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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

May, 1973

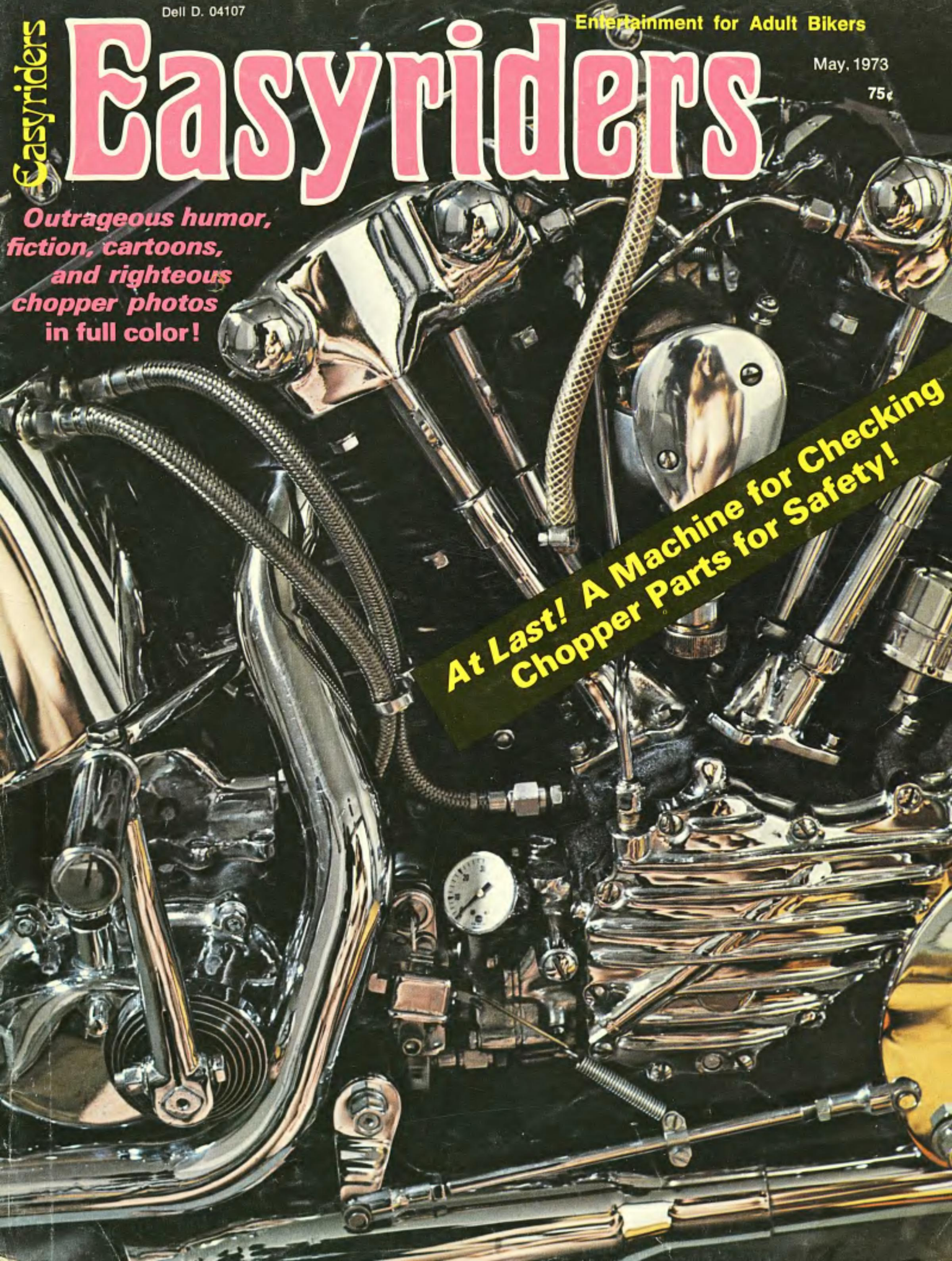
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Easyriders

Easyriders

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and righteous
chopper photos
in full color!**

**At Last! A Machine for Checking
Chopper Parts for Safety!**





160mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper! and Sportster!

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2 1/4" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.

Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light. **\$39.95**



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Coffin Tank

Heavy steel. 2 1/2 gallon capacity. Low tunnel. **\$29.95**



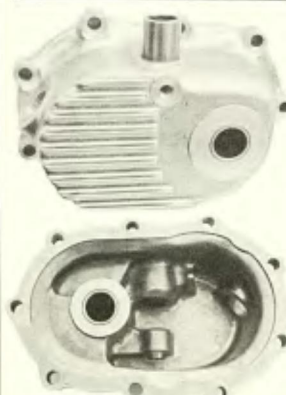
Fat-Bob Fender

Heavy steel. Ideal for Swingarm 74's **\$25.25**



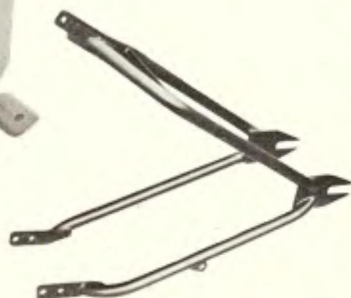
FX Outer Cover Chromed Steel

Replaces aluminum one. Looks out of sight. **\$45.00**



74 Kick Cover

Super strong—and reinforced! **29.95**



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Yetman rigid frame sections are handbuilt in precision jigs using Shelby seamless steel tubing, and heliarc welded with stainless steel rod. Every tube is beautifully set into the mounting plates to produce a molded effect and to greatly increase weld area for maximum strength.

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TRS6	Triumph 650, 64-70	69.50
SRS1	HD Sportster & K to 66	69.50
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HRS7	HD Swingarm 74	74.50

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Petcocks	\$3.50 ea.
Plugs	\$.75 ea.



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For Wide 500X16 tires.

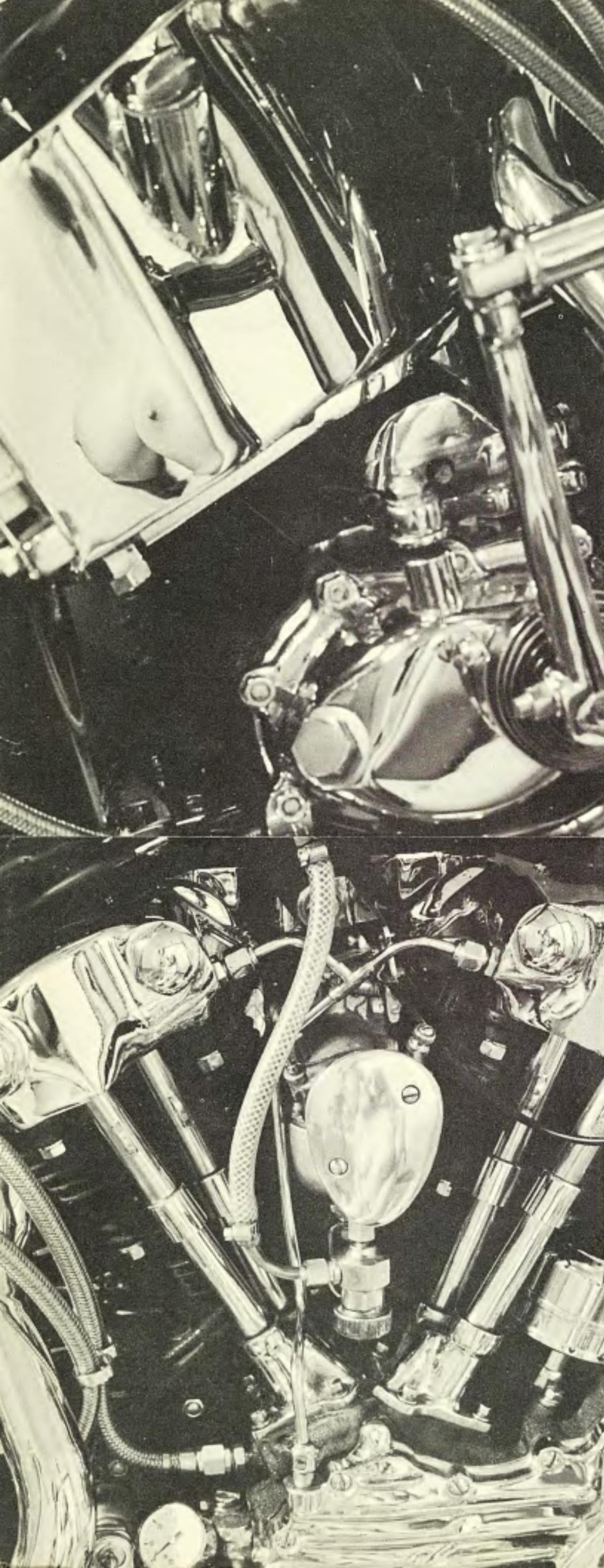
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Easyriders



Talk about contents!

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Cover photo of Gina Martinez reflected in knuckle engine is by Pete Chiodo

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White Rat, and Hannibal



Road apples in grass? The hip know most of the ways a burn-artist extends marijuana, like adding oregano, catnip, or something like that, in an effort to fool the duck. Well, recently three young dudes in Virginia were busted with 20 pounds of pot—while they were in the process of mixing it with horse-shit—yes horseshit! I've often drunk wine that I was sure had gone through the horse only once—but smoke it?

It figures: Did you know that it is a proven fact that female dogs bite almost twice as many people as male dogs do? The cranky bitches. Speaking of bitches, did you know that 7 out of 10 women are knock-kneed? (Count 'em.)

Are you ready for this? There's a new-style billy club for police to use in wailing on a dude's gourd. It can jab and chop while avoiding "open shots from our friendly photographer," says the advertising brochure. The black plastic club is called the "prosecutor" and is designed to protect the police from "the popular police brutality charge." It has a short handle fixed at a right angle, allowing the officer to conceal it along the length of his arm. From this position he can jab and chop, plus, "many other techniques...with tremendous effectiveness," without displaying a bad image to any nearby press photographer or TV camera.

Nothing like that ever happens to me: A dude in Chicago turned in three chicks that he claimed tried to "remove my pants and threatened to rape me"!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



From my stash of far-out facts: Strictly for those of you who have been sweating it, I have, after much soul searching, decided to let you in on my most cherished leg-wetting fact: the average breakdown of constituents of human piss:

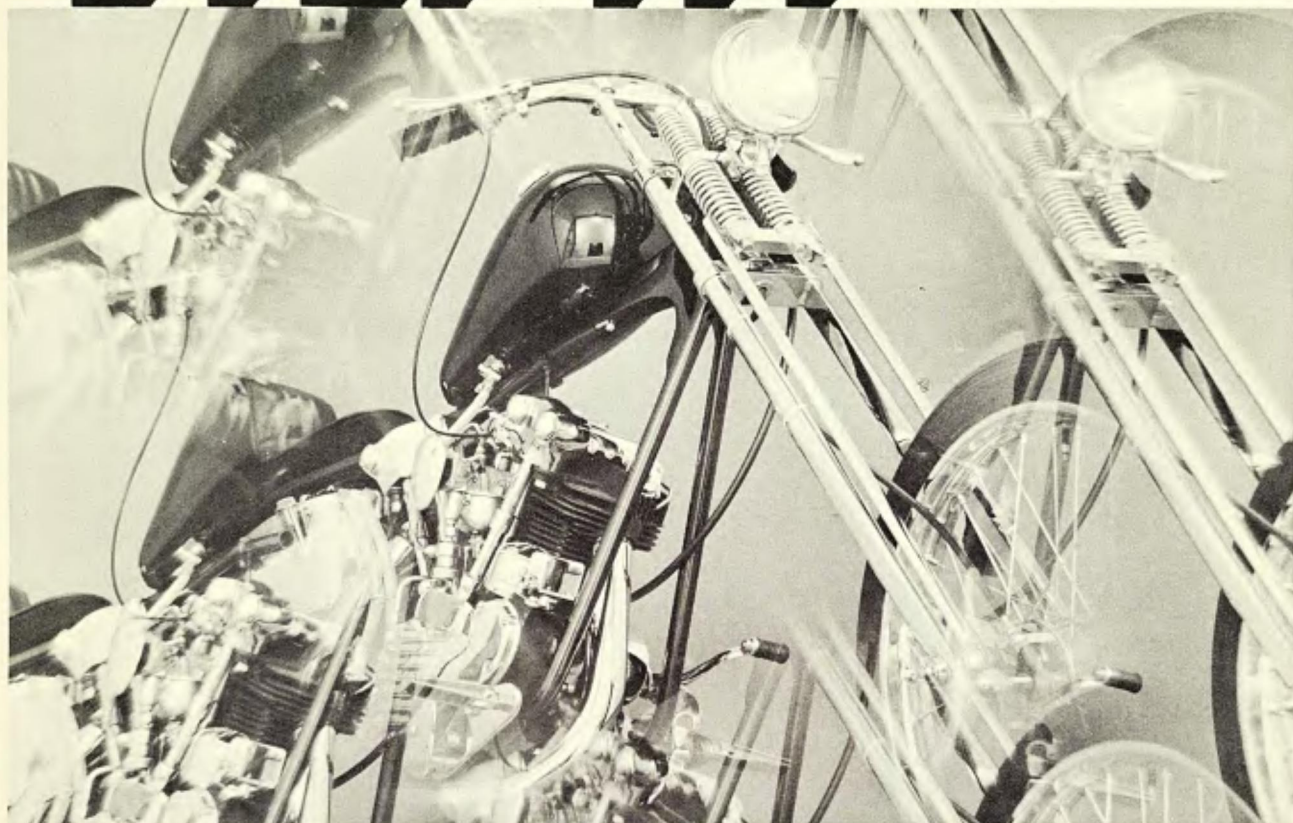
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Creatinine.....	1.50
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Phosphate of potassa.....	12.45
Phosphate of lime.....	
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Chloride of sodium.....	7.80
Chloride of potassium.....	
Sulphate of soda.....	6.90
Sulphate of potassa.....	.30
Coloring matter and mucus.....	
Total.....	1000.00

Speaking of kidney juice, have you heard about Big Brother's latest downer? The police in Los Angeles, and you can assume elsewhere, have a 1984 thing that resembles an oversized Flash Gordon ray gun. When The Man (holding it out in both hands as if it were actually a powerful gun) aims it at your car coming at him in the distance, the whatever-it-is instantly indicates your speed. By the time you get close enough to spot him and start to cool it, he has already nailed you to the cross, and his partner has fired up his bike to do his number on you.

Unnatural sex—a defense against infiltration? In a lengthy article about the Hell's Angels, an undercover investigator copped out that it was impossible to infiltrate the Angels because their initiation rites require a variety of illegal activities, including an unnatural sex act with a woman, and according to the article that's a predicament they apparently don't care to find themselves in. (There is no truth to the rumor that they are starting a hair pie class at police academies.)

And to give you all good cause to get wasted, the government now has a means to broadcast into every home in America, even when the radio or TV set is turned off! Strictly for emergencies, of course. I wonder how long it will be before our trusty ol' TV starts keeping an eye on us—strictly in emergencies, of course.

STOP IT!



STOP running around to ring-ding suppliers searching for those hard-to-find chopper parts you need! (D&D has the largest selection of new, custom, and obsolete parts anywhere.)

STOP taking a chance of buying your parts blind, and then, after receiving them, finding out that they don't fit, or are not as advertised. (Buy from a long established company. D&D has been in business for years—their best recommendation is their long-time, repeat customers.)

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HARD

Reader Research

☐ I thought I'd help you out and did some research for you, after seeing that you didn't know what "----" meant in Steve Hearn's letter in the February issue. After looking through 3 dictionaries and 26 porno magazines, I found that "----" in 12 countries and all states except one, means the same thing as "----". I hope this has been of some help.

Rick Cerington
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Queer Orderlies

☐ Bravo for John Scherer's "Your Left Swingarm . . ." Last summer when I lost it, the intern in the emergency room kept saying, "If I had my way, I'd cut all his hair off!" And some goddam queer orderly kept trying to put the make on me. Every time I tried to hit him (feebly), he tried to hold hands! I did manage to rip off two hemostats, though. They make bitchin' roach holders.

George McHugh
Palo Alto, Calif.

Liberated Ol' Lady

☐ I just shit-canned my ol' lady, because she was getting too liberated. Whatever happened to the sweet little chicks that loved you and did everything to make you happy? I'm beginning to be a woman hater.

Dirty Lee
Bristol, Tenn.

P.S. Stay away from my ex-ol' lady—she gave me a dose of clap!

■ That's what happens when they get too liberated.

Dug The Fuzz Bike

☐ I had to write and tell you that I laughed so hard at that Fuzz Bike road test feature, I think I cracked a nut. But don't change your rag (be like Miraculous Mutha).

Gino
Hawley, Pa.

Big Troubles

☐ I paid a local shop to build me a scooter, and all of a sudden they split town and I'm out \$2,200. What can I do?

Larry Beerer
Elkhart, Indiana

■ Run a garden hose from a car's exhaust into the car, and with the car running, sit back and enjoy the rest of this issue—or at least as much as you can before you kick off.

Miraculous Mutha's Mutha?

☐ Jesus Christ and God put me in charge as World Ruler for them—I rule over you as Queen. As your Queen I do not want you to feature the Miraculous Mutha column any longer, nor do I want you to publish photos of nude girls.

Queen Carol Dougherty
Secret of Fatima
Jacksonville, Florida

■ That "o" in your first name is a mistake, isn't it, queenie? It's really Carl, isn't it?

Not Chopping Us

☐ I ain't writing this letter to chop you guys down like some other dudes do. I'm just writing to tell you that I shit my pants every time I read your magazine.

Jeff Black
Lancaster, Calif.

■ Gosh—that sorta puts a lump in my throat.

Sonny Barger Found Innocent

☐ Hey, how about letting us bikers down here in the South know what happened to Sonny Barger. The goddamn newspapers down here don't tell us a damn thing.

Terry Sharpe
Winston-Salem, N.C.

■ Barger was found **not** guilty of wasting the dude who was found in a bath tub, with a bullet hole through the head, in a house that had been set on fire. Barger's still in jail though, waiting for the Feds to have a go at him on an income tax hassle.

My Fellow Americans:

☐ Let me make myself perfectly clear. Your rag is of such high quality that I got my brother a subscription—and he's a narc.

The Roach
Who Cares, USA

■ Thanks a lot.

Do Harleys Leak?

☐ How comes the center-spread photo of the righteous Knuckle has oil drippings under its primary?

Ass Sid Freak
Mississippi

■ It seems that Harleys just don't like to sit still—they want to move and jammit all the time. When they don't get their way, they get annoyed—and piss the only liquid they have in them, onto the floor, your boot, or whatever gets in range. They're mean bastards.

We Get All Kinds

☐ I dig your magazine, otherwise I wouldn't be writing you.

Dave
Eugene, Oregon

Iowan Digs Iowa Bike

☐ I may be biased, but I think the Iowa-built bike in the March issue was the greatest I've ever seen. Could I have Marv Jensen's address?

Rick Dochterman
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

■ He has a classified ad on the last page of this issue.

Reply To Penis Freak

☐ Seeing as how I come from the same country as that cunt who doesn't like choppers—you know, the penis freak in the February issue—I thought it my duty to point out to you guys in the states that we don't all suffer from the same paranoia as he does.

Joe Witts
Essex, England

■ Don't sweat it, Joe. Every country has at least one dipshit like that.

Pull Their What Off?

☐ Those weird chicks that wrote you saying they wanted to see that guy's meat amuse me. I guess they can't get a guy to show them one. I've seen everything my man has, and he

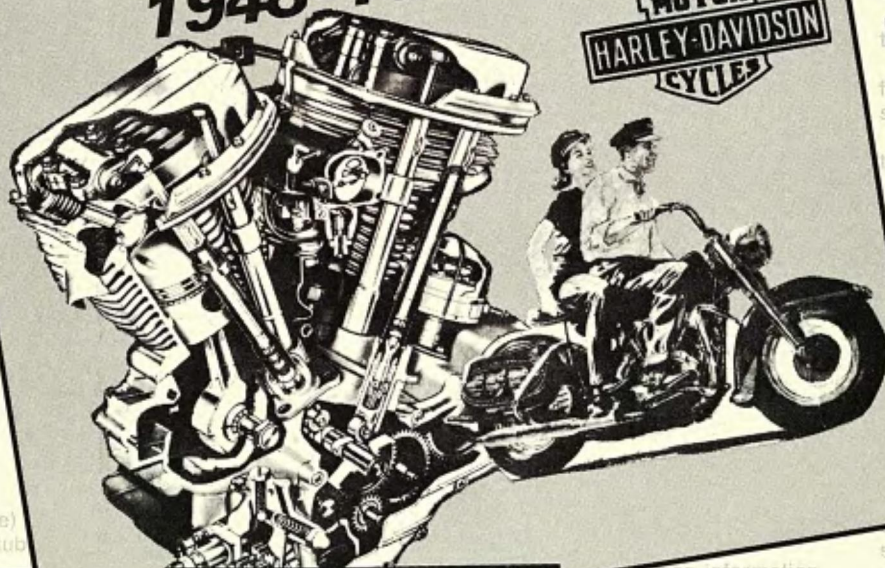


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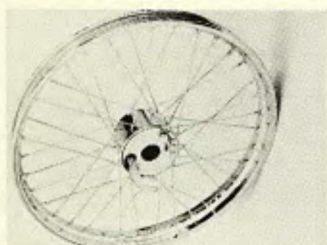
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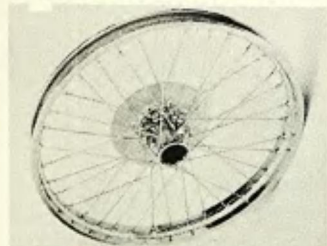
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treats me fine. Those weird chicks wouldn't have enough guts to make a play for my dude—but if one ever tried, I'd pull her tits off.

Sylvia Tamkins
Falmouth, Maine

He Likes Us

☐ I think you assholes are all right. I read every issue from cover to cover, and each issue twice, while waiting for the next one. I enjoy it more than muff diving—it's great.

Joe Maloney
Londonderry, N.H.

■ Nothing is that good.

Across The Pond

☐ Except for "bolt-on angle iron" and "customize it with a one-inch paint brush" types, the chopper cult is expanding. Here and there is some class stuff.

Question: Why do you prop up the centre stand on a block? Can't you find one the right length?

Frank Baigent
Surrey, England

■ When photographing a bike in the studio, we want the bike to sit more upright in order to shoot side views of the engine. With the kickstand down, the bike leans over too far.



A

Dick Superporker Tracy

☐ In the February issue you printed a drawing of Dick Tracy making an anti-helmet statement. Then, shazam, Superporker Tracy changed his mind—do you suppose the helmet industry or the Feds got to him?

Jim Gervasi
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Maybe anti-biker Ann Landers got to him.

Guys To Party With

☐ It's about time you got off your dead asses and printed something most of the bikers I know want to see. The Conquistadors look like a righteous club that I and any one of the bikers I ride with, wouldn't mind partying with.

Moonman V.P.
Them M/C
Mass, N.H.



B

Yeah, You Were

☐ We were going to send you a bag of weed, but all we could come up with is this late Christmas card.

Perver, Secretary
Peace Wheelers
Logan, Utah

■ You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you?

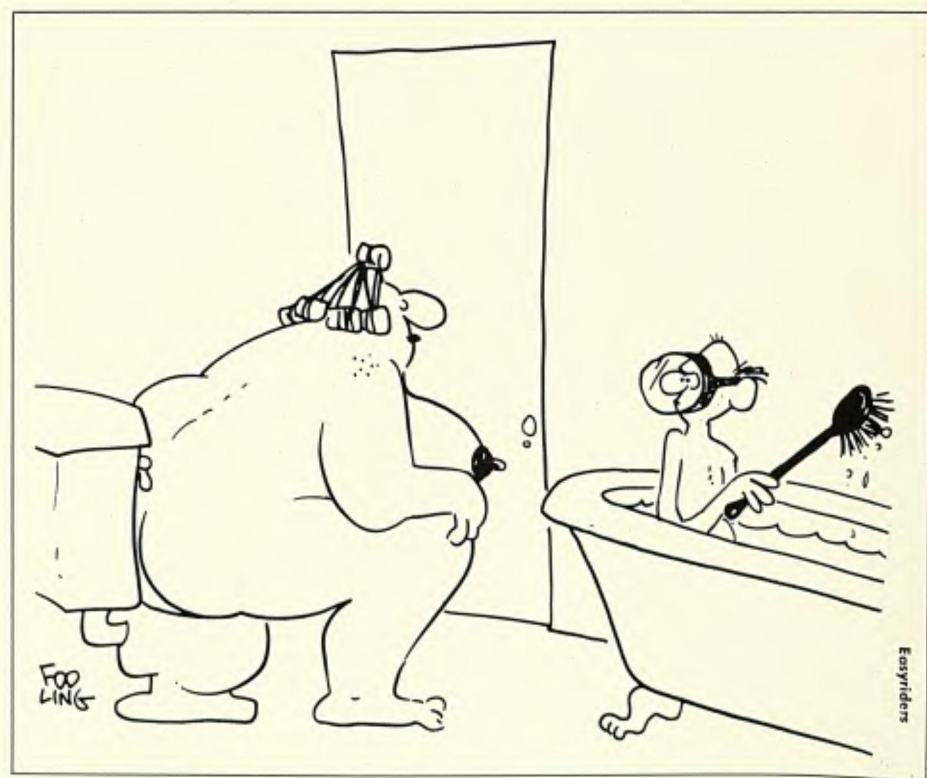
Michigan Helmet Law

☐ I think your readers might be interested to know that in the state of Michigan, where they have a helmet law, there is a big beautiful county where the helmet isn't mandatory. It's Monroe county, just north of Toledo below Wayne county.

Sherry Prince
Detroit, Michigan

Rag Gets Around

☐ A few lines to let you know your magazine reaches us down here in Tasmania.



The roads here are comparatively narrow, so high-speed jammin' is not practical. Choppers are outlawed. The usual machines you see here are Hondas, Kawas, and Yamahas.

H. E. Freeman
Launceston, Tasmania

Must Ride Right

□ Tell Ray Lamirand of Rogers, Conn., that if I ever find an ol' lady that looks better, and rides better, than my '72 Sportster, then I'll love her more than it.

K. Gibson
Ashburn, Georgia

Looking For Brothers

□ Our club has been puttin' for many seasons. We are the Brothers M/C and we've heard by the hash vine that there is another Brothers M/C in Alaska. Could you help us get in touch with them?

Elsie
Sister of the Brothers M/C
Gastonia, N.C. 28052

Laughing Out Loud

□ I found your last issue so repulsive I'm enclosing an order for a subscription and all back issues to see what I've missed. Between your magazine and Cheech & Chong, I was laughing out loud for 30 minutes—and that's something I haven't done since my bike was ripped off last Thanksgiving.

Steve Croxton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Talk About Loaded!

□ I was really loaded when I read your last issue. Shit, talk about being loaded, it took me four tries to get this much written!

Cove
Niles, Ohio

Hard To Believe

□ Your magazine is more fun than catching up with someone who has ripped off your stash.

Bill Wilson
Midnight Ramblers
New Jersey

Clever, Clever

□ Hey, fellas, anyone that reads your magazine regularly can tell that once in a while you sneak a photo of a bike that had already been featured in the past into the "In The Wind" feature.

Jim Reese
Gladstone, Michigan

■ First off, keep your "Hey, fellas" shit to yourself. Then in response to your letter: No shit?

Wholesome Advice

□ Your magazine is one reason, along with modern movies and some TV shows, for the corrupt direction the nation is taking. How about cleaning up your magazine and contributing to a good, wholesome future for your readers? Would you want your children to read such filth?

Unsigned
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ A quick survey of the staff revealed their children prefer to read **Screw** magazine, and their favorite movie is **Deep Throat**.

Report From Oxfordshire

□ Over here most bikers are bread-heads with soft-assed jap screamers, or the ass-in-the-air types with their fake road racers. We have a few "outlaw" clubs, but they are so uncool. Really, some of the bums roll up on beat up C15s and scooters, while the chapter "pres." arrives in full colors, on a bus! Man, that just ain't.

Fang and Speed
Oxfordshire, England

Ol' Lady Flipped Out

□ I brought your March issue into the house and showed the cover to my ol' lady. She took one look, ripped the cover off, crumpled it up and threw it in my face, and then stomped out of the house. What in the hell do you think made her do that?

Tom W.
Toledo, Ohio

■ What's the size of your ol' lady's tits?

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, and demands for payment, may all be sent to Wordmonger, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

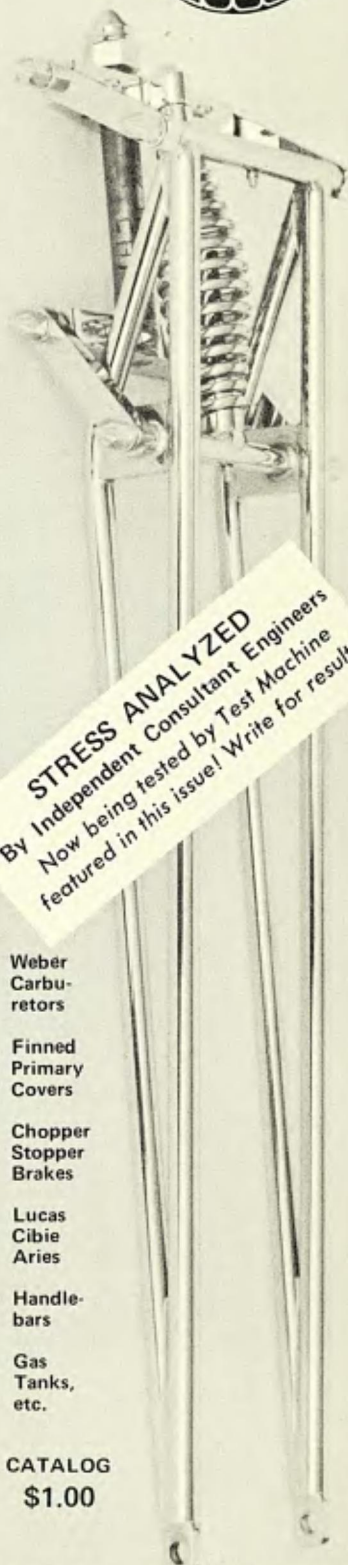


—idea by Kivistad

"Man, I've heard that being a Prospect was rough, but this is ridiculous!"

Durfee

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Killer Weed

We have been receiving a lot of letters asking us technical questions, but not about choppers. They have to do with the dreaded killer weed—you know, that stuff that leads you to harder stuff—the “assassin of youth.” Well, we decided to answer your questions even though there are many good books available on the subject; but apparently everyone does not have access to the books.

We will give factual answers to your questions, but always remember, there is one vital solid fact about smoking grass: it is illegal.

Storing Seeds

I will be in Malaysia in March and won't be back to the states until months later. I would like to know the best way to store seeds in order to be sure they retain their quality.

T. L., FPO
San Francisco, Calif.

□ The primary thing to be concerned about (other than being busted) is moisture. If you store seeds in a humid area, they will be injured if temperature exceeds 84° to 86° F. If they are stored in dry atmospheric conditions they can stand temperatures up to 98°. The ideal way to store them is to put them in air-tight containers (like 35mm film cans), and put the containers somewhere where the temperature won't exceed 85°.

Knowing a Good Lid

Is there any way a dude can determine whether a lid is of good quality or bad—I mean other than actually trying it?

J. Z.
N.Y., N.Y.

□ For those of you who insist on callously breaking the law and buying the killer weed, you can usually determine the quality of a lid by several means: 1. Every lid should have seeds in it, or it could only be leaves from a male plant. 2. The seeds should be a mixture of white and gray seeds, with most of them being white. 3. A lid that in-

cludes pods along with the seeds is best. 4. Smell it. If you have ever smelled good grass, you'll know that smell when you run into it again. 5. Know the dude you deal with. 6. Watch out for the old “test it” routine, where you're given a number that would knock over a horse, as a sample of what you're getting—but which is actually a bomber to suck you into eagerly buying crap—one high in a carload.

Penalties For Smoking Grass

I read all the time about the Establishment finally waking up to the fact that pot isn't as horrible as they were trying to make everyone think it was. Obviously, with U.S. Senators introducing bills to legalize possession, and various state lawmakers doing the same, it will only be a matter of time until it is legal. With this in mind, I was wondering if you know what the penalties were when the anti-grass hysteria was at its peak—to use as an example of how far we've come from the dark ages of only a few years ago.

Jeffery Gamage
Detroit, Michigan

□ While it's true that we've come a long way toward reality, there are still many states that have ridiculous penalties for taking a toke. Even in the most enlightened states there are still laws against pot, and although the de-

gree of the penalty has been relaxed, there is still a penalty, no matter how light. But let's look at the harshest first-offense penalties of the late sixties (which in some states may still be in effect). Alabama, 5 to 20 years; Colorado, 2 to 15; Florida, 2 to 5; Georgia, 2 to 5; Idaho, not more than 10; Indiana, 2 to 10; Kansas, not more than 7; Kentucky, 2 to 10; Louisiana, 2 to 15; Maryland, 2 to 5; Michigan, not more than 10; Minnesota, 5 to 20; Mississippi, 2 to 5; Montana, not more than 5; Nevada, 2 to 6; New Jersey, 2 to 15; New York (over 1 oz.), not more than 15; Ohio, 2 to 15; Oklahoma, not more than 7; Pennsylvania, 2 to 5; Rhode Island, 2 to 15; South Dakota, 2 to 5; Tennessee, 2 to 5; Texas, 2 to life; Virginia, 3 to 5; West Virginia, 2 to 5; Federal, 2 to 10.

Going to Seed

I have a mess of seeds that I have saved for the day I got over my paranoia. How can I determine if they're still good?

R. C.
Philadelphia, Pa.

□ Don't dismiss the fear of arrest as mere paranoia. Some penalties for inhaling the killer weed are unreal, and thus reasonable concern is wise. In answer to your question, you can determine a good seed by putting it in pure water—good ones will usually sink to the bottom. They will have a smooth skin, will not be wrinkled, and will appear glossy if you rub them in your hands. Their colors are different shades of gray: gray-green, gray-brown, and bright gray. There will be times when a good seed won't pass the gray test, but will sink in pure water.

Send your questions to
Garden Editor,
Box 2086, Seal
Beach, Calif. 90740.



\$10 for your jokes!

We know you've heard some good ones lately, so clean them up a little, and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Two bikers stopped by the side of the road to take a leak and one of them was bitten by a snake. The other biker rushed to the nearest town to get a doctor. The doctor was busy, but said he could tell him what to do. "All you've got to do is cut a notch where the snake bite is, and then suck out the poison."

"Okay," said the biker and then he rushed back to his buddy who was lying on the ground holding onto his dick where the snake had bit him. "What'd the doctor say? What did he say?"

"He said you were gonna die, man."

—Lindsay Wilson
St. Petersburg, Fla.

There was this bike freak who went to the dentist to have a tooth pulled. When the dentist started to give him a shot to kill the pain, the biker stopped him. "I don't need that crap," he said. "I've only been hurt bad twice in my whole life—so go ahead and start pullin'."

The dentist was amazed, and asked, "What happened that hurt you?"

"Well," the biker said, "I was on a run and I pulled over to the side of the road to take a crap. I walked over to a clump of bushes and squatted down—and caught my balls in a bear trap."

"Oh God," the dentist gasped. He crossed his legs as he imagined how much it had hurt, but managed to ask, "How did you get hurt the second time?"

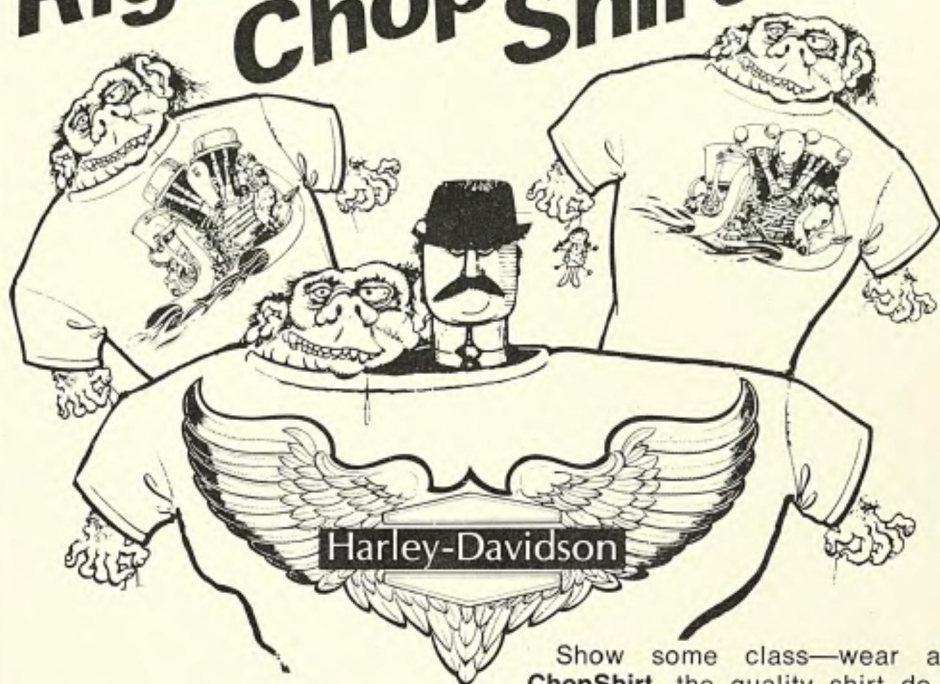
"The second time was when the slack ran out of the chain!"

—Rick Lewis
Gary, Indiana

Did you hear how the two hawg riders helped out a constipated sidewalk commando? They kicked the shit out of him.

—John Miller
Topeka, Kansas

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State _____ Zip _____

(Must have)

ABATE Technical Report:

By William M. Otto, Engineer/Physicist

What Is A Safe Rake? (Part III)

While its uninformed and/or biased detractors piously wring their hands in feigned concern about NCCSI's alleged lack of progress, the NCCSI membership of dedicated chopper parts manufacturers pushed ahead in their program to establish industry safety standards for the construction of critical chopper parts.

An engineering firm was retained to create a machine that would test all major structural elements under every type of simulated road condition. The following article by William Otto, the creator of the test machine, explains in detail the forces a fork is subjected to, and how the test machine simulates these forces. Mr. Otto has tested four forks thus far.

As a result of NCCSI's efforts, in a matter of weeks you will be able to start buying chopper parts and know that they are safe—that they meet or exceed NCCSI specs.

—Editor.

In the first two parts of this series* we have examined some of the aspects of handling, and some of the structural considerations of neck raking. In this part we will look at some of the structural problems of the front forks themselves, and will then extend this to the remainder of

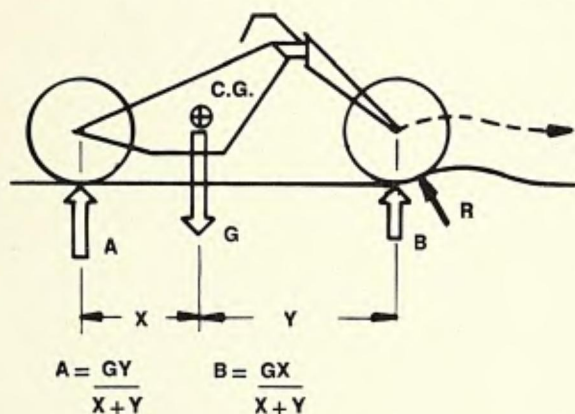


Fig. 1

the bike frame. In particular we will answer the question "How can I be sure it won't fall off?"

A bike frame and front end are subjected to two different kinds of forces, static and dynamic. These were explained in Part I, but briefly, static forces are those caused mainly by the deadweight of the bike and rider when the bike is sitting still, or is moving on a glassy-smooth road, and dynamic forces are those which change rapidly with time. If we never had to consider dynamics, then all the forces on a frame and fork could be determined by simply knowing where the center of gravity (C.G.) of the bike and rider were, and the situation would be as shown in Fig. 1. The structural problem would be greatly simplified, and we could quite literally build an adequate frame out of kite string and balsa wood. Unfortunately, the situation is greatly complicated the minute we introduce the rock *R* into the picture. The reason for the complication can be seen if we follow the motion of the front wheel over the rock.

*See page 43 for reprints of first two technical articles.

With the bike moving very slowly, the front axle will trace out a path as shown, toward the right side of Fig. 1. As you all know, you have to push fairly hard on the bike to roll the front wheel over a rock such as that shown. Your pushing force is parallel to the ground, but you are generating a force that is *lifting* the front wheel up over the bump. When you get to the top of the bump, you no longer have to push on the bike to keep it there. Similarly, on the

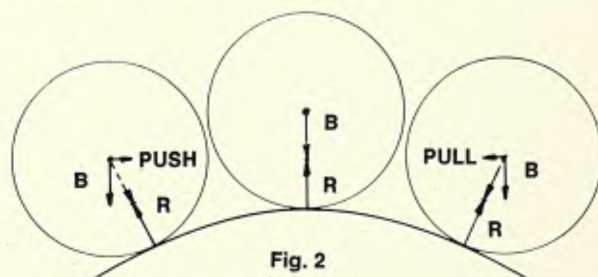
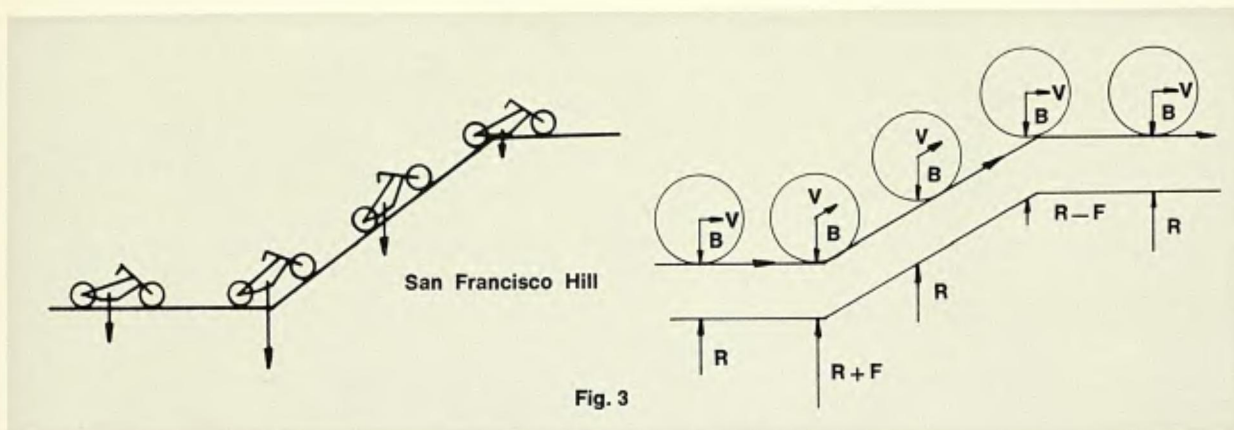


Fig. 2

far side of the bump, if you want to slow the bike, you have to pull backward. This action is shown in more detail in Fig. 2. The reason for all this is that the gravitational force *B* always pulls straight down while the road force *R* pushes up and always acts along a line between the center of the contact patch of the tire with the road and the center of the axle. Since *B*, the gravitational force, is always constant, *R*, the road force, will have to get larger in order to have a component balancing *B*. Now all this holds true only when the bike is moving very slowly. Many more effects come into play when the bike has an appreciable speed.

Newton's first law states that bodies moving at a constant velocity will continue to move at their original velocity in their original direction unless some external force is applied to change that motion. In other words, when a wheel is rolling along a flat piece of ground, and it hits a long, gradual bump with the shape shown in Fig. 3, then the bump must exert an extra force besides those mentioned above if the velocity of the wheel is to change direction. After it changes direction, it will continue moving along that line without extra forces. If another extra force appears it will change direction again. You can experience this effect rather directly on some of the hill streets in San Francisco. If you hit the hill at speed you will first be pressed down in your seat, then things will feel normal as you go up the hill, then at the top you will feel light as you cross the crest. This very same thing happens to your front and rear wheels on a smaller and faster scale every time you hit a bump. Going back to the San Francisco street, if you hit the hill faster, you will be pressed down harder, and you will feel even lighter at the crest. Going still faster, you will become airborne at the crest. All this is due to something called *momentum*. That's what Newton's first law is all about. If we reduce it to mathematical terms, it says that the force necessary to change the direction of motion of a body is equal to the mass of the body times the *rate of change of velocity*. The faster we hit the hill, the greater will be our velocity, and the higher will be our rate of change of velocity. Thus the greater will be the force we feel.

The other aspect of Newton's first law also applies. Remember that the force is equal to mass times rate of change



of velocity. So the bigger the mass, the greater the force required to change the direction of motion. Now how does all this apply to the loads imposed on a bike frame and front fork?

Let's look at the four common types of front forks: glides, springers, girders, and rigids. In Fig. 4, you can see how road forces act on all four types. In the case of the glide, the road force gets broken into two components, one along the tubes and one transverse to the tubes. The transverse force will cause both bending of the tubes and increased friction in the glides, or in other words binding up. The along-tube forces will cause the springs to compress. Depending on the design of the glides, the total mass in motion when a bump is hit can be a major fraction of the total weight of the front fork assembly. Thus the forces required to move the front wheel will tend to be high.

We can treat the springer similarly to the glide. However, the force tending to compress the spring also has a component which counteracts bending of the back tubes. This is due to the fact that the links are not always at right angles to the back tubes. This component is desirable since in a dynamic situation it will partially offset the bending component of the road force. Thus if the links are approximately parallel to the road under static load conditions, then the dynamic bending loads on the back tubes will be reduced over those that would exist if the links were at 90° to the back tubes with the fork at rest. Since a springer has only the front wheel and front tubes in motion, the unsprung weight is very small and the forces required to move the front wheel will be correspondingly small.

In the case of the girder, all the road forces have to be transmitted to the spring through the legs. Fortunately, by its very nature, the girder makes very efficient use of material, and results in a very light but extremely strong structure. The total amount of deadweight that must be put into motion when hitting a bump is higher than that for a springer, and thus the forces required will be higher.

The rigid front end obviously has no spring to compress, so all the forces that show up parallel to the fork tubes will be transmitted almost directly to the frame of the bike. In this case the mass that must be moved when hitting a bump is the whole front half of the bike, several hundred pounds compared with several tens of pounds in all other

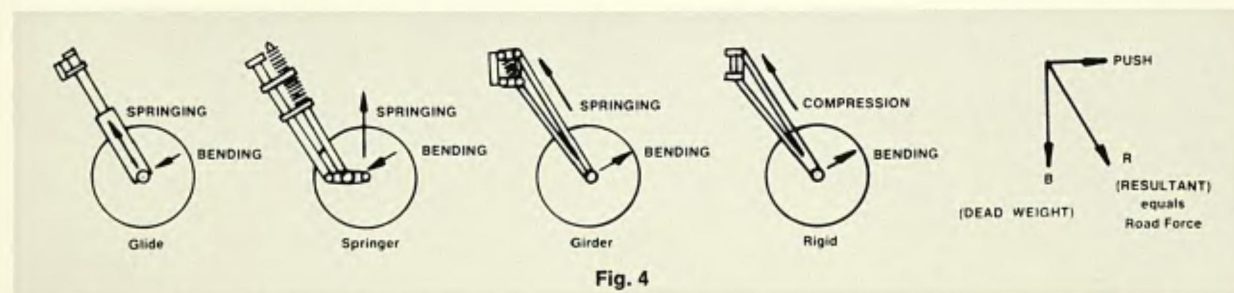
configurations. While it is possible to design a frame and front fork that will take these loads, it will most certainly not bear much of a resemblance to stock equipment or to any of the chopped bike structures that I have seen. Now we will get into the reasons for this.

One thing that you will note in all cases is that there is always a component of force tending to bend the front fork. This component varies greatly, depending on the direction of the road force. For small rake angles and large bumps, it can even reverse direction and tend to bend the fork back under the bike. The effects of the bending force will also vary greatly, depending on the design of the fork. In all cases, the bending forces vary with the shape of the bump.

There are two kinds of dynamic forces which will cause problems with a fork or frame. The first is a large single shock load such as one might encounter when hitting a single chuckhole or a single 2x4 lying in the road. A realistic structural survival philosophy is that such a shock load will cause tire failure or will bend the rim before it will cause structural failure. The second type of bending force is much more subtly generated.

On a rough road there will be a continuously varying bending motion in the front fork. Usually the amount of bending motion is small; however, there is a physical phenomenon which will cause a small, continuously varying bending motion to increase greatly in amplitude, and consequently in magnitude of applied bending force. This phenomenon is called resonance.

If you take a one-pound block of steel and weld it to one end of a coil spring, then grab the other end of the spring and start shaking it up and down, the movement of the block will be somewhat like that shown in Fig. 5. If you shake the spring slowly, the block will track the spring movement almost exactly, but as you increase the frequency of shaking, the motion of the block will begin to be larger in amplitude than the amount of movement you are putting into the end of the spring. If you shake the end of the spring still faster the movement of the block will drop off and will become less than the amount of movement you are putting into the end of the spring. When the motion of the block is greatest, we say that the system is resonating with the input motion. Now if you replace the block with



the front wheel of a bike, and the spring with the fork, you have exactly what will take place on a rough road. As the frequency of hitting bumps approaches the resonant frequency of the wheel-fork system, the bending of the fork will become greater than what you would expect from just the roughness of the road. In most cases it will be considerably greater, by as much as a factor of five or ten. What this means is that the bending forces on the fork can actually get up to the neighborhood of several thousand pounds, even though the static loads are in the neighborhood of

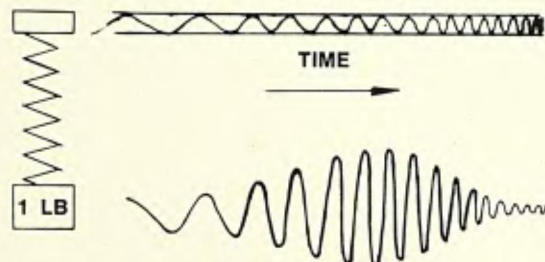


Fig. 5

only several hundred pounds. Not only will a fork resonate in bending, but it will also resonate due to its normal springing action. This is why you can hit a series of bumps, say a set of railroad tracks or a row of Botts dots on the freeway, and most of the time not have any problem, but occasionally at just the right speed you can have the suspension system go wild and bottom out the springs. With a damper or shock absorber in the system, it is less likely to go wild, since the principal effect of a damper is to reduce the amplification at resonance. You can still feel it, but it won't be as severe.

Now most people will not ride a bike for long at a speed which causes some part of the bike to resonate. Nevertheless, when it does happen, the forces can be quite high, and you would not want any primary structure to break under those circumstances. There are two ways that structural resonances can cause a primary structure to fail, first by simply amplifying input motion to the point of overstressing the structure, and second by fatigue. An example of the first type of failure is the classic case of the suspension bridge whose resonant frequency was close to the aerodynamic flutter frequency caused by wind blowing over it. It resonated, overstressed, and collapsed.

Fatigue is a little more subtle. It requires only a very small area in a structure to be overstressed. The major part of the structure can be completely sound, and yet the whole thing can fail catastrophically after a few thousand cycles of a varying load. To see how this can come about, you should look at Fig. 6. It shows a beam under load with a small nick in the surface of the beam. If we consider the beam to be made up of many thin layers, then we can see that the first few layers are interrupted at the location of the nick. Since they are still in tension, and they are firmly bonded to the next layers down, all their load must be carried by these next few layers, and this creates a small area that is overstressed. As this very small area is repeatedly loaded and unloaded, each time slightly beyond its elastic limit, it locally work-hardens, and then cracks.

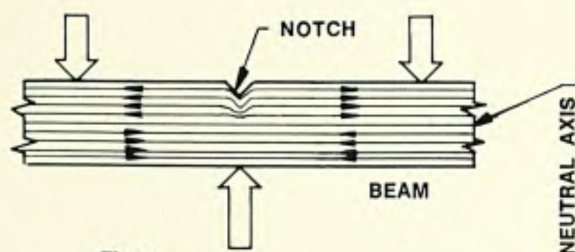


Fig. 6

When these next few layers down from the surface crack, they throw a still higher load on the layers below them, and the crack progresses on down through the beam. Eventually, there is not enough uncracked material left to support the load, and the beam pulls apart suddenly.

There is an additional property of many undamped structural resonances that is worth noting. They are not linear. Frequently the *amplification* of motion at resonance will be larger for small inputs than it will be for larger inputs. In other words, the one-pound mass that we used in our first example will tend to reach close to the peak amplitude of motion at its resonant frequency, regardless of the amplitude of *shaking*. This is due to the fact that energy will continue to be stored in the system until some nonlinearity is reached which will either move the resonant frequency away from the drive frequency or will dissipate some of the stored energy.

Generally, forks and frames will exhibit some type of nonlinearity, and thus will tend to be somewhat self limiting.

Now how do you find out if a fork or frame will survive a large single road shock, show a destructive resonance, or exhibit fatigue failure? There are two ways: calculation and test. Generally for simple structures with well-known drive conditions, calculation is the easiest way. Unfortunately, neither forks nor frames are very simple structures, and they have a very highly variable drive condition—the

How can you be certain a fork is constructed safely?

roughness of the road. Because the typical road will contain all frequencies of drive, we must presume that if a resonance exists it will be driven, and that further at some times in the life of the bike the resonance will be driven to the point of maximum output amplitude. The best method of determining the structural integrity of a fork or frame is, rather clearly, testing. The testing should drive the

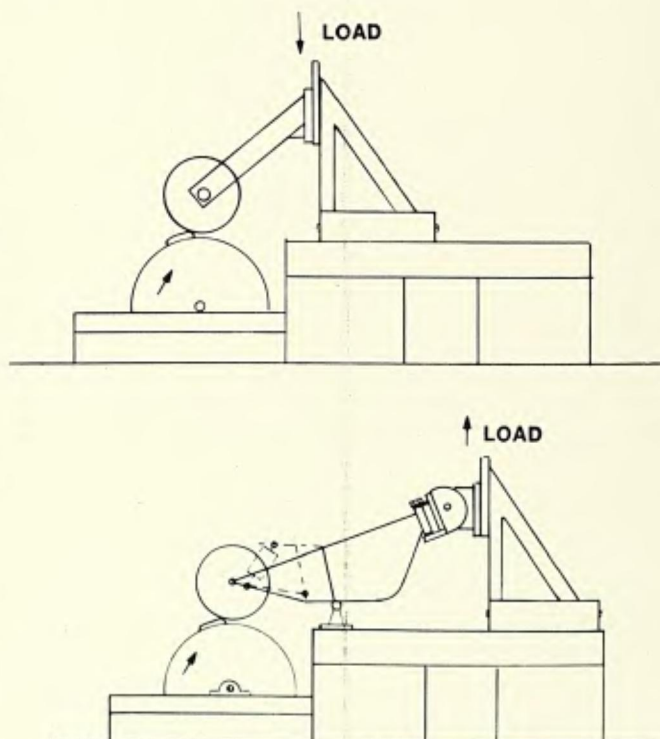
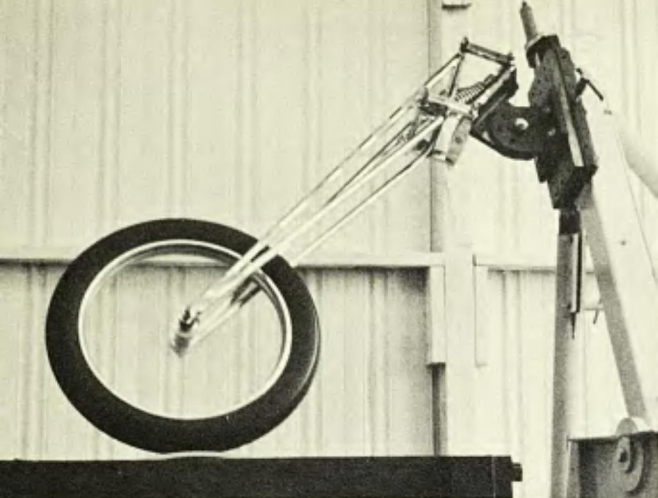


Fig. 7



component under test to a realistic maximum stress level. For purposes of determining fatigue, the test should apply the worst case of cyclic loading for a large enough number of cycles so that we can be sure that the part will fail if fatigue is going to be a problem.

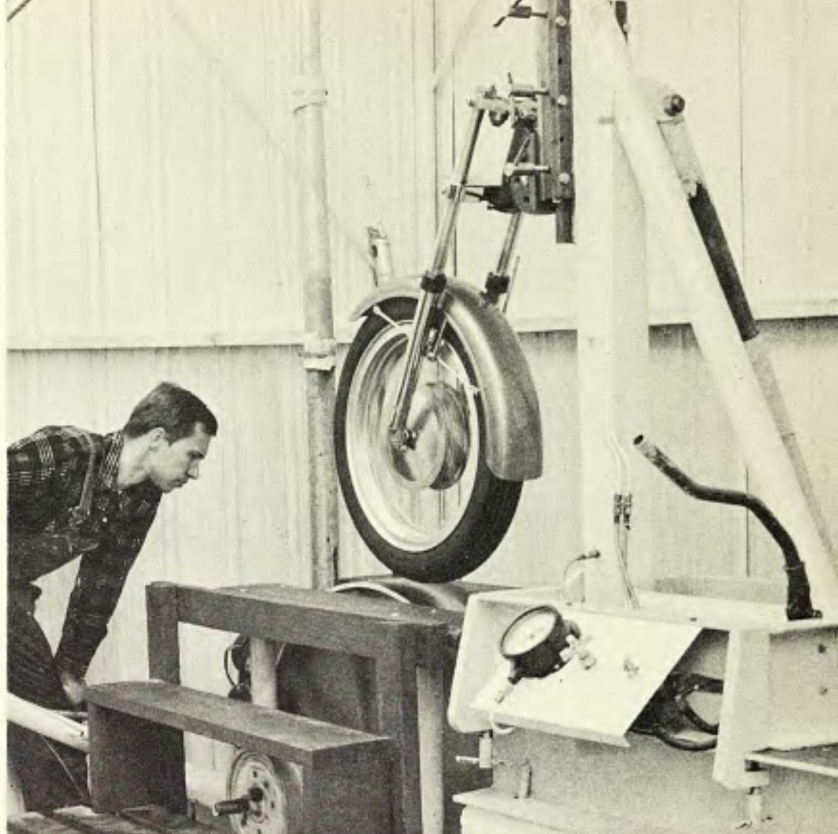
Unfortunately, testing takes time and some rather healthy machinery, and as a result is expensive. It is really only practical for a manufacturer's type test, or a design type test. At the present time there is a program in existence to do type tests on all major structural elements manufactured for the custom motorcycle market. This program is under the sponsorship of NCCSI. The present emphasis is on front fork testing, since that component by its very nature is the most difficult to design with both good looks and adequate strength. This is not to minimize the need for testing other components including frames, wheels, and brakes, but good judgment dictates that you examine first the things you most expect to have trouble with. A simplified series of sketches of the NCCSI test machine are shown in Fig. 7. They illustrate how frames, shocks, wheels, brakes, forks, and even whole bikes can be tested.

The NCCSI test procedure is divided into three parts: exploratory to determine all the major structural resonances and the general behavior of the part under test; quantitative to determine the ability of the part to survive a realistic maximum shock load (roughly the equivalent of hitting a 2x4 at speeds up to 100 mph); fatigue to determine the ability of the part to survive at least 1,000,000 cycles of operation at each major resonant frequency with maximum expected input at that frequency.

The reason for the choice of 1,000,000 cycles is that most steels have the characteristic that, for a given stress level within the steel, if 1,000,000 reversing load cycles can be applied without failure, then an almost indefinite number of additional load cycles can be applied at the same stress level without failure. The stress level at which failure does take place is called the endurance limit of the material, and the purpose of the fatigue portion of the NCCSI test is to insure that all parts of the front fork or frame or wheel will be seeing stress levels under reasonable worst-case conditions that are lower than the endurance limit of the material.

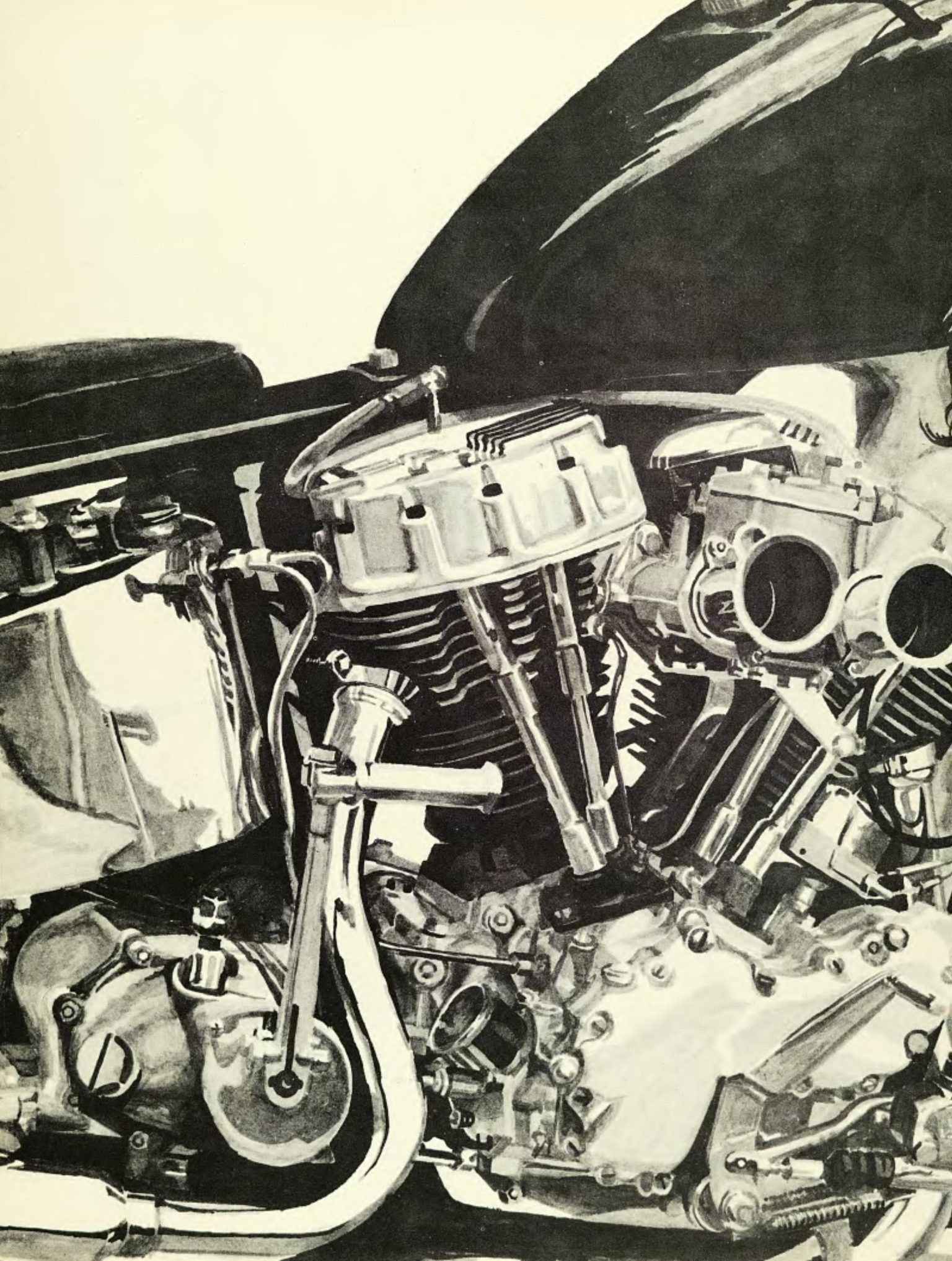
It should be clear by now that the purpose of all the testing is very simply to answer questions about structure that cannot be readily answered any other way. It will not in any way demonstrate stability or handling properties. As reported in Part II, these can only be determined reliably by analysis of bike geometry; even road tests can be very deceptive because of varying skill levels among the riders and because of the difficulty of generating all possible extremes of riding conditions.

Now to answer the question "How can I be sure it won't fall off?" Clearly the best way is to make sure the part has passed the NCCSI test or its equivalent, and a distant second best is to have a rather thorough analysis done which includes a study of the vibrational modes of the structure. Anything less and you run the risk of a rather sudden fatigue failure with potentially catastrophic results for the rider. ■



**Chopper parts
manufacturers (NCCSI) have
taken steps to assure
you parts will be safe**







—Illustration by Phillip K. Burrows

Chopper Fiction

By Donald P. McVey

Goodby, Wally.

PART ONE

Friday night. TGIF. I punch out and cash in and get a couple heavy tapes and a twelve of ol' reliable and head for home. I pick the soggy newspaper up from the mud and toss it in the oven to dry out while I catch a shower.

When we're both dry I put one of the tapes into the player and flop down on the couch and then get back up because I forgot to get a beer and then I gotta do it twice more for smokes and the paper.

Along about six o'clock I'm preparing to nod out when the phone bellers. I answer it.

"'lo?"

"Boz?"

"No."

"Lissen, Boz, I gotta talk to ya. Ya gonna be home tonight?"

"No."

"Lissen, Boz, I gotta talk to ya. I'll be over in about a half hour. Okay?"

"No."

"Okay. I'll see ya then, Boz."

"No."

Click.

Fuck.

Just what I need. Bozo the First. Good ol' Wally Pierson comin' over to see me. Don't get me wrong; it's not that I don't like the guy, it's just that I can't stand the mother-fucker. That's all.

Wally Pierson is the kind of guy that'll come over to your house with four jays of this "Farfuckingoutshit" that he wants you to sample, and leaves stoned on your stash and with three jays in his pocket. That's not because he's a good panhandler. It's because he's got this nasally voice that he never shuts up in between smokes and tokes, and since you can't get a word in edgewise to hint around that you'd like to smoke another one of his, you got to roll your

own to get him to shut his mouth once in a while, you know?

Wally Pierson is the kind of guy who calls a Yamaha a chopper because it's got a sissy-bar.

Wally Pierson is the kind of guy that'll beg to shoot you a game of pool then bitch to high heaven about his last pocket. (You gotta pay for the game, too.)

Wally Pierson put Spiro Agnew down for a write-in vote.

That's the kind of guy Wally Pierson is. He's a nut.

I'm layin' around in my skivvies, so I decide I better put on some covering or ol' Wally'll think I wanna have sex with him or something. It's not impossible.

PART TWO

Ding-dong!

"Hi, Wally."

"Hi, Boz." He nods his head real fast about twenty times, smiling at me like he knows something (doubtful) that I don't (very doubtful).

I'm standing there holding on to the door, and air I don't really need is coming into my house and Wally's standing on my porch shaking like a shepherd in heat on a boat in the middle of the ocean.

"What's the matter, Wally? Gotta piss?" I really get into a heavy intellectual rap when I'm around Wally.

"Huh?"

I open the door about another foot. "Come on in, Wally."

"Thanks, Boz."

By the time I get the door closed and turn around Wally's got hisself a beer and his jacket unzipped and he's plopped in the exact dead center of the couch with his boots on my coffee table and his arms throwed back. He's still smiling, too. He's quit shaking though.

I put my ass in this Caesar chair and look at him. He looks at me.

—Continued on page 54



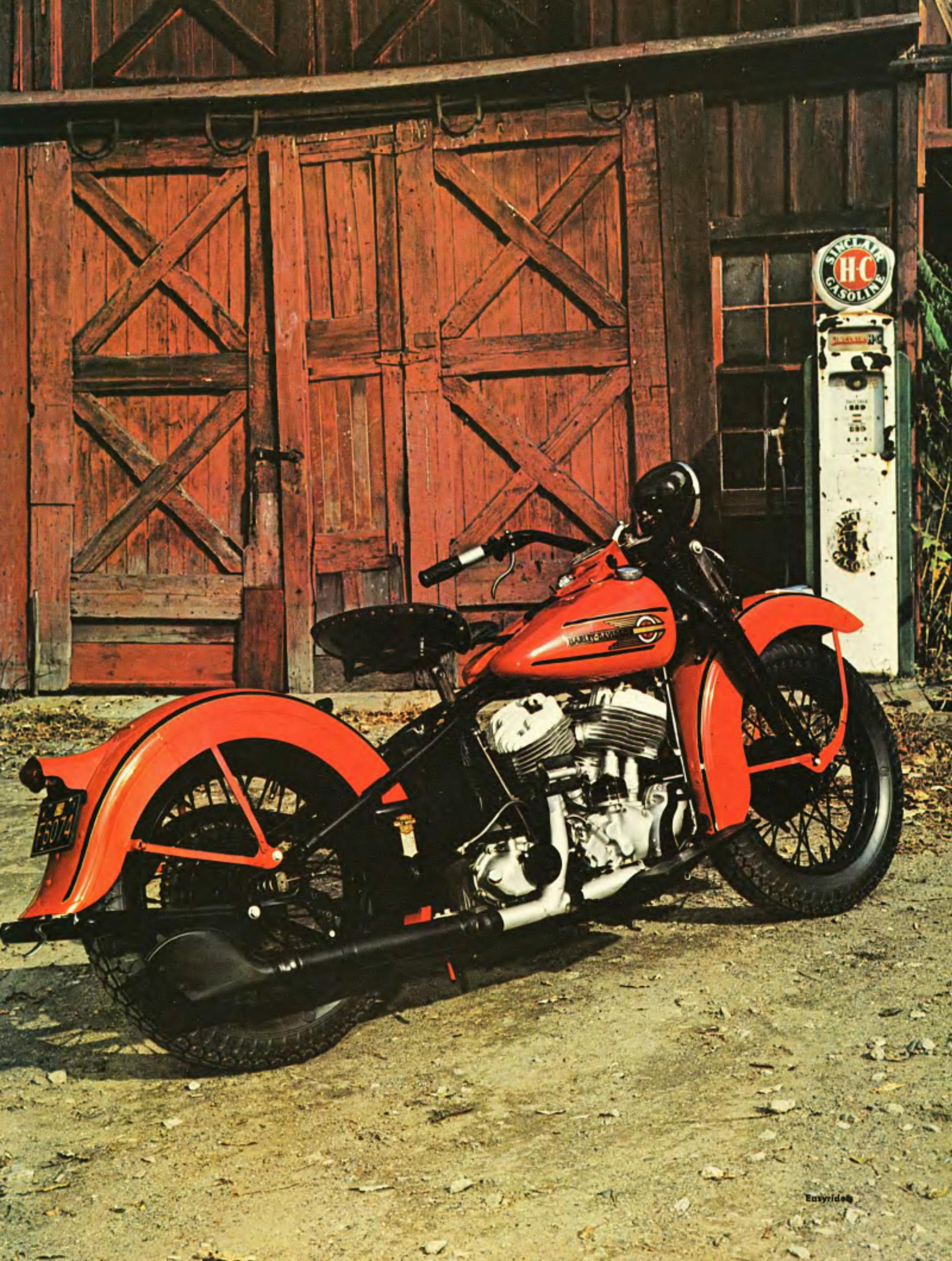
1937

80-Inch Flathead



Dick Coleman has in his garage a big shiny '70 Sportster, full of gas and oil, perfectly tuned, but gathering dust, because he does his weekend putts on a 1937 80-inch flattie.

After seeing Dick's ULH on these pages, you can easily understand why. It's just about completely cherry. Dick spent almost a year and a half of his spare time restoring the ol' beauty—chasing down parts and going through old dusty parts catalogs. In fact, one summer vacation, he went to Harley's museum in Milwaukee (where they have one model from each year tucked away in mothballs) just to check out their '37 ULH and see what his needed. In the course of his search he also found an original sales letter—dated December 2, 1936—touting all the goodies on the new 1937 models, in-





cluding a four-speed trans and full oil return system for the first time.

When Dick tore the engine down for a thorough look-see, the only things necessary were rings, guides, and a valve job—plus a complete cleaning of 30 years of sludge, muck, and old paint.

As a result of all this, Dick's 80 has been brought back very close to original condition, using only genuine parts. That even includes the tank decals—and they were so old and brittle that he ruined two or three of them before one would go on without cracking. Parts particularly hard to find were the old oil pressure gauge (to the left of the speedo), the tool kit and its box, and the mufflers. Schietinger Motorcycle Agency in Bridgeport, Conn., and Chuck Miles (the famed builder of Indians) in Sloansville, N.Y., helped him locate all the odds and ends he needed for the old Milwaukee iron.

Just about the only thing Dick has left to find are the thin chromed rails that go on each side of the front fender. We started to say that they could easily be made from steel strips and bent to match the fender's curve—but we bit our tongue just in time. That wouldn't be original, ya know.



Owner: Richard Coleman

General

Fabrication by: Harley-Davidson

Year & make: 1937

Model: ULH

Value: \$1500

Time: restoration took 16 months

Assembly: owner

Chroming: none

Frame

Year: 1937

Rake: stock

Rear susp.: seat post spring

Bars: black enamel buck bars

Tank: twin saddle tanks

Seat: sprung solo seat

Material: leather on steel backing

Sissy Bar: none

Engine

Year: 1937

Model: sidevalve (flathead)

Builder: owner

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Cam: original

Lifters: original solids

Carb(s): Linkert M-51

Shifter: 4-speed tank shift

Pipes: original Siamese Y pipe

Mufflers: Burgess-type can

Stacks: none

Forks

Type: original springer

Extension: none

Builder: H-D

Painting

Molding: none

Painting: owner

Color: teak red

Type: lacquer

Tires

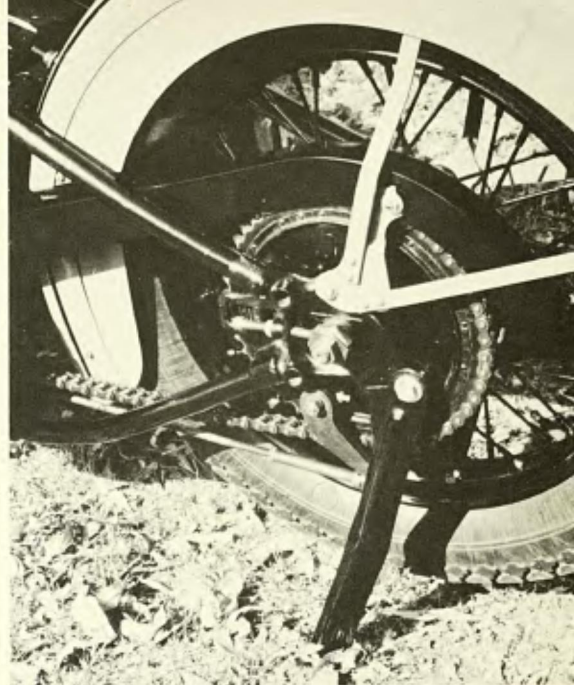
Front: 4.00 x 18 Firestone

Rear: 4.00 x 18 Firestone

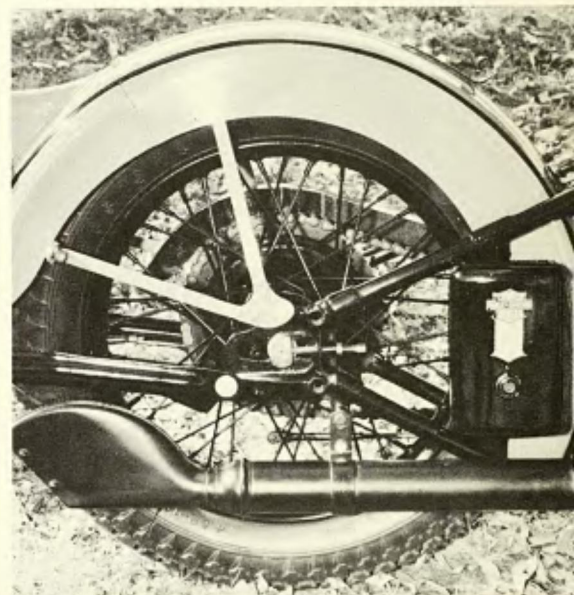
Wheels

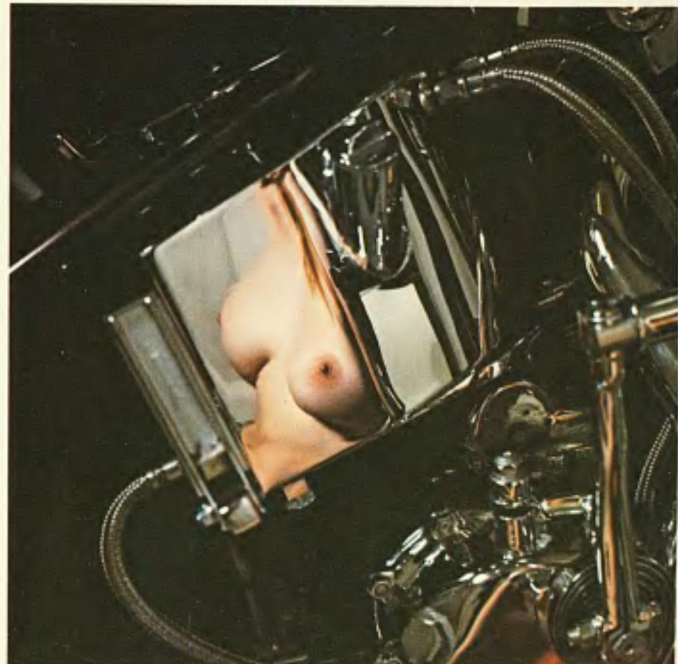
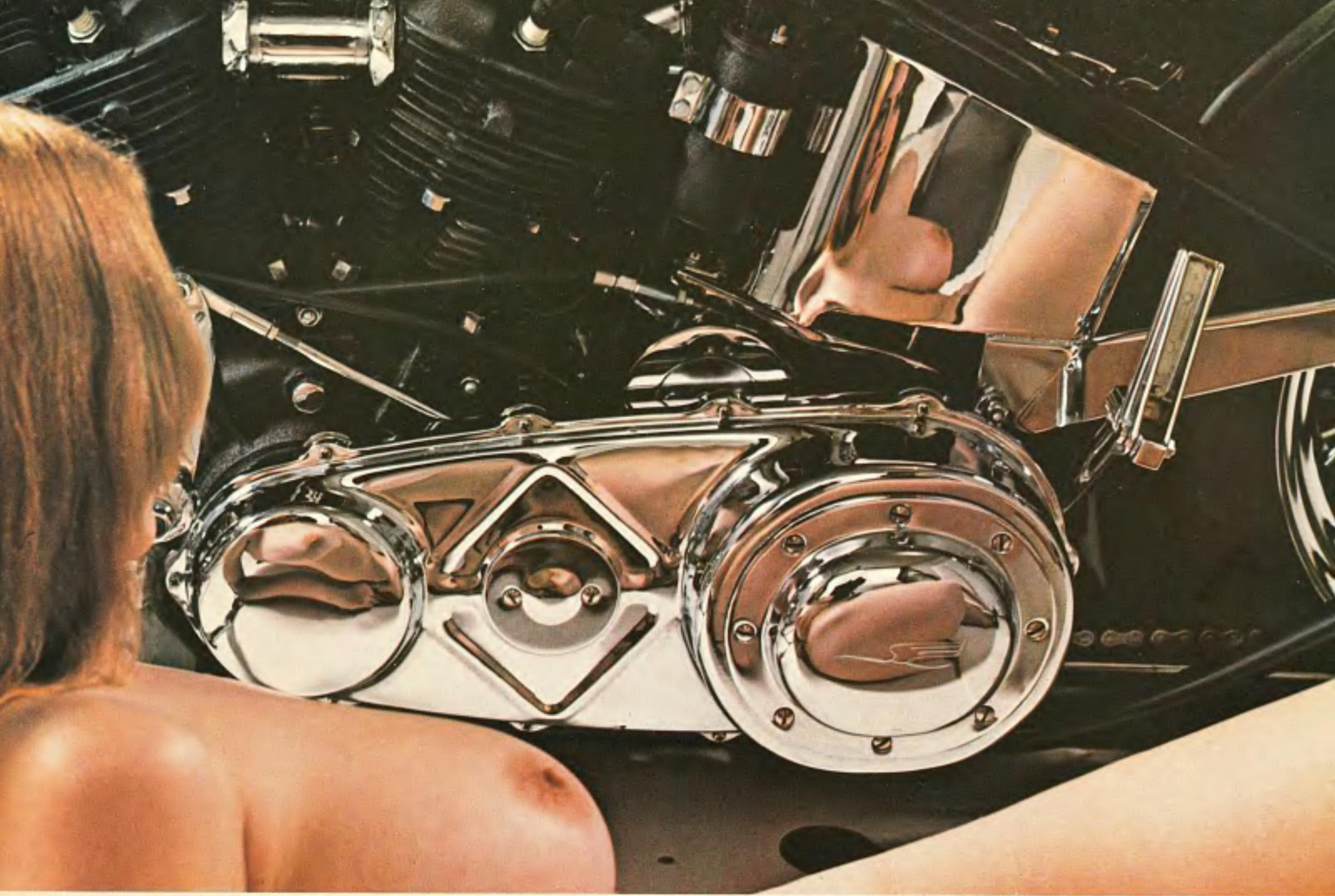
Front: 18-inch steel rim Rear: 18-inch steel rim

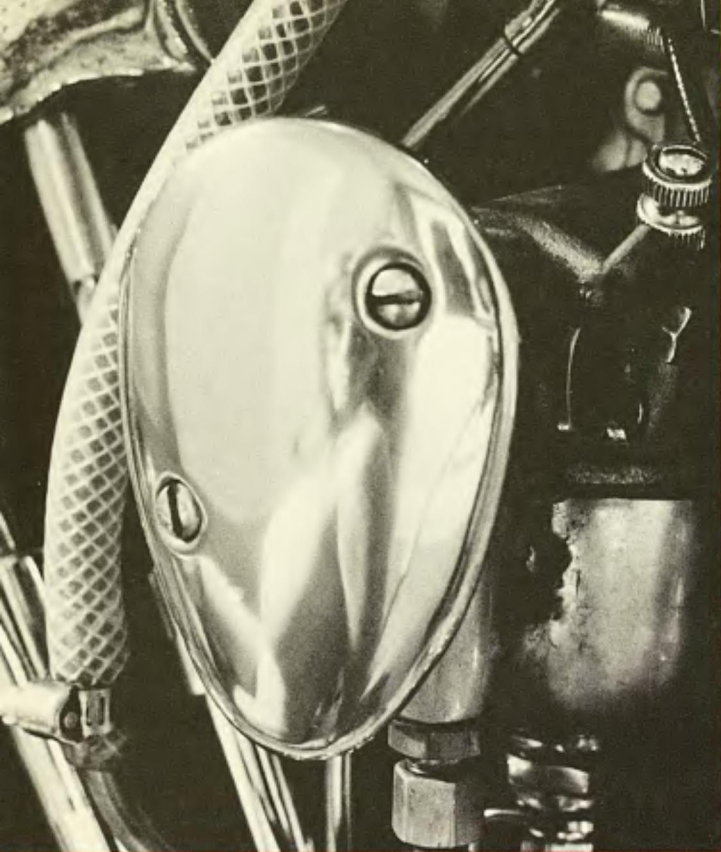
Engine has 38 HP @ 4300 RPM



In those days even dressers looked clean!







Show-a-little-class Department:

Reflections

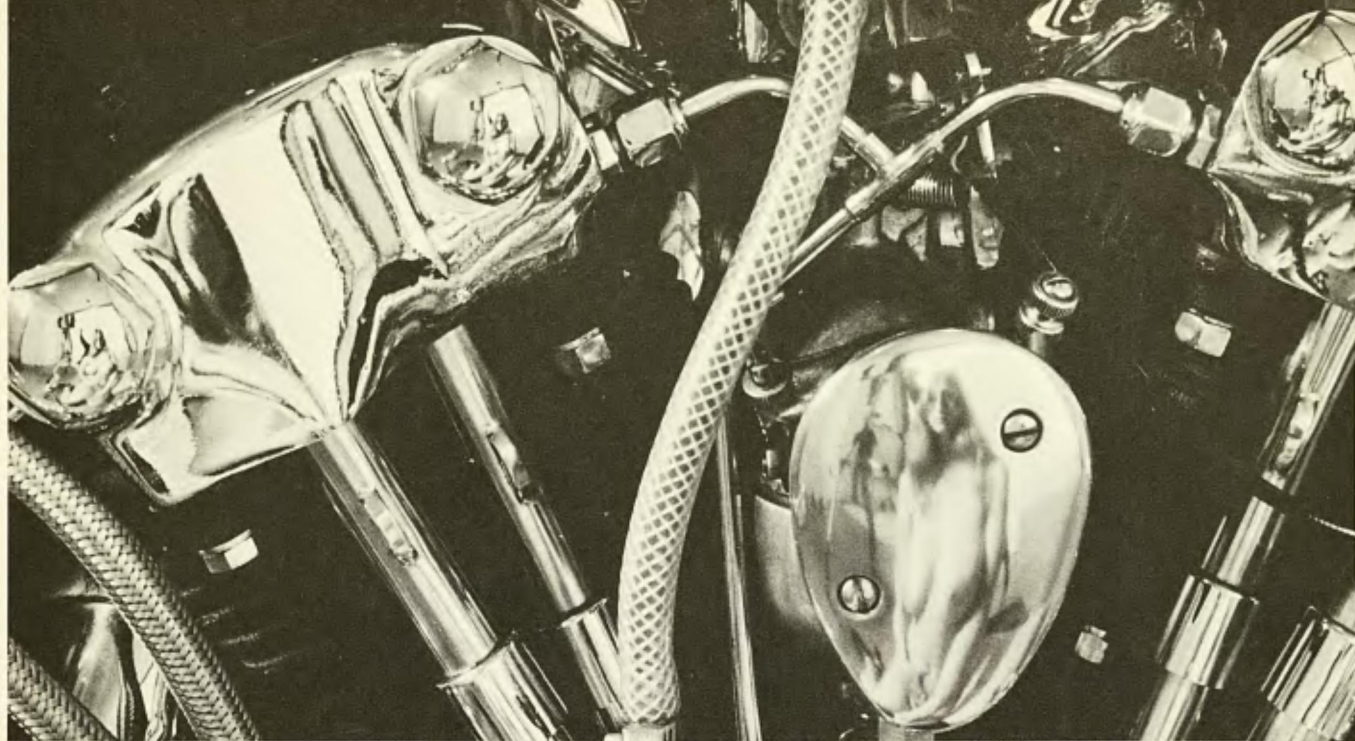
At our last editorial, wine & bullshit debauchery, it was decided to try and figure ways of working nudes into some of our chopper photography.

Why? Well, mainly because most of us dig women. And most of us agree that women and bikes go together—and why not?

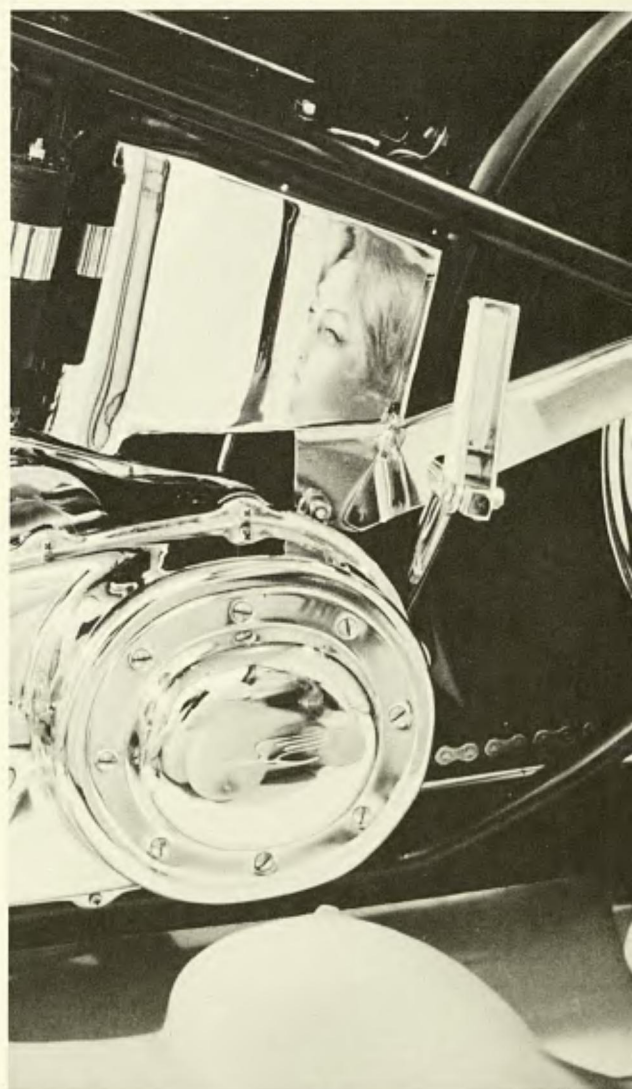
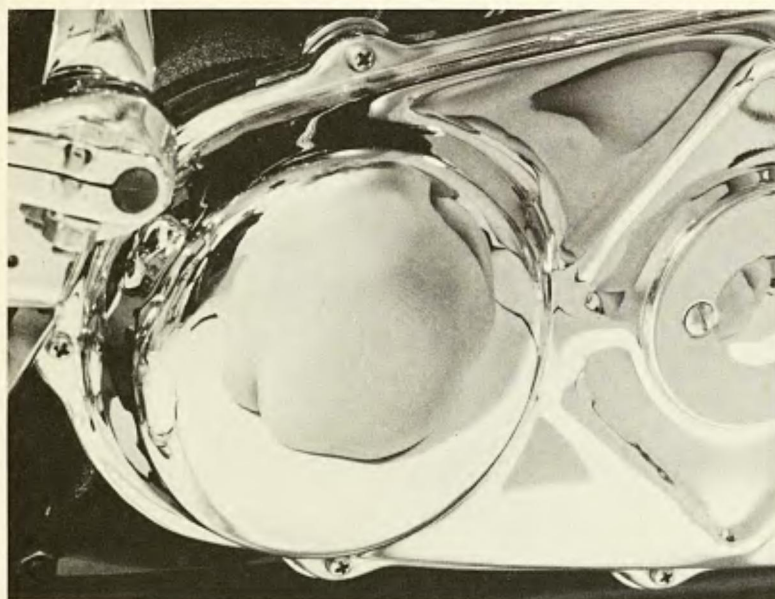
So enjoy.

Study the photos closely. Each chromed part reflects a different view of the model. Her name is Gina Martinez. She is five-two, 108 pounds, and—get ready—38-23-38! (Mama mia!)





Photos by Pete Chiodo





MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

Wants a Favor

My problem is the same as that of a lot of guys—my chick won't put out. She's proud that she's a virgin and she's saving herself for the dude she marries. Would you say something horrid against virgins—some really disgusting shit—so I can show it to her? Maybe she'd change her mind.

Steve Radz
Worcester, Mass.

● Sorry, sweets — you've come to the wrong person. I happen to have a thing for virgins.

A Helluva Problem

I have one hell of a problem—and his name is Doug Thompson. I want him, I need him, I love him so much that I'm even writing you for help: How do I tell him that I love him?

A.L.
Delroy, Ohio

● Invite him over to take a shower with you.

And Another One

I have a guy who likes me, but I don't get goose pimples when I'm around him. I also have a guy I like. Don doesn't understand that. It's a real downer because I used to like this dude. Do you know how to get rid of my problem without hurting their feelings?

N. E.
Bremerton, Washington

● Get yourself a pillow. Put it on the floor and then kneel down, putting your knees on the pillow. Open oven door. Turn on gas to high position. Breathe deeply.

Had Again

Did you know that you were on page 37 and not page 29, as the February Table of Contents indicated?

Mike Stoned
Somewhere, Idaho

● That's what I get for being rank with Spider.

Hurry! Hurry!

Hurry—I can't wait—I feel the urge coming on and I need the drawing of you fast. Hurry, I feel like cuffing my carrot.

Inky
Cold Springs, N.Y.

● Christ, whatta way to earn a livin'.

A Real Lover

I noticed that your initials are M&M and I was wondering if you melt in the mouth or in the hand?

Angel
Indiantown, Florida

● Face would be more like it.

Come On, Jagger!

I just got a German Shepherd pup and I want to name him after Mick Jagger, but everyone else wants to give him a pussy name like Prince or King. I've warned them that he's gonna be trained to

kill dogs that shit in my yard.

Shit Yard Tom
Weehawken, N.J.

● Is Mick going to wear a diaper, or is he going to blame it on all the dogs that are smaller than he is?

Rumor Spreader

A chick let me ball her, but I got bored with her and started rumors about her at school. Now I'm really sorry and ashamed of myself. What can I do?

S.L.
Conley, Ga.

● The very least you could do is go to her father or older brother and ask for their advice.

Mama's Offspring

My mother thinks that I am a freak. I have long hair and dirty clothes, and she doesn't like it. She's always telling me to get a job, but I don't want to work—I want to live off the fat of the land. What should I do?

Pat
New Castle, Pa.

● 1. Figure out how to live off the fat of the land. 2. Write a book telling other people how to do it, and you'll make a million and you could send your parents off to some swell home for the aged.

Likes To Putt Too

I love bikes and I love to putt with my man, but the guys rarely take the girls on the runs. And that gets me pissed —us girls like to putt too. Do you have any suggestions?

Vicki Haman
Cleveland, Ohio

● Make him an offer he can't refuse.

Always Willing To Help

I wiped myself with your picture and it killed every single one of my crotch crickets.

Little Joe
Scottsdale, Arizona

● That doesn't surprise me —why do you think they call me miraculous?

Three Cheers For Small Tits

I would like to speak out for small-titted or titless chicks. I'm sick and tired of horny punks drooling over a size 40 tit.

That guy that went ape-shit over eggplant Angela, instead of his fried-egg girl friend is dumb. A lot of guys are missing a really good thing, because it's a fact that small-

breasted chicks are better at ballin' than their balloon rivals.

K. G. (Size 33½")
Pt. Niches, Texas

● Don't resent big jugs. Let me tell you, they're a hassle; they're always getting in your way—And as to balling, the size of mammaries has nothing to do with being freaky all over the bedroom, hallway, bathtub, sauna, living room, kitchen, porch, grass, car, or in the ocean.

Getting Personal

You seem to be able to answer any question and to be involved in every type of sex action — perverted and otherwise.

James Worth
Indianapolis, Ind.

● No, there are some questions that I can't answer.

North Wind

My ol' man insists on sleeping together in a small double bed. I love him, but he's still a fat slob. My problem is that in bed, after he falls asleep, he turns and faces me—and his breath would peel paint. I get tired facing in one direction (away from him), but he seems to sleep on that side all the time. I hate going to bed.

S.T.
Pittsburg, Pa.

● I had the same problem once, and I turned so that my head was at the foot of the bed and my feet next to his face. His feet are covered, but once in a while you'll get a whiff of his toe jam and your plastic curlers on that side will melt a little, but it's still better than all the time.

Serious Problem

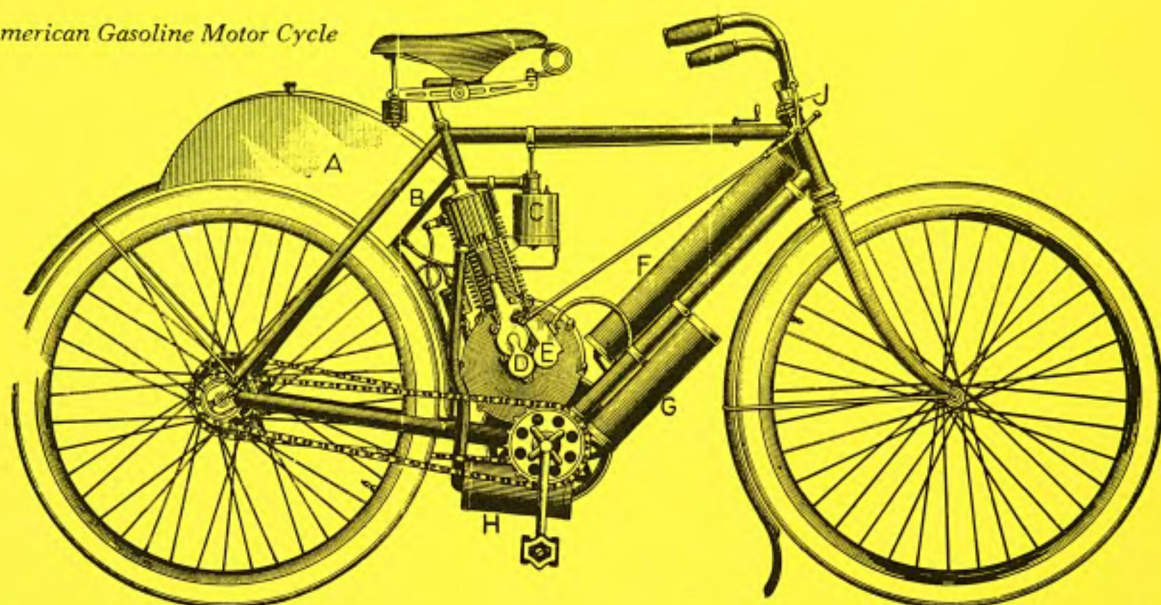
I have a serious problem and would like a straight answer from you. A straight answer with no shucking, okay? My problem is I suspect that my wife doesn't ever douche. Is there a way of knowing if a woman douches?

John Barry
Derby, Conn.

● Yes, there's at least one way.

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

An American Gasoline Motor Cycle

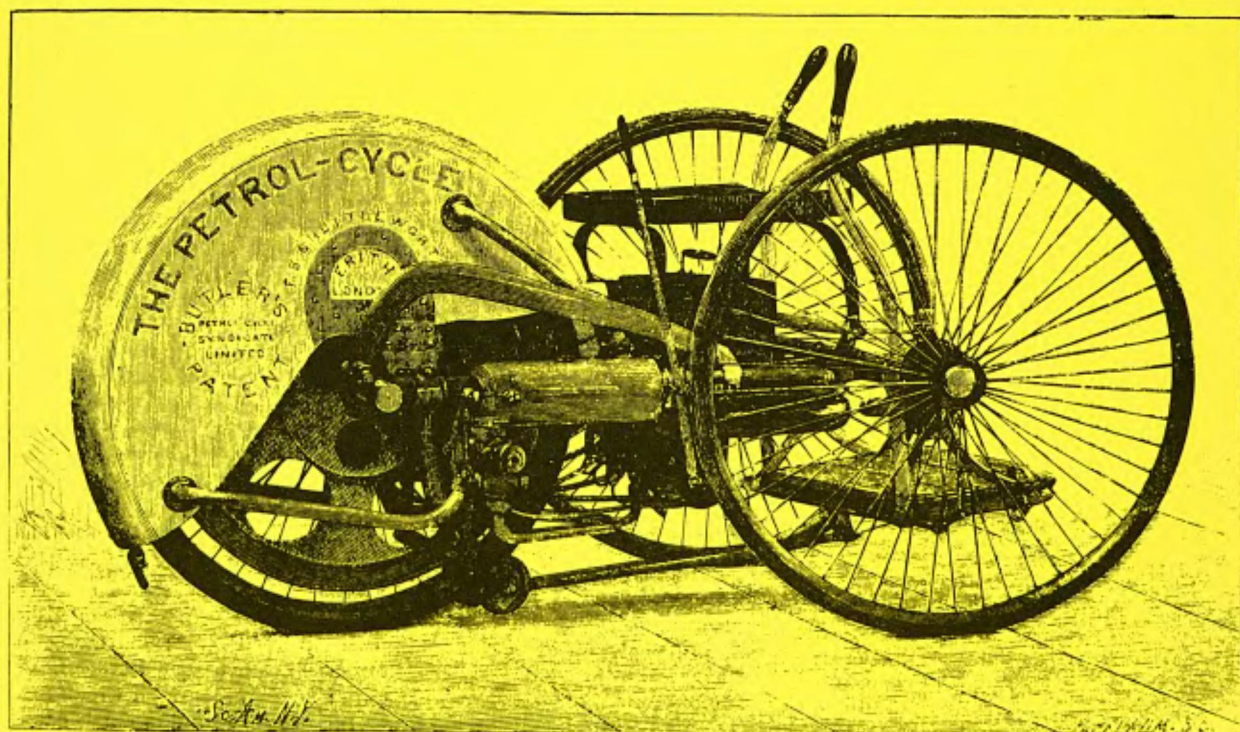


A. Gasoline tank
B. Oil tank

C. Carburetor
D. Cam case

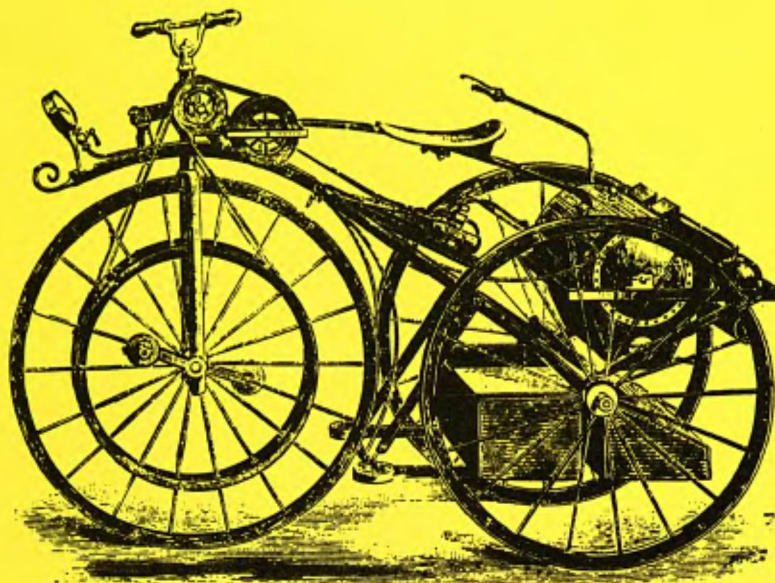
E. Primary circuit breaker
F. Battery

G. Induction coil
H. Muffler
J. Grip control lever

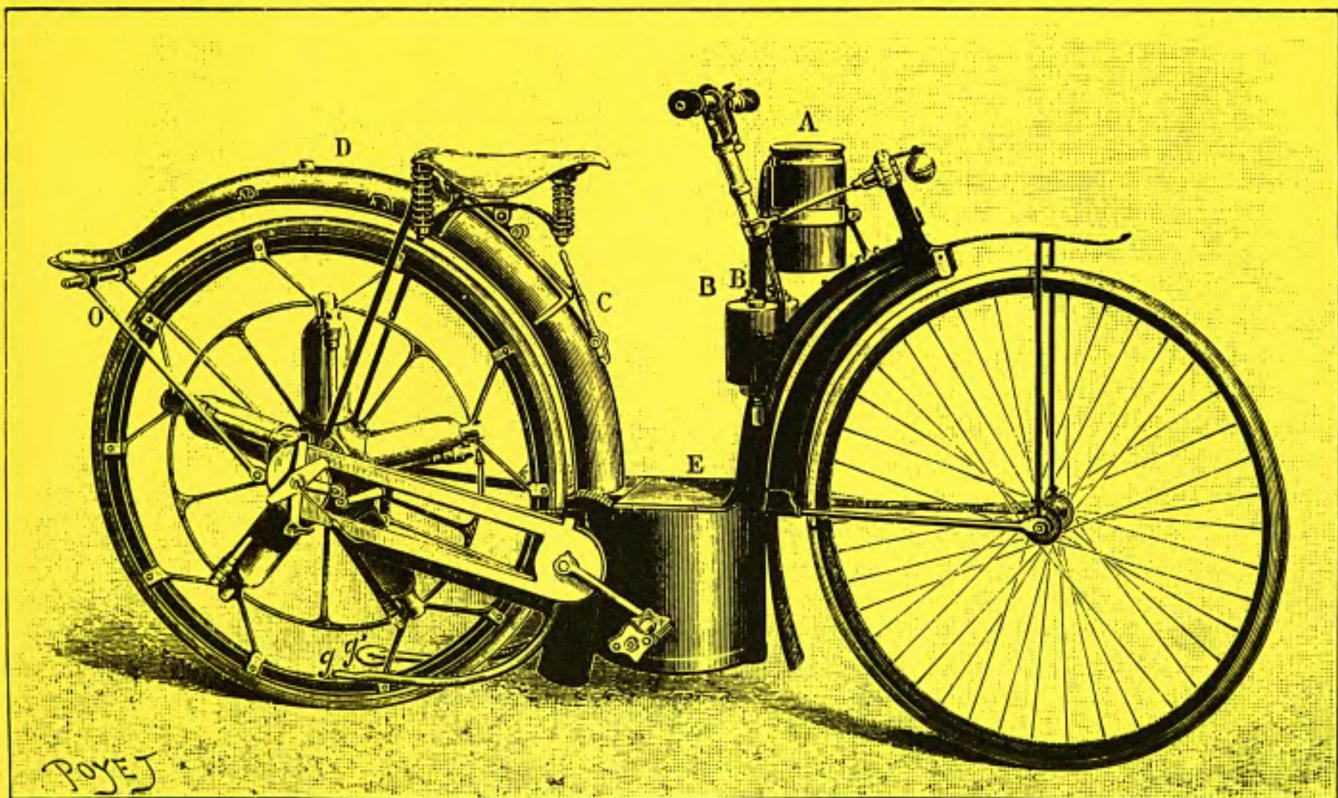


1891 petroleum motor tricycle, which was supposed to run 40 miles on a gallon of oil.

EARLY SCOOTS



The French steam tricycle.



1895 motorcycle included such custom goodies as:
A. Electric transformer; B. Petrol can and lubricating oil
can; C. Lever for low parachute braking; D. Gas reser-

voir; E. Battery box; O. Stationing rods which can be
lowered under wheel.

Easyriders

In the Wind

Here are some photos submitted by our readers. After going through hundreds of submissions, we feel these best typify the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere.

As we've said in previous issues, 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.



—Submitted by Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.



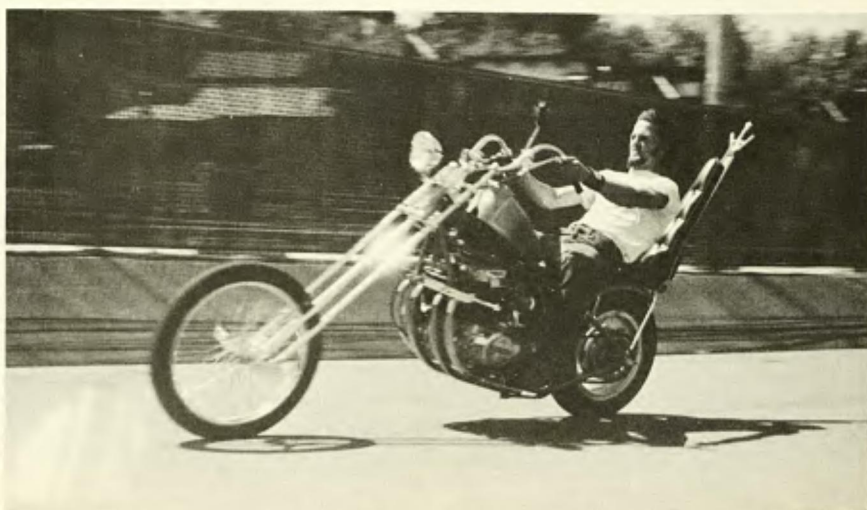
—Submitted by Tony Thacker, Kent, England



—Submitted by Francisco Gonzales, São Paulo, Brazil



—Submitted by Rogue, Bridgeport, Conn.



—Submitted by Ron Nijrich, Columbia, Calif.



—Submitted by Brian Davis, Arlington, Va.



—Submitted by T. Kmiecik



Easyriders will pay \$10 for black & white photos, and \$20 for color transparencies, of bikers in action. We prefer bikes in motion, with a guy packing a chick, although we will purchase any sharp, properly lighted action shot. Send your black & white prints or color transparencies (no color prints or color negatives) to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Easyriders Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. If you want rejects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with submissions. Easyriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage.





***He's had it only
a short while,
and he's already
calling it a bitch!***

Don't ask me how he did it (I didn't ask), but four measly months before these photos were taken, the owner of this tasty bike was just barely outrunning tire-biting dogs as he cruised the scene on his—are you ready for this?—Honda 90.

“From a Honda 90 to a Harley 74 is some big jump,” he boasted, as I did a double-take, hardly able to believe my ears. Before I could lift my jaw to reply, he continued, “And the Honda was the very first bike that I had ever owned.” He kicked the rear tire tenderly. “Then I got my Blue Bitch, here.”





Owner: Calvin Jung

General

Fabrication by: Dick's Customs

Year & make: 1967 H-D

Model: 74

Value: \$3500

Time: 6 months

Assembly: Herb Shinpaugh

Chroming: Thompson Plating

Frame

Year: 1941 knuckle

Rake: 1 1/4" (6-inch stretch)

Rear susp.: rigid

Bars: Dick's Customs

Tank: Dick's Customs

Seat: Joe Perez

Material: naugahyde

Sissy Bar: Dick's Customs

Engine

Year: 1967

Model: FLH

Builder: Herb Shinpaugh

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Cam: stock

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): S.U.

Shifter: foot

Pipes: D&D drag type

Mufflers: none

Stacks: none

Forks

Type: springer

Extension: 6 inches over

Builder: Dick's Customs

Painting

Molding: Herb Shinpaugh & Dick's

Painting: Danny's Custom Paint

Color: powder blue pearl

Type: Acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front: 19-inch Honda Rear: 16-inch

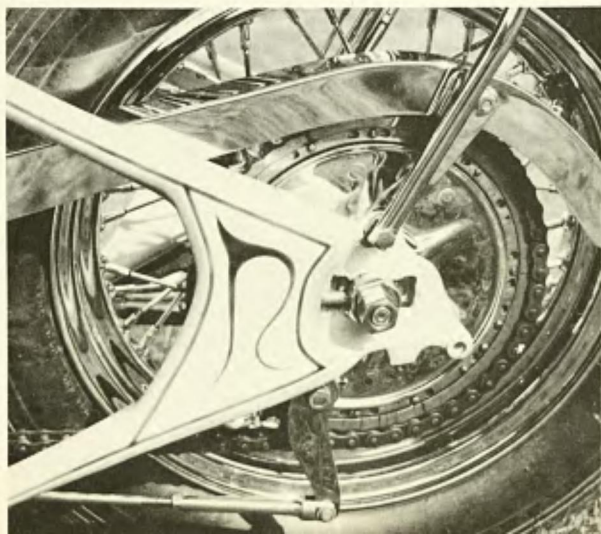
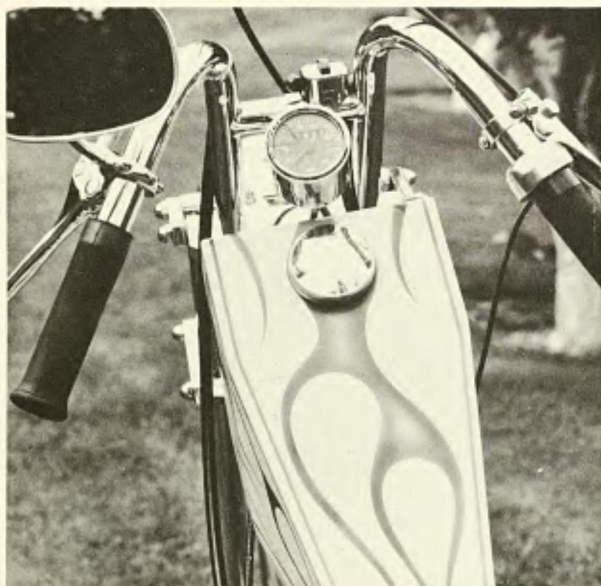
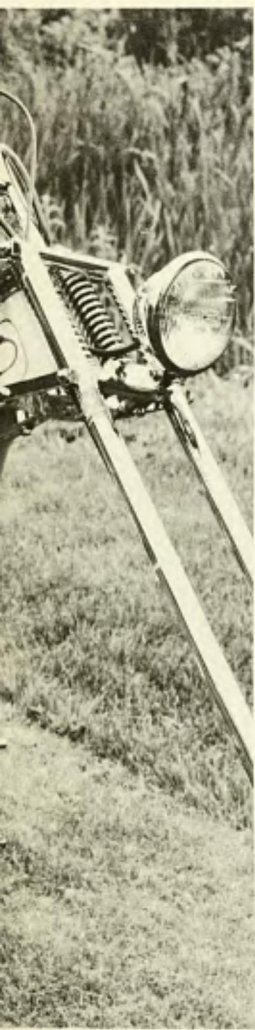
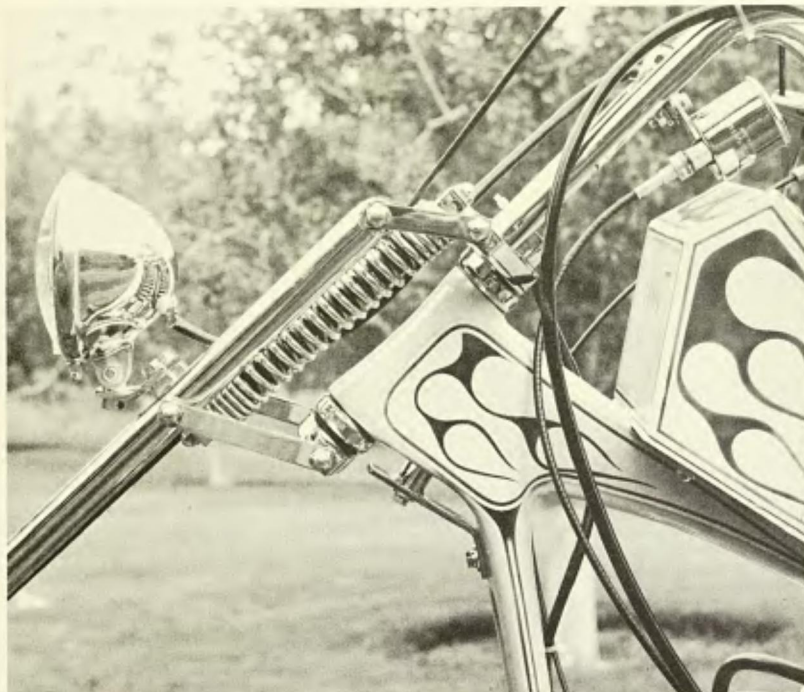
Oil Tank (5 qts): Dick's Customs

Tires

Front: 2.75 x 19 Avon

Rear: 5.10 x 16 Goodyear





Everyone has had his very first, ultimate bike, I reminded myself, as I fought off a queasy feeling in my gut from watching him fawn over his scooter. I can't remember having a first love—with a scooter that is. My first bike was a stock Pan, and it took a lot of wheelin', dealin' and stealin' to get it to a point where I was really satisfied with it. After having it a long time, and making changes as opportunities presented themselves, it became more like an old friend (even a whore, when it became temperamental), so I guess I never really felt what this guy was going through. One day a Honda 90, the next, a wild hawk. Talk about flashes, he's had the scooter four months, and he's still getting rushes.

"I haven't been riding Harley-Davidsons very long," he interrupted my thoughts, "something like four months, but since I have, it's been a whole new life for me."

I studied him as he rapped. I was trying to see if some of that first-good-bike joy could rub off on me. Who knows, maybe I'd even give the ol' lady a little, tonight.

But I couldn't get on his trip. Too many years have gone by to identify with such young exuberance. After years of burns, disappointments, rip-offs, ups and downs, good times and bad times, my mind couldn't wade back through all that muck to when I was young and innocent—if I ever was.

"When I was little I always dug choppers, and now I own one," The expression on his face was as if he had just come. "And all I can say is w-o-w."

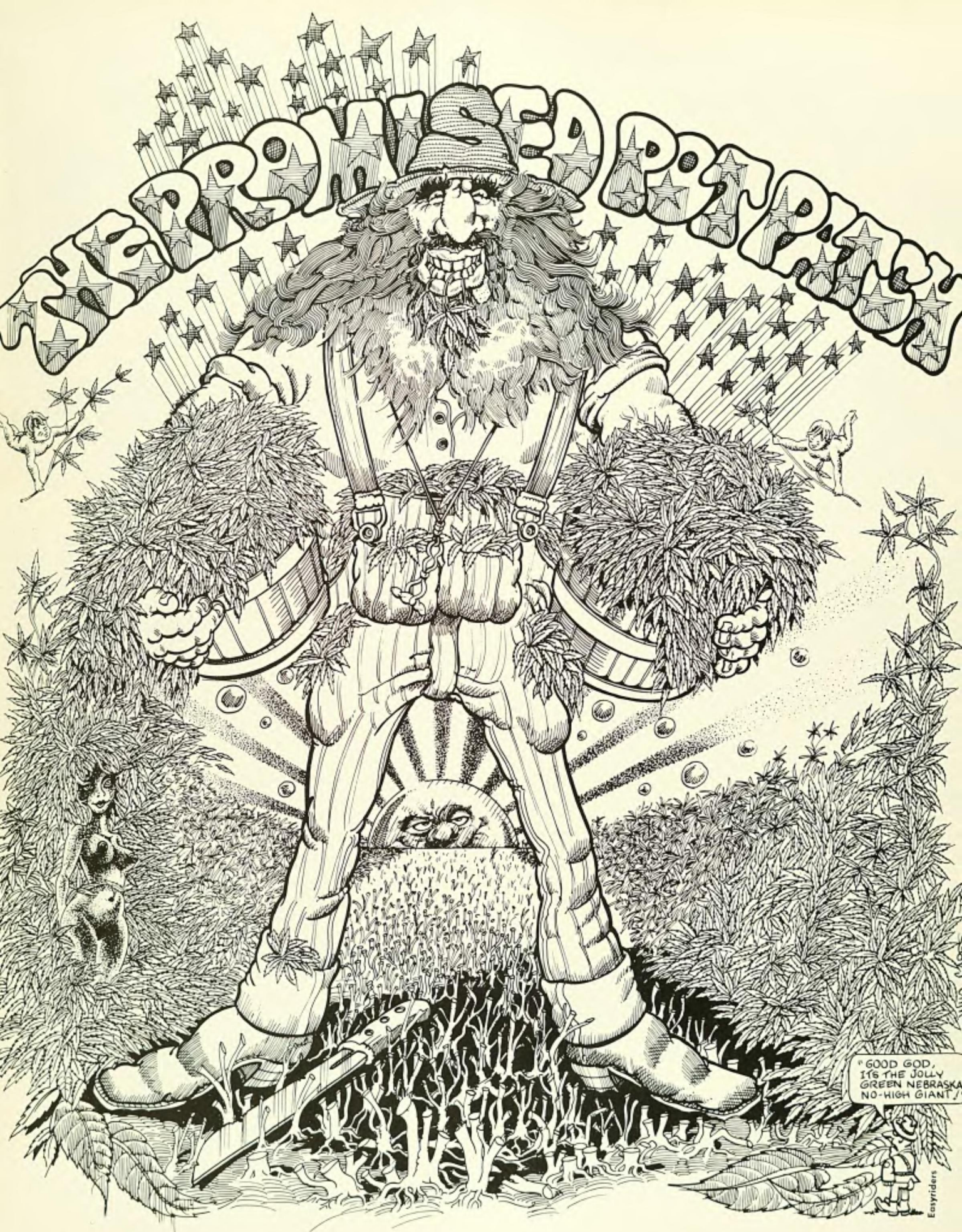
Christ, I thought, I gotta get out of here. He's a helluva nice guy and all that, but his puppy love fixation on his "Blue Bitch" was getting to me—I don't know why, but I can't stand being around people who are that damned happy. Doesn't he know there's nothing in this screwed-up world to be that happy about?

Damn, I wish I hadn't eaten those chili burritos this morning! ■

— Dog Breath







"GOOD GOD,
IT'S THE JOLLY
GREEN NEBRASKA
NO-HIGH GIANT!"

...or Dope Picking in the Cornbelt!

Along the septic Missouri is a veritable fortune in growing gold. Every summer in Nebraska, law enforcement agencies get ready to apprehend the plague of annual dope pickers, pickers who utilize every conceivable sort of weird transportation available to hippies. They arrive in or on vans, micro buses, bicycles, motorcycles, panel trucks, jeeps, vintage hearses, and who-knows-what, all decorated with conspicuous peace symbols and festooned with flower decorations. Their flamboyancy, combined with out-of-state license plates, makes it rather a simple task for the local fuzz to guess their mission.

The pickers are captured in a variety of easy ways. Last July a group of long-hairs accosted a local Duck Creek sheriff and asked how they could get Nebraska license plates for their hippie bus. This led the old cracker to believe that there was something afoot. So he advised the Nebraska Highway Patrol, who secretly followed the boys back to their camp and discovered a 500-lb. hoard of weed.

The usual method used by the state to curb this "growing menace" is to fly around in airplanes looking for hippie-type vehicles parked in unusual spots. The planes radio their location to a nearby posse, who surround the pickers and "bring them to justice." The aerial reconnaissance method, however, is not always as successful as the authorities would like to believe; last summer a group of suspected pickers were apprehended in the middle of a corn patch—picking corn.

Other methods of "detection" have some success. Last year an off-duty

deputy sheriff was hunting deer with a bow when he came across some pickers. By a stroke of blind luck he was able to escort them to a local jail without an escape attempt.

There are two easy ways to pick the local growing gold. The one preferred by experienced pickers is to take a machete or hand sickle into the patch and hack down the plants. The plants grow anywhere from three feet to twelve feet, with stalk diameters up to six inches. The bigger plants yield up to four or five ounces of the good stuff. After the weed is chopped down it is left there, turned as nearly upside down as possible, to dry. Recommended cutting hours are in the afternoon between two and five. During this time the resin content in the leaves seems to be the highest. The plants usually take a week to dry out. The pickers return with gloves and an old sheet or blanket. The plants are then stripped with gloved hands over a sheet to catch all of the leaves. The second method is to wear gloves to begin with and strip the green leaves from the plants, take the leaves home or to a safe spot and dry them at leisure. The leaves can also be dried in a clothes dryer or an oven. It's wise to be careful with the oven, because if the heat is too high, then the plants will catch fire when the stuff is dried out.

Freaks have discovered that when you harvest your own dope you always have a surplus of stems. The more enterprising ones seal off a closet and build a bonfire with the stems. The smoke produces uncomfortable coughing and sometimes an unremarkable high. Many local freaks are known to

go to excess in acquiring their shit. A new taco chain that hit the city has genuine imported Mexican chairs for the patrons to sit on. Examination of the chairs revealed that the seats and backs were woven with Mexican hemp. Some of the local renegades and desperadoes grabbed three of the chairs during rush hour and got away. Although hippie spokesmen are not encouraging chair theft, the report on the chairs was "harsh, but not a bad high."

An industrious picker can harvest an easy 100 pounds in a couple of weeks of hard work. A day of usual picking will get an individual 10 or 15 pounds—that is if the individual can find a patch big enough to produce that much growing weed. All too often the plants grow singly or in small clumps. To harvest such minute quantities takes determination and a strong will. Visions of the millions this get-rich-quick scheme will produce are known to spur normally unproductive people to great exertions. The smallness of the usual patches has started rumors of the "Promised Patch." This legendary field covers at least a square mile and is close to a paved road—with the nearest farmer ten miles away—and is always overcast to prevent airplane detection.

The closest thing to a Promised Patch is Fontenelle Forest, which grows along the Missouri River not too far from Omaha. The sad thing is that, to get to the elysian fields, one must take the single road that leads into the forest and drive past the forest ranger's house. Another drawback is that various law enforcement agencies

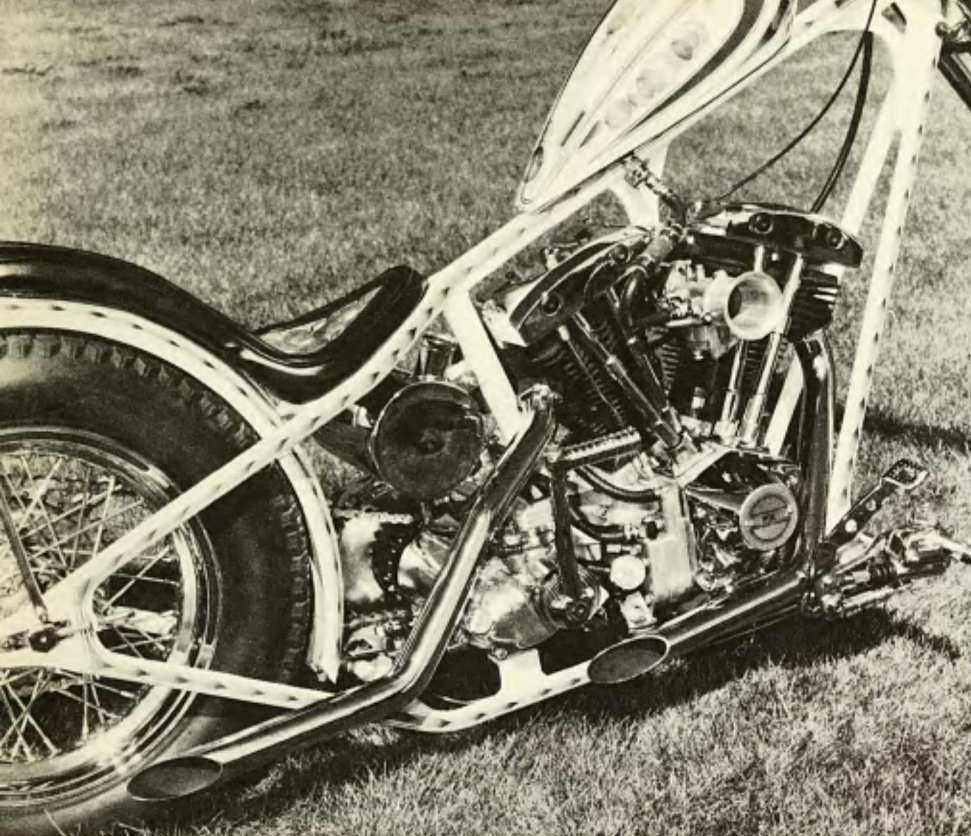
—Continued on page 51



380 lbs. of Scoot

Tall tales, that's the real biker's weakness—and we don't mean six-foot broads either. After the day's hassle, when he gets an elbow warmed up real good lifting countless cans of brew, the truth usually gets a little—uh—bent. "Ya fuckin-A, my scoot is the lightest in town. Got all sorts of trick stuff like drilled out gears, porkchop flywheels, and titanium fork tubes." And since there's nothing like a grand exit to cap off all that virgin honesty, it's out the door and onto the scoot and Sh-i-i-t!





Story and photos by Jake



Owner: Dan Little

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year & make: 1972 H-D

Model: Custom (formerly Superglide)

Value: \$3500

Time: 8 months

Assembly: AJM Bumper

Chroming: National Plating

Frame

Year: new Corbin-Gentry

Rake: 35° (5-inch stretch)

Rear susp.: rigid (3-inch stretch)

Bars: owner-made drag bars

Tank: altered Sportster

Seat: Les of Brewerton

Material: naugahyde

Sissy Bar: owner (1/2" rod)

Engine

Year: 1972

Model: FX shovelhead

Builder: owner

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Cam: Sifton 412

Lifters: Sifton

Carb(s): reworked Bendix

Shifter:

Pipes: FX drag pipes

Mufflers: none

Stacks: none

Forks

Type: new springer

Extension: 18-inches

Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: owner & Ted Prusinowski

Painting: Lenny Smith

Color: Candy Panels over White Pearl

Type: Acrylic lacquer

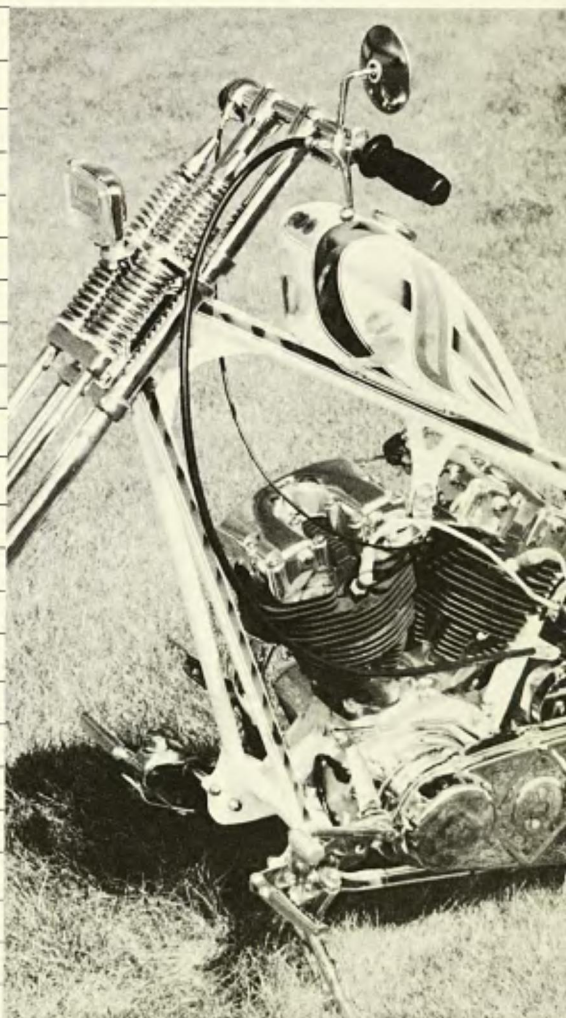
Tires

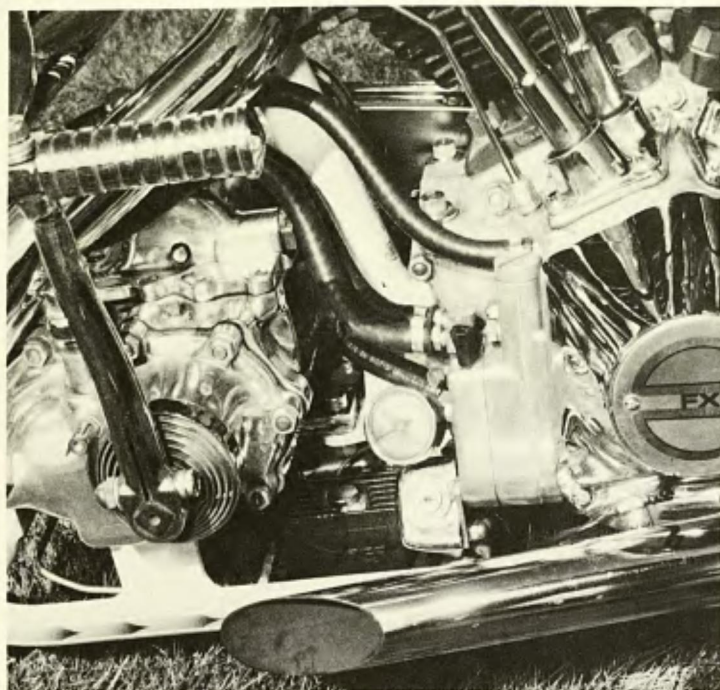
Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon

Rear: 5.00 x 16 Goodyear

Wheels

Front: 21-inch Rear: 16-inch





He flops over on the sonavabitch, since he's sorta wired to be walkin' rather than ridin' at this point. Naturally it takes some big muthas from inside the bar to help him right it—he did all the molding in lead, ya know . . .

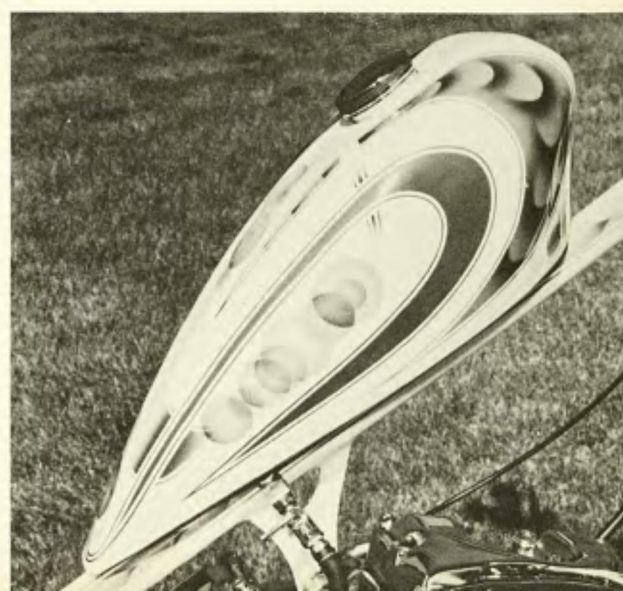
So we were a trifle suspicious when they said Dan Little's shovel weighed only 380 pounds. But when Dan showed up on his scoot, we could see why he didn't have to say a word about the matter: as we looked at his bike we realized there wasn't a whole lot there to weigh. And damned if the poundage wasn't officially stamped on his N.Y. state registration.

What there **is** of Dan's scoot, however, has been done in a righteous manner. F'rinstance, a set of Paughco adapting primary cases get rid of the original cast-aluminum covers. A kit from Pacifico allows the FX engine to be kick-started and run on just the output of the alternator, eliminating the battery. The tasty-looking oil tank (which holds close to a gallon) and the springer were machined by a friend and welded by Dan himself. The shiny rear chain is not just a chromed stock piece, but a nickel-plated high-capacity industrial chain—doesn't that make your leg wet?

Other weight savers are the Akront alloy rims and the Corbin-Gentry rigid frame, which as Dan says, has the advantage that, besides its low weight, it's easy to mold.

I couldn't convince him to flop it in order to see if he could right it by himself, even though I told him I'd probably get my ass kicked if I didn't get all the facts.

He shrugged. I got my ass kicked. What more can I say? ■





Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road

ABATE

Why Must All Bikes Conform to Factory Specs?

We have received our first rebuttal to our "Safe Rake" articles. It seems that it is "difficult for us (New Jersey Inspection Stations) to determine which modified motorcycles are safe and which are unsafe."

They could analyze a raked front end only visually, which wouldn't be too accurate, so they avoid the problem entirely by outlawing all altered frames and approving only factory stock ones! "Motorcycle manufacturers make numerous tests before establishing the actual rake angle, trail, and steering neck strength for their vehicles. The Federal Government then permits these manufacturers to attach notices to their bikes to certify that the motorcycles meet the Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards. Consequently, we can instruct the examiners at our (New Jersey) State-owned and operated Inspection Stations to approve the safety of used motorcycles having the original factory rake and trail.

"In the case of a Harley bike with an extended fork, it would not be possible for our inspectors to spend the time required to make certain that the modifications had been made as recommended in the (ABATE) articles. In addition, there are many other makes and models of motorcycles which could have extended forks, and thus required neck strength and other factors would be different."

So there you have the basis for New Jersey's refusal to approve "any motor vehicle which has the steering mechanism, frame, or suspension system in a condition not equivalent to the vehicle manufacturer's specifications."

Because "it would be difficult," and because they "don't have the time required to make certain that the modifications are safe," they outlaw them! All of them—the safe with the unsafe. Why bother? Just make everything conform to a standard established by Big Brother. Everything else (regardless of how well done, how safe, even if it is safer than the original manufacturer's design) is junk.

How much effort was expended

trying to figure a means of determining whether the non-stock bikes were safe? Did they even try?

And why in hell does anyone have such a law in the first place? Where are the statistics that say altered frames, or extended front ends, are the major cause of bad accidents—or any cause of any accidents? What is the basis for the law? Are they saying that alterations are the cause of most accidents, and ignoring the ring-ding nose picker, or the old bag that hangs a left in front of a bike?

ABATE has never seen or heard of any statistics clearly indicating that altered frames or necks have been the cause of any great number of accidents—have you?

No, it is probably a case where a state created a vehicle safety inspection system. Then they hire a man to do a job—a job that is necessary in some areas. But he wants to get promoted, be a big man, go places, and so he overdoes his job. He keeps coming up with greater and greater inspections, until he gets to a point where he is determining the safety of things that were never considered unsafe, things for which the necessity of a safety check is questionable. But he has a job to do and he wants to look good to his boss, and his boss wants to look good to his boss—until you get to the point where a state wants to look good to the feds in order to keep getting their handout.

Outlawing altered frames was the easy way to avoid the trouble of determining whether or not an alteration is safe. The answer is to come up with some easy way for them to make such determinations. Complete custom-built frames are manufactured items, and could get the same "Government notice to attach to the frames certifying they meet the Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standards." This would be great for custom frame manufacturers, but what about the custom shops? Perhaps a certified design could be created, and when a certified welder certifies it, his signature becomes a basis for approval. Something

must be tried. An effort has got to be made, instead of allowing the arbitrary junking of all altered frames and necks for convenience's sake—their convenience—it's always their convenience.

ABATE is working hard in this area. If you need a reason to join—here is another good one. Rolling over and playing dead is bullshit!

A Good Breath of Fresh Air

Governor Robert B. Docking of Kansas was featured in the February ABATE column: "Here's One Governor Who Agrees With Us." A subscriber in Korea sent the Governor a copy of the column, and then the Governor's press secretary wrote us in appreciation. Along with his letter he sent a copy of the Governor's recommendations concerning motorcycles to the 1973 Kansas Legislature.

It was so refreshing to read something favorable about motorcycles, and to see a Governor of a state take apparently genuine interest in the biker's problems, that we felt we should share it with you—and perhaps it just might prompt other political officials into remembering that a part of their constituency is bikers.

We should say, first, that we do not know the Governor personally, nor do we know anyone else in Kansas. In fact, we don't even know what political party he belongs to—he could be Republican, Democrat, or atheist, for all we know. The point is, we don't have any ax to grind by putting his comments in this column, other than to indicate a positive side of the picture, for a change.

As you read his speech (which follows*), take note of another example of U.S. Government black-mailing, and the fact that he is one Governor who thinks of his state and its citizens first, and above all. I know, I know—they're all supposed to be that way, but we all know that the biker's problems

in the typical State Governor's eyes are probably 4,999th on his third list of 5,000 groups with problems that he should think briefly about at least once during his term.

"This legislature must again direct its attention to the federal safety standards in the Federal Highway Safety Act. The Kansas Highway Commission may be penalized 10 percent of its federal aid highway funds if the legislature does not, within a reasonable time, comply with federal requirements.

"The Special Committee on Highway Safety has addressed itself to this subject and has developed specific recommendations. These recommendations are for your serious consideration. In your deliberations it should be remembered that the over-all interests of Kansas citizens are of paramount importance. While highway safety in general, and compliance with the federal safety standards in particular, are in the public interest, your desire to achieve these objectives must be tempered by the realization that economy in government, reasonable requirements, and to the maximum extent possible, the convenience of Kansas motorists also is of utmost importance.

"In considering legislation affecting such items as driver re-examination, vehicle inspection and motorcycle safety, it is essential not only that your efforts be progressive and constructive but that you do not enact legislation which would impose unnecessary burdens on Kansas citizens, add needlessly to the cost of administering or enforcing the laws governing motor vehicles and operators, or place undue restriction on any person's ability to operate a motor vehicle in the state—particularly with regard to our senior citizens.

"Today, there is a great deal of pressure from various groups—particularly from the federal government—to legislate controls over motorcycle use.

"Many responsible groups and individuals representing motorcyclists have contacted my office expressing a sincere interest in contributing to developing regulations which will make motorcycling a safe sport.

"Therefore, I am forming a Governor's advisory committee on motorcycle legislation. I hope the legislature will draw upon the advice and suggestions of the committee.

"I have two immediate recommendations regarding motorcycling. First, that whatever no-fault insurance plans are considered by this legislature, motorcycle coverage will be excluded. Secondly, regarding the requirement for turnsignals on motorcycles, I agree with the safety value of turnsignals—but I believe it unfair to require turnsignals on motorcycles manufactured before the turnsignals requirement became effective. Before seatbelts became standard equipment in automobiles, there was no requirement that seatbelts be installed on earlier model automobiles. This problem should be clarified by this 1973 legislature."

*The Governor's speech has been condensed slightly; however, nothing was deleted that changed the meaning, or intent, of the speech.—Editor.

ABATE Defending Chopper in Test Court Case

On another front, ABATE has been working on a test case, using the ABATE technical reports as a defense against a traffic ticket for operating "an unsafe vehicle" (because of an extended front end).

The defendant, Dean Pettigrew, contacted ABATE through Jan Lowe of Cycle Parts Unlimited. We contacted an attorney, Larry Nelson, and after establishing the retainer, Jan Lowe in behalf of NCCSI, and Easyriders in behalf of ABATE, agreed to pick up the tab—it being too much for ABATE to afford.

We have been to court twice so far. The first time, the D.A. decided he wanted to get some experts to support him, and the trial was postponed. At the second trial, the judge was advised that ABATE's interest was to establish a precedent, in order to put a stop to the police use of the "catch-all" unsafe vehicle law as a means of harassing chopper riders. It would also be used as a precedent in other court cases nationally, where the question of the safety of an extended front end or of a rake is concerned. It was decided by the judge that the case—or point of law—should be argued in front of the State Attorney General, rather than in this local court, if we wanted the ruling to affect the entire state.

We have a hearing before the Attorney General scheduled in 90 days. In our brief encounter with the state's "experts," it appeared to us that they rely on opinions of police officers rather than on scientific facts. They also mix their "logic" with an emotional appeal supported by numerous photos of gory bike accidents that they allege were caused by front end failure. One photo, for example, showed the remains of a scooter after having been mauled by a Mack truck. When pressed on how they could determine the true cause of the accident, it turned out that they had relied on an officer's report that wasn't specific enough to prove anything other than another man's opinion.

We'll keep you advised on further developments.

ABATE is involved in many projects like the court test cited above. Everything we do is on a positive basis—that is, we have an engineering firm researching and writing technical engineering reports on altered bikes. These reports will be used in the courts, with local police, or with state and federal authorities.

Free Service for All ABATE Members

Through the efforts of the ABATE members we now have a fairly complete file on every state. The laws,

the legislators, the highway traffic officials. This information is supplied free to anyone requesting it and sending along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

As was said elsewhere in this column, to roll over and play dead—to accept whatever is forced upon us, without so much as a whimper, with a shrug of the shoulders—is bullshit.

Some noise—any noise—is better than no noise. It's the old story: if the bully thinks he can hassle you and get away with it, he will. But if he knows that even though he is more powerful and would no doubt win a fight, but that you'd put up a helluva scrap—and he just might get hurt along with his victory—he'll think twice about hassling you, especially when there are so many other guys in this world who won't fight him and will accept any abuse as inevitable—or will even run.

We prefer to bite an ear, poke an eyeball, make a mark—do something, even if defeated—at least we'll know that we fought all the way down, and didn't take any pussy route.

Heading for eternity?

The Department of Transportation, in warning people not to wear headphones while driving, warned: "A driver needs to hear all sounds of the highway in order to be a safe driver. Any motor vehicle operator who covers his ears may be heading for eternity."

What about a driver wearing a helmet? It would almost be the same as headphones—why is it only bikers who should be heading for eternity?

Florida politicians

Anyone in Florida wanting to know the names and addresses of Florida State and Federal Representatives, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ron Loggans, 1011 18th Street, Orlando, Fla. 32805.

Truth in a nut-shell

We don't have the name of the newspaper, but it was upset over the fact that the Idaho legislators "do not often promote bills that affect many people. Instead, they tend to legislate controls upon a small and not very vocal minority."

Anti-biker in Colorado

John Morgan sent in a news clipping that will be of interest to Colorado members. Carl Gustafson, majority leader of the Colorado House, said, "Exclusion of motorcycles from no-fault insurance would have the indirect effect of throwing motorcycles off the roads and highways. I believe that they should be."

Reprints available

Bikers all over the country are being hassled about their altered frames and/or their extended front ends. Wisconsin has a law, to go into effect in January, 1974, that will outlaw extended front ends. Police, everywhere, are using their old "catch all" law (unsafe vehicle) to cite bikes that they feel are unsafe because of some false "center of gravity" mumbo-jumbo caused by the extended front end, or because of an altered frame—or because the wind was going a different direction—who knows?

ABATE, in order to fight all of this, hired an engineering firm to determine whether a raked front end, or an extended front end was safe. In two lengthy documented reports, complete with engineering drawings, the engineering firm concluded that they are safe. Both articles were featured in Easyriders magazine (June '72 and February '73).

Now, reprints of the articles are available to aid bikers everywhere fight their battles with scientific facts, not just opinions. The reprints can be sent to legislators and local lawmakers, and used in court to fight traffic tickets.

To ABATE members the first copy of both reports are free—all we need is a stamped self-addressed return envelope. Each additional copy is 10¢.

To non-members, the first copy of each report is 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Each additional copy is 10¢.

Large quantities of reprints are available at reduced prices, for anyone wishing to make large mailings.

Send all orders to ABATE, Box 2280, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

ABATE patches are now available to members. Embroidered red, white, blue, and black patches measure 2½" x 4".

What can you do? Join ABATE. Let's get together in a mass so that our voice means something, has the weight and strength of numbers.

ABATE is a non-profit organization, sponsored by Easyriders magazine. If what has been said above doesn't get you off your ass, if the news of what's happening to other bikers on these pages hasn't frustrated you, if you don't see the pending arbitrary laws, if you don't see that an organized protest is much more effective than a shotgun approach, then what else can we say?

Help is needed

ABATE needs your support. All we can promise you is that we are working—doing something. Not as much as we would like—we just aren't that big or that rich. But if you want to do something to fight the anti-bike battle, you surely can afford a measly \$3.00 for an ABATE membership.

Membership card, decals, patches, and a direct mail report (as often as finances and time allow) are all available to members. But those obviously aren't the important things—it's the expensive engineering research and test reports, and the dissemination of them, and up to date anti-bike legislation information that helps the most people per dollar spent, and that is what we are primarily concentrating on.

—help yourself! Join the struggle, by joining ABATE, the only national organization that gives a damn about the street biker!

Join Today!

ABATE
Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740

Here's my \$3.00 for a one-year charter membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card, decal, and bike law bulletins.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

Not necessary to tear out page, Just send same info on a plain sheet of paper.

RED RIDER

FLASH BY ... ARE YOU SHITTING ME?

IDEAS BY BRADDOCK S. LARSON ... WHEN BY ESTERBROCK ... INK BY FELDMAN ... COLOR BY ... WHATS WITH NAME ... DUE DICK BY ...

ME?

IDEAS BY

BRADDOCK S. LARSON

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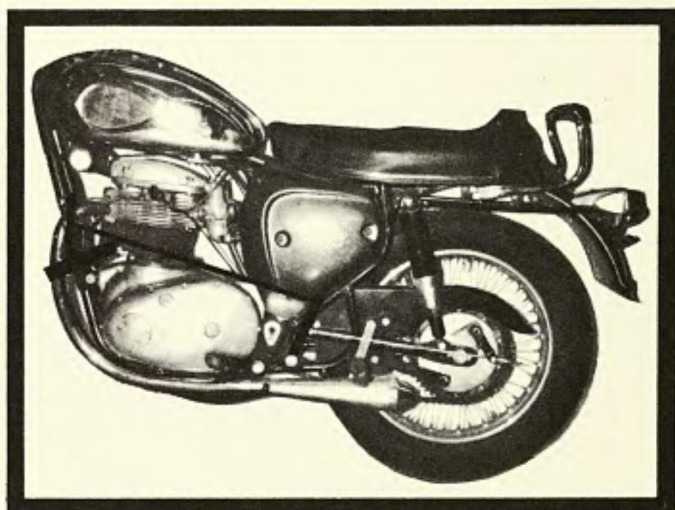
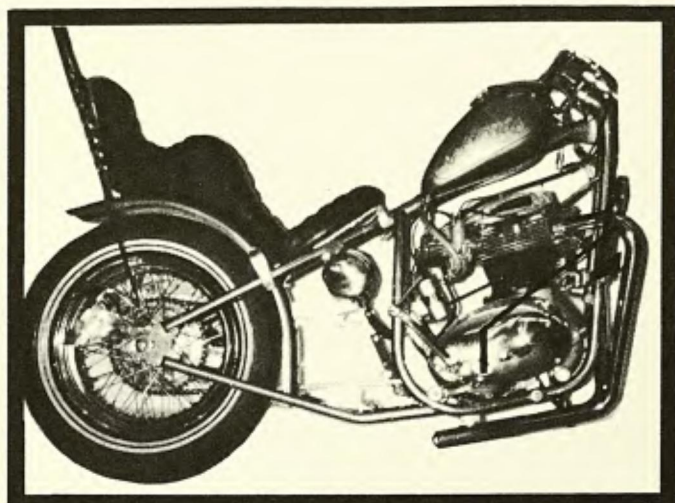
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PROTOTYPES SHOWN IN BLACK TO FACILITATE ART

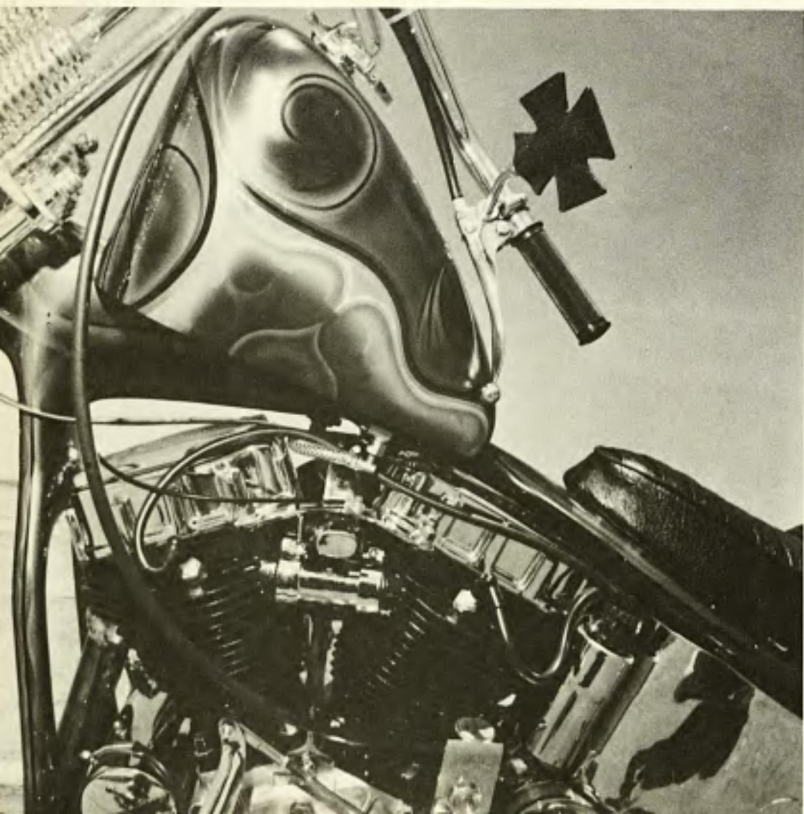


Please send me _____ sets of the
Hi-Way Bar Controls at \$75.00 each set.
I have a _____ YEAR _____ MAKE motorcycle.
Enclosed please find \$ _____
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FREIGHT PAID ON PREPAID ORDERS.



I can't tell you too much about this bike, because Chip, the owner, wasn't the talky type. And although his chick, Carol, was talky, Chip let me know, without saying a word, not to get too chummy with her.

I asked him if he could tell me a little of his history—maybe something about his first bike. He looked at me with all the interest of a guy watching someone pick his nose. Finally he growled, "I ain't coppin' out to nuthin'." He scratched his armpit for a minute, and then went on, "My first bike was a 74, and I ain't sayin' where I got it, but I rode the thing for over a hundred miles before I learned how to shift it."

I was trying to figure out what he meant, but decided against asking any embarrassing questions—he wasn't the kind of guy I would want to provoke.

"This is my eighth bike," he volunteered, apparently trying to break the awkward silence.

"No shit?—ha-ha. Well—I guess you learned how to shift, didn't you." I chuckled.

He wasn't amused.

After another awkward moment, he said, "I'm going to build only one more pan, and that's going to be the ultimate." Carol nudged him and asked, "What about that Sportster engine sitting in your bedroom?"

He gave her the same intimidating look he'd been giving me, and she backed away, with neither of them saying a word.

He returned his attention to me. "I put a lot of work into this machine—like I made everything I could, myself. The kickstand, for instance, I made from a tire iron, and I made the sissybar, seat, and gas cap." He pointed each of the things out to make certain I knew what he was talking about. "There's one thing I'd like

He Calls His Ol' Lady White Trash





Owner: Chip

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & make: 1960 H-D
Model: 74
Value: \$4000
Time: 1 year
Assembly: owner
Chroming: Lemon Grove

Frame

Year: 1960
Rake: 1 1/2 inch
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: custom
Tank: 3 1/2 gallon (glass)
Seat: owner
Material: naugahyde
Sissy Bar: owner

Engine

Year: 1960
Model: FLH
Builder: owner
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: Sifton
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): Sportster
Shifter: foot (hand-made adaptor)
Pipes: stock
Mufflers: custom welded

Forks

Type: springer
Extension: 12 inches over
Builder: Mel's

Painting

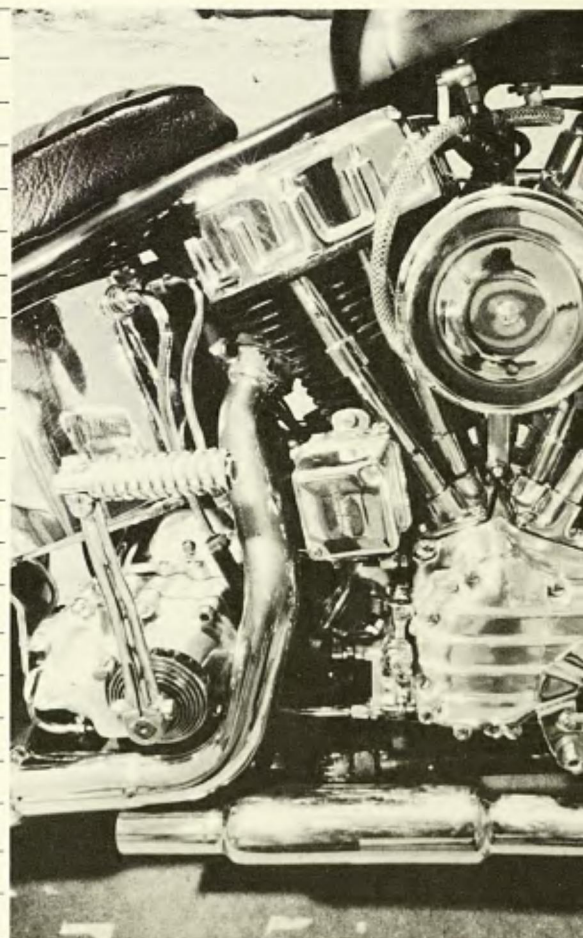
Molding: owner (metal and glass)
Painting: Dave Bur
Color: Freak Acid
Type: Lacquer

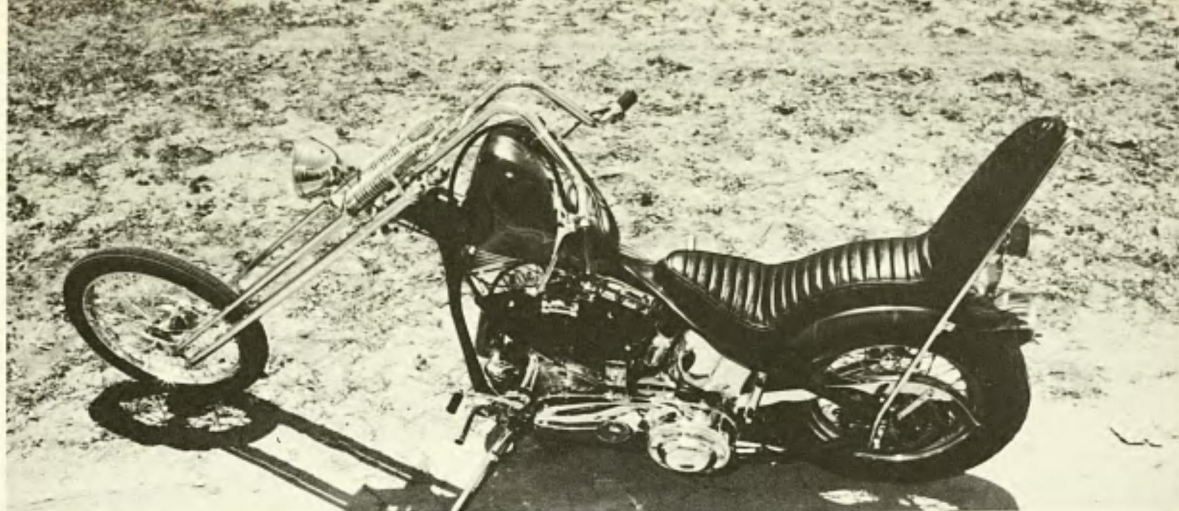
Tires

Front: 2.75 x 18 Avon Mk II

Wheels Front: 18-in Rear: 16-in

Rear: 5.00 x 16 Avon





you to put in the article—a lot of people say I don't like Hondas, and that's just not true." He pointed to the ignition switch. "See that switch? Its from a Honda. What you do is go down and buy a brand new Honda, take off the ignition switch, and throw the rest away!"

He cracked up on that one, and looked at both of us to make sure we appreciated his humor. "I'm from the East and I kinda get restless and bounce back and forth a lot, and one thing I've noticed is that the dudes out here don't seem to name their bikes like they do in the East. I can't understand that. I mean"—he glanced at Carol before continuing—"the bike is my ol' lady, and an ol' lady should have a name—right?"

He looked at me for some indication of agreement. I busied myself writing what he'd said. He then looked Carol over from head to foot, saying, "I like my ol' lady clean too; if she's good enough to ride, she's good enough to keep clean." At this point we were both diggin' on Carol. He caught me: "The bike, numb-nuts, the bike!"

Then, as with President Nixon, the press conference was instantly over. "I've got to split. This chick here"—he nodded toward Carol—"wants to go for a putt, and ah, we'll see ya later." ■



Gigantic Dave Mann Posters! Over 2-foot by 3-foot size!



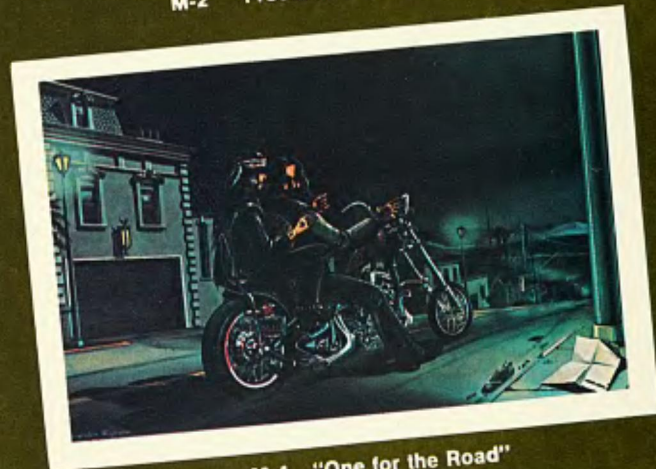
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M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

**The best of the Dave Mann paintings in
beautiful color on heavy art stock!**

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Enclosed is \$_____ for the posters indicated below. (Plus 50¢
for postage and mailing tube on orders under \$6.00)

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California residents add 5% sales tax

*All posters shipped in
wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.*

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Printing quality will be even better than
paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**,
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on much heavier paper.

Pot Patch

—Continued from page 37

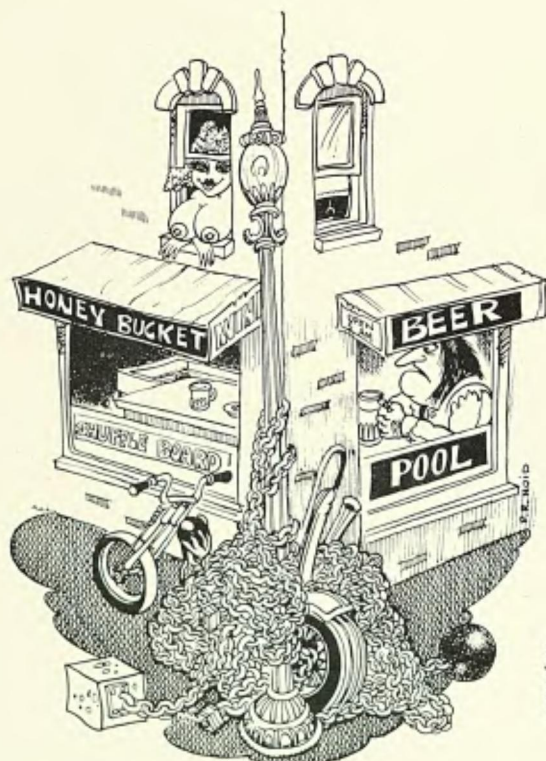
sit along the cliffs overlooking the river valley. With binoculars they watch the hippies pick in the fields. When the pickers get ready to make their getaway there is already a description of their VW bus. They usually get a few feet away before they are arrested.

Nebraska locals would be more interested in holding the Goodyear Blimp for ransom than in picking local dope. Cornbelt dopers will have nothing to do with the harvest and are somewhat surprised at the numbers of pickers that do materialize. The natives commonly believe that the local herb is just unworthy of their time. What many cornbelters do not realize is that in Boulder, Colorado, the dope capital of the West, Nebraska weed sells for up to \$150 a pound or even sometimes more, depending on the articulate quality of the seller. In fact, some of the more down-on-their-luck Colorado pushers sell maps of the Nebraska dope fields for a mere \$100 a copy. The average for admitted local Colorado hemp is about \$75 a pound, but who would really own up to where the

stuff came from? Some Colorado guys harvested 125 pounds of Nebraska weed in a week and drove it out to Colorado. There they managed to sell 50 pounds for \$100 a pound; the rest they stored in the doghouse in their back yard. A few weeks later Colorado narcs raided the house and asked who they should take to jail for the dope. The residents said that they did not know their dog was into dope and helpfully pointed out that the cops should arrest the dog. The guys were arrested instead, but were later cut loose because it could not be shown that they owned the dog.

The real reason that Nebraska is often favored over other weed-growing states is that in Nebraska at this writing the liberal pot laws carry seven days in jail for the first offense of possession, if there is less than an ounce of the stuff. However, once in jail, the pickers cannot be released on their own recognizance because the state laws prohibit recognizance bonds being issued on crimes of violence, sex, or dope. Thus the offender must wait in jail for trial or post the usual pot bond that runs from \$100 to \$5,000.

Originally the dope in Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas was planted by



"I figure if I increase the horsepower by 80%, I'll be able to lug that friggin' chain around at about 40 mph."

BUCK KNIVES



FAMOUS FOR HOLDING AN EDGE

An Impressive Knife You'd Be Proud to Wear!

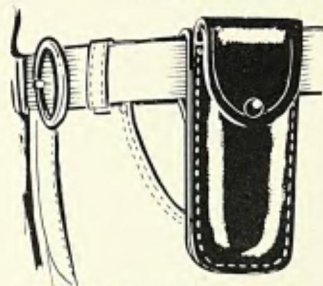
Here is absolutely the finest knife you can buy. The amazing ability of this knife to hold an edge is due to the high carbon content of the steel and the secret tempering process that has been handed down for three generations.

Buck Knives are equipped with a handle of golden-grain Macassar ebony wood with solid brass bolsters. Four-inch blade has positive lock in open position.

They are made of the highest quality steel—steel that has stain-resistant qualities. It is a masterpiece of skilled workmanship and comes equipped with a genuine saddle leather sheath (they are legal to wear on your belt). The initial price is small when you realize that this knife is guaranteed for life according to warranty. A warranty backed by a company with three generations of knife making and tempering experience.

\$19.95

Plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.



Each knife equipped with a saddle leather sheath.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



Mutha Goose

He leaped like a frog
Right onto his Hog
And like a shot was gone.
But the big bird-brain
Forgot it was chained;
Now he's splattered all over the lawn.
—Jack Goddard
St. Louis, Missouri

It was rainy and cold, and late at night;
I kicked my bike with all my might.
It didn't start so I tried again;
I choked and flooded my best friend,
Puffin' and pantin' with my leg full
of pain.
I was hateful by now and soaked from
the rain.
My chick came over and wanted to try;
I bashed her in the face and hoped she
would die.
She screamed, "You stupid sonuvabitch,
Why don't you turn on the goddam
switch!"

—J. D. Webster
Williamstown, N.J.

Here I sit in stinky vapor;
Somebody used all of the toilet paper.
The show is starting,
I must not linger,
Watch out, ass,
Here comes the finger!

—Moose
Denver, Colorado

Oh! Jack be nimble!
Oh! Jack be quick!
Dammit Jack, that's too damn quick!

—Red
Reseda, California

Out of the West came
Jim the Greek,
With 28 inches of
Swinging meat.
But poor old Jim
Had one bad trick:
The Lord stuck him
With a corkscrew dick.
All thru the West
The Greek would hunt,
Looking for a girl
With a corkscrew cunt.
At last he found one
And got her in bed—
Goddam sonuvabitch!
Left-hand thread!

—Jim Nickas
Las Vegas, Nevada

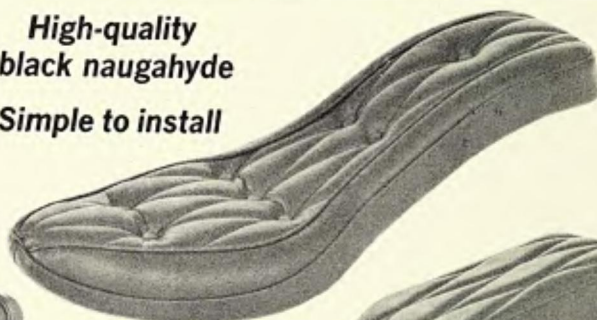
As I lay me down to sleep,
A bag of grass at my feet,
My lovely Harley sittin' outside,
My little momma by my side,
Please, dear Lord, grant me these wishes:
Sway my bike from chuckholes and ditches;
May the girls be plentiful wherever I pass;
And keep duh fuzz offa my ass.

—Randy Abernethy
Salt Lake City, Utah

Seats

Universal seats—will fit all bikes
Quality-covered on a steel plate
High-density foam
Heavily padded

High-quality
black naugahyde
Simple to install



Diamond Button
Seat
\$37.50



Diamond 18"
Back Seat
\$44.95



Plain Hump 18"
Back Seat
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Union soldiers during the Civil War. They planned on harvesting the cannabis and using the hemp for making rope for the Union Navy.

Unfortunately for the dopers, the soil produces an inferior type of smoking material. Out-of-state seeds produce a good first crop; however, after this initial success, all varieties join the mediocre herd. But there are ways of getting around the low THC content in local stuff. Imaginative freaks soak the leaves in wine, rubbing alcohol, brandy, dry ice, or whatever. More potent varieties have been produced by spraying the gold with PCP. PCP is an animal tranquilizer that produces an interesting trip. Farmers and ranchers use PCP to calm cattle when they castrate or brand them. Rumor has it that some of the more unscrupulous folks have been doing some real down-home activity which entails spraying local dope with Black Flag or Real Kill. They claim the resulting weed is dynamite. Reliable witnesses testify that local dope can be made into an interesting tea by boiling the leaves overnight and drinking it for breakfast. These people swear that this concoction sort of melloes out the whole day.

The natives who are not too particular where their money comes from head out to the marijuana fields in September in overalls and battered trucks. Traveling incognito like this seldom leads to capture. However, picking is not really as easy as it sounds. Pickers have been shot at by marauding aircraft. Once the pickers find a fair patch they have to battle mosquitoes and other fierce insects that resent their dope being made off with. The farmers also know what is going on. When they spot an unusual-looking vehicle parked on or near their property they always investigate with loaded shotguns. There have been so many captured pickers displayed in the news media that the farmers sort of like to get their bag limit too.

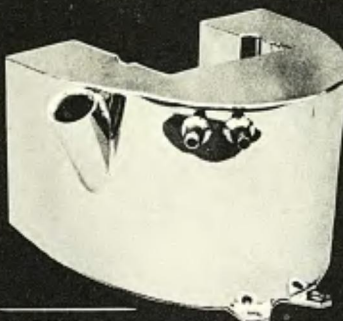
There is always some misunderstanding in the arrest of suspected dope pickers. Recently a long-hair was arrested for possession out in the country. During his booking he claimed that what the cops thought was dope was really clover. Everybody had a good laugh over that one while he was being fingerprinted. However, during court the next day, it was discovered that he was telling the truth. The boy pointed out that cigarettes will kill you and marijuana is illegal, so what was a smoker to do? Smoke clover, of course!

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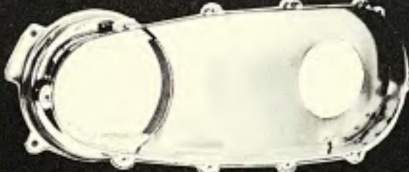
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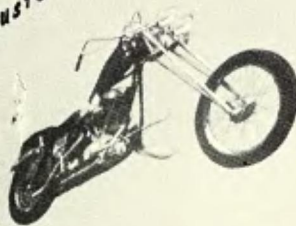
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Wally Pierson

—Continued from page 17

This goes on for a coupla minutes. I'm getting nauseated and his smile is getting bigger. I can see a coupla yellow teeth now. I don't really need this type of heart-stopping stimulation, so I break radio-silence first.

"Waddya need, Wally?"

The smile disappears (thank God) and he leans his head forward and turns one of his cauliflowers at me. "Huh?"

Holy Shithead, Batman!

"Waddaya need, Wally? Waddaya want? Waderyoo botherin' me for? Waddid I ever do to you?" Just that fast, man; I'm nothing but nerves. This guy can get to you in a way clap never could. I'm sittin' on the edge of my chair with my arms thrown out like I'm gettin' ready to head Butkis off at the pass.

He leans forward real slow and takes his feet off of the coffee table (which makes me very happy) and folds his hands and starts talking out of the side of his head. Literally. Looking at me with his one good beady eye.

"Boz, my friend," he says, says he, "do you need some extra money?" There's that smile again.

I ease back slowly; because if you ease back fast in a Caesar chair you can turn your head and watch the floor jump up and kiss your nose. I take in what Wally has said. I put my hands on my knees and stare at his eye. He smiles at me. If I look real close I can see the sun shining through his brain.

"You finally gonna pay me back, huh, Wally?"

You could tell I cut him to the quick with that one.

"Oh no. It's not that, Boz. I have come up with a way to get some extra money, that's all."

"What kinda way?"

"I'll tell ya." He waves his hand in the air and takes a swig of beer. I wave back. He looks at me like I was nuts.

"Waddaya doing?"

"Huh?"

"What's the matter with you? Are you stoned?"

"No." Very innocent.

"Then why did ya wave to me?"

"I'm just feelin' friendly."

"Oh." He nods his head and accepts my explanation like this kinda shit happens to him all the time. It probably does. I don't know.

"Well, anyway, like I was saying, I come up with a way to make some money. It's kinda like a one-shot business deal thing, ya know?"

"No. I don't know."

"Oh. Well, it's like this; see, I gotta product and I gotta buyer..." He pauses.

"That's nice," I say.

"... but I need a partner—"

"Goodbye, Wally." Some more of that crummy air I don't really need but am getting bags of comes in the open door. I don't even look at him. I stare at my disgusted face in the mirror. "Goodbye, Wally."

He hooked his foot on the coffee table and kicked it over while he

was getting up. Then he bent over to pick up the shit he had knocked on the floor and dumped half his beer on the stuff when he did. When he realized what he was doing he got all flustered and sat the beer on the arm of the recliner chair that had cost a good load of bucks. Only he was about a half-inch off on his calculations and the beer can got nice and comfy on the seat. I could hear it dripping through the crack between the arm and the cushion.

I don't know where he landed. I slammed the door too fast to see. I heard him thump, though. It was a very satisfying sound. Then I sat down and had a good cry.

PART THREE

Right around nine o'clock I hit Ye Olde Tavern to get me a full load. I was feeling a little bit better. Not too much. Not enough to smile or to really care if anybody was standing behind me when I farted.

Andy set me right up, though. "How ya feelin' tonight, Boz?"



"It was that ugly devil on the right—he did it!"

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I just stared at him. He took my jack and walked away like he'd never said nothing at all. I liked that about Andy. You didn't need to catch him upside the head with a bottle to get him to understand.

I sipped my beer and had a smoke and nodded to some guys and put a quarter in the box and played some very hard material. Then I did some thinking. What about don't matter. Just bullshit. Chicks, guys, bikes, chicks, money, dope, chicks. Just bullshit.

Then I got weird and started thinking about Wally Pierson.

I got to wondering about what this "kinda like a one-shot business deal thing, ya know?" thing was about. Knowing Wally, it was probably a bag of all-day suckers (candy type) that he was gonna rip off from the local five-and-dime, and he needed somebody to smile at the cashier while he did. I shivered at a delayed rush my body musta saved up from something I did a while back and got another beer and put another quarter in the box.

I no more than got my ass back on the cushions than in walks three of the greasiest, straightest-looking dudes you may ever wanna see in your whole entire life. These guys had butch haircuts on their balls. They're good friends of mine. Two of them are speed freaks and the other one is a I-don't-give-a-fuck-what-it-is-give-it-to-me freak. Swell people.

They each got a beer and came over to my table.

"Hi, Boz."

"Hi, Frank."

"Hi, Boz."

"Hi, Stu."

"Fuck you, Boz."

"Eat my dick, Carsons." I was feeling better all the time.

Frank took a healthy belt and said "What's going on, man?" while he wiped off his lips.

I belched and shook my head. "Nothing I know of."

He nodded and looked around. Stu and Carsons got into a I-hit-you-last contest. There was just so much happening I couldn't understand how my body held up against the pressure.

We got into a rap about how it was at work all week and how great it was to finally be into the weekend and what we were gonna do to have a good time and that killed about an hour and three or four beers apiece.

I decided to put some class into the conversation and brought up the



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subject of Wally Pierson.

"Guess who I saw today?" One of the all-time great attention grabbers. You could tell they were interested by the way they all raised one eyebrow or flicked their ashes on their pants and rubbed them in with the heel of their palms. I waited for one of them to lay a finger aside of his nose and plant a few honkers on the floor. It was turning into that kind of night.

Finally Stu said, "Who?" really enthused.

"Christine Jorgensen," said Carsons, bulging his eyes and dangling his tongue and making like he was squeezing a pair of knockers with his hands in the air. He gets off on that kinda shit, ya know? Fuckers crazy.

"Wally Pierson."

Frank stuck his cigarette in his mouth and applauded.

"Shut up," I said. "Lissen, I gotta tell ya this. It's pure Wally Pierson. Really."

Stu cocked his ass and farted. Then he started laughing like that was the funniest thing in the world that could have happened at that very moment. Carsons punched him in the shoulder.

"Whassamatter with you, fuck-head?" Very indignant. "Ya born in a barn?"

Stu shut up and looked at him. "No. They found me under a cockroach."

Frank nodded his head sagely. "Sounds reasonable to me." They all busted a gut at this. Ordinarily I would have joined in, but I was trying to talk.

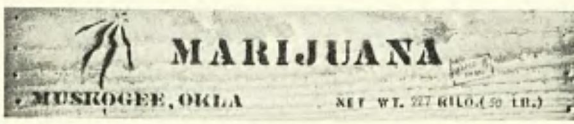
"You guys are some rude motherfuckers, that's all I got to say," I said and turned my face to the wall.

Carsons piped up. "Lissen, you wanna talk about Wally Stupid Pierson, I got something I can tell ya about Wally Shithead Pierson." He wiggled his ass a little and when the nest was right he leaned back and flicked his ash on the floor and said, "That crazy motherfucker comes up to me the other night and says he got a way to get some easy money only he needs a partner." He shook his head and looked at his beer and kinda smiled. "I wouldn't partner up with that crazy motherfucker if he was leading me to the greatest ball in town and he was willing to take sloppy seconds." He kinda chuckled and shook his head again. "Wally Dumbfuck Pierson." He sat up real sudden-like and scared the shit out of everybody. "Good God!"

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A real bad case of the giggles doubled him over.

Guess who walks in the door just about then. You got it. Wally Stupid Shithead Dumbfuck Pierson. Good God indeed.

PART FOUR

"Hi, guys." That smile again.

"Hi, Wally."

Then he muscled . . . wait a minute; when you're built like Wally you don't *muscle* anything . . . he boned a section of the seat from Frank, which shoved me up against the wall. This didn't make me or my elbow very happy. But with a guy like Wally you gotta learn to let some things slide. Ya know?

"Watcha doin', guys?" Very bright and cheerful. Made me sick.

"Drinkin' beer." I don't know who said that. I sure as hell didn't.

"I'll buy a round for my good buddies," he said, heading for the bar.

Stunned. I was beginning to warm up to the evening and here comes Wally Pierson and sobers me right up. I wasn't alone neither. Frank and Stu and Carsons were very open-mouthed. We all watched his ass mince around while he walked away. Then we all looked at each other like a bunch of kids with a chance to get their first blow job.

Holy Incredible Happening, Batman!

He came back with a very smug look on his face. This time Frank and I scooted over by ourselves.

He took a swig, looked around a little bit and then seemed to notice us. None of us had touched our beers yet. I was thinking of having mine bronzed.



"Jus' take my word for it—da helmet's under da hair."

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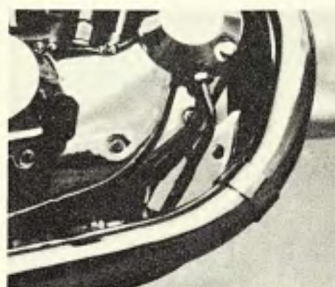
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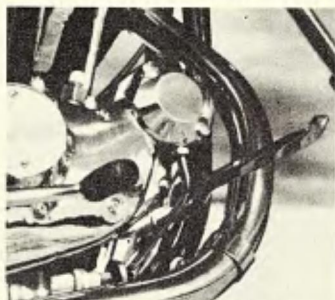
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"Whatchoo guys lookin' at me like that for?" He checked his zipper.

"Sorry, man," said Stu. "You just ain't never bought me a beer before."

The fucker actually blushed, man. Red. Like a tomato. He squirmed around a little. "Oh. Is that all?" Then he kinda tilted his head back and shook it once or twice and brushed his hair around; which was all wasted effort cause that dude's got about as much hair as a peanut tank. He looks sorta like one, too.

Then he looked at me and winked and just smiled. We all waited for him to blow me a kiss. I think he did, I don't know. When he started to talk, he kinda pursed his lips. Looked like a cat's ass.

"Remember what I told you about? Earlier? A coupla hours ago? Ya remember?"

I hadda answer him or he woulda gone on like that forever. "Yeah, yeah. I remember. Why?" As if I really wanted to know. I still hadn't touched that beer.



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"Well . . ." He took a drink. "I went and done it"—Stu went and done it, too. He hitched himself up and blatted another one. Carsons punched him in the shoulder again.

"Goddamn."

"Play me *Melancholy Baby* there, wouldja, Satch?" said Frank.

Wally looked like he was gonna be sick. He shivered and then he looked at me. "Like I was saying, I went and done it."

"Done what? Wadya do?" The fucker had me going again.

"That business deal. I pulled it off." He chuckled a little and took another hit on his beer. Mine was so neglected it had spiderwebs. "Yes sir. I made me a business deal and some money. Yes sir. Ha ha. Y—e—s—s—i—r."

Carsons turned to Stu. "In other words, you're just a pile of cockroach shit, huh?"

This must have disturbed Wally something awful. He looked kinda shook. "What's the matter with you guys? Are you guys stoned?"

"No," I said, "lissen. Tell me what this business deal was about. Tell me about it. What did you do? Fill us in."

Wally hunched over and glanced around kinda nervous-like. "I can't tell ya here." Sounded like he was very astounded that I should even think of such a thing.

You can't tell me there ain't no God in Heaven. Just like we'd practiced it all week we all bent forward and in the same tone of voice and right in chorus said, "Why not?"

This really got to the fucker. "Wassa matter with you guys? Are you guys stoned?" He was really getting schitzie. "Come on, you guys,



"Aw, honey, let's skip the foreplay this time."



Goddammit, what next?

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tell me. Don't be doing this shit to me."

Frank said, "You tell us what this business deal you had was, and we'll tell you if we're stoned or not."

Check this out man: the dude went along with it. "Okay. Come on. Let's go in my car and drive around for a while." It was really important to the fucker to know if we were stoned or not.

I went up to the bar and got Andy to give me a cap to put over my beer. I had decided I was gonna save it. If I ever got married I was gonna show it to my grandkids when they got married and say, "Ya see this, kiddies? This bottle of beer I got here in my gnarled, wrinkled old hand? Wally Stupid Shithead Dumbfuck Good God Indeed Pierson bought that for me, and when I die I want you should go to my eulogy and shake it up and fizz the preacher with it. Will ya do that for me? Huh? Will ya?" Looks like that fucker will still be doing it to me when I'm ninety years old.

Holy Snake-eyes, Batman!

When I piled into Wally's beat-up old Chevy station wagon I whacked him on the shoulder bone with the bottle.

"Head for my house first. I got some jays rolled and we can take them with us."

"Okay." He cranked her up and we were on our way.

(Sounds like the start of a great adventure, doesn't it. Don't hold your breath.)

PART FIVE

Half an hour later, we're out west of town someplace. You can tell it's dark because you can see it in the farmer's tractor's headlights. I'm laying back trying to pick out various parts on that month's gatefold beauty that Wally's got tacked on the roof of his car. Me, I take them out and put them on the bathroom door. He sticks them on the inside of his car. I told ya, the fucker's nuts.

Anyway, I'm laying there trying to see something (what else are ya gonna do in a car full of guys?). Wally's driving along nodding his head in time to the music coming out of the tape deck. I'll give the guy this much, he's got good taste in music; still, this is only because what the people he thinks are his friends have got, he's got. Frank is just staring out into space. I mean

he's got his hands on the dashboard and he's leaning forward with his neck bent at a four-hundred-thirty-degree angle and he's just staring out into space. Stu takes another stab at My Bucolic But Still Bulging Baby, and Carsons punches him in the shoulder with one hand and rolls down his window with the other.

"Holy shit!" he says.

"Not yet," says Stu.

"Workin' on it, though," says Frank in a strained voice.

I pull out another jay and fire it up and start to pass it around. "Okay, Wally, we're stoned. So what was this business deal you pulled off?"

"You know Angelo Deller, don't you?"

"Yeah." Always in there with those snappy answers I yam, I yam.

"Well, I had to borrow his van to do it . . ." Here there was the sound of a long pause and a sudden inhalation of breath. Then there was a little red light hobbling toward me over the back of the seat. I took it and made the sound of a long pause and a sudden inhalation of breath myself. ". . . and then I went down to the Harley Inn—you know where that is, don't ya?"

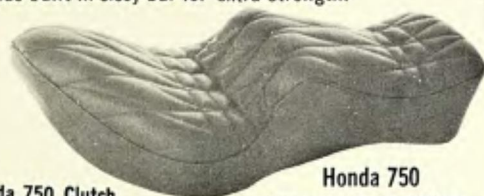


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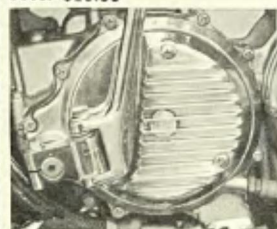
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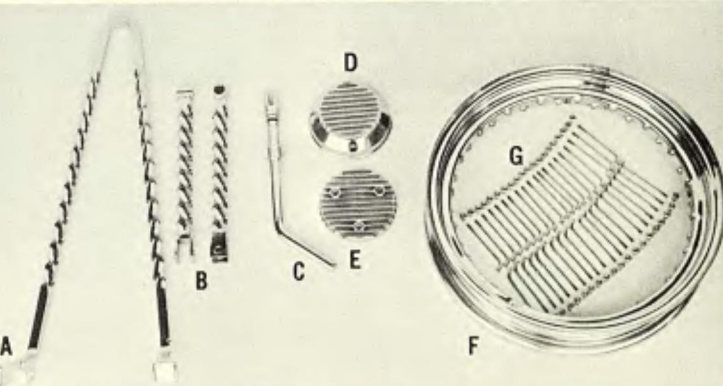
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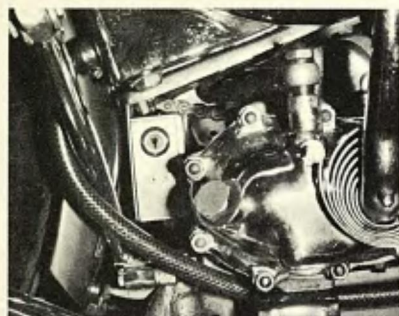
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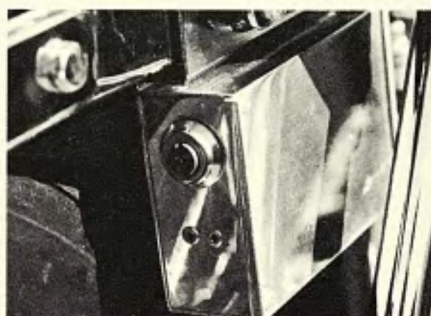
needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

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I kinda sat up. I had this thought pop up into my head and I was hoping it was just my stoned chromosomes that had borned it. "Yeah. I know where that is. Keep goin'."

"Well—" another toke "—around in back there's always this chopper. You know, that deep blue one with the coffin-tank?"

I was sitting straight up now. So was everybody else. Frank looked like a constipated buzzard, 'cause when he turned to look at Wally he didn't bother to straighten out his neck.

"Well . . . I just backed up the van and opened the back doors and slid out this plank and rolled it in there and slid the plank back in and got back in the van and took it over to—"

"WHAT!!!!!"

Wally's eyes got big and round and the car kinda slued around for a minute.

"Wow, guys! Don't be doin' that shit! Jesus Christ!"

"Jesus Christ yourself, Fuckhead!"

"You ripped off this guys bike?!"

Wally kinda slowed the car down and turned half around in his seat. "Yeah. So what?"

Paranoia, that's what.

"Lissen, did anybody see ya do this?" Frank asked that one. I noticed that he had straightened out the S-curve.

"Maybe. I ain't too sure. When I looked back in the mirror I saw somebody coming around the corner of the building." He stopped and chewed his lip a second. "Maybe. I ain't too sure."

Stu farted and yelled at the same time.

"LBILGAHTTZS!!!"

"WHERE?" Stupid question. Everybody knows where the lights are. Back there. Where else do they put the lights?

I opened the door and yelled at Wally, "Let me outa this fucking car!"

"What? Huh?" Wally slowed down and looked in the mirror and turned around and looked at me.

I was throwing sparks with one heel. "LETMEOUTAHEREWILL-YA!!!? Will ya, huh? Will ya let me outa this fucking car?"

"S-T-O-P T-H-I-S G-O-D-D-A-M C-A-R!!!!"

He did. We piled outa that car like we'd just drove up and the ditch was fulla snatch spread out there just waiting.

Wally started to get out, too.

Carsons kicked the door and knocked him back inside. "Will you

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-Spider



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get the fuck outa here?"

Wally took off.

There them lights were. Four of them. Spread across the road and bounding along heading right towards us.

Stu took off across the field, pitching up mud like a backhoe with a deadline. He wasn't alone, neither.

PART SIX

We hit town as the sun was taking its morning piss. Man, that dew was somethin' else! On top of the rain we'd walked in most of the night. Four of us. Dirty as hell. Sweaty. Sore-footed. Blisters up to the ankles. Like who the hell walks across fields and stumbles over rocks and who-the-fuck-knows-what-other-kind-a shit these days? And all fuckin' night. We'd been heading for the Interstate, figuring we'd follow it into town. So there we were, just limping along, kicking through the mud about a hundred yards from the highway, when . . .

Well, we were passing this all-night EAT/GAS place that was really lit up—and guess who was sitting in the parking lot along with the trucks and the Cadillacs and the campers.

You got it.

Wally Stupid Shithead Dumbfuck Good God Indeed Pierson.

He was talking to this big mother-fucker who was leaning on this deep-blue chopper with a coffin tank, and they were laughing their asses off. When they looked up and saw us standing there, wiping sweat and rain and mud and whatthelhellver off our faces and clothes and boots and everything else, I thought sure as hell both of 'em were about to have a messa kittens. The men in the white coats with the butterfly nets woulda had a ball about that time.

Well, us three paranoid night-walking-through-the-fields heroes just stood there shifting from one sore foot to the other, wiping sweat and cowshit and horseshit and dogshit and Christ knows what the hell else off our faces and pants and boots, and just looked at each other. What the fuck is there to say at a time like that?

We shoulda stayed in the car. Fuck them lights behind.

But then our beady eyes gleamed at each other. The fucker'd got away with it for now.

But there'd come a day. As bikers, we knew it. And as non-friends of Wally Pierson, we'd see to it. ■



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BUILDING A CHOPPER? Try us for parts. No fancy full-page ads, but we've got the goodies at out-of-sight prices. We pay freight too. Catalog 50¢. M-R Enterprises, Dept. "E", Box 34, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014 (3). (18)

HOG FOR SALE. 1953 panhead motor in '62 swingarm frame. Engine has new pistons, rings, rods, bearings and cages. Tranny in perfect condition. Tires almost new. Heads are new, O-ring type. Has footshift, mouse-trap. Paint is perfect. Chrome on pipes and handlebars has yellowed. Bike is legal. \$1000.00. Old rigid frame \$100.00. Buzz Eusebio Ayala, San Simon 97-1, Mexico 3, D.F.

BUILDING A CHOPPER? Try us for parts. No fancy full-page ads, but we've got the goodies at out-of-sight prices. We pay freight too. Catalog 50¢. M-R Enterprises, Dept. "E", Box 34, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014. (3)

EASTERN CHOPPER SERVICE—Hex oil tanks \$44.95. 16" rims \$23.95. Z bars \$10.95. Square lites \$9.95. Small brake wheels \$69.95. Springers from \$175. Bots bags \$6.95. Obsolete parts for all makes. Send \$1.00 for 60 page catalog. Dealers on letterhead. AH Custom Cycle Supply. 333 N. 10th St., Reading, Penna. 19501. Phone 215-376-6062.

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Mail Call

The following names and addresses are bikers who are in jail and would like to hear from girls. We've had to condense the listings in order to get as many as we can listed every issue. Be sure to use entire address given, exactly as given, to be certain your letter is received.

I would like to hear from anyone. Ron "Jammer" Duvall, Drawer 494, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

I don't get much mail here in downtown San Quentin. John Ascencio, Box B43301, Tama, California 94964.

24-yr-old ex-biker doing time would like to hear from chicks that dig bikes. Oddis "Red" Gwinn 129347, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Does anyone remember Mad Dog from the Milwaukee Outlaws? I hope so, 'cause I've been in here four years and haven't heard from a soul! T. C. Waggener, #130-524, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Would lik to hear from any chick that would care to shoot a few lines my way. A. Allen Bitner, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Bike accident victim recuperating would like correspondence from chicks. Pancho Monterrey, 181 E. 43rd St., Hialeah, Fla. 33013.

Two bikers in the slam would like to correspond with chicks. Send photos if possible. David Drake #100063 and James Drummonds #94636, 500 Spring St., Richmond, Va. 23219.

I've got no family and I could really stand to get some mail. I ain't a bad dude. Timothy Kalinowski #82801, Box 56 Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Away from home and the days are lonely. I would like to write a righteous chick who could dig a con. Donald Patterson 27123, Box 1000 Lewisburg, Pa.

We need chicks that are into bikes. Lee Langschied #80-395 or Tony Russi #80-873, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

If any fellow bikers or chicks out there feel like writing a down an' out chop freak just scratch out a few words and send 'em off. PFC Eisnor 023403819, Marine Detachment Naval Disciplinary Command, Portsmouth, New Hampshire 03801.

NEW 8 TRACK Car Tape Players \$29.95. A \$79.95 value anywhere. Satisfaction Guaranteed with a 30-day free trial. Send \$1.00 for shipping. No C.O.D.'s. Check or Money Order Only. Lee Wholesale, 1429 Cambridge Ave., College Park, Ga. 30337.

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36 V.L.H. cases, rods, 40-over pistons, lifters. \$75.00. Larry Chabira, 1231 N. Jackson, Topeka, Kansas 66608.

SITUATION WANTED

Professional Artist building bikes, fresh ideas. Contact Marv Jensen, RR#2, St. Ansgar, Ia. 50472, phone 515-736-4637.

WANTED

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS—Easyriders are always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers. Write on your letterhead for rates and

requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS—Read a couple of issues of Easyriders thoroughly, and decide if you can (or barf, willing), to write in Easyriders'. We want fiction pieces, short stories, poems, short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first, don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

WANTED—Ratchet lid for 74 transmission and foot shifter and linkage. R. Stillwagon, 6514 Oakhill Drive, West Farmington, Ohio 44491.

Whoever lifted my 1970 Shovel from 147 Crescent, in the vicinity of Freeman High, Sunnyvale; Get Fucked! Anybody got any information? There's a few bucks in it for you. Veh. I.D. 2A26545 HO, Jack G. Hudson, 325 Percy Ave., Yuba City, Calif. 95991. Ph. (916) 673-6805 (8am-5pm).

PAUL HILL, where the hell are you? I miss you. Will you write to me? I think I love you. Jan Wilken, 520 14th St. N.E., Salem, Ore. 97301. Phone 581-5013.

WANTED—Moving to California this fall. Wanted: Righteous biker to jam with on weekend runs. NO strings. Super-sweet ol' lady of 23 years. 36-25-34. Write to Susy, Box S, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

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Special Announcement for Retailers

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dell Distributing, Inc. is pleased to announce that its Display Program now includes EASYRIDERS magazine published by Paisano Publications, Inc. This Display program is available to all domestic retailers purchasing said publications from wholesalers.

Under this Program, you will receive payment for each copy of the relevant publications sold by you provided you comply with the display and reorder requirements of the formal agreements. Retailers may decide to participate in any one or all of these programs. To receive copies of the formal Retail Display Agreements which set forth all details, retailers purchasing from wholesalers should write to Dell Distributing, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, Attention: Circulation Manager. Each Program becomes effective after Dell receives and accepts the Retailer's signed agreement.

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