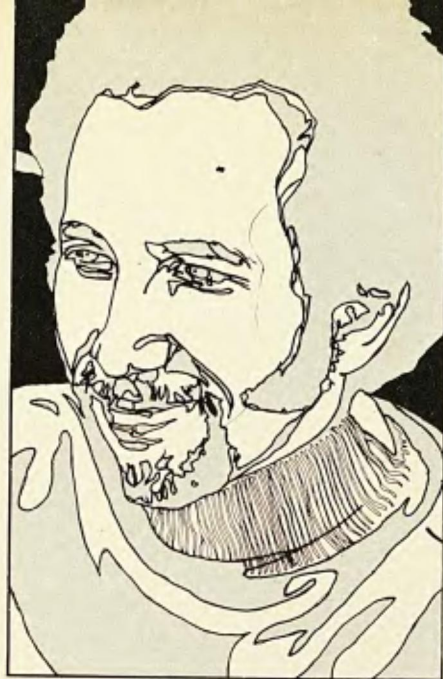
GOOD FOR the head

"I'm always working on ways of increasing my powers of concentration in order to improve my meditations. Believe it or not, riding a chopper actually helps me develop this power, for I've found that when I am on one I must really concentrate on what I'm doing and nothing else."

Jules Alexander, lead guitarist for the rock musical group *The Association*, is just one of the heavy rock musicians who are beginning to dig the chopper scene.

"I can't describe the good feelings I get from riding that old knuckle-

Rock Star Testifies to New Role for the Knucklehead



head—I just feel free—it's an entirely different experience, one that I have never enjoyed in any other way."

With his head into the Yoga philosophy, Jules is a vegetarian and a firm believer in positive thinking. As he puts it, "Don't run away from the world—you're here, so live with it—groove with it, and try to avoid all negative thoughts and actions."

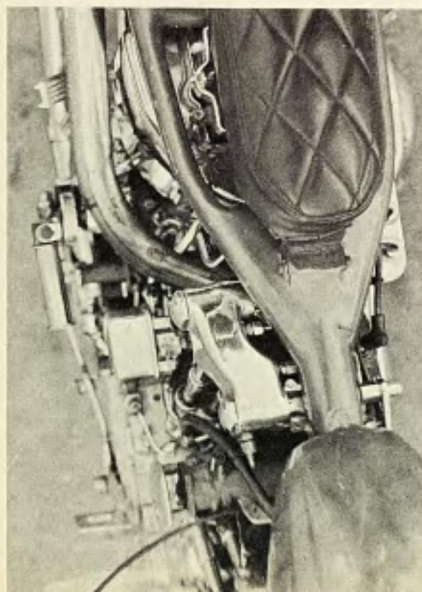
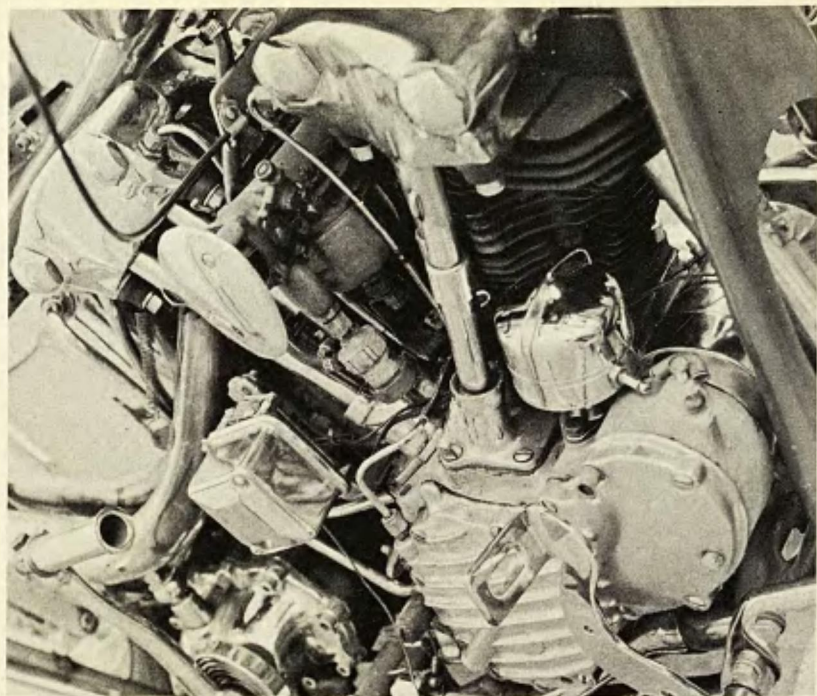
One of the originators of *The Association*, Jules plays lead guitar, sings, composes, is a bassist, lyricist, arranger, and poet. He was one of the first musicians to electrically amplify an acoustic guitar.

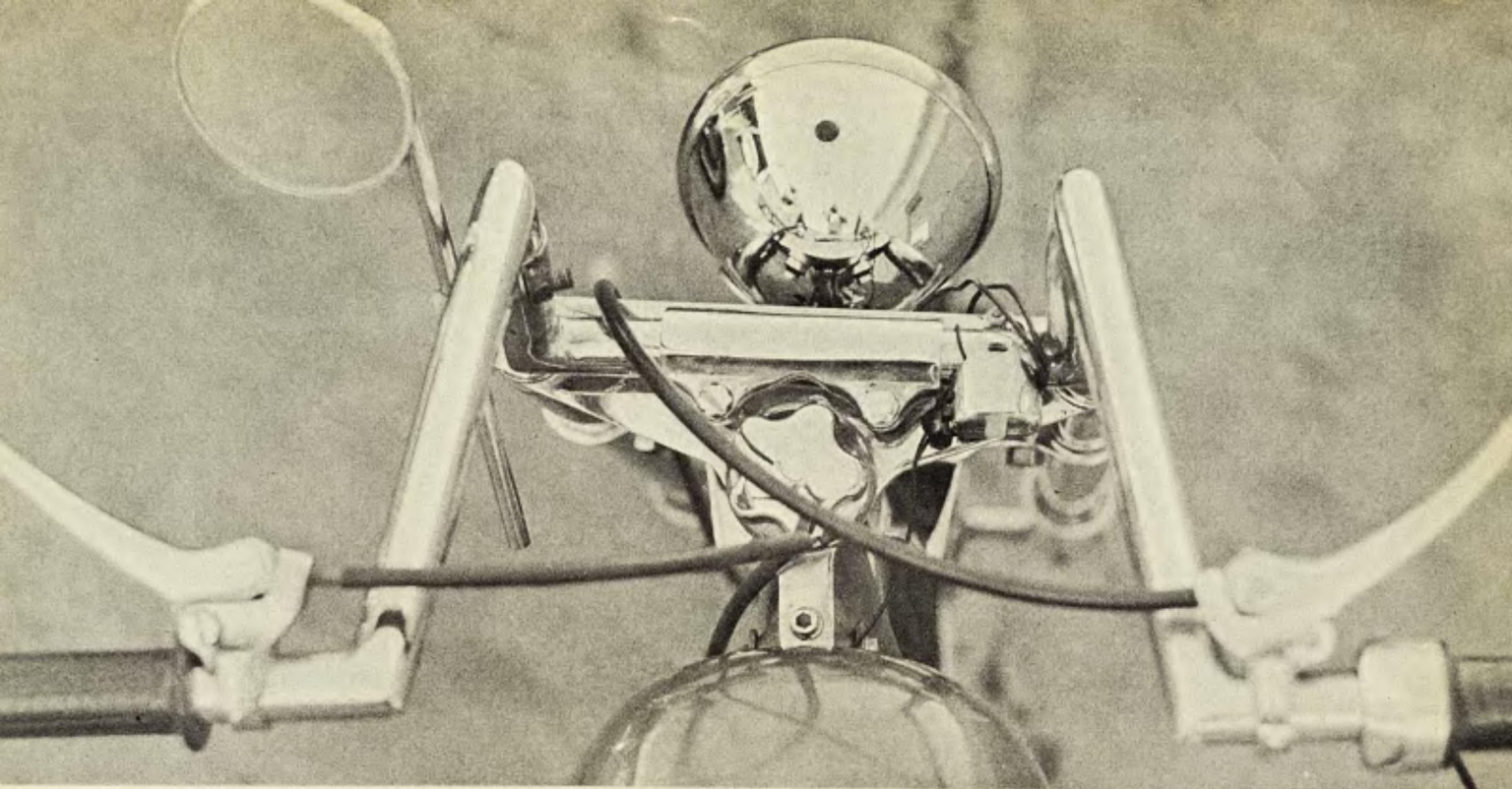
The Association has had a number of hit records, "Cherish," "Windy," and "Never My Love," to name a few. Their latest single on the Warner Bros. label is "Along The Way."

Between recording sessions, TV appearances, and concert dates, Jules splits to the wide open spaces on his 74—not to escape the pressure or the routine of his life, but to enjoy that certain exhilaration which he finds hard to define, and which he can't get anywhere else.

Jules' wife, Cynthia, who is also a vegetarian and has her head into Yoga, usually rides on the chopper with him. For her own putting around town she has a Honda 100.

Jules has been stopped three or four times by the Man for the usual going over. "I don't know what it is about choppers, but the sight of them seems to do things to the cop's head. I guess the sight of them is too strong a statement for him to merely accept."





General

Fabrication by: Owner

Year & make: 1946 H-D

Model: 74

Value: \$2300

Time: 2 months

Assembly: Owner

Chroming: Cummings

Frame

Year: 1946

Rake: 1/2 in.

Rear susp.: rigid

Bars: D&D wingback

Tank: peanut

Seat: hiback by owner

Material: naugahyde

Sissy bar: 55-in. twisted

Engine

Year: 1946

Model: knucklehead

Builder: Owner

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Cam: stock

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): Linkert

Shifter: foot

Pipes: upsweep

Mufflers: none

Stacks: 36-in. by owner

Forks

Type: Glide

Extension: 16-in. new legs

Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: Owner

Painting: Owner

Color: red/fogging

Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 18 Pirelli

Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear

Wheels

Front: steel 18-in. H-D

Rear: steel 16-in. H-D

Do stroker plates alone do anything to add cubic inches to an engine? Do they increase the horsepower? The answer to both questions is no. As a matter of fact, just throwing a set of plates under your barrels without doing anything else will lower your compression and horsepower.

Stroker plates are deliberately used in sections of the country where premium gas is not available — deliberately used, that is, to lower the compression ratio and prevent pre-ignition knock. Another situation where stroker plates alone may be used is with the installation of can barrels on a knuckle-head engine—but that's a different story. (Then, of course, there's the guy who uses a set just to make people think he's got a stroker; he will naturally be found out the first time he goes "off" with someone and gets gobbled up.)

The reason for using plates with stroker wheels is to compensate for the additional travel of the piston; i.e., you have installed a set of UL wheels and gained approximately an additional $\frac{1}{4}$ " stroke. This means that your piston is going to travel $\frac{1}{4}$ " further than it did stock— $\frac{1}{8}$ " deeper into the cases and $\frac{1}{4}$ " higher out of the cylinder. (See diagram.) The additional $\frac{1}{8}$ " travel into the cases is taken care of, because the UL wheels are smaller in diameter than the 74 wheels (June Easyriders, p. 46). You must check this to be sure of enough clearance, since skirt lengths on pistons do vary. Be sure, also, to check the clearance between the front and back pistons at the bottom of the stroke: 99% of the time the skirts will kiss. Once you get everything clear down below, remove another .030" for heat expansion.

With this out of the way you can concentrate on doing something about the pistons where they are sticking out the top of the jugs. This is where you slap on the

stroker plates— $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick—making sure you have all oil holes (if any) lined up. With this done, your cylinder-top/piston-top relationship is back to where it should be.

I know what you're thinking, but don't do it! Sure, if you left the piston sticking out of the hole and up into the head further, you'd gain compression — right? Right. But here are four good reasons why you shouldn't:

1. Consider the fact that your stock valves with a stock cam are going to run into the top of the piston. Yes, you can machine the valve pockets deeper so your stock valves will clear—but what about those big valves and that hot cam with high lift and more duration? You're going to need them to feed the big-incher, and by the time you machine deep enough for these additional goodies you'll have a hole in the top of your piston—or you will certainly burn some in a hurry once you get jammin'.

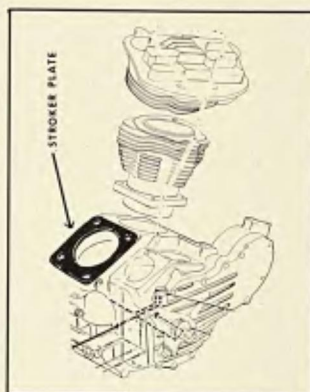
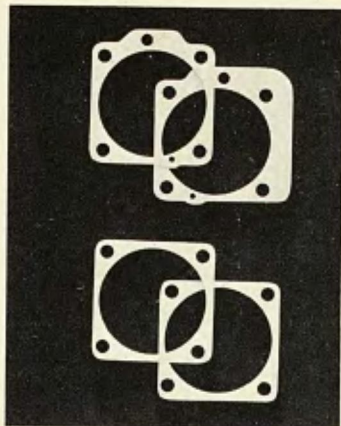
2. The top ring gets up too close to the combustion chamber, and you'll burn hell out of it in no time at all.

3. You just added approximately three cubes per cylinder, and you're pushing it into the same size combustion chamber that you had stock. This means that when using late model FLH pistons (stock 9 $\frac{1}{2}$:1) you have a pretty healthy

Different Strokes for Different Folks (Part II)

compression ratio—and without a lot of added nonsense.

4. If you're a compression freak, then you should buy a set of high compression stroker pistons, which come with short skirts and relocated wristpin holes. These even eliminate the use of the stroker plates (except that, with a set of $\frac{1}{4}$ "-stroke wheels, any more stroke than $\frac{1}{4}$ " will require the use of plates also). I, personally, do not prefer the short-skirted stroker pistons; they tend to rock and slap because of their short overall dimensions and will consequently gall and seize.





Cop Trike Makes Good!

Jim King's story starts out where too many guys end. As he puts it: "Here I am, jammin' along about eighty. I'm so loose, I should be walking—but I'm in no condition to walk. Anyway, I'm screamin' down this street and all of a sudden a traffic light jumps out in front of me. I hit it. The scooter stays with the light and I slide over a hundred and fifty feet past it—until a curb stops me.

"Later, while I've still got scabs on me from that little deal, I'm going down another street. Really cooling it. I still haven't got over seeing an immovable object in front of me and being unable to do anything but pile right into it. So here I am, being super

Who'd ever've thought the old black and white sidekick to a parking-ticket dispenser would go straight after so many years of negative existence?

straight, when from nowhere an old man pulls a left in front of me, and I take to the air again.

"That's it. I've had it. No more bikes for me—not even a bicycle!

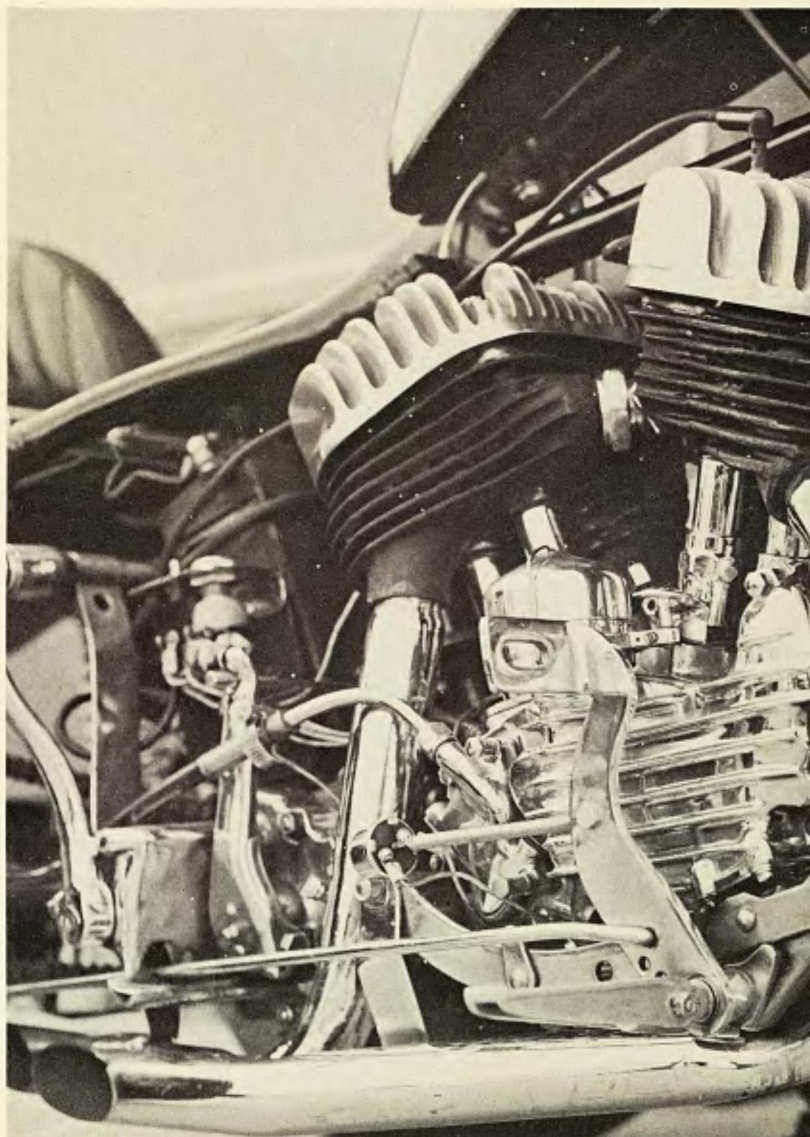
"So what happens? After the hurt goes away, the scabs fall off—or whatever scabs finally do—and the cast is removed, along comes this guy and offers me a three-wheeler for \$135. Maybe he thought I'd be safer on a trike, I don't know—but anyway, I bought it.

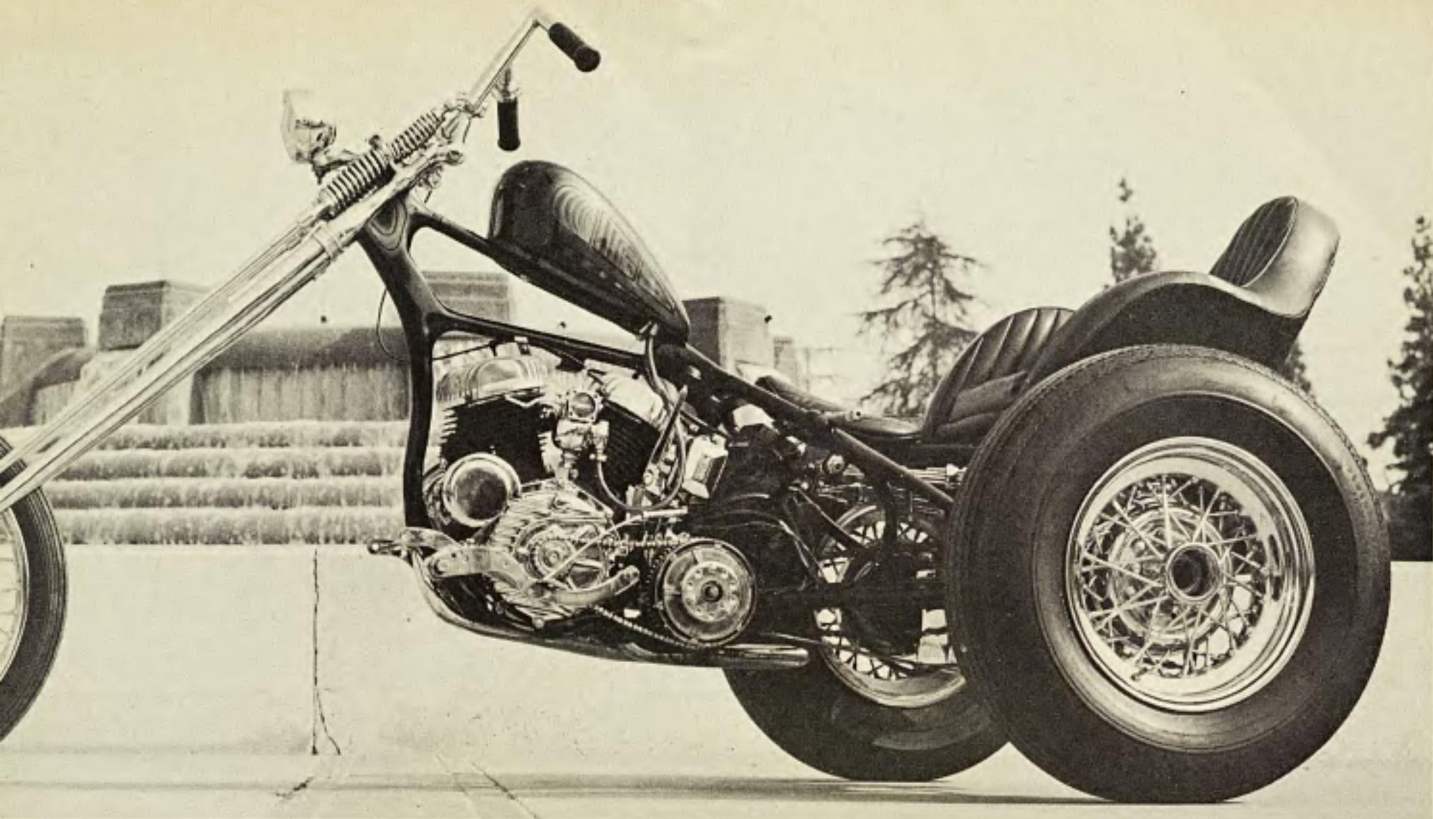
"At that time I was a polisher in a chrome shop. During the day, I did my job, but at night I would chrome and polish all the parts for the trike.

"Because I did most of the work myself—over a long period of time—I only have around a thousand bucks in cash invested, but I have a helluva lot of time in it. I think every nut and bolt has been chromed and polished.

"Sometimes I've wondered if it was worth it—that is, until I get on it and people blow it when I go by. And I do go by—it's the fastest forty-five on the road. And I'm happy to prove it to anybody who can catch me, to challenge me.

"I really dig jammin' it. But I guess I'm old enough now, or the near misses taught me something, so I don't jam it anymore when I'm wasted. Those traffic lights are too hard, and let me tell you, that asphalt really smarts."





General

Fabrication by: Owner
 Year & Make: 1961 Harley-Davidson
 Model: 45
 Value: \$3800
 Time: 15 months
 Assembly: Owner
 Chroming: Owner

Frame

Year: 1946
 Rake: 1 1/4 in.
 Rear Susp.: rigid
 Bars: W bars
 Tank: H-D Sportster
 Seat: Larry Hooper
 Material: Naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: none

Engine

Year: 1961
 Model: 45 Flathead
 Builder: Owner
 Displacement: 57 cu. in.
 Cam: K model H-D

Forks

Type: H-D Springer
 Extension: 21 inches
 Builder: H-D/Owner

Painting

Lifters: Solid
 Carb(s): Tillotson since photos taken
 Shifter: D&D Jockey
 Pipes: drag type

Molding: Jim & Wayne King
 Color: black with gold
 Painting: Don Bailey
 Type: lacquer

Mufflers: baffles
 Stacks: none

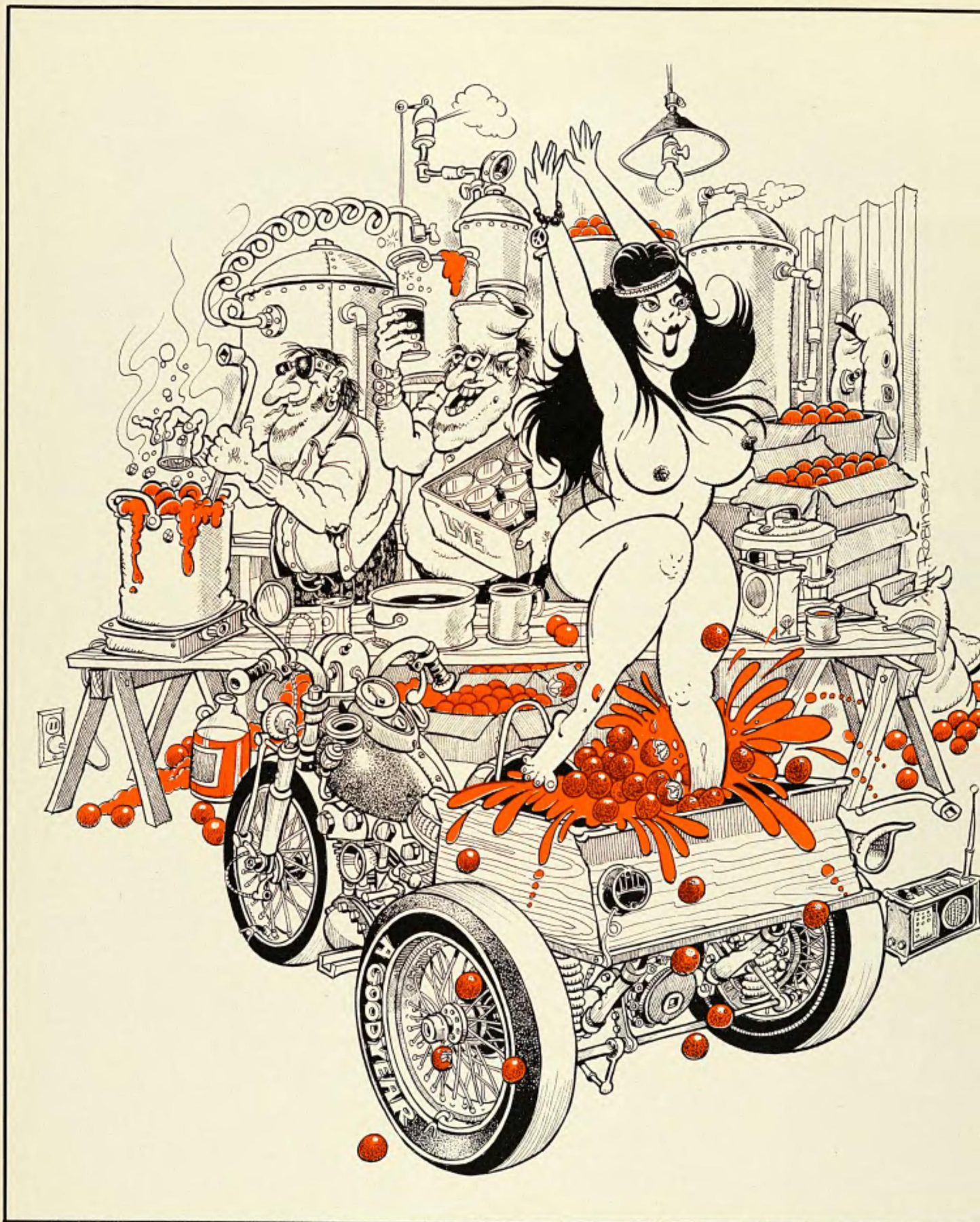
Tires

Front: 275 x 21 Avon

Wheels

Rear: 900 x 15

Front: Steel 21-in. H-D Rear: 15-in. Buick





Wine making is an art. With patience, it is possible for you to make almond, apple, apricot, egg plant, banana, berry, carrot, cherry, cranberry, fig, grape, orange, parsnip, pea pod, pear, pineapple, plum, pomegranate, prune, quince, raisin, rhubarb, rice, squash, tomato, wheat, walnut, and many other types of wine, right in your home. It's legal, as long as you don't sell it.

Wine is an alcoholic beverage created by the interaction of yeast and a sweet liquid, such as grape juice, to which a lot of sugar has been added.

This interaction is called fermentation and is noticeable in the frantic bubbling action that takes place during the fermentation period, as the yeast converts the sugar to alcohol.

If you want to get a quick idea of how fermentation works, just stew some grapes with some sugar. Then let the stew sit in the air for a few days. It will start to get cloudy, and bubbles can be seen. The grape stew is attracting yeasts that float in the air and is starting the conversion of the sugar to alcohol. This sample batch will probably turn into vinegar; the yeasts in the air are generally poor fermenters. This test is just to give you a quick idea of how simple the process of making wine is.

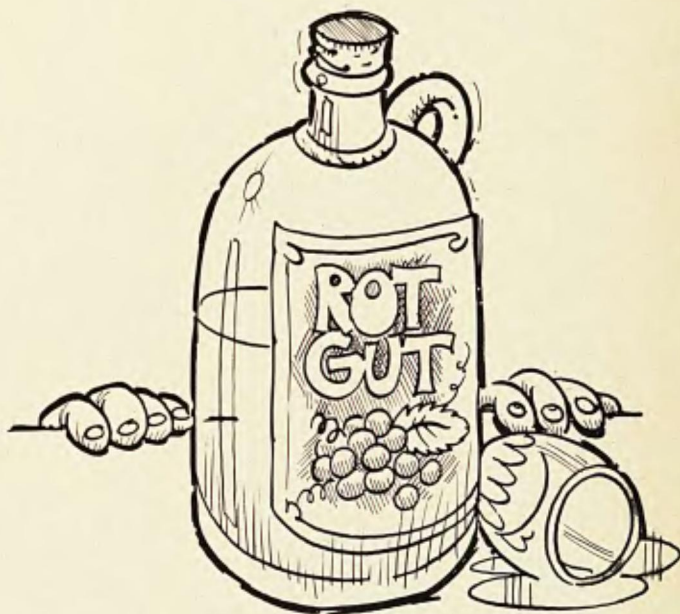
For the best wine, the best yeast should be purchased. The better the yeast, the faster the fermentation.

Yeast converts all sugar into alcohol. The more sugar used, the more alcohol will be formed—and the more alcohol, the better the taste. For best results, sugar should be added in stages rather than all at once; the yeast won't hack too much sugar at a time. For example: One pound of sugar in a gallon of fruit juice will cause rapid fermentation, but four pounds of sugar to a gallon of fruit juice will slow the fermentation process, and six pounds may stop the process altogether.

When the yeast has converted all of the sugar it can into alcohol, it visibly stops working—fermentation stops. If there is more sugar than the yeast can ferment, the wine will be sweet. If all of the sugar is gone, the wine will be known as "dry."

The easiest one to make is orange wine,

How To Make Wine In Your Own Pad



**You'll be amazed at how simple
it is to do. Even your old lady
can make it — it's goof proof!**

By Wino Willy

—Continued on page 54



A lot of people think a nice-looking scooter is rarely ridden, while the roaches are supposed to be more "road-worthy"—this is bullshit.

When I was planning my bike, I decided to build a functional bike—one I could ride all the time, as well as one that fitted my idea of what a good-lookin' scooter should look like. Which is basically a bike with smooth and narrow lines. Everything should complement everything else—and balance is the key to doing this.

The placement of chrome, for instance, should be such that no particular part grabs the attention—it should be the complete bike, the overall design that grabs the attention.

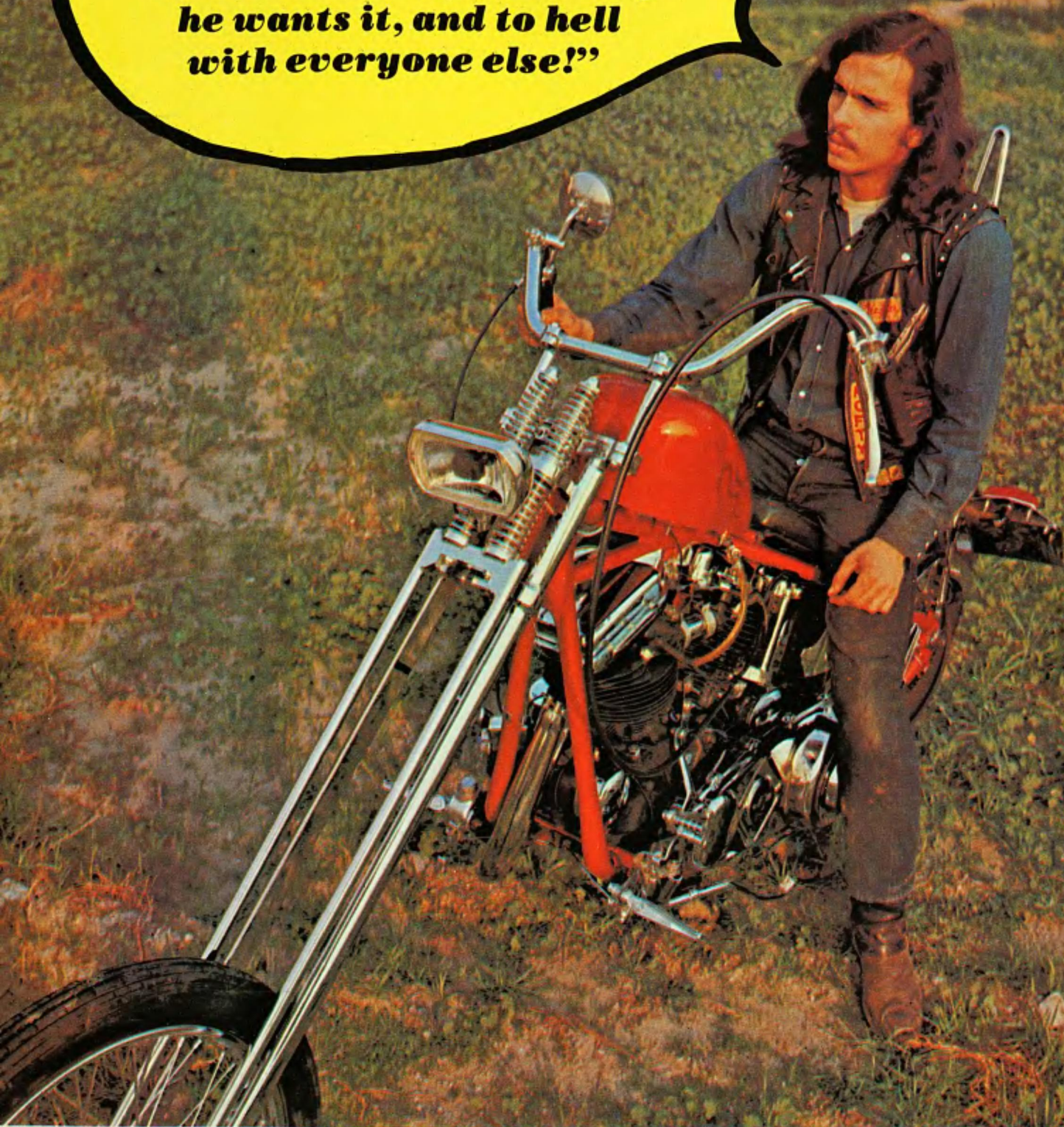
On the other hand, a biker could say, "Screw the attention, it's what I see in it that really counts." And that's what is so great about building a scooter—everyone can build his bike the way he wants it, and to hell with everyone else. But all bullshit aside, the bike is on constant display. It is a reflection of you and your personality. The statement it makes is important to you, and you should consider this when planning your bike.

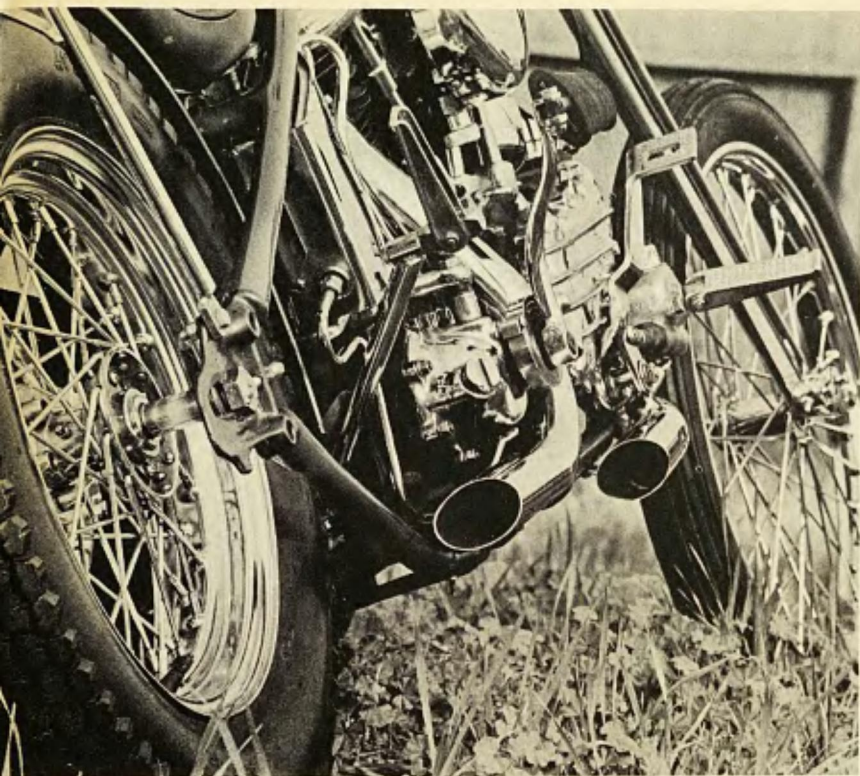
In order to get a total design—a planned overall design—I decided what I wanted to do before I started the actual building. Planning the entire bike all at once is the best possible way to have a balanced design. Deciding what to do, step-by-step, as you go along, could lead to an uneven design. Plan all at one time, even though bread determines how fast each step is done later—at least each step is organized and according to a plan.

My idea of a bad concept, for instance, would be this combination: A seat running 36" up the bar, high stacks, short handlebars with a short front end.

I kept my bike as clean as possible. I left

“That’s what is so great about building a scooter—everyone can build his bike the way he wants it, and to hell with everyone else!”





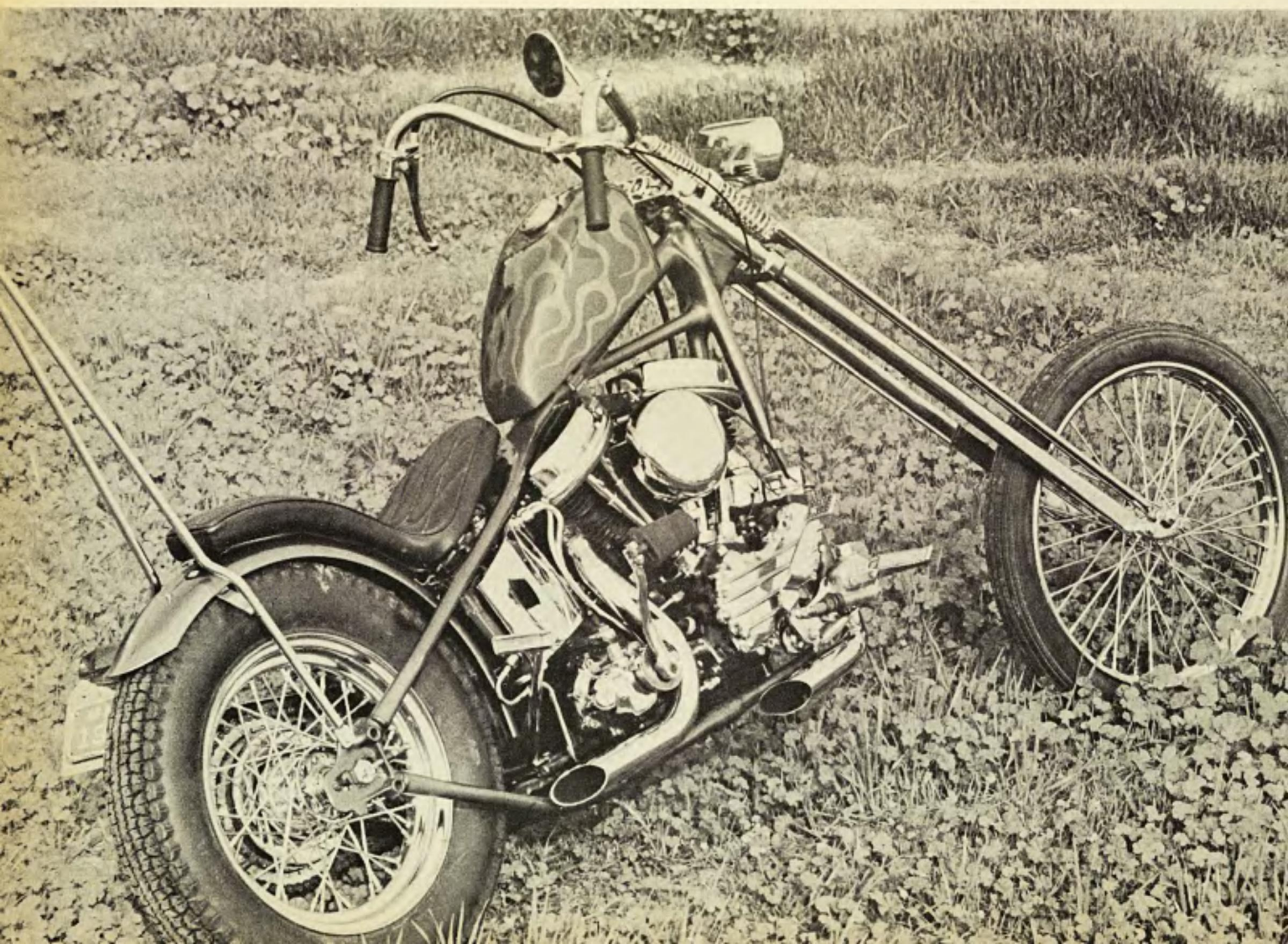
off all garbage I felt I didn't need, such as the horn, speedometer, front brakes, bright light and several other goodies; as a result, the bike is in violation of eight local bike laws.

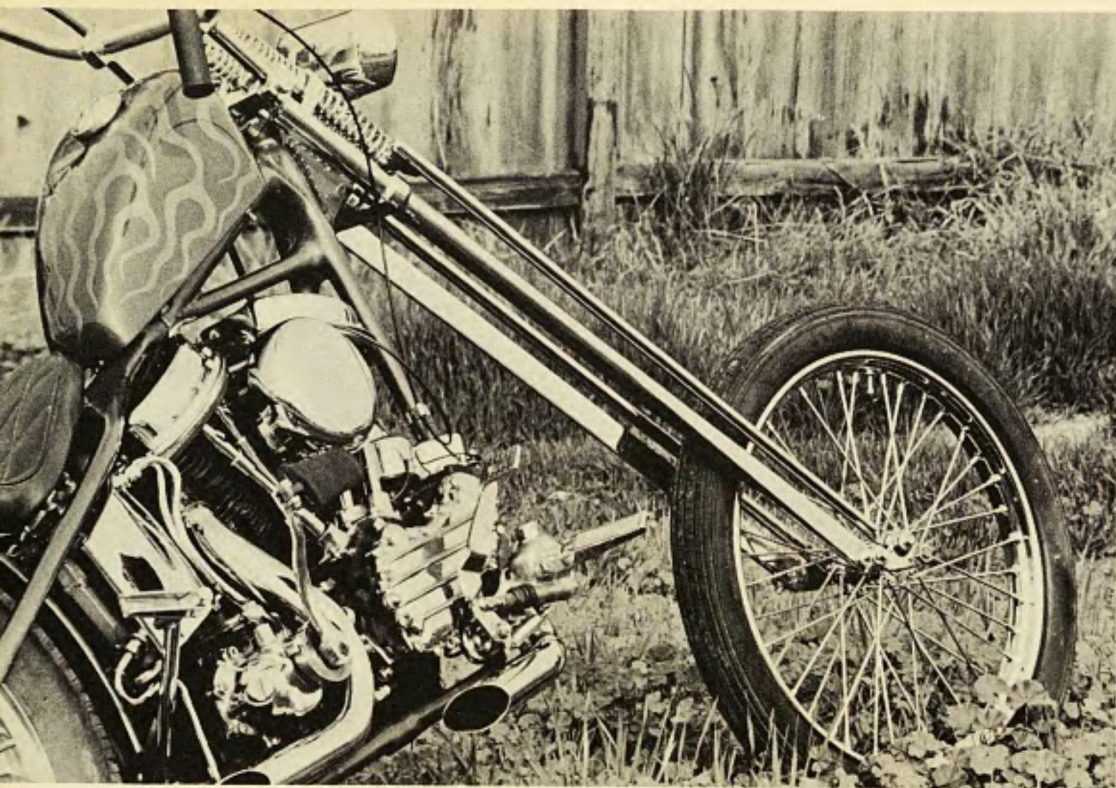
The scooter jams. The head work was done by Donovan Engineering. They ported, polished, and relieved it. Installed two-inch intake and exhaust valves and late model springs. The engine also has titanium pushrods, solid lifters, and a high-lift cam. Needless to say, it really hauls ass.

You wouldn't believe the amount of crap I had to go through to get the scooter registered as a 1970 home-built, with me as the manufacturer. But by going through it, I got a new 1970 title.

I am treasurer of the Gents motorcycle club in Las Vegas, Nevada, a city where a chopper rider is usually looked upon by the heat as something lower than a child molester. A biker should think twice about ever coming to Vegas on a chopper—it could be a real bad-news scene.

Cody
Gents Motorcycle Club
Las Vegas, Nevada





General

Frame

Fabrication by: Owner

Year: 1946 machined to fit panhead

Year & Make: 1970 home built H-D

Rake: $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Model: 74 panhead

Rear Susp.: rigid

Value: \$2500

Bars: pullbacks with 5 in. risers

Time: 6 weeks

Tank: Fiberglass sportster

Assembly: Owner

Seat: diamond-tucked

Chroming: D & D

Material: Naugahyde

Engine

Sissy Bar: 36 in. with license bracket

Year: 1958 FLH

Forks

Model 74 panhead

Type: new narrow springer

Builder: Owner

Extension: 18 inches

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Builder: D & D

Cam: FLH

Painting

Lifters: Solid

Molding: D & D

Carb(s): rebuilt Linkert-chromed

Painting: Tom Christes

Shifter: Foot- D&D mousetrap elim.

Color: candy apple red, gold, silver

Pipes: D & D drag pipes

Type: lacquer

Mufflers: baffles

Tires

Stacks: none

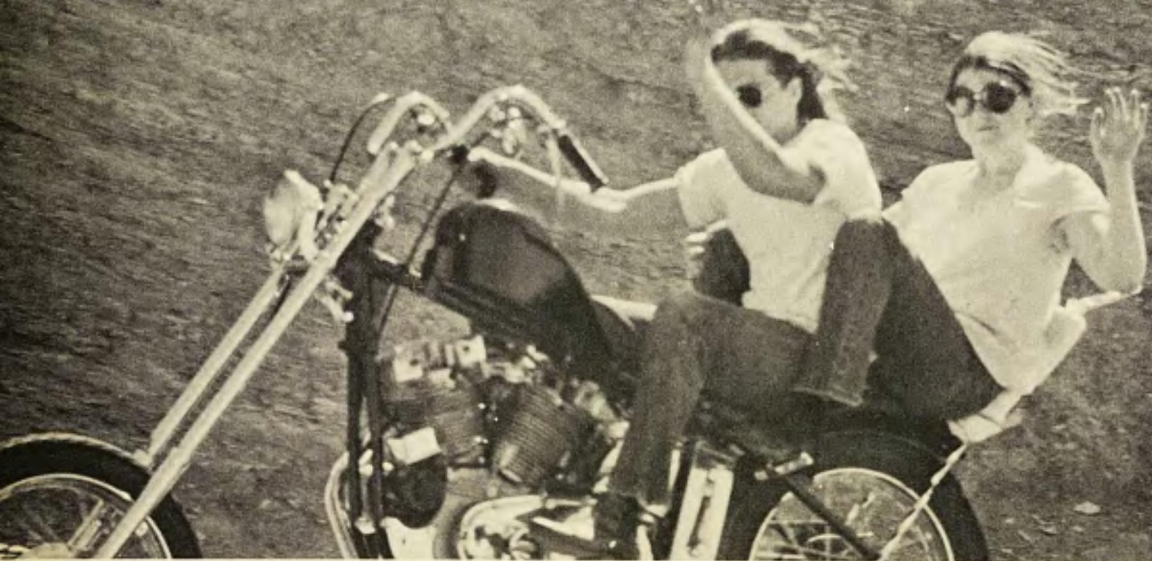
Front 300 x 21 Avon

Wheels

Rear: 500 x 16 Avon

Front: 21-in. D & D spool hub Rear: 16-in.

In the Wind

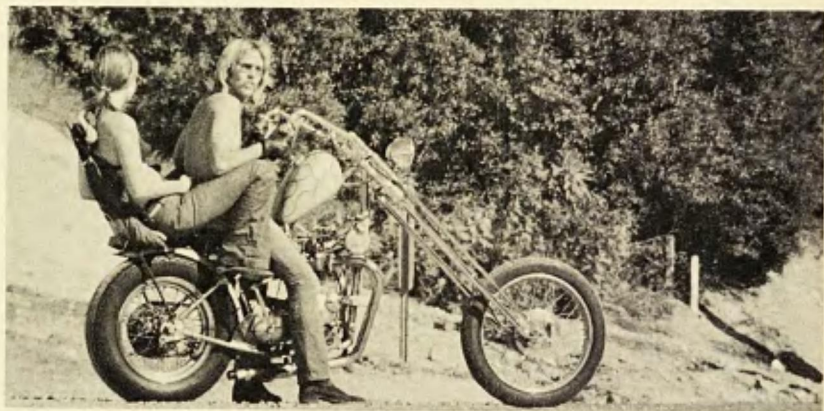


More words and photographs cannot adequately convey the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers gliding through city traffic or jamming on the highway. You have to get on a bike and ride it in order to appreciate the real benefits of owning one.

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.

Easyriders will also pay \$10 for every accepted photo that grooves with what we are trying to do here. Send any photos you think are good enough to Mighty Mil, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. If you want rejects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope with submissions. Easyriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage done by any mangling by the Post Office.





FRANCISCO, WHERE ARE YOU?

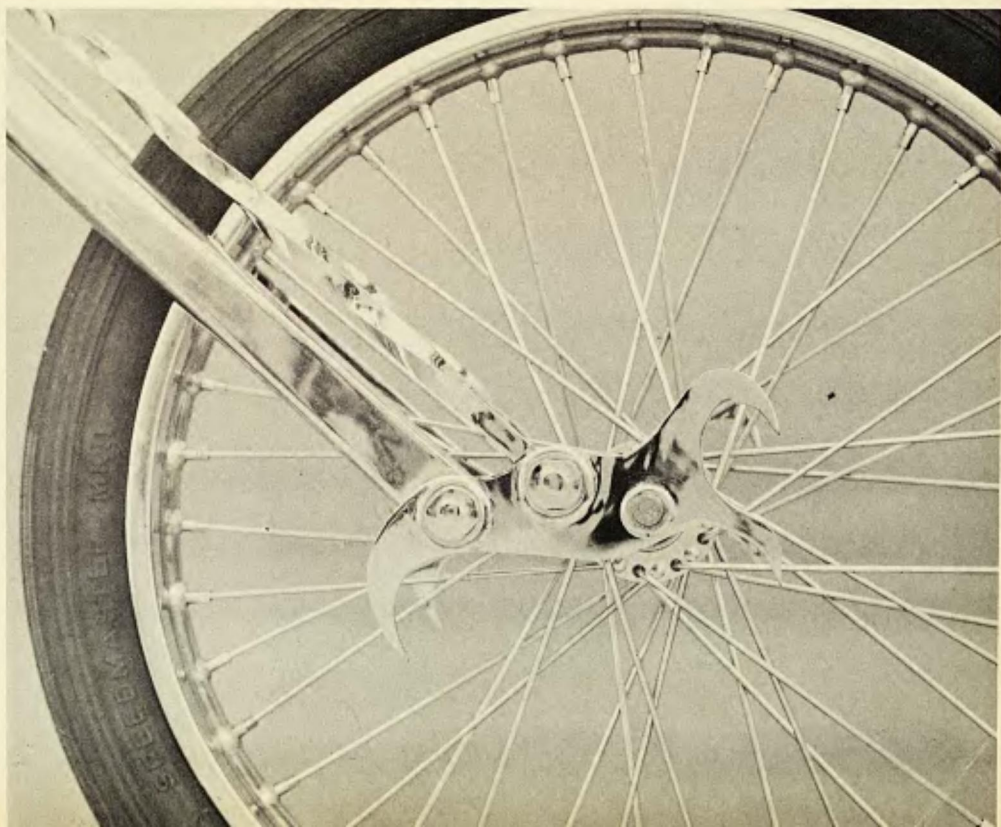
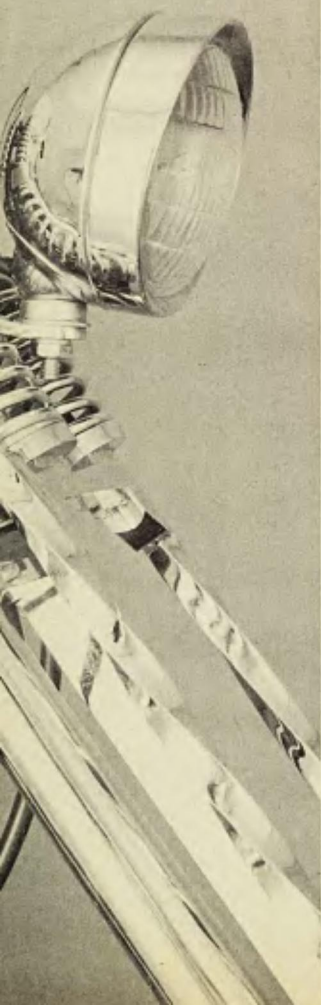
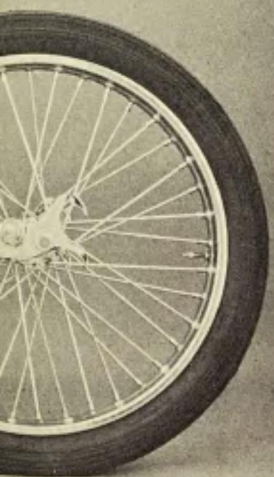
Because Francisco Oseguera, the owner of this beautiful chopper, was off brown-nosing President Richard M. Nixon, we weren't able to interview him in time for this issue. Being the kind of slob we are, we think he should have gotten some other marine to take his place chauffeuring Mr. Nixon during a recent Presidential trip to California—that's the least he could have done for good old **Easyriders**. But on the other hand, can't you imagine the conversation between Francisco and the President as Francisco tries to explain the reason he needs some time off:

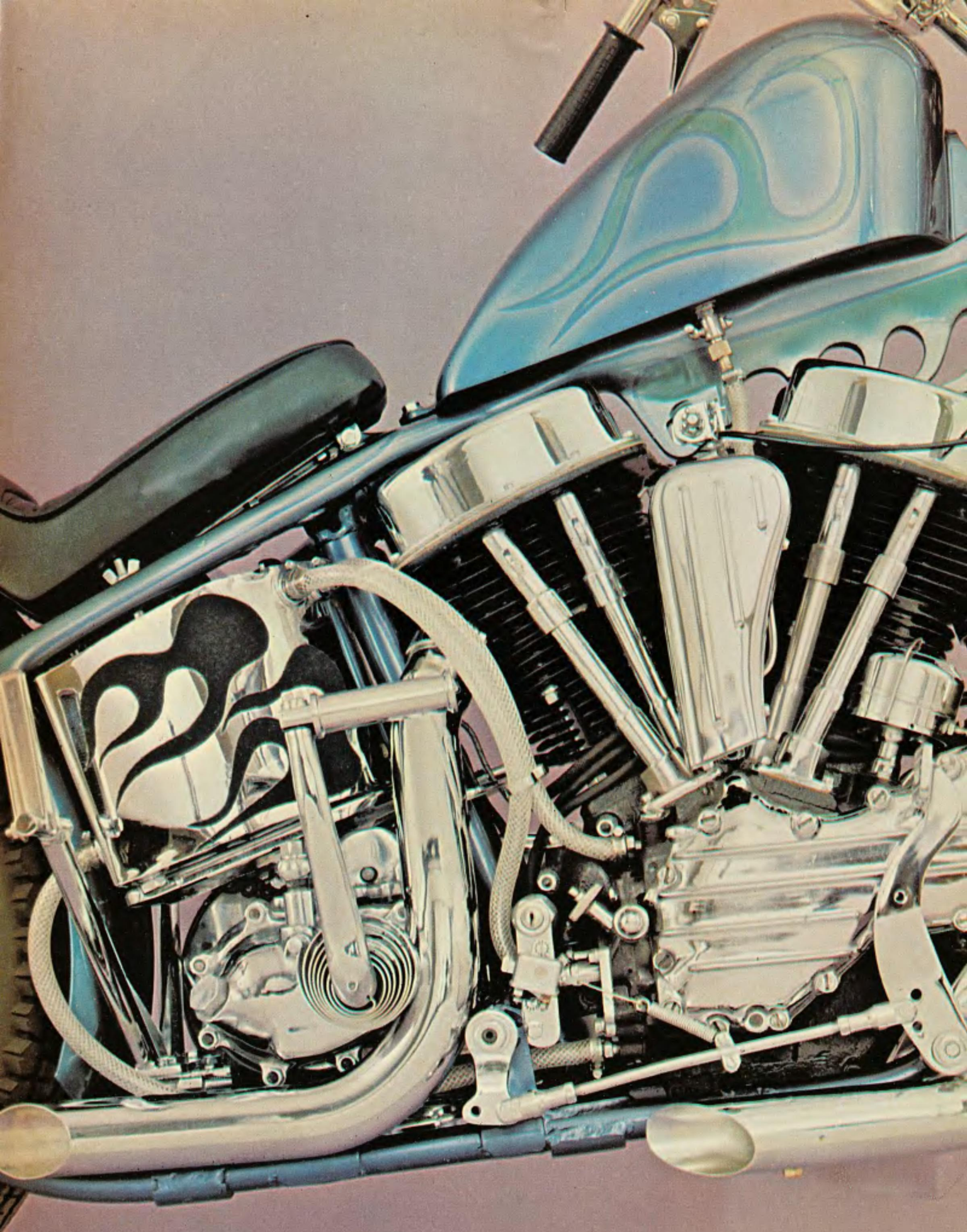
Listen, chief, I'd like to tool you around,

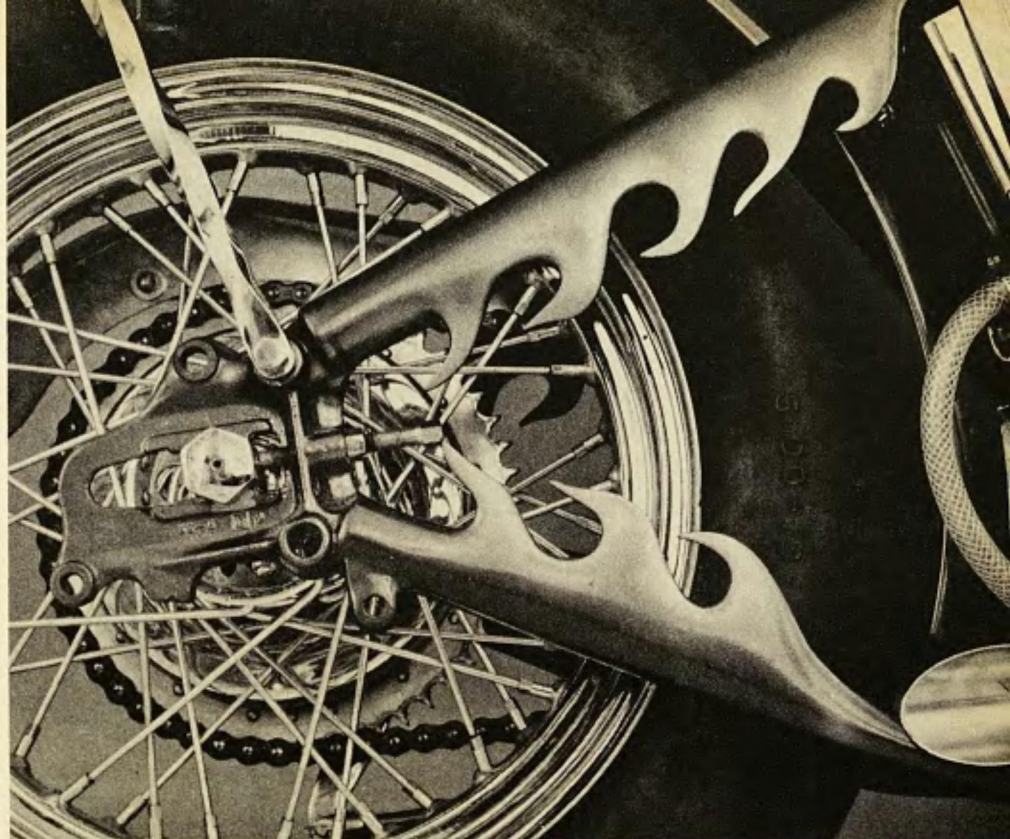
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**You did it! You
blew your chance
to be a hero,
and appear here
with your scooter.**

Photos by Pete Chiodo







General

Fabrication by: D & D
 Year & Make: 1954 H-D
 Model: 74
 Value: \$3100
 Time: 4 months
 Assembly: D & D
 Chroming: D & D

Frame

Year: 1954
 Rake: 1 1/2 in.
 Rear Susp.: rigid
 Bars: Santee pullback
 Tank: Glass Sportster
 Seat: Ministronie med. back
 Material: Naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: D & D 36 inch

Engine

Year: 1954
 Model: Panhead
 Builder: D & D
 Displacement: 74 cu. in.
 Cam: Sifton
 Lifters: Solid
 Carb(s): Linkert
 Shifter: foot
 Pipes: D & D drag-type
 Mufflers: baffles

Forks

Type: new springer
 Extension: 14 inches
 Builder: D & D

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
 Painting: Electric Bob
 Color: green and blue pearl
 Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 300 x 21 Avon
 Rear: 500 x 16 Avon

Wheels

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

but I've got this date with **Easyriders** . . . what's that?

Ku Klux Klan? No, no, **Easyriders**, not night riders. It's a chopper magazine. No, not helicopters—bikes. It's all about bikes.

Tricia's got a Schwinn Sting Ray?

No, not **that** kind of a bike—a motorcycle—it's all about chopper motorcycles, and they're going to do a feature on mine.

Why? Because it's bitchin'. No, it's not a female dog—that's just slang for good, way-out, something else.

No, I'm not showing them something else. I've let them photograph my bike, and now they want to interview me—like all those newsmen that follow you around all the time.

No, they're not horrible pests. No, I don't think they'd like to speak to Spiro Agnew.

Why? Well, I guess because Agnew doesn't have a bike . . . He has a trike? Well, then I'm sure they'd be interested in the Vice President's trike. Is it customized?

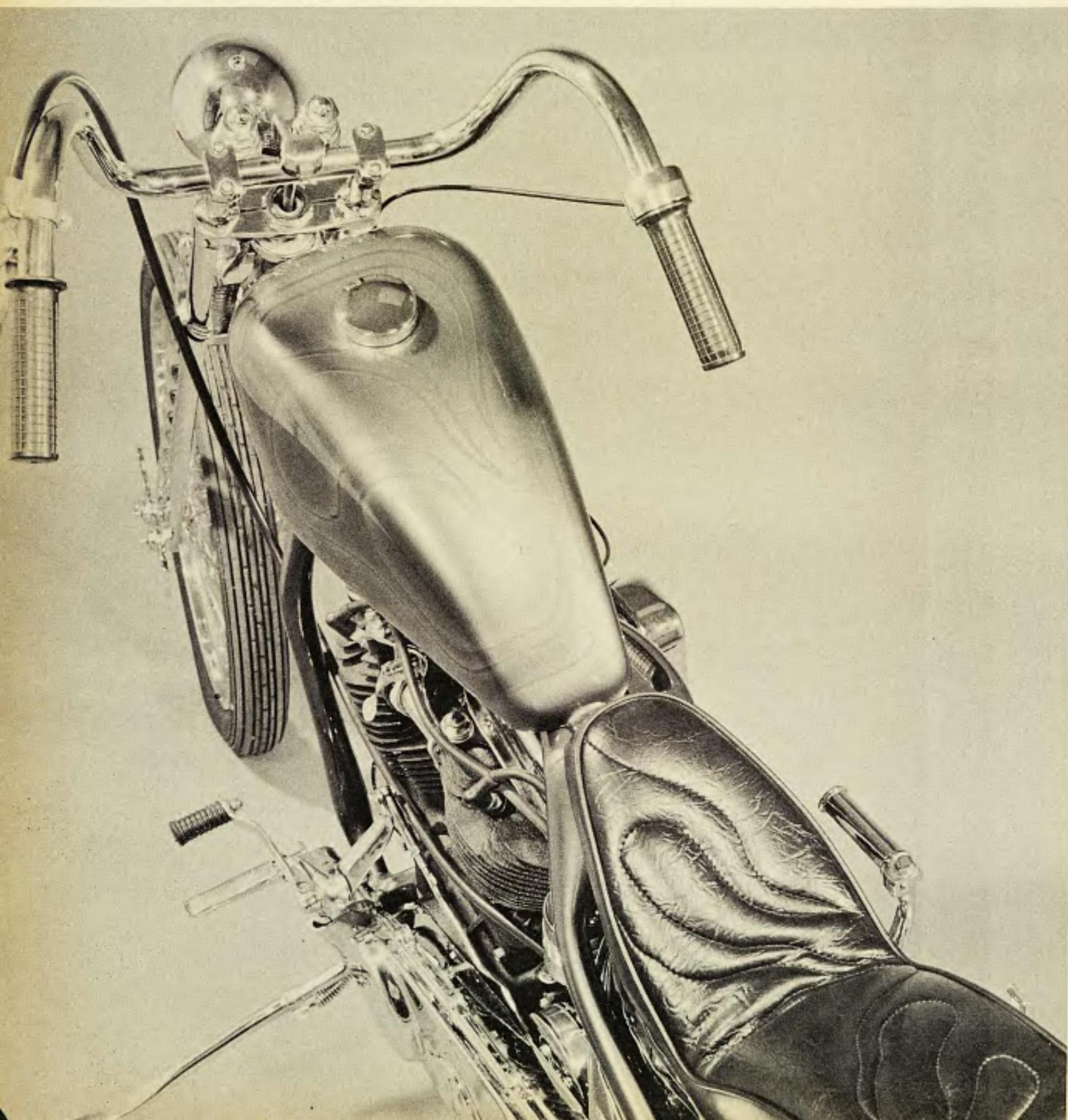
It's brand new? I didn't know Harley was still making three wheelers, but I guess they are.

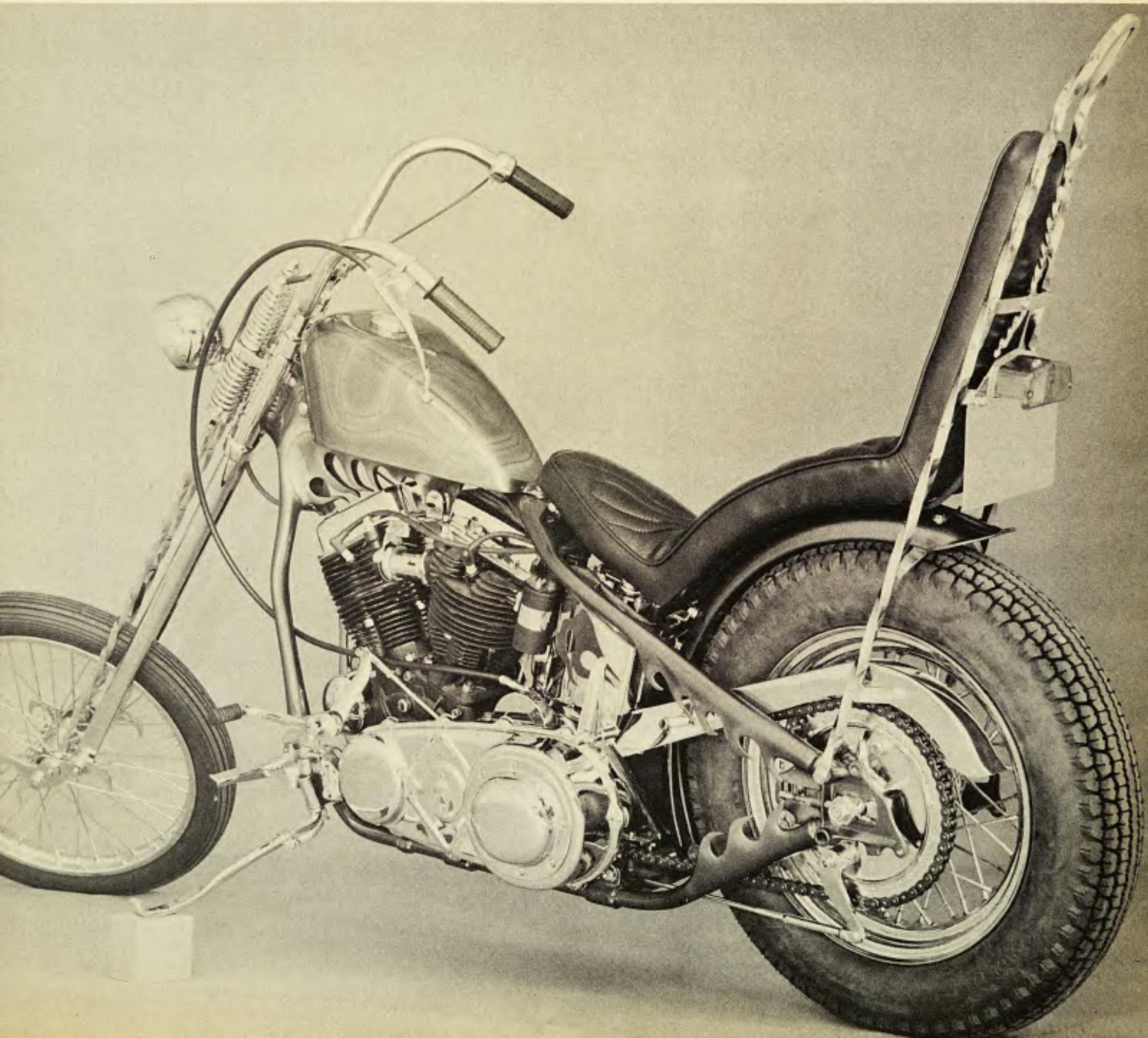
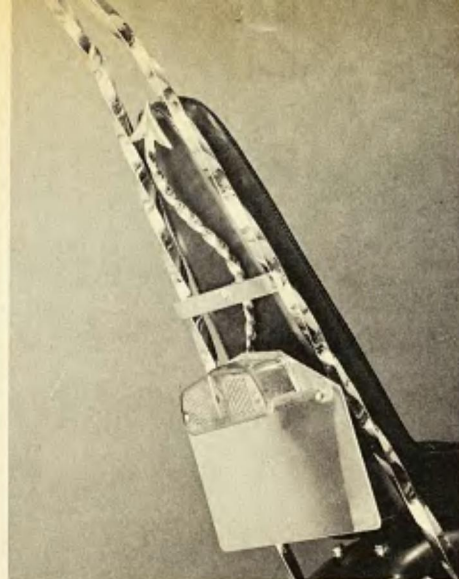
Oh, I see. He just purchased it at Sears.

No, Mr. President, I don't think **Easyriders** would be interested in Spiro—but they do want to interview me about my scooter and—

Spiro has a scooter, too?

On second thought, Mr. President, where can I drive you today?





Fiction

Birds singing. Sun just up in a clear blue sky with only a few small white clouds to break things up. Little kids laughing and playing on the sidewalk outside. O happy day. Ec-c-ch!

Ain't no way a person should be out of bed, awake or otherwise, at this time of morning. Morning? More like the middle of the night. Can't be later than nine o'clock. Jesus H. Christ!

Seems like getting out of bed gets harder every day. Getting one leg out ain't no hassle, but getting my ass, and the rest of my bod, to follow is somethin' else. A cigarette helps, but even with that I have trouble raising enough energy to turn the water on once I manage to stagger into the bathroom. Where the hell was my head at when I agreed that we should all meet at ten-thirty?

Half an hour later I'm beginning to feel almost human. I might even live through the day. A couple of cups of instant coffee help, along with another three or four cigarettes. Where the hell did I leave my boots last night? Shit! How'd they get in the bathtub?

Levis, t-shirt, boots, belt, cut-off. Is that everything? Funny feeling walking. Forgot my socks. I'll never make it! Is there any of that wine I was drinking last night left? Maybe that'll help. Nope, all gone. What a bummer. Wait a minute! Is there something left in that beer can? Yeah! Oh God. You know what? Warm beer for breakfast just don't get it. Guess I'd better get it on the road before I just hang the whole thing up and crash again.

Who the hell took that picture? Close the door fast before they do it again. Open it a crack and peek. Oh! Wasn't a flash picture. Just sunlight. This can't be for real!

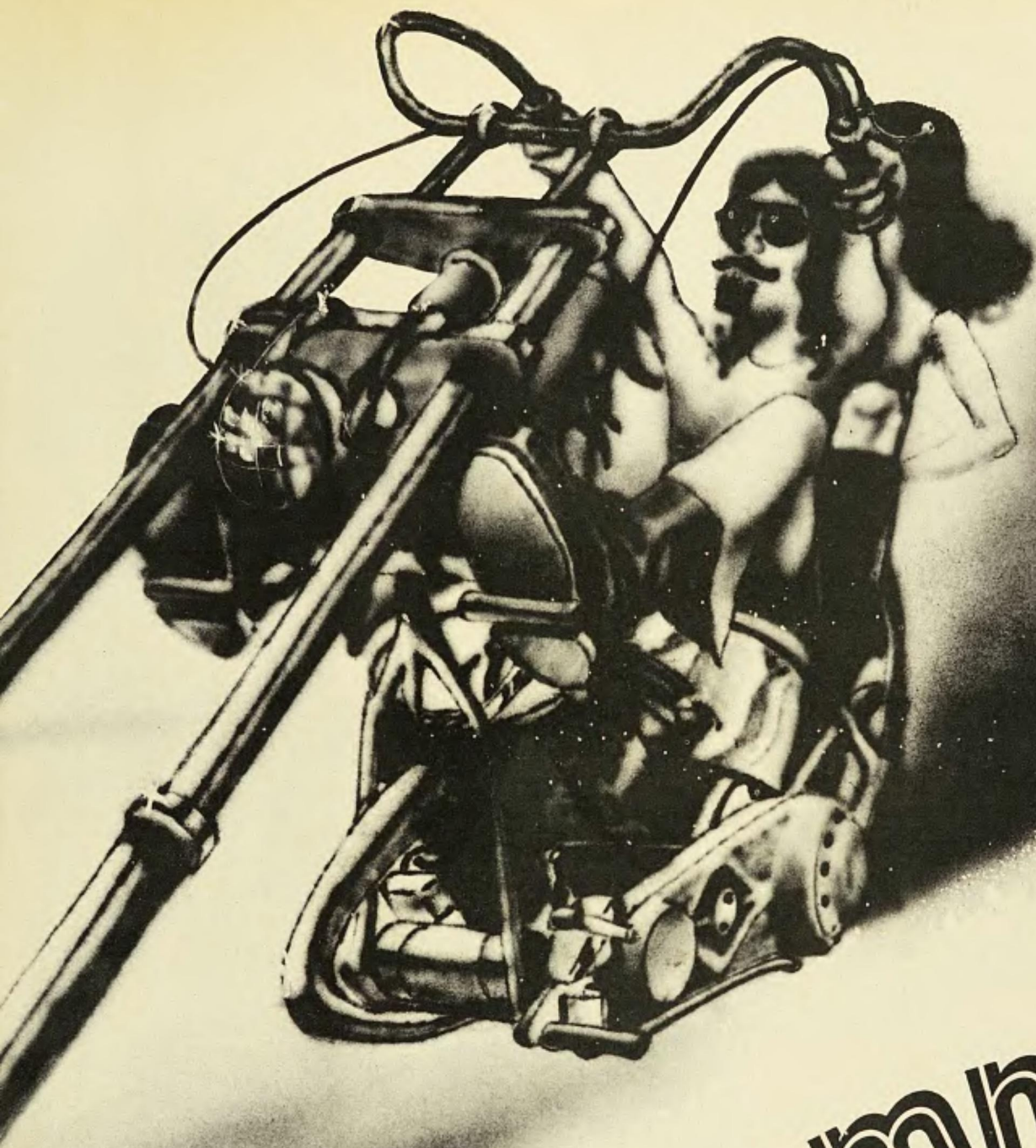
Open the garage door (where the hell are the

keys?), and there it sits. The one thing that can get me out of the house this early. Seventy-four cubic inches of man's machine. Left hand fumbles with the shifter (don't scratch the tank as you bend over) looking for neutral, find it, up off the stand and push the scooter out into the sunlight. Flash! Sunlight on chrome. Glistening metalflake in the paint. The turn into the driveway isn't easy with that fourteen-inch front end and one-inch rake. Back up a little, get it straight, down goes the sidestand again.

Lift the seat, check the oil. Okay. Gas in the tank? Not much, but enough. Gas on, close the choke, jump on it. Lots of compression. Kick it

—Continued on page 58





Stone Jammin'



By Don Pfeil



Can a girl find happiness with the best-looking Triumph in town? Here's a story that asks the question:

Are They After Her Body or Her Bike?

First off, tell everyone I have five brothers who are all over six feet seven, that they're all policemen—in the burglary division—that they're mean, and they simply love their sweet little sister." Grabbing a quick breath, she continues, "And tell 'em it's rigged with a silent

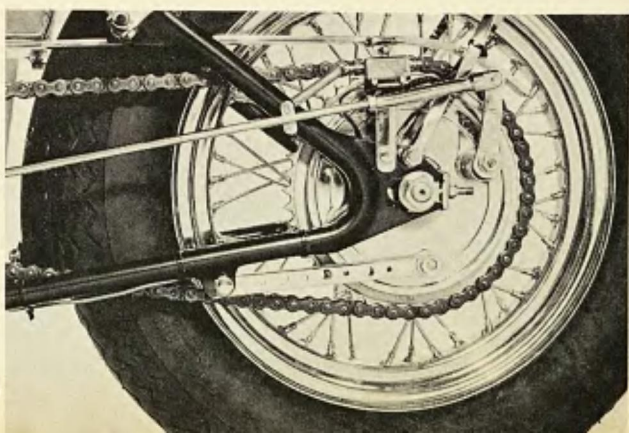
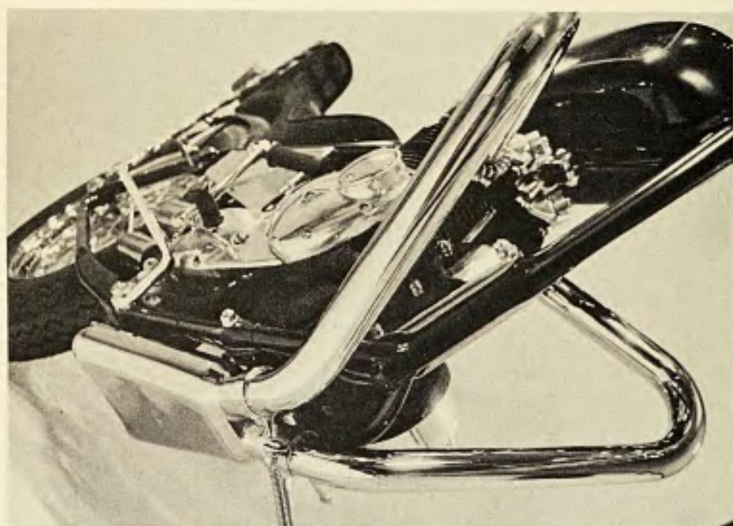
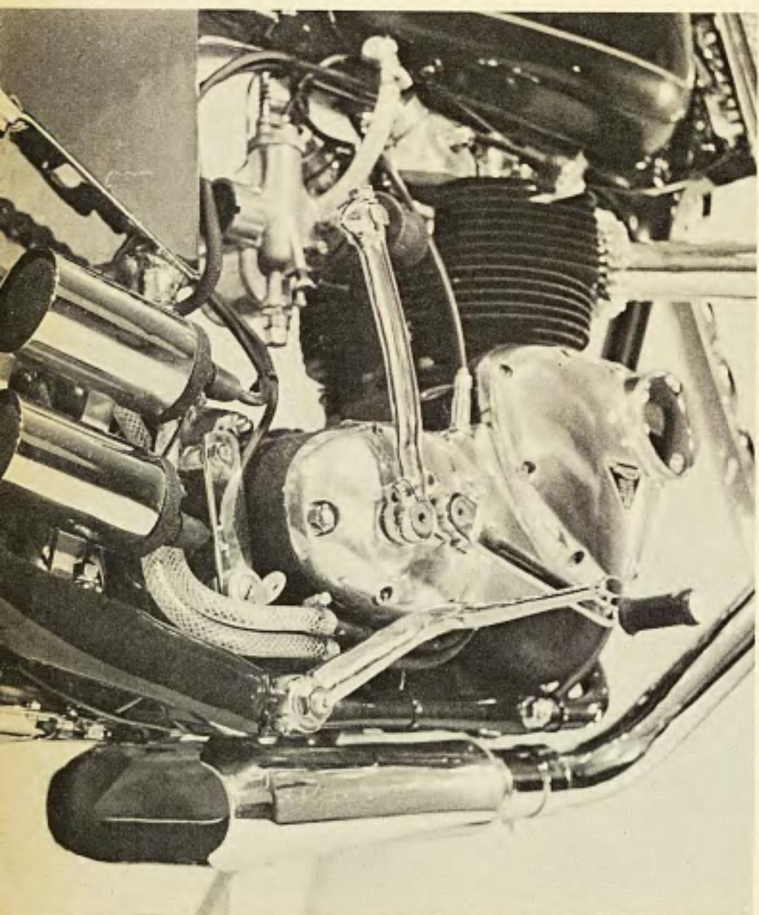
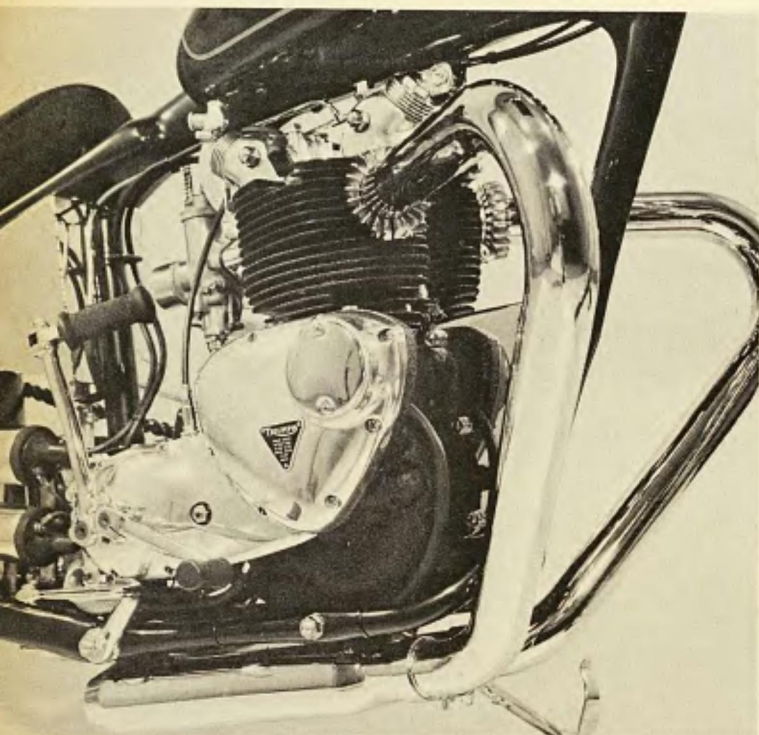
alarm, and Atlas hardened chain, and the garage has an alarm on it. I have a string going from the scooter into my apartment and tied to my left big toe—the sensitive one. I also have a Great Dane tied to the bike, and I always keep him three days behind in his eating. I'd die, I'd simply die if anyone ripped off my baby."

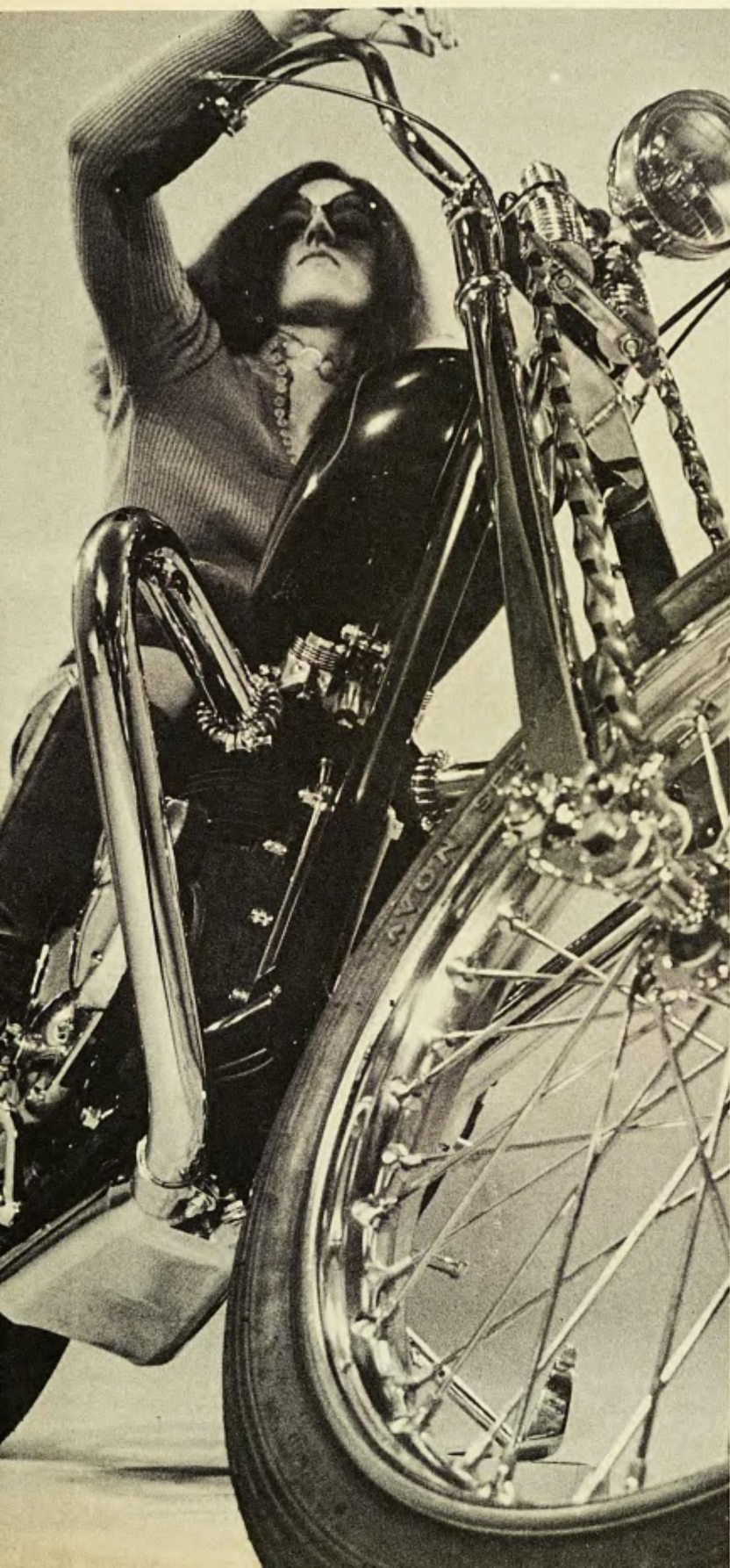
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Hip Trump
Easyriders Magazine





Linda Greaves is something else. She looks and dresses as if she's just stepped out of Cosmopolitan. As if she would be afraid of ruining her nails if she even got near a bike. But as we all know, looks are deceiving, and especially so with Linda; she is a biker from the word go.

As a matter of fact, she has a thing for bikes. Talking to her about them is like rapping with another guy—she knows her bikes, and raps on and on about all the good vibes she gets from a bike and bikers.

Starting with a Honda 50, she soon moved up to a Triumph 250, then to a Velocett 500, to a Yamaha 250 and then to the Triumph you see pictured here, which she has owned for about five years.

During the five years she had made some mild modifications like solid extensions, the seat cut down, front fender removed. She says, "It was custom stock before I took it to D&D to be personalized as you see it now."

Linda digs turtles, which explains the "Psychedelic Turtle" design by Electric Bob on the tank and fender. The seat also has a turtle-shell design.

She likes brown clothing, which may explain the color of her Trump, but in the next breath she says, "But my favorite color is blue." She also has "a fondness for firearms—especially pistols. Hey, maybe you should put that in the article too—right next to my big brothers bit. Tell 'em I'm a helluva good marksman and that I go to sleep with a rod under my pillow—be sure and say pillow, smartass."

Linda's been in two bike movies, has a real estate license, is a scuba diver, and plans to take up sky diving next. In explaining her attraction to bikes she said, "Nothing compares with the absolute feeling of freedom—I can be angry, sad, worried, even hung over, and I get on the bike and it blows everything out of me. I jam a lot, but have always had mucho respect for the extended front end.

"I used to do a lot of dirt riding on my earlier bikes—I think dirt riding is a great school for learning how to handle a bike under all conditions—you get to know your bike. I think I'm a better biker today because of my dirt bike experience."

I asked Linda if she could think of anything else she'd like to say in the article—that all the technical info would be in the photo captions and tech chart. She thought a moment, and said with



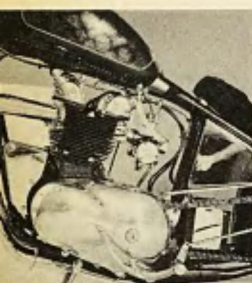
Linda is also featured on the back cover.

a grin, "What do you think about saying the bike is hooked up to 220 volts at night and sits in one inch of water?"

"Why don't you park it in your bedroom?"

"Actually I do, and it really blows the landlord's mind—but you know a custom chopper probably isn't even safe there. It's really a drag to have something so nice, and then have to be worried about someone stealing it—no one bothered my Honda 50."

She shrugs her shoulders and puts on her authentic WW I flying helmet and goggles, fires her Trump with one stroke, says "Later," and splits out of sight. I think to myself: for that bike, I'd be willing to worry about it anytime.



General

Fabrication by: D&D
Year & Make: 1965 Triumph
Model: T100 SR
Value: \$2400
Time: 2 months
Assembly: D&D
Chroming: D&D

Engine

Year: 1965
Model: T100 SR
Builder: D&D
Displacement: 500 cc
Cam: stock
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Amal Monobloc
Shifter: foot
Pipes: D&D collector pipes
Mufflers: baffled collector

Wheels

Front: Steel 18-in.
Rear: Steel 16-in.

Frame

Year: 1965
Rake: none (at neck)
Rear susp.: custom hardtail
Bars: Santee pull backs
Tank: banana
Seat: Ministronie special
Material: reversed cowhide
Sissy Bar: 35 in. twisted 1/2 in.

Forks

Type: new narrow springer
Extension: 14 in.
Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
Painting: Electric Bob
Color: pearl brown and green
Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 275 x 18 Avon
Rear: 500 x 16 Arco



Beware!

The first objective of **Easyriders** is to be entertaining and informative. We feel that there's enough bad news in the world today, and we don't want to fall into a gloom bag, but we do feel that we owe you, our readers, a few words of warning. We hope that the following doesn't screw up your day or give you the runs. Okay, okay, we know. You probably want to stop reading this already.

Well, don't. Just drop a couple of Tums, or whatever, and read on.

The chopper scene is really on the move, and too damn many quick-buck manufacturers are turning out junk, unsafe and untested products. This has always been a problem, but because of the slack in aerospace work here in California, everyone who has an idle machine shop has turned into a "chopper expert," turning out things like raked triple clamps which screw up your front end geometry; arc-welded "chrome-moly" springers that snap off next to the weld because they were not annealed (chrome-moly is great if you know where and how to use it—most people don't); cheap aluminum spool hubs with welded flanges and cheap bearings that actually have been known to fly apart with less than 300 miles on them. Yeah, man, I said—and I meant—fly apart.

You say you know better than to buy that kind of junk, and let the next guy find out for himself. Well, buddy, you're just strokin' yourself thinking that way, and I'll tell you why. Every time one of these junk parts gives out and causes an accident—you guessed it—Big Brother chalks it up, and before you know it you're in **Laws** before your axle. So, even if you don't care when your fellow biker gets splattered all over the pavement, you can think about all that bread you've got tied up in your scooter—and how it's entirely possible that your prize scooter may be outlawed someday.

What can the newcomer to the chopper scene do to be sure he's getting safe, quality parts? Well, he could take a multi-year course in engineering, metallurgy, and motorcycle design—but the most practical way is to ask someone who has no reason to lie about cycle matters. That would most likely be other chopper riders, who more than likely have already been

stung. Ask more than one, just to be sure you haven't got hold of someone who hasn't found out yet that what he's spent good money for won't last 300 miles. Use your own head, too. Ask him to be specific as to why he likes or dislikes certain products. Look over the products yourself. Don't let a nice coat of chrome fool you; the chrome is usually done outside the manufacturer's own plant and might well be a shiny cloak to hide an inferior product. On the other hand, a product that has a good appearance overall, that looks in all respects as if the manufacturer takes pride in what he produces, is a pretty good sign that he cares about the engineering safety built into the product.

Easyriders cannot, of course, test every new product that comes out on the market, but we are interested in your safety and will not knowingly allow any manufacturer or distributor selling unsafe products to advertise in our pages. We ask that anyone who

has had what he considers an unsafe product sold to him in the past, or receives one in the future, from one of our advertisers, other advertisers, or any local shop, write to us, explaining exactly what was bought, from whom it was bought, and how it failed. **Easyriders** will look into the claim, and if it is found to be true will refuse advertising to the concerned company unless and until they agree to correct or discontinue the product that is faulty. We will also pass along this information to the NCCSI (National Custom Cycle Safety Institute), a recently formed organization whose members are concerned with the biker's safety and his right to ride what he chooses. The staff at **Easyriders** plans on working with the NCCSI and will report their progress and allow them space in our pages to further their cause. You will see the NCCSI logo displayed in the ads and probably on the products of many manufacturers and distributors in

the near future. This by no stretch of the imagination means that the products of the manufacturer or distributor are completely safe or that he has even submitted to an exhaustive test program. (Someday, in the very near future, we hope, this may be true—and it will be true if a sufficient amount of funds and support are given by all interested parties.) It does mean, however, that the owners of these companies care about your safety and have confidence in the soundness of their products, and that they will recall, replace, correct, or discontinue any unsafe item—or they will face exposure to the public through expulsion from the NCCSI for failure to do so.

Enough of this bum trip—go on and groove with the rest of what's really important: righteous choppers and the state of mind that goes with them.

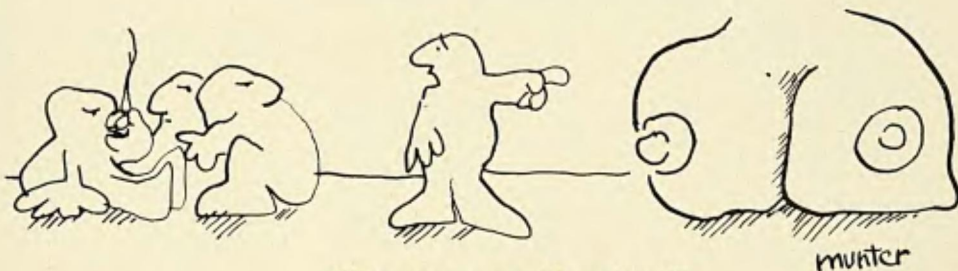
But before you buy your next custom part, just sort of read this item one more time, okay? ■



"Well — up your poo-poo."



"Who in hell told you to check the fuel level by sticking your hand in the tank."



"Hey, you guys, it's a bust!"

Editors go ape with ten dollar bills.

Son of Sissy Bar Contest Strikes Again!

All of us bikers hate to be followed too close by a dull-eyed nose-picker in a car or truck, or have one pull up too close behind us at a traffic signal. When one does, all we can do in return is curl our lip and snarl at him (or her). It usually doesn't do any good, though, because the type that follows a bike too close is either doing it deliberately or through ignorance (like women drivers).

If you're certain it's deliberate, you may have to get off your scooter at the next signal and go back and work the hostilities out of the driver.

The reason for bringing this negative subject up is the fact that most of the sissy bar design ideas submitted were based on the national, perhaps international, sign of "Up yours"—a hand with the middle finger extended.

We received 167 designs of a hand giving the finger to anyone following the scooter close enough to make out the design.

In order to be fair, we selected what we considered to be the best design, with the earliest postmark, so we hope no one gets bent upon seeing his (or, who knows, maybe even her) finger design in this issue.

Some of you submitted very elaborate and wild designs. From purely an art standpoint they were

fine, but you should remember that the sissy bar must be made of steel. The design ideas must be practical and possible to build. In view of this fact, we had to eliminate some beautiful ideas and vote in favor of less spectacular but more practical designs.

We did select a few far-out ideas—merely because they were far-out and thus entertaining to look at, but not very practical.

\$10.00 FOR YOUR IDEAS

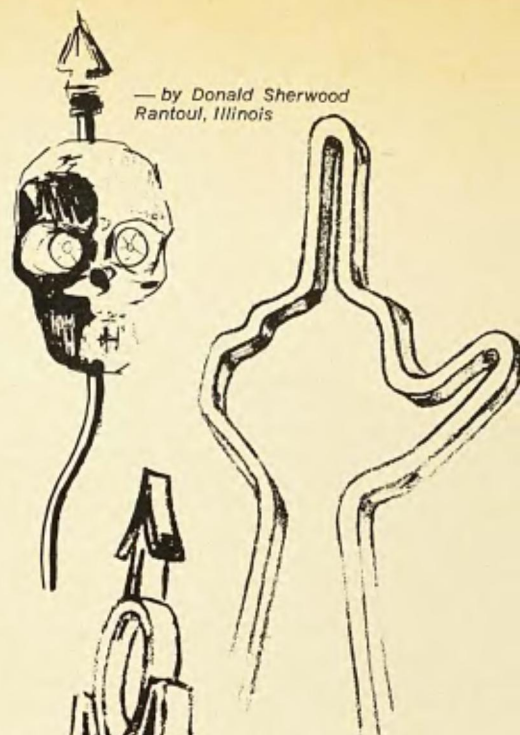
This contest will continue in every issue. If you have already submitted some ideas—submit more.

We'll pay ten dollars for every design idea printed in the magazine.

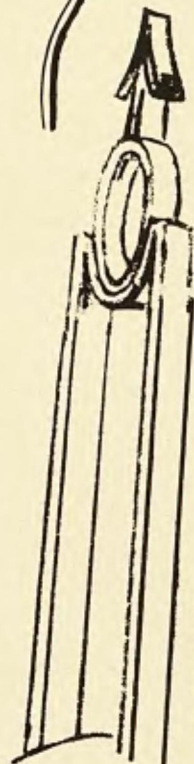
The ideas can be any size and rendered in either pencil or ink. They do not have to be professionally drawn—we'll take care of that—it's the idea we're interested in, but there should be enough of a sketch to show us what you have in mind.

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. ☐

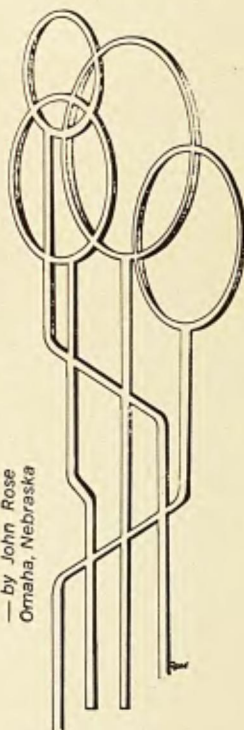
—by Donald Sherwood
Rantoul, Illinois



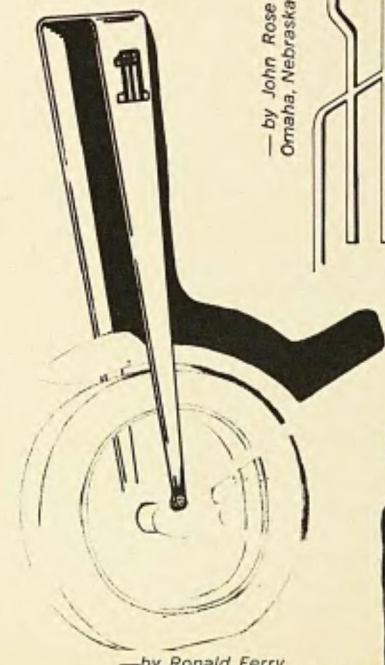
—by Joe Morris
Milwaukie, Ohio



—by Ned Green
Oak View, California



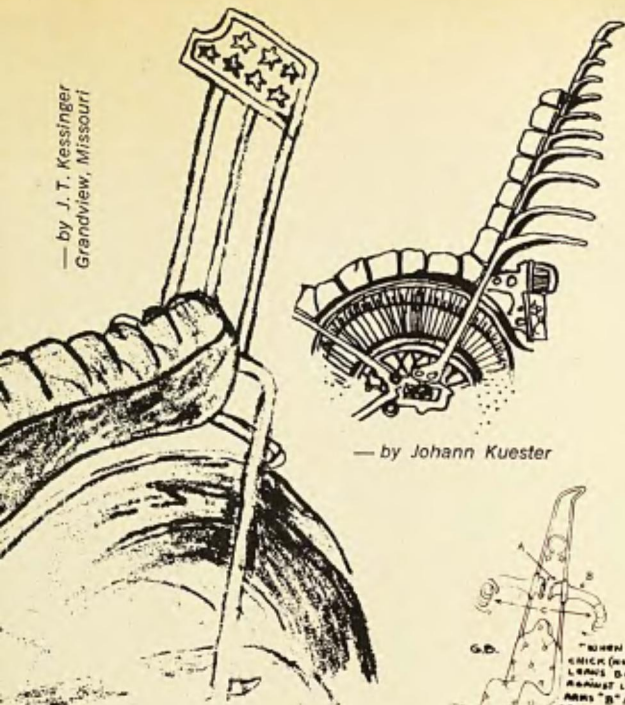
—by John Rose
Omaha, Nebraska



—by Ronald Ferry
Cannon AFB, New Mexico



—by J. T. Kessinger
Grandview, Missouri



—by Johann Kuester



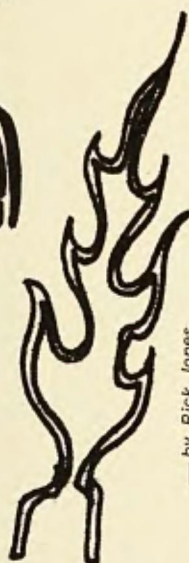
—by G. Bissonnette
St. Paul, Minnesota



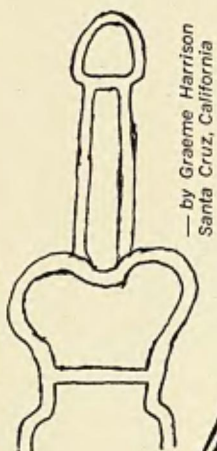
—by Kevin Hale
Carmel, California



—by Robert Hettrick
Hubbard, Ohio



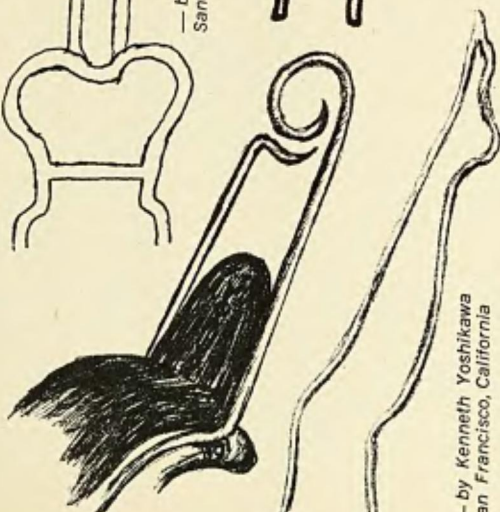
—by Rick Jones
Covina, Maine



—by Graeme Harrison
Santa Cruz, California



—by Kirby Dipert
Mishawaka, Indiana



—by Kenneth Yoshikawa
San Francisco, California

—By Larry Chabira
Topeka, Kansas

It's a Frame Up!

Quite often a biker will, when he starts building, have to spend a lot of time and effort looking for a rigid frame for his scooter. It may be because he has a swing-arm that he wants to pull the engine and tranny out of, or that he wants to build a late shovelhead-to-rigid chopper, or simply because he is starting off with just a pile of parts, including an engine.

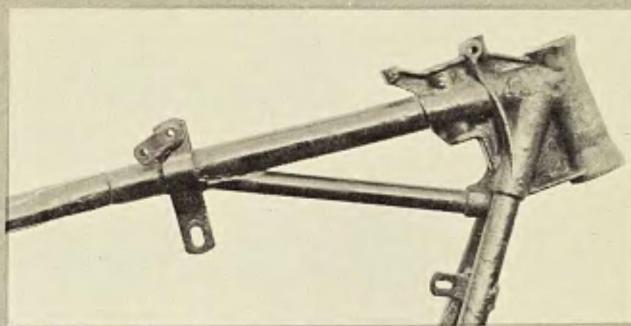
Locating a rigid frame isn't that hard, so he buys one, takes it home, goes through the long and involved process of molding, painting, etc., and then, too late, finds out that he has a knucklehead frame and that the rear jug of his pan-head engine just won't fit into the frame. The language at this point usually isn't something you would want your mother to hear.

It is possible to fit a pan-head engine into a knucklehead frame, but it takes some cutting, grinding, welding, filing and the use of a big hammer. On another day we'll have a look at just how it can be done. On the other hand, you can slip a knuckle engine into a pan frame with only minor changes, if that happens to be what you are planning on building. If it's a panhead you're building,

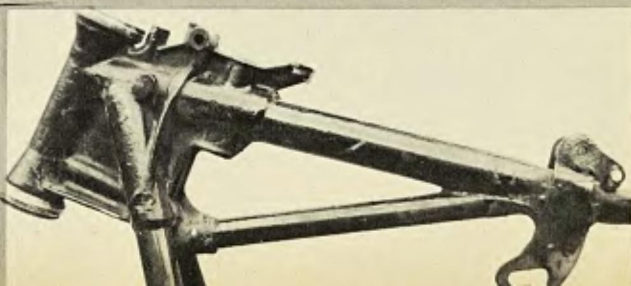
though, the hot setup is to make sure the frame you are going to buy is a pan-head to start with, so that you won't need to do all that surgery.

There are several differences between the pan and knuckle frames, but most of them are rather subtle and hard to spot. Some are "sometimes" differences, like the straight front down-tubes. The knuckles have straight tubes, while most of the rigid pans have "bowleg" tubes. However, the early 1948, late '56, and '57 pan frames were also straightbars. The one sure way to tell the difference is the top motormount. A look at the pictures will show that the top motormount on a knuckle is a straight-sided rectangular tab, while the top mount on a panhead is a sort of triangular thingie. If the top mount is missing, or looks like it might have been changed for one reason or another, a final check involves the front tubes. If it is a straightbar and there is a lock built into the neck, it's a pan. If it's a straightbar and there's no lock, it's a knuckle. If the neck's been molded and you can't tell, you've got troubles.

by Joe Teresi



Engine mounts are primary difference.
Knuckle is above, Pan is below.



Hang Loose! Hog Freaks!



The Hog freaks here at the *Easyriders* office went straight out of their gourds recently, when a strange photographer walked in and suggested we feature a **Yamaha** in this issue.

It was messy. One guy lost his breakfast right on Big Mutha's typewriter. Another grabbed his chain just as Wino Willy put the stranger up against the wall and gave him the old one-two.

Later, when things got back to normal and the Ripple jug had been passed around a few times, someone jokingly suggested that for kicks why didn't we look at the photos the stranger had dropped on his way out. Those who still hadn't had **that** much grape—yet—started to twitch and get nervous, but most thought it might be a funny trip.

It wasn't. The Yamaha in the photos was bitchin'—even Joe Superhog had to admit that. Everyone looked for something wrong—**anything** wrong. Even got out the magnifying glass. But after a lot of snorts, grunts and mumbling, it was



***We puckered too,
but had second
thoughts later.***



Photos by a strange photographer

obviously true—it **was** a heavy scooter, and worthy of being in **Easyriders**.

Wino Willy said, "Why in hell didn't the creep tell us it was a **bitchin'** Yamaha? Who ever heard of a **bitchin'** Yamaha before?"

Taking a swig of juice, Superhog said, "He should have sent it in the mail—that way we would have seen how good it was before rejecting it."

Big Mutha, in the process of cleaning her typewriter, added, "Yeah, and I wouldn't have had two chili dogs barfed all over my typewriter. By the way, Spider, what in hell is all that green stuff? What did you have with those chili dogs?"

Spider, who was still looking for some thing wrong with the Yamaha, answered, "Just a green burrito."

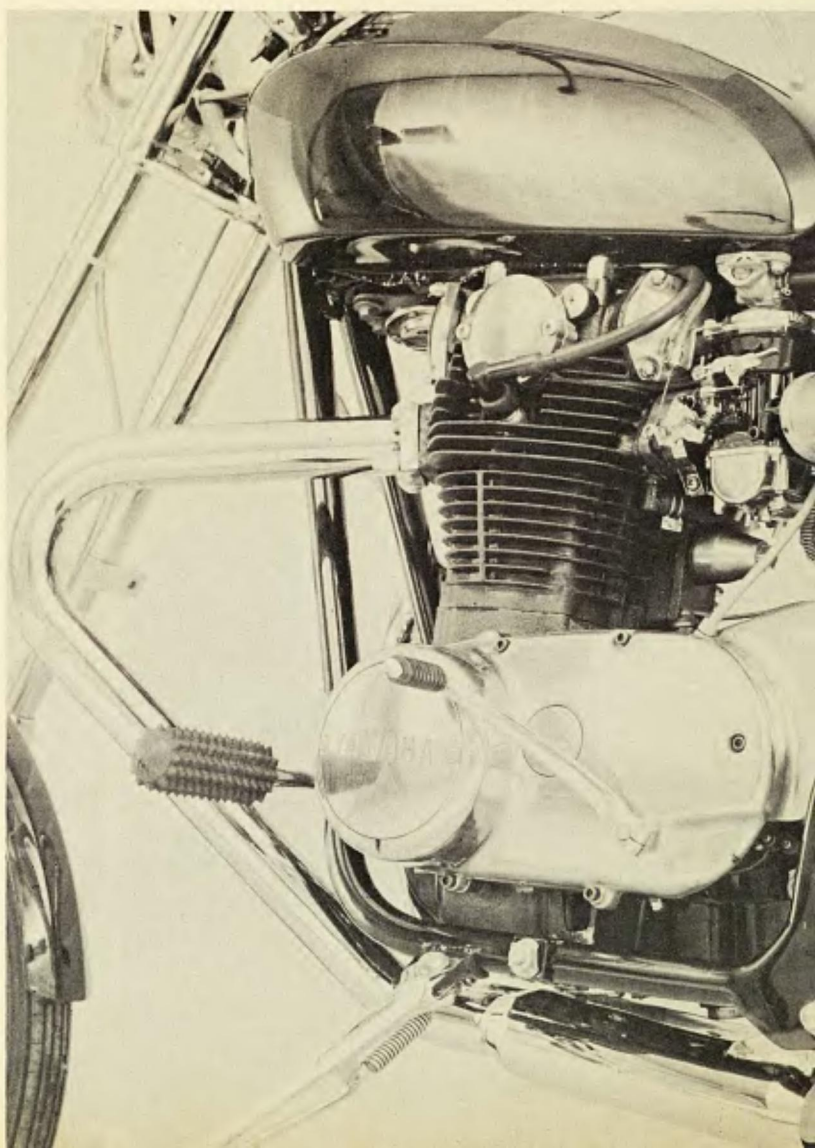
Everyone reacted: "For breakfast?"

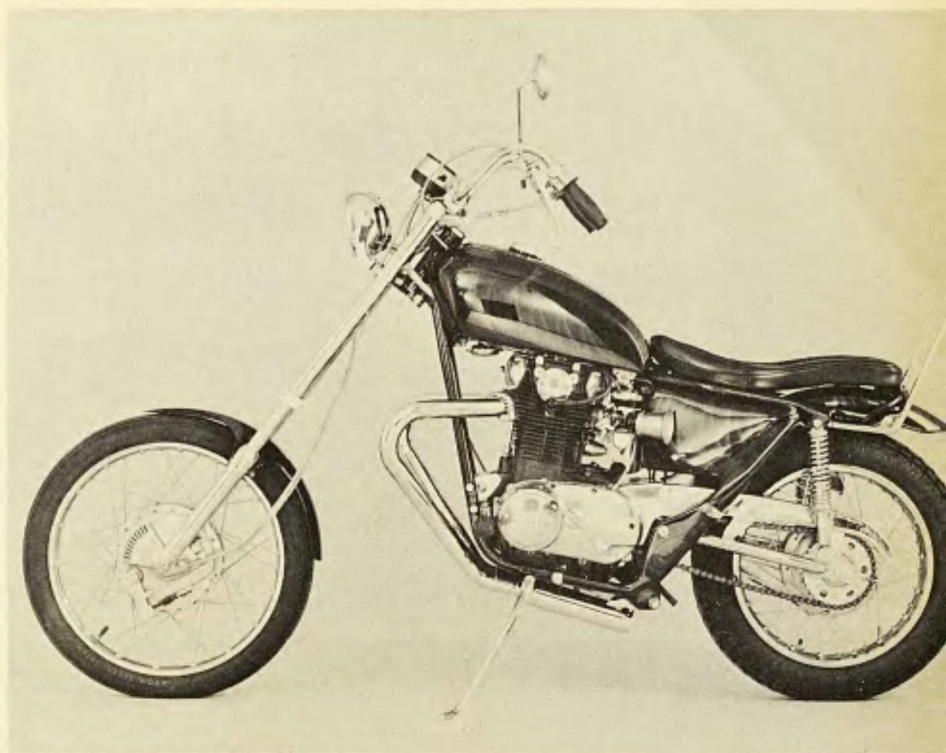
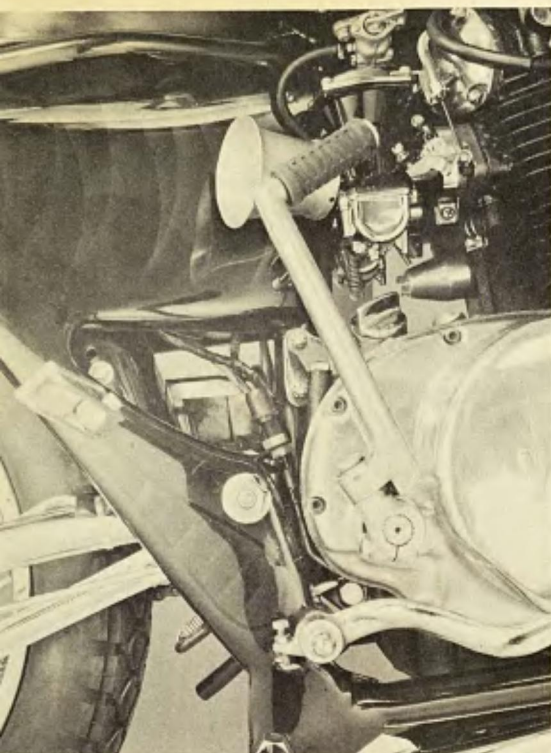
It was unanimously decided to feature the Yamaha shown here, because of its flawless workmanship, its hip, super-clean design, and its safe, solid construction—all of those things that are important to **all** bikers, no matter what machine they're riding. If it is a **bitchin'** bike, then it's a **bitchin'** bike, regardless of make.

Truly **bitchin'** bikes are hard to find. There are a few around, and there are a few under construction. We at **Easyriders**, even though most are Hog freaks, will keep looking for **bitchin'** bikes, regardless of make, will present only the most **bitchin'** bikes attainable and only those that pass our strict editorial board's critical, and even a little prejudiced, approval.

Speaking of approval: Would the strange photographer who dropped these photos off at the office please call us and tell us where to send him his bread?

—Dog Breath





General

Fabrication by: Jackson
 Year & Make: 1970 Yamaha
 Model: XS-650
 Value: \$2250
 Time: 4 weeks
 Assembly: Jackson
 Chroming: D & D

Frame

Year: 1970
 Rake: none
 Rear Susp: Stock
 Bars: pullback
 Tank: molded-stock
 Seat: Cobra ("Leo's")
 Material: Naugahyde
 Sissy Bar: Jackson

Engine

Year: 1970
 Model: XS-650
 Builder: Jackson
 Displacement: 653 c c
 Cam: Stock O.H.C.
 Lifters: none
 Carb(s): two 34mm Mukuni
 Shifter: foot (left)
 Pipes: D & D
 Mufflers: D & D

Forks

Type: Oil dampen
 Extension: 12-inch new legs
 Builder: Jackson

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
 Painting: Electric Bob
 Color: Electric Black
 Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 300 x 21 Avon
 Rear: 400 x 18 Avon

Wheels

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





Right-On Chick Biker

Look again, that long hair that went jammin by, was a girl!



Photos by Mighty Mil

It was a hot smoggy day. Traffic was crawling so slow that people could rap to each other from their cars. Tempers were short—it was a lousy situation to be caught in. I was just starting to cuss myself for not riding my scooter when a blonde chick in a white T-shirt on a white T-shirt—uh, I mean on a Triumph—zipped past me, worming her way between the rows of cars as if putting along a deserted street.

She was tooooo much! Was I seeing straight, or was the traffic getting to me? That T-shirt—dammit, I mean that chick—was just unreal.

Talk about being turned-on! I *had* to see that again. After muscling my way over to the curb lane with the usual “Eat it!”, “Up yours!” rejoinders to the cussing I got from the other uptight drivers, I was finally able to pull a right onto the street I thought she had taken.

I found her bike parked at the curb in front of



a coffee shop. I parked, too, and went in. I just had to see if what I had seen was for real.

They were—I mean, she was. Her long blonde hair was cascading down her T-shirt. The “Triumph” lettering on the shirt was stretched all out of shape by her way-out shape.

I tried to think of something tricky to say, like offering her some candy if she’d get into my car—but she was probably too wise to fall for that, so I decided on the old “I can make you famous” routine.

But no routine was necessary. Eighteen-year-old Linda Clute turned out to be one of the nicest, straightest chicks I have ever met. A real person. No hangups, no put-ons, no phoniness—just a right-on chick biker.

She’s from upstate New York. Purchased her Triumph in Phoenix and soon after decided along with two guys with 74s to split for California to escape all of the Arizona bike hassles. They ran out of bread on the way, but Linda was able to mooch enough gas for them to make it to Smogville-by-the-sea.

Linda says riding her bike is her whole life: “It’s like a fever, I love being face to face with nature.”

She’s had a few things done to her bike, but as you can see it isn’t anything special and doesn’t warrant a lot of space in a bike magazine—but she *is* a far-out biker-and-a-half, and on that basis alone I thought you readers would be interested in meeting her, and, of course, I have to justify my chasing her to get the story for you. Man, what I go through, just for you readers!

—Spider.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



Clap-Clap-Clap

My doctor told me to knock off all intercourse until my dose of gonorrhea clears up. I was wondering if a person can get mouth clap.

Art Norton

Edmond, Oklahoma

• *The doc said all intercourse, didn't he? But to answer your question, oral complaints are extremely rare.*

Broads and the Male Nude

Mutha, you old broad, you're just the person I need to settle an argument. My chick says girls are not interested in seeing a guy nude—that a female *Playboy* with a nude dude in the center would never sell. What do you say?

Alan Robertson

Atlanta, Georgia

• *I think the hip girl who is honest with herself—who doesn't undress in the closet—would drool over a good male body. I myself am a leg-woman—I dig big, strong, hairy legs. A friend of mine digs hairy men, and another likes lean muscular types. I don't know if a photo of a guy would turn me on—but the real thing—look out!*

Going To Pot

For no particular reason, I thought I'd write you and ask your views on where the term *pot* came from.

Bill Battersley
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• *You believe in making me work for my bread, don't you? I checked all over hell for you and came up with a lot of opinions, but the one most mentioned was that it is derived from the word *pod*. Pods, as you know, are those little clumps of seeds held together by grass which is usually stronger than the rest. The pods are normally put aside for a special V.I.P. stash.*

Sex? Who? Me?

I was wondering if that drawing of you in the magazine is really you. How about telling us about yourself. Do you still dig sex? What kind of a guy do you like? Can you write to me personally—I'll send a photo of me if you're interested.

Jim Thomas

Ogden, Utah

• *As I said elsewhere in this column, I'm a leg-woman, so send me a photo of your legs. The drawing isn't accurate—my legs are much nicer. Do I dig sex? Still dig sex? What kind of a question is that? As far as that goes, what kind of sex are you talking about?*

Pill Protest

My old lady absolutely flat refuses to take the pill. She says that the pill will screw her system all up. Now, she's a groovy old lady, we really have a ball in bed, and I don't want to get rid of her, but I can't see having little rug rats around the pad either. Any suggestions?

Ralph Manganiello
Chicago, Illinois

• *First you should check to see if she doesn't want the pill because she's tried it and had a bad reaction, or doesn't want it for some other reason. Of course, there's always rubbers and there isn't much she can say about you using them either (other than leaving).*

Wild Root

I had a chance recently to try some peyote, but I had heard that it makes you sick, so I passed. Could you give me the straight facts?

Don Freeman

Las Vegas, Nevada

• *Peyote is a small carrot-shaped cactus. The portion that sticks up above the ground is a gray-green color and is called the button. This button is cut off and dried before using.*

The primary active ingredient in peyote is mescaline. While use of peyote dates back to 300 B.C., it wasn't until A.D. 1896 that mescaline was isolated from peyote. Mescaline was synthesized in 1919.

Peyote often causes nausea and some barfing at first, but after the barf, the good effects last ten to twelve hours and wear off gradually. Never heard of a bad trip.

Leather Jacket

Is there a place near my pad where I can buy an extra large leather jacket? I need one at least size 48 or larger and I have been unable to find one.

Bob Brown

Torrance, California

• *If you're speaking about the cop-type jacket with all the zippers and jazz, you can get one at Eagleson's, 259 South Spring St., Los Angeles 90012. Other types are available at any store that specializes in big men's clothes. For those hard-to-find XL, XXL, XXXL T-shirts, you can get them at the Shore Shop, 1780 Pacific Coast Hwy., Seal Beach, California 90740.*

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



Motown Scoot

Detroit's finest street machine

Owning a bike in areas of the country where the weather prohibits year-around riding, has its moments of frustration. But what makes all those drag moments worthwhile, is that period of time you *do* get to ride, and especially, if you own one of the few righteous choppers in the area.

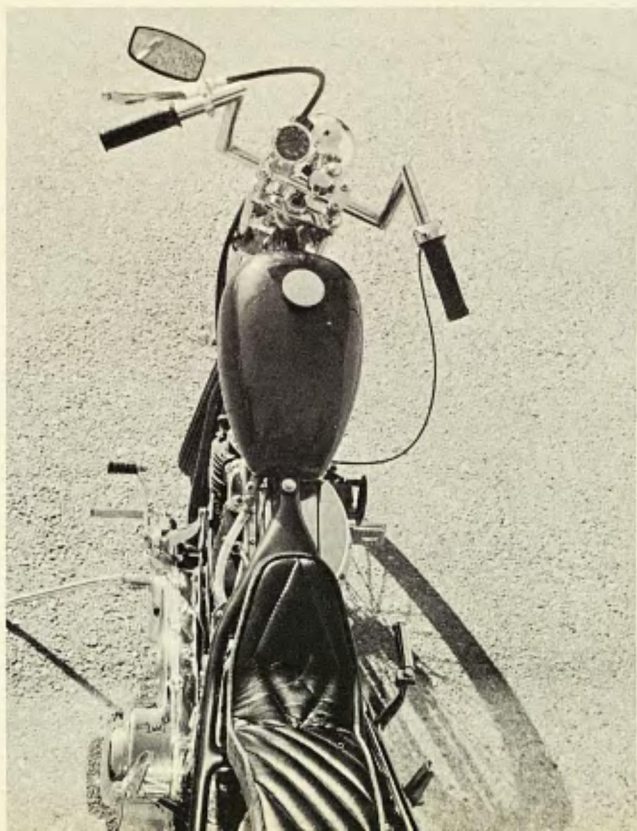
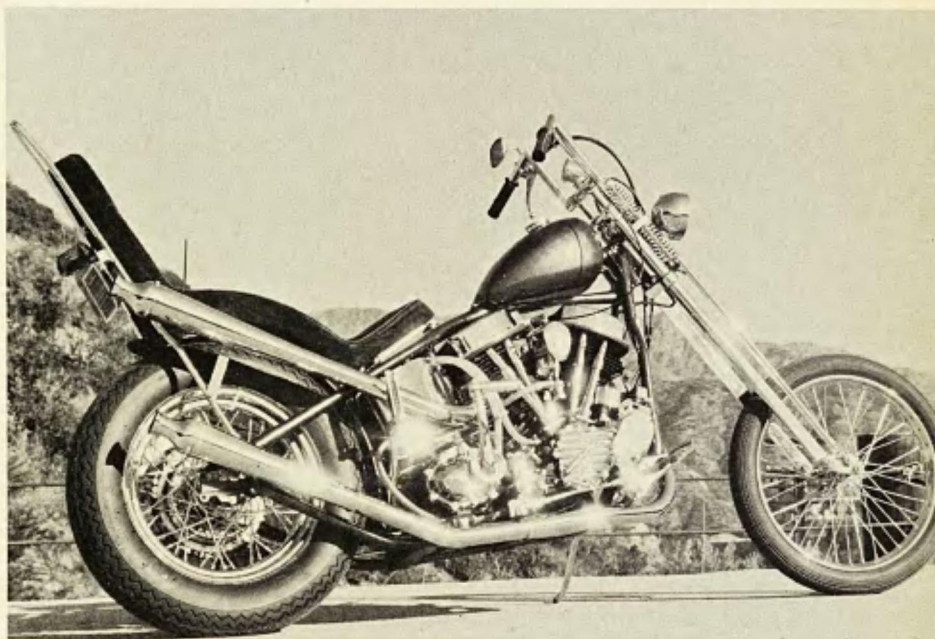
A truly righteous chopper is appreciated, admired, and reacted to by everyone — other bikers (regardless of the type of bike they're riding) — chicks — other Hog riders in the process of building a chopper — chicks — school kids hung-up on the Fonda-Hopper image — chicks — frightened squares, rednecks, and old ladies-in-tennis-shoes, who have seen too many bike gang movies. The chopper creates comment — good and bad, wherever you go, and it's a ball putting people on, turning chicks on, and putting street racers down.

Gary Odendahl lives in Detroit, Michigan. He has a righteous chopper. He must disappoint the little old ladies, for he doesn't have the stereotyped image of a balls out chopper rider. As a matter of fact, he's a pretty straight individual. Short hair, works everyday, and even has a picture of his bike in his tool box — right next to the usual nude broad. According to Gary, the bike gets more comments than the broad!

He rides every opportunity he gets. Rode a Sportster (which he still has), until he got the 74. But once he got on the 74, the Sportster has been collecting dust. He says, "The difference between a Sportster and a 74 is fantastic. When riding a 74, you feel like you're a part of it — you sit low and comfortable — the difference can best be described as a feeling of riding a park bench when you ride a Sportster. On a Sportster you sit high — as if on top a bench, looking down, but on a 74 you are into the bike — a part of it."

Gary keeps both bikes in his living room. "It really shakes the neighbors when I come out the front door — riding my bike."

Gary's wife didn't dig the heavy bike scene (skinned her ankles too many times when changing the TV channel), and told Gary to stuff his bikes and split. He now lives alone with his bikes.

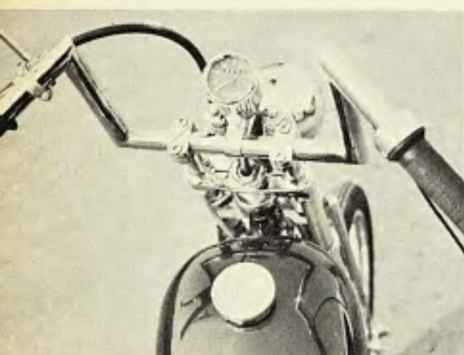
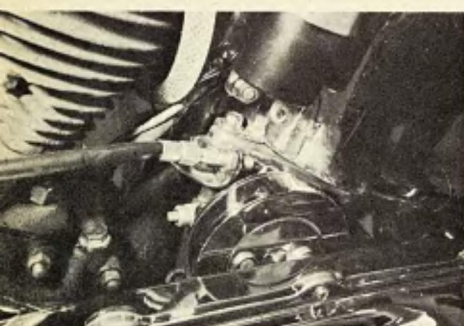
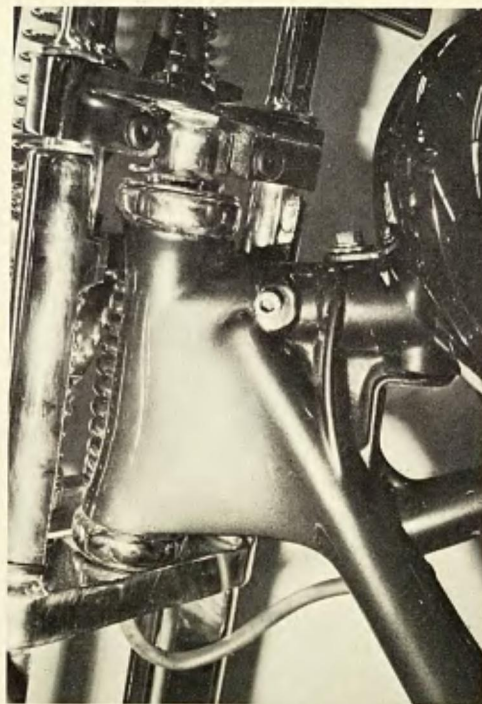


Saving his coins, he gathered enough to have the chopper built to his specs by D&D Distributors in California. He cut out photos from magazines, of various parts of bikes he liked, and mailed them to D&D. After several long distance phone calls, they created what you see here.

He received the completed bike in Detroit, while the temperature was 20 degrees — but that didn't stop him — he immediately jumped on it and jammed.

Michigan law requires two brakes on a bike, so Gary puckers whenever he spots the heat—but so far he hasn't been stopped (one advantage of looking straight). He stays out of downtown Detroit for this reason.

He's had a Norton, BSA, and a Sportster, before the 74. He digs jammin', and since the 74, he feels there is no other bike. As he puts it, "Some dudes like dope or lush, but I get the same high from riding my 74. If I were told that I was going to die tomorrow—I'd just ride my bike and I'd be happy—I can't explain it any better than that."



General

Fabrication by: D & D
Year & Make: 1949 H-D
Model: 74 Panhead
Value: \$3000
Time: 3 months
Assembly: D & D
Chroming: D & D

Frame

Year: 1949
Rake: none
Rear Susp.: rigid
Bars: 8" with bars
Tank: center fill sport
Seat: Ministronie med. back
Material: glove leather
Sissy bar: 5/8 in. round, 50 in. high

Engine

Year: 1949
Model: panhead
Builder: D & D
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: FL

Forks

Type: new narrow springer
Extension: 8 inches
Builder: D & D

Painting

Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert
Shifter: foot with mouse elim.
Pipes: upsweeps with "S" pipe elim.
Mufflers: MCM—megaphone

Molding: Electric Bob
Painting: Electric Bob
Color: pearl blue with silver
Type: lacquer

Tires

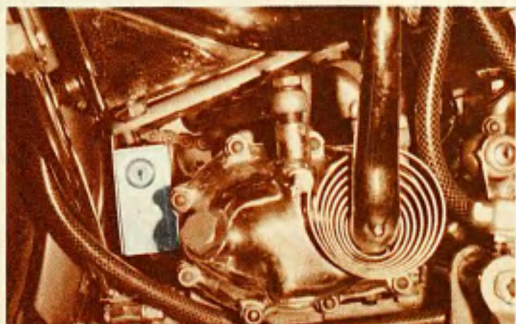
Stacks: none

Front: 2.75 x 18 Avon
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Arco

Wheels

Front: Steel 18-in. Rear: Steel 16-in.

At Last! A Chopper Alarm!



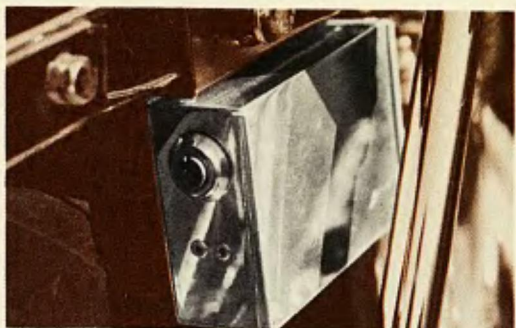
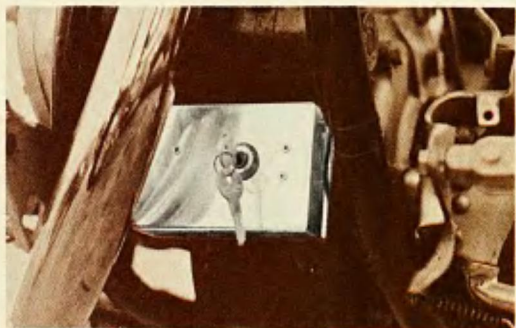
A loud, noisy, tamperproof alarm that will blast away for 1½ hours after the slightest movement by a rip-off artist.

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 (4½x3x1½), 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!

Chopper Alarm
Box 7143
Burbank, California 91505

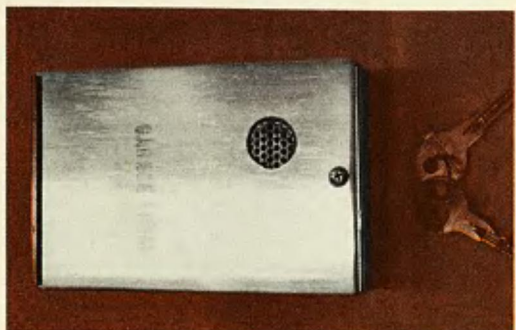
Please send me a Chopper Alarm ☐ Garage Alarm ☐
I understand that I can return the Alarm within 10 days
if not completely satisfied. Enclosed is my money.

\$24.95 Chopper Alarm	\$19.95 Garage Alarm
2.40 Batteries	2.40 Batteries
1.50 Postage	1.50 Postage
\$28.85	\$23.85

Indicate which alarm: ☐ Rigid 74 ☐ Swing-arm 74

☐ Sportster ☐ Garage

Personal checks must clear before we will ship. Allow 4 weeks.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How to make wine

—Continued from page 17

so we thought we'd go through the process of making some of that, step by step. If after you've made a batch you want to move on to grape or other wines, which are slightly more difficult to make (a few more steps, but basically still very simple), you can find instruction books in your local library, or you can purchase them from the dealers who sell wine yeast and home-wine-making supplies. See your yellow pages for your local dealer's name.

1. Squeeze enough sweet oranges to make two pints of juice. It is important to use only the juice of the orange; the juice must be strained through a coarse nylon sieve or muslin.

2. Put three pounds of sugar into 1½ pints of boiling water, stirring to dissolve. Add another two pints of cold water. The

total volume will now be about seven pints.

3. Put the seven pints into a clean one-gallon glass jug.

4. Add one level teaspoon of citric acid and one crushed Campden tablet to the mixture.

5. Add ½ teaspoon of Yeast Nutrient, and a liquid all-purpose wine yeast.

6. Taste mixture. It should taste a little sour—like a fairly sharp apple. If it's too sweet, add a little lemon juice.

7. Seal gallon jug with an airlock (or a Hobby lock), containing water in the bent lower tube. This acts as a seal against outside air, yet allows fermentation gases to escape.

8. Leave jar in a warm place (68°). The fermentation gas should start bubbling through the airlock in about a week. For the first two or three days the jar should be shaken slightly occasionally—thus stirring the mixture a little and making more yeast grow.

9. After a week of vigorous bubbling, move jar to a cool

room to slow fermentation. Jar should not be disturbed after the first two or three days of periodic shaking, until now, when you move it to a cool place.

10. Do not disturb again until all bubbling stops.

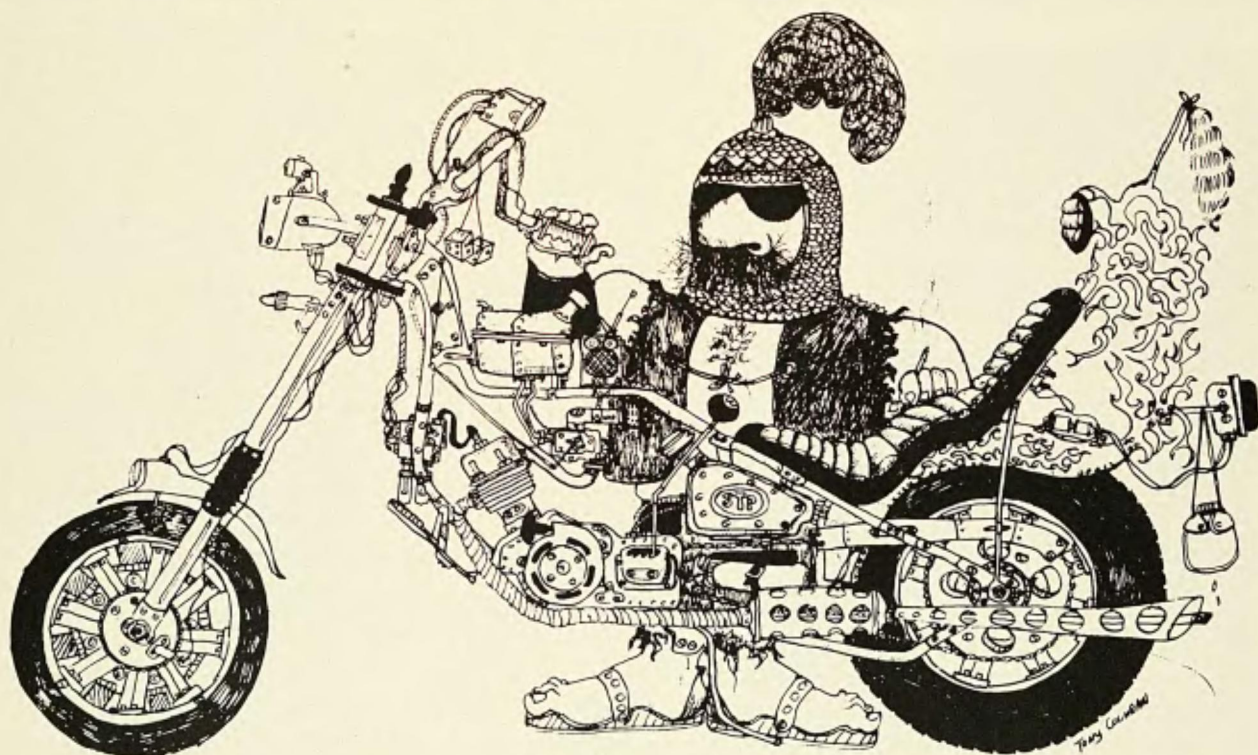
11. When bubbling stops, taste the liquid. If all sugar is gone, dissolve a pound of sugar in ½ pint of boiling water. This will make one pint of syrup. Add half of this syrup to the wine and do not disturb again until all bubbling stops.

12. When all bubbling has stopped, taste again. If wine is on the sweet side, fill jar up with about ½ pint of water and leave at normal room temperature until brew clears—with all of the yeast sludge settling at the bottom of the jug.

13. If after tasting for second time (step 12) wine isn't sweet enough, then instead of adding ½ pint of water, add the other ½ pint of syrup.

14. The brew must be left until it clears completely.

15. Once it is clear, syphon the



"Whatsamatter, man — you never seen a chopper before?"

wine from the original jar into another, very clean gallon jar (this step is called racking), using a $\frac{3}{8}$ " rubber hose no less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards long. Be careful not to suck up any yeast sludge from the bottom or let hose get stuck on side of jar. Syphon from about one inch above the sludge at the bottom.

16. The wine may still be slightly hazy. By getting some air during transfer and by *splashing* into the new container, the wine will get rid of some of the gases which cause the haze.

17. Fill the new container to the top with water to take the place of the volume lost from sludge left in original jug.

18. Seal new jug with airlock—a fresh clean one, not the one used before, unless it is thoroughly cleaned.

19. Let sit for two or three months. If in a warm place, two months is long enough; in a cold place, allow three months.

20. If any sugar has remained in the wine, fermentation may start all over again, and therefore it will be necessary to do steps 15, 17, 18 and 19 again.

21. After a second syphoning (racking), the wine should be treated to one Campden tablet before syphoning into fresh container.

22. A dry wine can be bottled after the second racking. A sweet wine needs one or two additional rackings.

23. Prior to bottling, add a Reductone tablet crushed in a little wine taken from the container and let sit for 24 hours.

24. To test the wine's stability, put a couple of ounces in a small bottle, cork it, and leave it in a warm cupboard for a few days. If no pressure develops, then wine is ready for bottling.

25. Syphon wine into super-clean bottles. Cork immediately with new corks. Corks should either be wired or tied down, and the bottles must be stored lying down.

26. Check stored bottles every three months to see if they develop a haze or a deposit. If

there is an indication of either, then wine was bottled a little too soon and must be returned to the gallon jug for two or three weeks of additional maturing.

27. The orange wine will not taste like oranges. To make it taste like oranges it will be necessary to soak thinly pared orange peel—not the white part—in wine until flavor is extracted. The peelings should be suspended in the wine—in a piece of muslin—prior to bottling.

How to Make Orange Wine

Briefly, here are the steps again: Squeeze enough oranges to make two pints of juice, strain, add sugar, citric acid, Campden tablets, Yeast Nutrient and all-purpose wine yeast. Ferment in warm place for a week, then remove to cooler conditions. Let clear, rack (syphon) into clean containers, leave two or three months, rack again, and add a Campden tablet. Leave,

preferably, another two months, add a Reductone tablet, and bottle.

The main ingredient is patience. It takes time to make good wine. Later on you'll experiment with different types of yeasts and blending of different fruits to come up with your own special wine.

The initial investment is small—especially when you consider how much wine you can make from so few supplies. If there are no wine-making equipment suppliers in your town, you can contact Tri-Ess Laboratories Supplies for the Amateur Wine-maker, 3315 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. Send them 10¢ and they'll send you a catalog that has everything you need to make wine—or beer—in your home.

Don't forget—if you come up with anything good, remember your old buddies here at *Easyriders*—we do take a nip on special occasions (make that slightest occasion).



"When you talk about your knucklehead, I never know whether you mean me or your bike!"



"Whatsamatter, man — haven't you ever seen a peanut tank before?"

Here's how to be sure if it's a 45 or 74 springer

There are several minor differences between the 45 and the 74 springers — such as the rockers, rocker studs, size of holes for the rocker studs at the bottom of the fork legs, and the size of the neck.

The first, and most definite, way to distinguish one from the other is to check out the neck. The 74 neck is the larger, measuring 1" in diameter. The 45 measures $\frac{7}{8}$ ".

A 45 springer will "bolt" right on to a Sportster frame, using all the stock 45 springer hardware such as crown nut, triple clamp, and top nut — the stock Sportster cups, balls, and races may be used. The Sportster races, however, are slightly different from the 45 races, and it would be advisable to use the 45s if possible. (Trying to use a 74 springer on a Sportster is a hassle.)

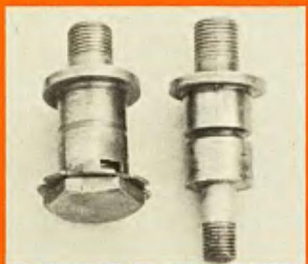
Pick up on the accompanying photos and store the info back in your head somewhere. Next time you see a springer at a swap meet or whatever, you'll know what you're buying and whether you can use it.



74 rocker.



45 rocker.



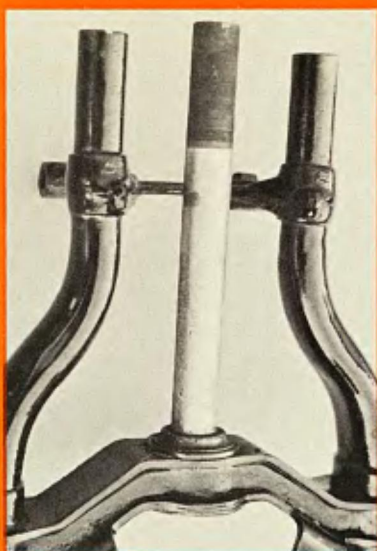
74 rocker studs.



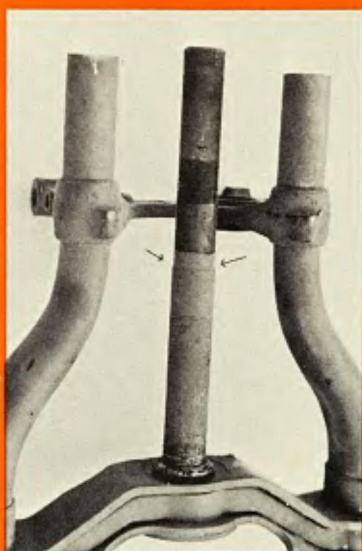
45 studs.



Fork leg hole is 1" dia. on seventy-four. $\frac{7}{8}$ " on 45.



74 neck is 1" dia.



45 neck is $\frac{7}{8}$ " dia. Note step.



Spaced-out freaks
try to do it

1%ers do it



The Righteous do it

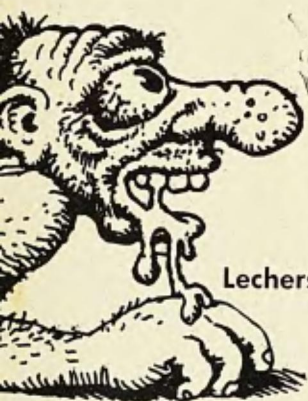


Some yummy
chicks do it

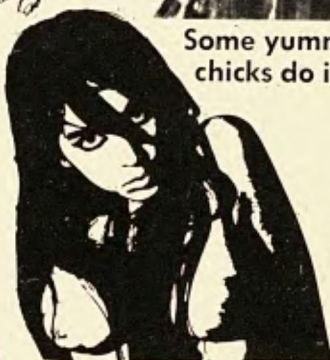
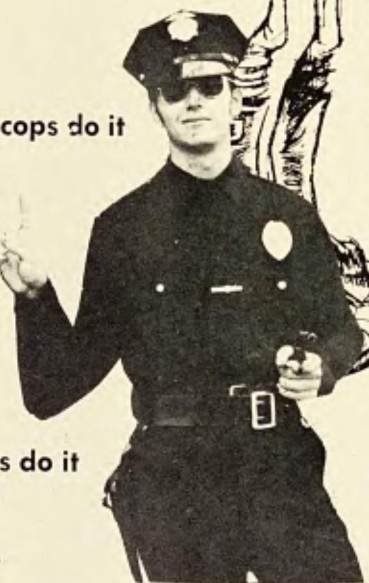


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Stone Jammin'

—Continued from page 31

through again, open the choke, reach down and retard the distributor. Switch on, bring it up on compression, jump again. Hey, that's more like it. The engine catches with a sharp explosion, then settles down to a steady Harley-rumble, the short unbaffled drag pipes rattle the windows of the house next door. Let it idle for a couple of minutes, warming up, goose it and check the slight haze of black smoke from the pipes. Loading up a little while it idles. Squeeze the clutch lever, toe pushes down on the shifter, first gear engaging with a solid clunk. It's a Harley.

The street's clear and my head's getting that way. Getting out on the road, in the wind, puts a different look on the world. Maybe getting up this early isn't all that bad after all. Dig the chicks! Couple of young teeny-boppers, long blonde hair, bell bottoms tight around a shapely pair of asses, bare stomachs that look as soft-silky as the high-grade leather on my seat. That young stuff talks too much, though, so shine it on.

There's an open station. Gotta have gas to putt. Pull it in, watch the water in the gutter. Is that shine next to the pump spilled gas? Watch it! Rear wheel slides a little as I pull to a stop next to the pump. Oh, Christ. A young kid for an attendant!

"Regular or Ethyl?" Shit!

"I'm sittin' next to the ethyl pump, so what the hell do you think I want?"

He pulls the nozzle out of the pump, rings the pump to zero and turns it on. I've got the gas cap off, and he starts to stick the nozzle in. Where's this kid been? This is Southern California, full of choppers, and I know he's got to know better. I grab the nozzle out of his hand before he has a chance to spill gas all over my paint.

"Sorry, mister. Say, that's a nice lookin' motorsickle you got yerself."

Where'd this kid come from? Shine it on! Get the tank full, but not overfull. Pull the nozzle out of the tank, and don't let it drip on the paint. Forty cents worth.

"What year's your bike? It sure is beautiful. One of these days I'm gonna get me one."

Yeah! Never have met a service station attendant under forty who wasn't gonna get one "one of these days." Wonder why they don't stop talking about it and do it? Oh, well.

"It's a '65 engine in a '53 frame." He's still standing there holding the buck I gave him. A mistake answering. Now he's going to start talking, and I'll be hung up here for ten minutes.

"Didja have to do much choppin' on the frame to get it that low?"

"No, the frame isn't chopped. That

isn't what 'chopper' means. You just use a stock rigid frame and throw away all the factory garbage. The only cutting I've done on the frame is to the neck, here, where it holds the forks on, to kick the front end out farther."

"How far's the front end out?"

"Fourteen inches, with a one-inch kick in the neck." Know damn well right he doesn't know what I'm talking about, but he's nodding his head wisely as if comparing mine with the many other choppers he's had experience with. Head him off before he thinks of another question. "Gotta get on the road. Meeting some friends for a little riding."

"Oh, sure. I'll get your change."

He watches close as I kick the engine over, then jumps back a couple of feet when it fires. Those pipes aren't quiet when you're standing right next to them.

Back out into the street. Where the hell have all these cars come from so early in the morning? Doesn't anybody sleep? It's warming up, and things are beginning to groove. Tilt the head to the right a little and check out the sound of the engine. The uneven rumble-beat of the engine, almost idling in third at forty, is normal. Harleys have a funny firing/timing order, and they always seem to be missing at anything under sixty. A little clatter from the solid lifters, but not bad except for the front exhaust. Either it's not right or the felt inside the chromed dishpan is getting worn. The sound isn't bad, but I can hear it, as well as feel it when I rest my fingers for a minute on the lid covering the rocker arms, the dishpan that gives the panhead engine its name. Stoplight ahead, and the tranny seems to hang up a little going from third to second. Sounds okay though. Bring it down through the gears, right foot going to the brake at the last possible moment. Light's yellow the other way. Slow to a stop, front end wobbling a little but feet still on the out-front Anderson pegs, balancing. Light goes green and the throttle opens, wider than necessary. A little cough from the engine before it catches, and then a roar from the pipes. Winding up, getting a little vibration from the engine. Not yet near wound-out, but hit second. Where'd that yo-yo next to me in the Mustang come from? He supposed to be some kind of racer or something? Let go of the clutch, screw the throttle on all the

way. Front wheel comes up a foot and it seems to scare the yo-yo. At least he's dropped back a couple of car lengths. There's the turn-off to the park. That's where we're going to meet. Wonder if I'm late.

Road winding around through the trees. Dig the little kids waving and making with the peace sign. One comes running out to the edge of the road, and his mother runs out behind him, pulling him back and giving me a cross between a dirty look and a flash of fear. She's been seeing too many bike movies.

There they are! Looks like everyone's here already. Nope! Don't see Joe anywhere. Pull in slowly toward the line of scooters parked at the curb, checking them out almost like I'd never seen them before. Habit. Woops. Joe must be here somewhere. There's a long burnedblack line on the asphalt where somebody left playing dragracer. Had to be Joe and that shovel-head thingle of his. His idea of fun when there isn't anything else to do is to see how far he can burn his back tire. Yep, here he comes the other way, flat-out. Between him and Hollis, who has that mild-looking candy-red eighty-six incher, this looks like it's gonna be a jammin' day. Neither one believes in wasting any time. There's Ralph, sitting next to his Triumph with what looks like a can o' beer. Him I gotta talk to.

"Hey, you seen any bikers 'round here? I supposed to meet 'em for a little puttin' today."

"What they look like?"

"Well, they're a pretty scruffy lookin' bunch, about like you cats here, but they're ridin' real motorcycles. Seen 'em?"

"I seem to remember a bunch like that. They came through here a while back on bikes like that. There was five or six of 'em, and their scooters was black 'n' white with sails and lotsa lights and all that sort of stuff. They had these cute little chrome thingies on 'em what said Harvey-Diddleston or somethin' like that. Sound like your type?"

"Awright, that's one for you. Gimmie a beer." He throws a half-quart can of Coors over to me, and I no sooner get it open than everyone else begins moving toward their bikes. Guess they were all waitin' for me after all.



"Let's do it." That's Joe. None of us make the club scene any more, don't dig it, but when a bunch of friends get together to putt for a day someone's gotta be sort of leading things, and for some reason (probably because he weighs two-eighty and is the only one with money) Joe seems to be that someone. It's cool. Joe **usually** makes sense, except when he comes up with weird ideas like coasting races down mountains, but that's another story.

Bikes are beginning to fire, so I chug the cold suds down and carefully chuck the empty into a litter basket. A little public relations (and it seems that all the public in the park, and their relations, are watching) never hurt anybody. It's a lot less hassle riding when the community isn't down on you.

It doesn't take long for everyone to get fired up. Six gleaming chrome and paint choppers (including the Triumph), ready for a day of riding. No particular destination in mind, just a day of groovy puttin' with everyone relaxed, tripping along together going down the grooviest road we could find to nowhere. Quite a place, nowhere. Ain't much there, but it's better than here.

Back through the park, sorting out into some sort of running order as we go. Joe and Hollis up front, the rest two-by-two behind them. I'm on the curb side, behind Hollis and next to Cappy's Sportster. This doesn't make me too happy, as Cappy is sometimes sort of squirrely, and his eighteen-inch springer with an extra inch-and-a-half rake in the neck doesn't make his bike the best handling scooter on the road. I'll have to keep an eye on him.

Just outside the park we hit a freeway on-ramp, and for a change Joe and Hollis don't charge. They get on them just hard enough to blend smoothly into freeway traffic, but not so hard that the rest of us get strung out behind them.

We settle down to cruising at an easy sixty, traffic moving by us to the left, little kids staring out of back windows, waving. Three rows of double choppers are enough to turn almost any kid on, to say nothing of the assorted young chicks giving us the eye as they pass by.

Off the freeway, through some city-type scene, then a hard left and the road starts to climb. Looks like we're headed up Angeles Crest Highway into the mountains. Four lanes wide and fairly light traffic, so Joe and Hollis begin to let it out. A series of fast bends, and the clean formation breaks up as the speed climbs. The sign says the limit is forty-five, but we gotta be doing at least eighty. A couple of senior citizens, grey hair and wire-frame glasses, have hit the panic button. All those bikes blasting past their Rambler screwed their heads up, and the old lady driving is on the brakes, car centered over the white line between lanes. Mad Mil's knucklehead takes her on the left while I jam past on the right, inches away from the old man's open window. Not too cool, maybe, but people ought to learn to drive if they're gonna get out in traffic.

The turns get tighter, the road narrows to two lanes, and the speed drops, but not all that much. Whoever's out front (he's around the next turn and I can't see him) has obviously decided on a little follow-the-leader jamming. Passing on curves is more common than on straights—which there aren't many of anyway. That 'Vette in front of me looks like he wants to try to run with us. He's sure on it anyway. Too fast for the next corner. He's going wide—slip by him on the inside. Rear wheel off in the dirt, but it's holding. Made it!

Really up in the mountains now, and whoever was out front jammin' has backed off. Slowly we regroup, still

running single file, though, because the speed is still a little fast for two bikes to go safely through some of the corners side-by-side. Speed's slow enough to relax and enjoy a little of the scenery. The road winds along the side of a mountain, fairly sharp curves connected by half-mile straights, sharp downdrop to the right. Pine trees and rocks, clear sky, no smog. Air smells funny without all the garbage. Weird scene there ahead. Little pine trees (Christmas trees?), grey rocks, sand and small cactus all mixed up. Southern California scenery sure can get strange.

Parking lot at the turn-off to Mt. Wilson ahead. Yep, Joe's headed into it. Smoke-break time. Drop through the gears—third—second, off into the dirt. Still running about twenty-five when I get up to the parking area. On the brake hard, leaning over. Rear wheel starts to come around, drop it into first fast and goose it. Complete donut, right heel digging in the dirt, back tire throwing sand and gravel. Little kid running for his mother. A little class never hurts. Stop the bike, shut down the motor. The others got class too. They all shine it on!

"Hey, we goin' up to Mt. Wilson?" Everybody's sitting down on the stone wall at the edge of the parking lot by the time I get the stand down and a cigarette lit.

"I don't care. What's up there? Got a Lucky?" Joe seems to be having a problem getting himself organized.

"Road up's real tight and narrow. Five and ten mile an hour turns. Coupla miles. Up at the top there's the observatory, a park-like thing with deer, science exhibits, and all that sorta shit. Gotta pay admission though."

"Is there another way down from the top, or would we have to come back this way?"

"This is it. If we go up, we come back down the same road. It isn't worth going up unless you're gonna spend a couple of hours, anyway, so if we go up we aren't gonna do much more riding today, except home from here."

"Let's go on, then. We're only about forty-five minutes from home, so we can always come back some other time."

When Joe gets in a mood to ride we don't make many sidetrips. Between him and Hollis we'll be lucky if we don't end up halfway to Canada, or Mexico if someone turns the wrong way going out of the parking lot.

A line of choppers parked anywhere draws a crowd, and ours are no exception. People, mostly couples in their twenties, are checking the bikes out, most from ten or fifteen feet away, afraid of a possible reaction if they get too close. Occasionally some brave (or foolhardy) soul walks up right next to one of the bikes, bending over close to check out a paint job or a long chrome front end. The owner of whatever bike the citizen has picked for a closer look will suddenly drop out of



the conversation, full attention on his bike to make sure it isn't bothered. Citizens have been known to have so little sense and so much nerve that they'll try to sit on a bike, in which case someone has to get right in their face.

Of course, almost everyone plays a role. Real old timers on the chopper scene, like Hollis, who has been riding since a couple of years before Christ made the scene, have gotten past this and just sit back and do their own thing, ignoring the non-chopper world. Generally, though, the less time a person has spent riding choppers the more he has to play the big, bad biker when the citizens are around. From what I've seen it takes about ten years to get the showman separated from the biker, and then it doesn't always happen. The clothes we're wearing are a good example. Everyone along today works at legitimate jobs, making good money, but most of us are dressed like typical chopper riders. Our levis aren't all that clean, and occasional holes in them are a mark of distinction, showing that they aren't "new." Boots are scuffed, t-shirts are black, and semi-long to long hair is wildly tangled from the wind. Meet any of us during the week and you might not recognize us in our clean-and-pressed sport clothes, suits, spotless shop clothes, clean shaves and combed hair. For the weekends, though, we can bust loose completely from the conformity-world and become complete, free individuals—bikers!

A bright red Chevelle convert pulls into the parking lot next to the line of bikes. Kids, five of them. Two couples and a lone chick. They move over toward the bikes, with constant over-the-shoulder glances at us. They obviously want to look closely at the bikes, and at us, but equally obviously are nervous about trespassing and ending up in a hassle with us. Too many bad chopper movies have given too many people the idea that all chopper riders are nothing more than semi-human animals out looking for a fight. Hey, that lone chick looks pretty good. About

twenty, long straight light-brown-blond hair, long-long legs. The type that would have been a super-popular surfer chick a couple of years ago. For that matter, she probably was. Time to play the role.

I get up and walk over to the bike, taking a rag out of my pocket to wipe the road dust off the chrome. The kids are still several feet away, checking out Mad Mil's knuckle, but moving my way. If you were standing back watching you'd think that I didn't even know they were there.

"That's a nice looking motorcycle you've got there."

"Thanks."

"It's like the one Peter Fonda rode in *Easy Rider*, isn't it?"

"Well, it's the same make. A Harley 74. There's a lot of differences, though, just like there's a lot of differences between that Chevy of yours with the wide tires, mags, hood scoop and so on, and that blue one over there on the other side of the lot."

"Oh! Are you guys from around here?"

"Yeah, most of us are from the Valley. North Hollywood, Burbank, Van Nuys. Just out for a day's riding." Being friendly, rather than playing the Marlon Brando bit. Want to talk to the chick. "Name's Doc."

"Hi. I'm Dave, and this is my wife Betty. That's Tom, Joyce, and Rene."

"Hello. You from L.A.?"

"Uh huh. Northridge. We all go to Valley State College, except Rene. She goes to UCLA."

"So did I. Go to UCLA, that is. Back in the late Fifties."

"You went to UCLA?" I would have taken offense at the way the 'you' was inflected if a guy had asked. It was like the President had just confessed to stealing hubcaps when he was a kid, and someone was doubting it. It was Rene that asked, though.

"Yeah. Graduated in '59 with a bachelor's in Business Administration. Is that so surprising?"

"Well, yes, it is. You don't exactly

expect a person that looks like—I mean—uh..."

"Yeah, I understand. Look, come on over here and sit down. Let me explain a few things to you."

I take Rene's arm, by the elbow, gently, and lead her over to the stone wall, several feet from where the rest are sitting. A small scrub pine provides some shade, and a thick carpet of pine needles softens the hard rock. So much for the big, bad biker role.

"Look, it's obvious that you've been watching too many movies. Just because a guy rides a chopper doesn't mean he's a Hell's Angel. Christ, for that matter I've known a few of the Angels, and they're pretty straight people, too. I mean, a bum who never works and spends all his time fighting and partying doesn't have the bread to build himself a chopper; besides which, riding a chopper is for a certain type of person, and a desire to do nothing but fight and party isn't a requirement for riding. Sure, some guys who ride choppers are like that, but so are some guys who drive sports cars. Or hot rods. Or anything else. Most are just normal people, who happen to dig riding this kind of bike and living this kind of life. Like these guys here. Joe, over there on the end, is a very successful businessman, member of the chamber of commerce and all that jazz. The chick next to him is his legal wife, and they have a couple of kids. Next to her is Hollis, who makes a damn good living driving a truck. Ralph, the kid with the short red hair, is going to college up in Santa Barbara, majoring in English Lit. Cappy is a commercial pilot, does a lot of fire bombing and spotting for the forestry department. Mad Mil, the wild-looking long-hair on the end, is probably the mildest of the lot. He's Joe's partner, and the two of them are fast on their way to becoming millionaires. They sound like a bunch of 'bike bums' to you?"

"Uh, no, I guess not. Why do you ride this kind of bike and dress like that, though?"

"Well, a lot of it is hard to explain. Like, how do you talk about individual freedom and rejection of conformity without sounding like some sort of super-radical politician? The why of riding a chopper isn't something you can put into words. It's a feeling and a life-style that simply has to be experienced. To ride a chopper you have to love freedom, as well as loving motorcycles. There's something about the individuality of a big, powerful motorcycle that is built like no other bike on the road. It's a mental thing. Of course, just the fact of riding a motorcycle, stock or chopped, is like nothing else. You can't get the feeling of freedom and power you get on a bike from any other kind of vehicle. Hot rods, sports cars, airplanes, all of them only touch the edges of the world where motorcycles normally live."



TOM WUJAHN



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The painting above by Dave Mann will be featured in the next issue of Easyriders—in full color. It will be designed (11" x 17") so you can remove it for framing or tacking directly to your wall. Dave Mann, for those who may not recognize his name, is the artist who painted all 28 of Ed (Big Daddy) Roth's outlaw bike posters. Dave's a heavy artist, and we know you'll dig this painting reproduced in color. Remember, it's in the next issue of Easyriders—naturally.

Glancing around I can see that the rest of Rene's party are involved in conversation with Ralph and Cappy, and judging from the laughter, they're starting on their way to getting stoned. There is a strong temptation to join them, but a look at those big green eyes, and big boobs under the green sweater, sitting next to me changes my mind.

"We'll be leaving in a couple of minutes." I can see Joe and Hollis up and stretching, a sure sign that they're getting ready to jam. "Want to come along?"

"Where are you going?"

"Probably on over Angeles Crest and down into Palmdale, then back the Palmdale freeway to the valley. Should be back before midnight."

"Okay. Let me tell Dave and Betty."

Watching those long legs and that shapely little ass move away stops all the nagging little thoughts in my head about what am I doing making a play for a non-biker chick. Anybody that looks like that I'd be willing to teach. Yeah!

Joe has his scooter fired by the time she gets back, and I'm waiting at mine, ready to go. I show Rene where the pegs are and explain to her about lean-

ing back against the sissy bar, relaxing and staying in line with the bike.

"Don't try and lean in the curves. Just keep your back against the bar and I'll take care of any leaning that has to be done."

The engine fires easily (it always does—it's a 74), and Rene manages to get her leg across the bike without kicking either the sissy bar or my head, surprising for a chick getting on a chopper for the first time. A look down the line of bikes shows that everyone is running and ready to go, so Joe pulls away from the wall. Cappy gets in a little too much of a hurry, picking the

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front end up and getting a little squirrely in the dirt, causing a small-scale traffic jam among the other bikes. Being down at the end, I miss it, so it's Joe and I together, running in front, who hit the highway first. I'm trying to take it sort of easy, not knowing just how Rene is going to react, but Joe hits the highway with his throttle open, pulling away, so as soon as I get straightened out on the road I drop the hammer and go after him. The shift into second picks the front end up a couple of feet, and I feel Rene's hands grab at my waist. Winding through second keeps the distance between Joe and me about the same, the shift to third again picks up the front wheel, and then we're into a long, sweeping turn, and all of a sudden I'm worried about that chick on the back. If she panics, I've had it!

No sweat! It's like I was alone on the bike, except for the slight pressure of her hands at my waist. Out of the curve, and a quick look back over my shoulder shows her sitting back, relaxing like I told her, a wide smile on her face.

I've picked up ground on Joe in the turn, and he doesn't seem to be on it as hard now. At least I'm getting closer, and then, all at once, I'm right on his back wheel. Hit the brakes and drop into third. He looks back, quickly, and I tuck in right off his back wheel. The rest of the crowd is moving up behind us and I settle down to enjoy the ride. Rene still has that big smile on her face, and when I reach down with my left hand and gently squeeze her leg I feel the balance of the bike shift slightly as she leans forward and plants a light kiss on the back of my neck, with just a little flick of wet tongue to let me know how that scooter is affecting her head. There's something about a man with a quarter-ton of noisy, high-powered steel between his legs that gets to chicks. They seem to mix the two, the man and the machine, together into some sort of super sex-fantasy, which, it must be admitted, is one of the better points of riding a chopper. What's the Christmas line about visions of sugar plums? More like grapefruits, and my mind isn't exactly concentrating on the bike and the road. More like what's at the end of the road. A large bed!

When everything is grooving right, like it is today, the time seems to move past as fast as the scenery next to you. Wind, light and shadow, sweeping bends with the pegs dragging and short straights with the engine winding, roaring at the granite mountains and green pines. Occasional cars to jam around, and groups of tourists at the side of the road, staring and sometimes waving as we blast past. Over the crest at 8,000 feet, and the road drops down toward the desert, redly lit by the late afternoon sun. The road is now a series of fast bends, left then right then back again, with practically no straights. Riding becomes almost a dance as the bike moves through the turns, never straight

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up, never in a static position. Lean it over, closer and closer to the road, reach the center of the turn and start it back up, out of the turn and starting to lean the other way into the next turn. There's a song in my head, the beat blending with the beat of the engine and the melody following the waltz-like movement of the bike through the turns. Out-of-sight!

Out into the desert, and Joe and Hollis are again up front, jamming. The road is straight and fairly level, and the

speed steadily picks up. Must be doing over ninety now, and I notice a little puff of black smoke from Hollis's pipes. Joe doesn't see it, or hear the change of sound in Hollis's engine. By the time he realizes that Hollis is turned on, the red eighty-six-incher is moving away and I'm moving past on Joe's right. At a hundred-plus, fractions of a second in reaction time add up to many feet of distance. Well over a hundred now, and I'm getting a strong high-pitched vibration from the engine. Nothing that interferes with the way the bike is running, but the bars vibrating against my hands are putting them to sleep. Wonder how long Hollis is going to hold it open?

Slowly he's pulling away. At over one-hundred I just can't match the power of his big engine, and now here comes Joe's shovel-head, with maybe two miles per hour difference in our speed. Everybody else has fallen well behind, leaving the three of us in our own little race, a race that I don't want to be last in. Reach down and turn the high-speed mixture screw on the carb in a half-turn then bend forward over the tank for less wind resistance. I can feel Rene, catching on fast, doing the same, and the leaner mixture starts to pull a few more horses out of the engine. Too much of this could overheat it, but for the time being it's working. Joe's stopped pulling away, my front wheel even with his carburetor, and now I'm even getting a

little back from him. It's inches at a time, and finally inches in front as we blast through the desert flat-out. Hollis has us by about fifty feet and I have Joe by a foot when the lights of a combination service station/beer bar show ahead and Hollis's brake light flashes red.

The speed drops to eighty, and Joe and I pick opposite sides in going around a slow-moving pickup full of kids. There's the turn-off, and we slide into the parking lot side by side.

By the time the rest of the gang gets there we've filled up and moved the bikes over in front of the bar. A cold can of suds is just what my stomach needs after a ride like that. Inside we get the usual dirty looks from the farmers (what the hell could they be growing out here in the desert?), but good service from the waitress. She's probably so bored with the local citizens that the sight of outsiders, even supposedly bad-ass bikers, lightens up her day. Be'r, coffee, pie and what-have-you are ordered, jackets are removed, but before anyone has a chance to really sit down and relax, the sound of a bike motor firing tenses things up. A quick glance around the room shows that everybody is here, so who's firing up a bike?

The rush for the door looks like something out of a war flick with the pilots running for their planes, and

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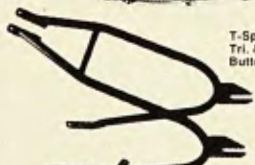
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we're just in time to see Joe's shovel sliding out of the lot and onto the road with what looks like a couple of kids on it. No time for conversation. Hollis gets his scooter fired first, and almost loses it as he slides out of the lot and onto the hard surface of the road. Cap-py's Sportster is next, with me right behind. By then Hollis has almost a quarter-mile on us, and isn't that far behind the running kids.

The sun's down, but there's still enough twilight left to see that Hollis is catching them fast. They must be scared to turn the shovel-head on all the way, and it looks like we can catch them without any trouble. Then there's a bright red flash, and Hollis is all over the road. Not down, but not in control either. By the time we slide to a stop next to him he is off the bike, holding his right arm while red spots slowly grow on his shirt.

"That bastard on the back has a shotgun. Ain't no way of getting close without getting blown off."

I can see the rest of the bikes coming up behind us, and figured that someone has probably called the cops by now to report what is happening. Trouble is that by the time the Man starts looking for Joe's bike it will probably be locked up out of sight in someone's garage in Palmdale. What now? I'm sitting next to Hollis at the side of the road, thinking hard, trying to remember the roads in the area. Only seconds have gone by, although it seems like longer, when the only possible solution hits me. There is an old road, the original highway between Lancaster and Palmdale, which parallels this new highway about a quarter-mile away. By really jamming maybe I can get in front of them before they get into Palmdale. I make a quick grab at the ground and then jump for my bike.

Out into the dirt, headlight on high beam. No time to pick an easy route. If a bush gets in the way, go over it. Thank God for the weight and bulk of a 74. Even in the fairly soft dirt it's okay in a straight line, and it's only seconds before I reach the cracked concrete of the old road. Jam!

It seems that I've been running up the weed-filled road for an hour before I catch sight of the taillight on Joe's bike off to the right. They aren't moving very fast, maybe sixty, and I flick my headlight off as I move up on them. There is enough moonlight to see the road, if not enough to see any obstacles. Time to hope like hell there is nothing too big for me to go over lying on the unused road. At least I don't have to worry about them hearing me. Joe's pipes are loud, and there isn't any chance of those guys hearing another bike.

It takes only seconds to get by at the speed I'm moving, and I keep on jamming, getting a long lead. Quick checks over my shoulder at their headlight let me know how far out front I am, and when I have about a mile on them I



K 80 A

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 6A



ME 12



ME 6

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K 89



ME 14



ME 19



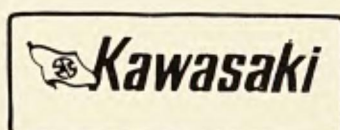
ME 16A



ME 15A



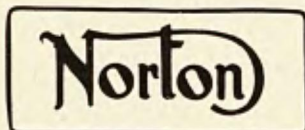
ME 18A



ME 19A



ME 16



ME 7A



ME 14A



ME 11



ME 8A



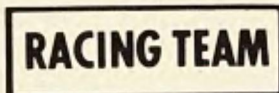
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ME 17



ME 4A



ME 25



ME 15

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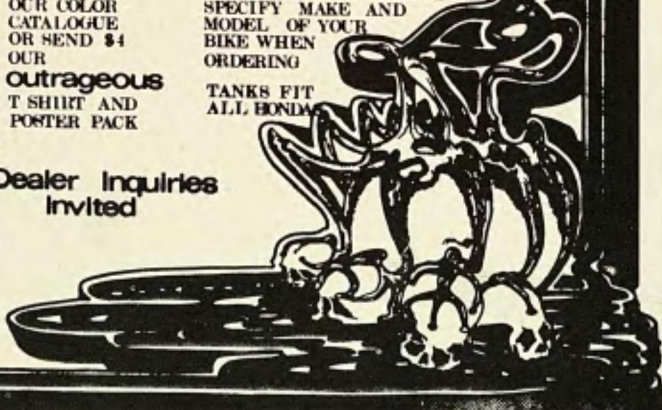
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quickly cut back through the dirt and onto the main highway. No time to waste. Head back towards them flat-out, pushing the bike just as fast as it will go. My light is still off, and they shouldn't be able to see me coming.

Here they come, cruising comfortably, knowing that there is no chase behind them to worry about. I'm doing at least a hundred, leaning forward against the wind, reaching into my pocket for a handful of sand and small rocks that I had picked up from the road next to Hollis. Just before they pass me I see the shocked expression on the driver's face as I suddenly explode into his headlight. My left hand flicks out at shoulder level, releasing the sand and gravel, and at a combined speed of 160 miles per hour that stuff rips into his face like a blast from a shotgun.

I get on the brakes hard, looking back and seeing Joe's bike veer off the road and into the desert, dropping to slide through the dirt, tearing up bushes and throwing them aside like the bow wave of a speeding boat. No hurry now. In the distance I can see the headlights of the other bikes coming up as I turn around. Back up the road a couple of hundred feet, and there is the mark where they left the road. Set the stand, turn the engine off, and the night suddenly gets very, very quiet. Only the snaps and pops of a cooling engine breaking the desert stillness. Wonder why my hands are shaking so bad.

Just off the road I find the first one. He's lying on his side, his leg bent at an impossible angle under him, unconscious but still breathing. A few feet further on is the guy who had been driving, and it's obvious that he won't be stealing any more bikes. His face is a lacerated, bloody mess, blasted away by the sand and rocks I threw, and Joe's bike, lying partially on top of him, has taken some sort of mechanical revenge. The front brake lever, torn from the bars during the crash, is buried in his forehead.

The rest of the bikes finally arrive, and not far behind them a highway patrol car that had come into the station-bar just after we left. Names are taken, questions asked, Joe's bike moved back out to the highway (minus the front brake lever) and fired up to check it out, and at last it is all over. No big thing. They tried to steal a chopper, and they collected their lumps. So why is my stomach turning over? Through the lights from the cars and just-arrived ambulance I see Rene moving toward me.

"Doc, come on. Let's go home."

Home. Yeah! Back to the world where choppers and riding are beautiful. Back to the world of out-of-sight long-legged blondes. Back to the world where violence is an occasional beer-bar punch-out. "Whose home?"

"I've got a roommate, so it'd better be yours. I can get my toothbrush tomorrow."

"Let's putt!"



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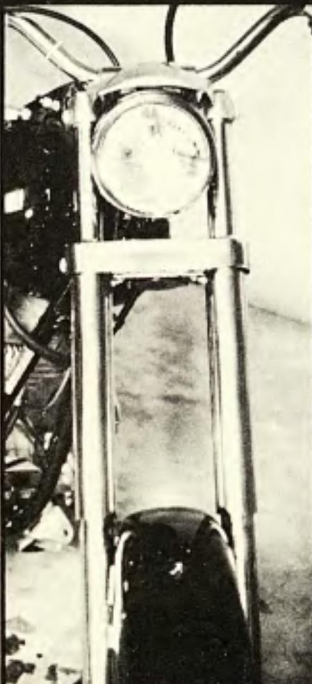
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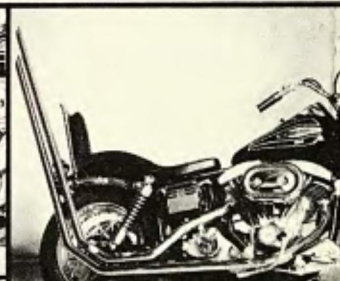
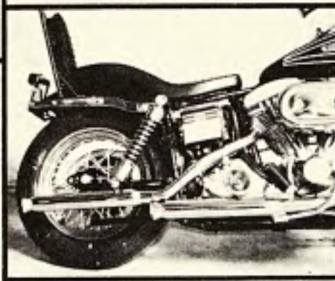
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