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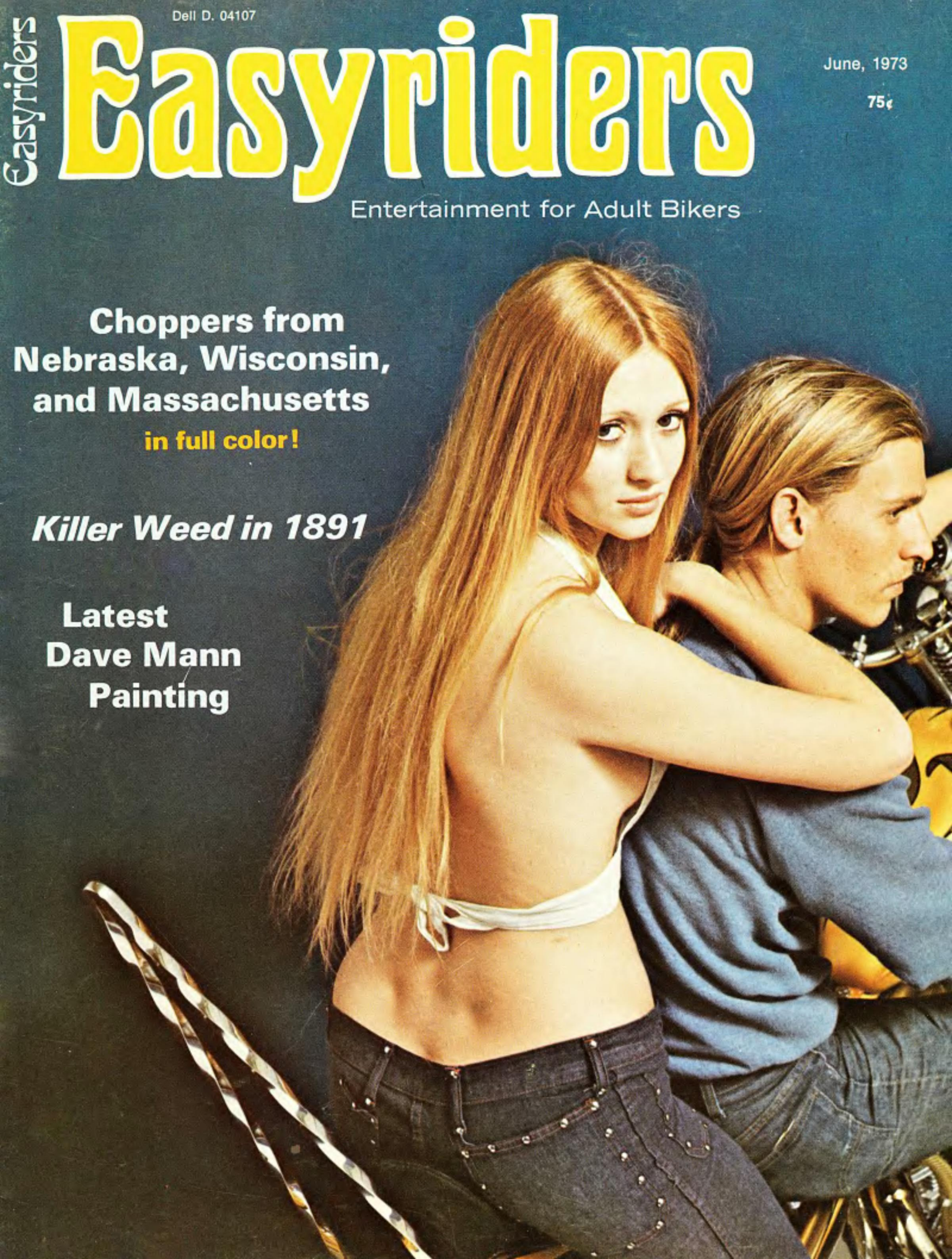
Easyriders

Easyriders

June, 1973

75¢

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Choppers from Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts

in full color!

Killer Weed in 1891

Latest Dave Mann Painting



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

Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2¾" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.

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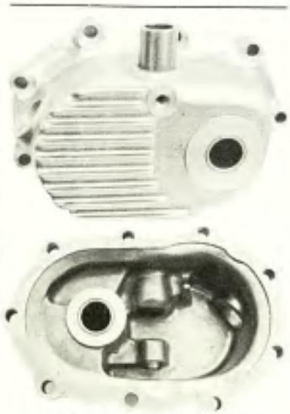
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Yetman *rigid frame sections are handbuilt in precision jigs using Shelby seamless steel tubing, and heliarc welded with stainless steel rod. Every tube is beautifully set into the mounting plates to produce a molded effect and to greatly increase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

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SRS2	HD Sportster, 67 and up	69.50
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider's still spinning	4	**Taking It Easy**
Readers fire on the editor	6	**Wordmonger's Wordhoard**
Quotes from other biker rags	10	**Biker's Digest**
Mass protest helps	12	**The Day The Helmet Bill Was Killed**
You won't believe this one	14	**Freddie The Freaked-Out Pelican**
You'd smile too (we would!)	16	**What's This Man Smiling At?**
Some of you will remember	20	**Brando in THE WILD ONE**
We can't get rid of the bitch	21	**Miraculous Mutha Tells All**
Some strange ones from out of the past	22	**Early Trikes**
The cops didn't dig his tank design	24	**His Scoot Was Almost Impounded**
A half-assed excuse to feature some broads	29	**A Review of our Cover Models**
Action photos from our readers	30	**In The Wind**
Dave Mann's latest	34	**Puttin' In The Rain**
Killer weed in 1891? Really?	36	**The Killer Weed in 1891**
Two beauties and a beast	38	**Milwaukee Iron**
Weird Harold flips out	43	**Red Rider and Little Beaver**
More news on chopper testing machine	44	**ABATE, The Biker's Association**
His friend is a good one	46	**Meet My Friend Clyde**
Don't get pissed—we're just havin' fun	51	**The Great San Diego Run**
Learn the reasons not to call her that	55	**Don't Call Me "Chick"!**
The best place to buy and sell your goodies	66	**Choppershopper**



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ABATE

MCCS

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Another multi-million-dollar pot bust: Customs agents found 384 wooden boxes on a Mexican-registered freighter. In the boxes were "nearly eight tons" of grass, in the form of "7,000 bricks weighing 2.2 pounds each." The newspapers also stated that "officials estimated its value at $13 million." Of course, that's the usual inflated value pulled out of the air by narcs. In this case, the 13 mil evaluation figures out to over $844 per pound! (By the way, narc dogs led the agents to the hoard.)

Knowing your woman department: Statistics prove that 41 percent of all murdered women are killed by their husbands—and you're not going to believe this, but one of four of the done-in women incited the violence in the first place. (Of course, there's only one version afterwards.) Only eleven percent of all men murdered are snuffed by their ol' ladies. Hell, I may as well throw in this fact too: Women get more warts than men do. (Really!)

You've all heard of a cat box. Now there's a doggy box. For the first time you don't have to send your hound to the next door neighbor's yard to dump his load—just send him to his own toilet: a device that's hooked into the household plumbing and features a 27-inch belt of astroturf that rotates through a brushing, wash and drying cycle after the beast lets'er rip on the turf. I'm not certain whether you have to teach him to flush it or not—or if you have to teach him how to improve his aim.

And from the porno front: Now that everyone boarding an airplane is personally searched along with all carry-on luggage, airports across the country have reported a national phenomenon: Their trash cans have become a gold mine of porno books, magazines and photographs. Authorities say that passengers are apparently discarding their stashes of pornography rather than risk embarrassment when they face the anti-skyjack guards. The FAA says that they have no reason to detain anyone carrying porno material (for personal fun and games), so don't panic—that stuff's expensive!

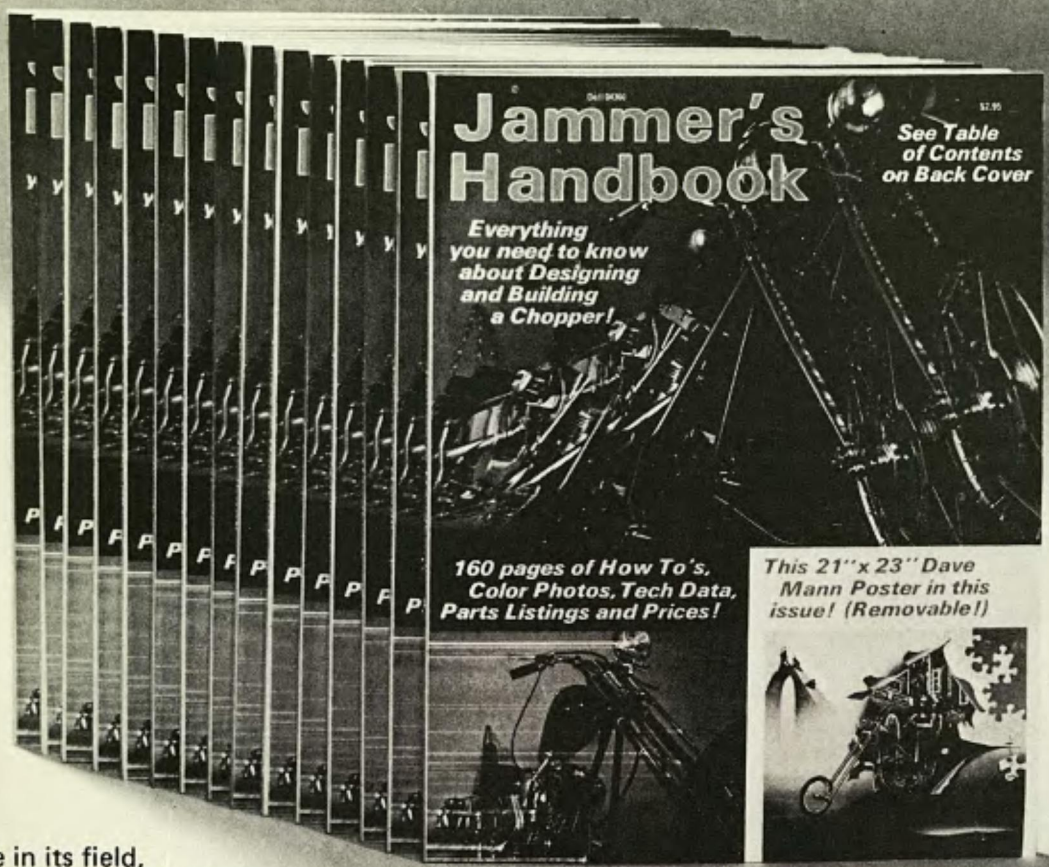
Another lawmaker asks for legalization of pot. Rep. Michael Glover cited statistics before a Kansas legislative committee to show that alcohol and cigarettes represent greater threats to well-being than does marijuana. (Kansas has already reduced its penalties for possession of pot for individual use: it's only a misdemeanor.)

Did you read where this dude was convicted of ripping off $4,611,473.35 from a Georgia bank while he was president of it? Did they toss him in the slammer and throw away the key? No, that usually is the penalty for poor people and lesser crimes. He got ten years (eligible for parole in about three years) for lifting almost 4.7 million dollars.

When your ol' lady's buggin' ya about gettin' your big ass out of the house and finding a job, tell her you have one helluva bad case of ergasiophobia. (A fear or dread of work.)

Showing Class Dept: The straight press did their usual hypocritical dash-dash-dash thing recently, avoiding a naughty word (while at the same time making it perfectly clear what the dash-dash-dash jazz meant) when reporting that Frank Sinatra got hacked at a female columnist and read her off, right in front of God and everybody, at a society bash. According to the newspaper account, "Sinatra shouted, 'You're nothing but a $2 broad. You're a ----, that's spelled -----.' (he spelled out a four-letter anatomical term referring to a woman), then stuffed two $1 bills into her empty glass and walked away." Do you suppose that if they had spelled out some word like "cunt", people everywhere would have flipped out of their gourds and gone on a wild sex rampage?

This book stands alone.



Alone in its field,
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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

Dealers: Inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

Worse Than Playboy?
☐ I thought **Playboy** was bad, but your magazine is much worse.

Sick Stomach
Longview, Texas

Eureka!
☐ You said in your last issue that 75 percent of all motorcycle accidents occurred within the first 90 days of ownership. I have a solution to the problem: Don't ride the bike within the first 90 days of ownership.

Fruitcake
Nashville, Tenn.

■ Hey, you sound like some of our lawmakers.

Two Questions
☐ I have only two questions to ask you: How'd that Texas dude get his primary on the right side, and why did he mess up his bike by covering it with all those bra-less women?

DiDi Niedermeyer
Casper, Wyoming

■ Our printer doesn't know a Harley from a John Deere tractor, and the biker probably "messed up" his bike that way for the same reason I would—he digs 'em.

A Girl In a Girly?
☐ I just picked up a girly magazine and spotted one of the chicks that you've had on your cover. Could this be possible? What will girls like that do to the biker image?

Bill Chonik
New York, N.Y.

■ First, everyone has to earn a buck. Second, add some class.

Chopper Shopper Popular
☐ The Mail Call section of your Chopper Shopper department is really a great thing. I decided to write to some of the guys in jail and in every case they wrote back. Those guys really get off on a letter or two. Compared with the small cost of stationery and stamps, the amount of happiness a letter brings really makes it worth while—and gives you a great feeling.

Colleen Marker
Pontiac ,Michigan

■ This might be a good spot for an explanation to the prisoner who wrote us about one of his prison guards who sent in a request for mail. (We, not knowing him to be a guard, printed his request.) We received your letter, but decided not to print it, for you were so pissed at the prison guard that you challenged him and even told him where to meet you. We normally would be the last people to censor anything, but in this case, we felt that you were inviting trouble.

Put-the-ol'-lady-down Time
☐ I see it was put-the-ol'-lady-down time again in the fiction article "Not An Everyday Rip-off." So the dude picked the wrong chick. When the hell you dudes gonna realize there are a helluva lot of chicks around who would make an agreement with a dude—either for marriage or shacking—if he supports her, she'll support biking. He pays rent, food, clothes, utilities, etc.; she pays for bike, customizing, upkeep, weed, booze, runs, etc.

He shouldn't be expected to pack her all the time. A guy does need some time out alone. This is one chick who would be willing to make such an agreement with the right dude. I take home over $100 per week, and that would pay for a bitchin' bunch of biking.

So, bikers, stop bitchin'. If you've got one of **them**—you picked her. So dump her and find one of us who dig biking enough to support it 100%.

Daisy
Fort Wayne, Ind.

■ She didn't give us her address because she didn't want to be swamped with bikers knocking at her door. "I'm only interested in getting one."

Annoyed and Deeply Concerned
☐ Nearly every issue of your mag contains at least one irate letter from some jerk-off complaining about its contents. I am annoyed and deeply concerned for your sakes, for you probably have to put up with that shit every day. Even so, I don't believe it necessary for you to share it with us, your readers. In the future, kindly deposit such letters in your circular file, and bear your suffering alone.

T.W. Maddox
Metairie, La.

■ Suffering? Who's suffering? We think opposites are entertaining, just as they do.

Show Me More!
☐ When I received the March issue and got one look at your cover, I damn near died. Feverishly I pawed through the rag trying to find more photos of her, only to find that you creeps only put her on the cover. She's beauti(full)—show me more!

Jim Kirkey
Surrey, B.C., Canada

Mean Guys
☐ Man, you guys are mean. You show a beautiful chick on the cover, but don't have anything about her on the inside of the magazine.

Jack Lewis
Denver, Colorado

■ To get up to date on some of the models we have featured, see page 29.

Lost Her Breath
☐ I'm a lady, and I lost my breath, and I've been panting ever since I saw the picture of that guy feeling that girl's you-know-what. Please, please give me his name and address. I'm 5' 5", 108 lbs., blue eyes and blonde hair that hangs clear down to my butt.

Mollie Henry
Council Bluffs, Iowa

■ So that no one misunderstands—he wasn't feeling her you-know-what, he was tweaking her tit. I sent your letter to him.

35 Bucks a Kee
☐ I thought you would like to know that all the guys really dig your magazine. The smoke here is all right—we were going to send you a sample, but that would be a no-no with your Customs department. I guess you know that we have the best grass in the



"Where in hell did you get enough dough to buy your ol' lady a fur coat?"

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$12.50

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Everything from A to Z—Complete service information

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

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Address _____

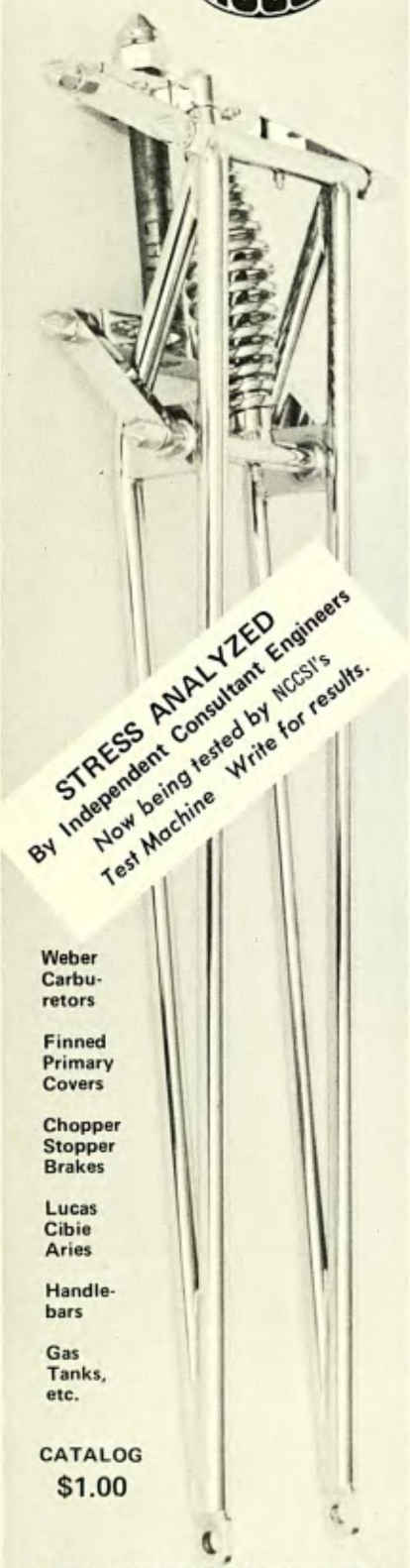
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whole world—and it only costs 35 bucks a kilo. Could you tell me how much it would cost to subscribe to your fine mag?

H. Chaves
Rio de Janeiro
Brazil

■ Could you tell me what office rent is going for there?

Great Big Olds

☐ Have you ever wondered why dudes in great big Oldsmobiles pull right out in front of someone on a bike? Why? Because they hate motorcycle riders, and your so-called magazine contributes to that hatred. Jesus saves.

Heaven's Angels
Mrs. M.C.B.
Kansas City, Kansas

■ What can I say? We don't agree with you. Amen.

Fair Warning!

☐ At the present time, I am locked up at the Indiana State Farm. I would just like to give fair warning to any back-stabbing, foul-mouthed mother out there who might be balling my ol' lady, because I would like a good reason to fuck somebody up real bad in order to let off some tension that has built up since I been in this joint.

A Suspicious Husband
Greencastle, Indiana

■ Ah—is there any particular reason you sent your warning to us?

Moto-Cross Better Than Head?

☐ If you dudes really want to get it off, check out some moto-cross action. My bike treats me more righteously at every race than Miraculous Mutha could even with all the warts on her tongue.

Ake Johnson
Lafayette, La.

■ A vote of the office staff determined that everyone agreed that warts are the only way to go.

She Digs Us

☐ My ol' man just brought your latest issue home, and being a retired biker I ripped it off and read it from cover to cover twice—it's beautiful. I haven't sat on a scoot in six years due to a pile up on a bike which smashed my tail bone, but my love for them is still strong. I packed with the Jokers and Angels until my ol' man and I cracked up.

My ol' man still putts his Hog, and both he and I say, Hail, brothers.

Marlene Brackett
Visalia, California

News From The Slam

☐ I thought you'd like to know that we finished our 74 knuckle wheeler here at the Oregon state pen. We entered it in some shows and took two first place trophies and one second. We built the trike with very few tools and I was wondering if you would let your righteous readers know that if they have any spare tools—any at all—we'd sure appreciate receiving them. All they have to do is grind off all identifying marks and ship to us. Of course, any spare parts (is there such a thing?) would also be appreciated. Our project right now is restoring—completely stock—a 1942 45 trike.

Jim Thurston #32942
S.E. M/C
2605 State Street
Salem, Oregon 97310

We've Been Around

☐ Have you guys been around long enough to make a statement like you did in your last issue? "You people who piss and moan about the contents of this rag have one way of avoiding any alleged anxiety—just don't read it." I mean, after all, yours is the only rag I pay real live money for. Honest.

Kraut
Fremont, Ohio

■ That was (is) intended for piss-and-moaners and the types who buy a sail boat magazine and then write the editor to tell him he should print more power boat articles. See next letter.

Next Letter

☐ Hey, editor(?). You know, if you took out the old-fashioned advertisements, Miraculous Mutha, Spider's Hang-up, and the other cute things you have in your magazine, you'd have more room for worthwhile features like technical how-to's, road tests, and speed tips.

Bruce Carson
Miami, Florida

■ And if cows had wings they'd fly.

Indian Problems

☐ I bought a '58 500cc Indian Woodsman single. It ran great until a bunch of my buddies and I got to smokin' and tearing the thing apart thinking we were going to rebuild it. In the process we messed up royally—and in brief, I need parts! Can you help me?

Joe Kestlet
17 Church St.
N. Warren, Pa. 16365

■ I printed your address in case one of our readers has any ideas.

Digs Mann Painting

☐ I really thought the Dave Mann centerfold painting in the March issue was great. Coming from Minnesota, I've been down roads like that many times. Do you know what the dude in the painting is thinking? "I wonder how many pancakes it would take to shingle the roof of a submarine."

Paul Adkisson
Tower, Minnesota

Indian Reunion

☐ Please let your readers know that the second annual "Indian Come Home Day" rally is slated for July 14th and 15th at Westfield Fair Grounds in Westfield, Massachusetts. We would like all Indian motorcycle owners and riders to attend. For more info have them write or call me.

Bill Gere's Mobil
281 Broad Street
New Britain, Conn. 06053
(203) 225-9070

Easyriders In Prison

☐ Our library just got its first copy of **Easyriders**, and all the pen bikers are getting a chance to eyeball it. This is just a lightweight way of saying it, but thanks—the mag helps the time go by a little easier.

Guns
Originally from
Venice, California

■ We'll send free subscriptions to any prison library. All we need is a letter from

a prison official saying that it is okay. Send request to Subscription Dept., Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

I'll Be Damned

☐ You dudes made a mistake. That drawing of the chick and the bike in the March issue would have looked damn good hanging on my wall — without the story.

Snake,
San Francisco, Calif.

Got It Together

☐ I thought I'd write to you people because you're the only ones who've got all their shit in one sock.

J. Wolverton
FPO, N.Y., N.Y.

Chi Town Comment

☐ I personally think that your magazine has evolved into the best chopper publication on the stands. There are several bikers on the staff here and it's nice to get the word from Mecca whenever your rag is on the stands. I'm putting together a panhead for this coming season and I also do some dirt riding in the boondocks where I live. I'm a member of the Steel City Riders out of Gary, Indiana—and both my sons ride.

Stan Amber
Copy Editor
Playboy Magazine
Chicago, Illinois

Does Your Thing Drip?

☐ It has come to my medical attention that bikers are plagued with a disease to a much greater frequency than the general population; that being benign non-specific prostatitis and/or urethritis.

During the past few months I have come across a phenomenal number of riders who are highly concerned about their "drip" and who feel they have contacted some sort of veneral disease that is certain to leave them blind and sterile. In culturing and staining these likely suspects, I have discovered that more often than not their so-called serious disease turns out to be a non-specific inflammation of their prostrate gland and/or urethra.

Let me further point out that if any normal male (who refrained entirely from the pleasures of any sexual partner) took a seat six inches wide, straddled it for an hour or more daily, and then proceeded to vibrate that seat, they would more often than not begin to develop a "drip" which of course cannot be venereal in origin! In other words, the prostrate gland, which lies in a very vulnerable position, reacts to the vibration of motorcycling by becoming inflammed, swollen, and producing an excess amount of its normal secretion, seminal fluid, which is added to the sperm produced by the testicles, during normal ejaculation.

I am writing this letter in the hopes that your magazine will desseminate this useful information to so many bikers across this country who undoubtedly have suffered numerous worry-filled hours about their "drip." However, let me be emphatic about one point. This information should not be construed as in any way substituting for a thorough medical examination and proper culturing and other procedures for those people who have this problem. I just want them to hold off on any forlorn confessions or accusations until they know for certain that their disease is venereal in origin, and not benign non-specific urethritis and prostatitis which their weekend ride, and not their girlfriend, is most likely the cause of.

Alan J. Alveari, M.D.
Hauppage, N.Y.

■ Now you tell me! I'm missing a tooth because of my last forlorn confession to a chick.

Honda Rider Suggestion

☐ The assholes that write those put-down letters against Hondas are probably the ones who bought a Hog just because everyone else did.

All I'd like to say to all Honda riders is, don't let the dumbasses get you down, just feel sorry for them. Say to them in passing, "Daijobio, baka, cichsha."

Gene Ray
Tokyo, Japan

■ I hope that's clean—we don't want any dirty stuff in this rag.

You Think You've Got Troubles

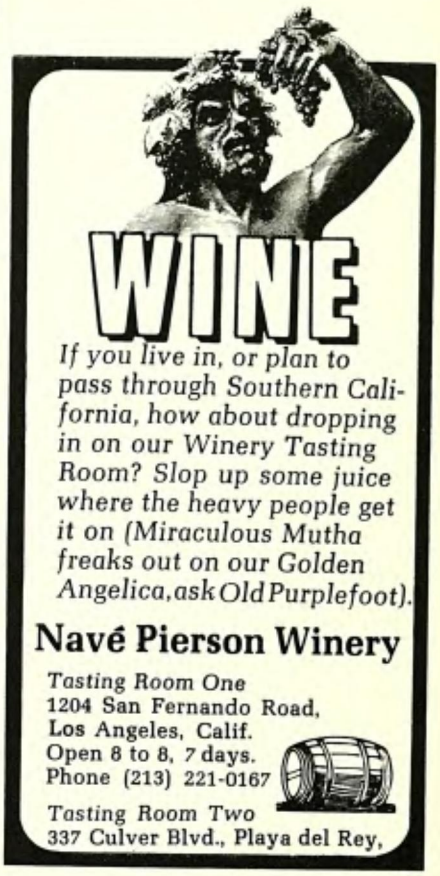
☐ Your rag is the only way I can maintain my sanity these days—I like the way you call it as you see it. I just reenlisted for six long ones to help my ol' lady out of some premarital debts, and now—would you believe it — she's shit-canning me! I'm counting the days until I'm back in the states and can break out my Sporty and get wiped.

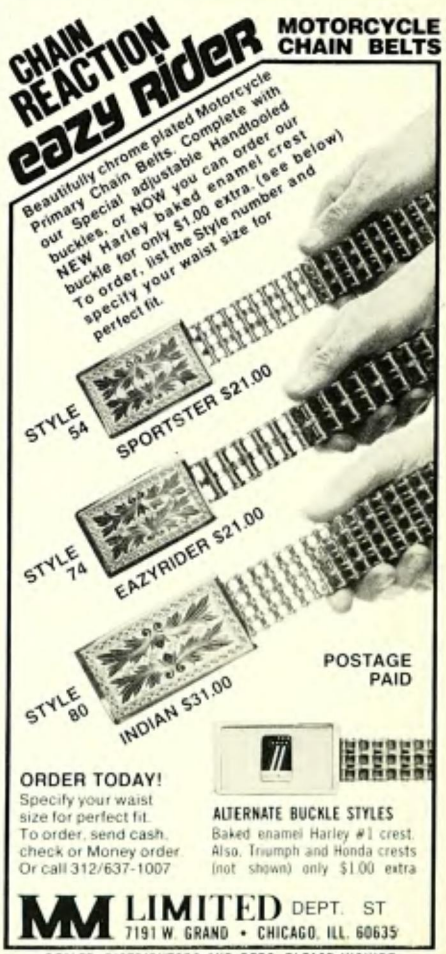
John Aldridge
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

■ Speaking of wiped—whatta ya gonna do to your ex?



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





Chopper Wallet

A rugged, masculine wallet made from thick cow hide, and riveted with brass rivets all around outer edge, which adds to its rugged masculine look.



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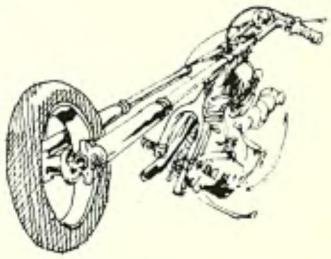
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Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Fight anti-bike laws . . .

"The AMA recently published a booklet which a number of people might find interesting. It covers most of the problems and challenges facing the average, everyday rider, and tells what he as an individual or as a club member can do to make certain his voice is heard in legislative areas that concern him and his machine.

"Chapters are: Politicians Are Like People, Politics and the Law, Political Geography, Your Role in Politics, Expand Your Influence, Selecting a Candidate to Support, Recruiting a Candidate, Political Persuasion, Getting Your Votes Cast and Counted, Getting the Job Done, and finally one titled You Can Make the Difference.

"The scope of the information is evident in the titles. It is becoming more and more important for motorcyclists to become political activists. Write the AMA at Box 141, Westerville, OH 43081, for a copy of this useful booklet. Then make use of it."

—Joe Parkhurst
Cycle World

Non-bikers getting concerned . . .

"The recent decision of the U.S. Supreme Court not to hear the Charles Simon helmet case has now begun to sink in to the feelings of others, other than motorcyclists.

"The December 25th issue of *U.S. News and World Report* made great mention of the High Court's 'indifference,' and the *Wall Street Journal* also carried a feature article on it.

"Both these publications, read by the country's most influential and wealthiest persons, stressed the fact that the High Court, by not taking a stand, completely ignored an issue that could affect more than ten million Americans this year.

". . . According to Gene (Wirwahn of AMA), the helmet laws had actually become a way of life to thousands of motorcycle riders before any attempt to organize resistance to them took place. Had the many dealer groups, MIC, etc., got organized before 1967, maybe these laws would have had a chance to get passed.

"Although much of the blame can be laid on recommendations of the U.S. Department of Transportation, there was no opposition when they first published their recommendations.

"The AMA did spend a fortune in winning a case in Michigan, then the law was re-written and another helmet law passed.

"And Charles Simon has spent better than $30,000 with nothing gained.

"But, as I've said in the beginning of this article, nonmotorcyclists are quite concerned over the Supreme Court's attitude. If the Court will ignore the wishes of ten million motorcyclists, they might just as well ignore the wishes of sportsmen and others who might come before the High Court for decisions."

—Robert Frink
The Motorcyclist's Post

Interviewing Charles Simon . . .

"CF: Are you receiving any help from the motorcycle news media?

"CS: Bob Greene just did a good article in *Motorcyclist*. Roger Hull did one also in *Road Rider*. Bob Frink was one of the first to help me get started with *Motorcyclist's Post*. You've helped a lot. Chuck Clayton at *Cycle News* has donated $200 plus giving me a lot of free coverage. Lou Kimzey at *Easyriders* has helped a whole lot.

"CF: What seems to be the problem with the other publications?

"CS: I have tried to *buy* advertising space in the largest-circulated magazines like *Cycle, Cycle World,* and *Cycle Guide*. I have been politely told that my advertising is not suitable for their publications. A person is pretty naive if he doesn't know MIC controls a big block of advertising. I think it is self explanatory."

—Dick Ainsworth
Checkered Flag News

AMA tosses a bone . . .

"According to revisions in Article VI of the AMA By-Laws, the Executive Committee for 1973 and afterward will include two directors chosen from the membership at large. These Class A members, chosen by ballot of the entire membership of the 200,000-member AMA, will hold voting powers at all committee meetings . . .

"In addition to the five nominees selected by the AMA staff, there are two spaces for write-in candidates. Only current AMA members in good standing are allowed to vote in the election.

"AMA Executive Director Russ March comments, "The revised by-laws state that there shall be two Class A members who have no affiliation with Class B members of the motorcycle industry on the Executive Committee. It is the feeling of the Trustees that this provision will give a much better voice to the 200,000 general members of the AMA. The change results from a feeling of the Trustees that the Executive Committee should be representative of all members of the Association."

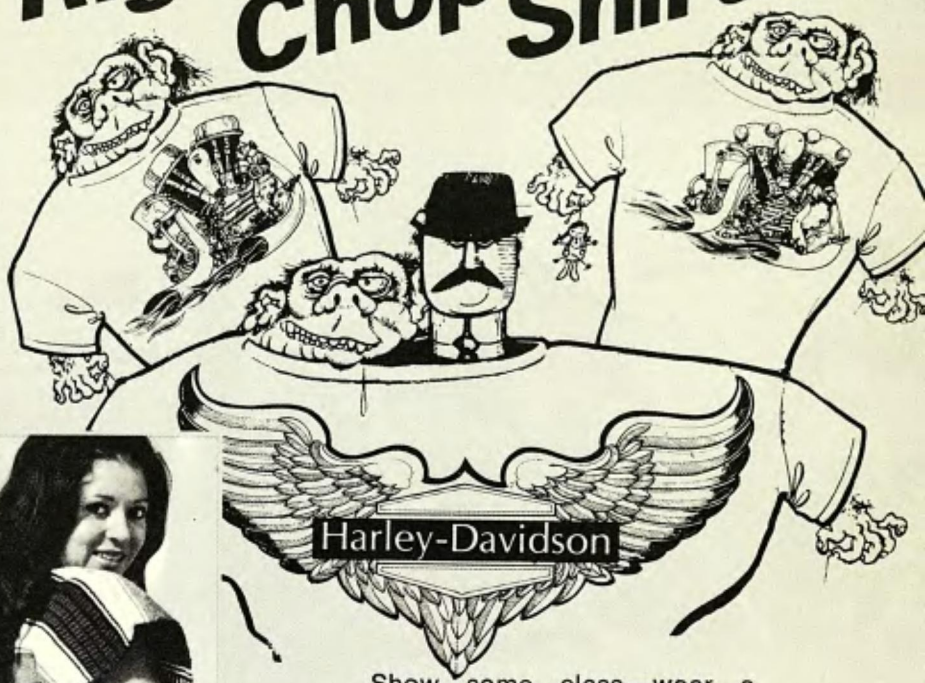
—*Motor Cycle Weekly*

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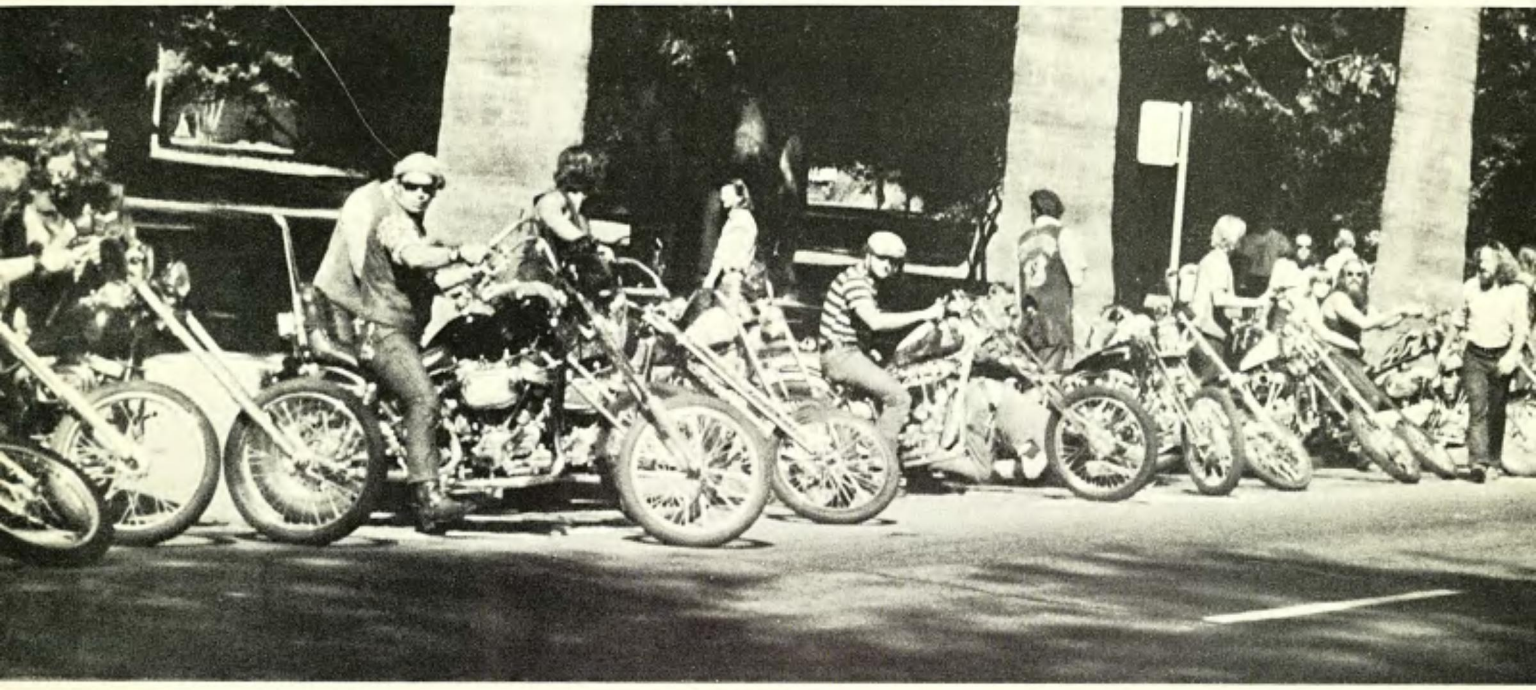
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_____ **Sportster**

Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
(Must have)



The Day The Helmet Bill was Defeated

by C.B. Sandow

Just as I parked my car I heard the distant rumble of Harley engines. The low muffled roar was one I knew well. A large group of Harleys were approaching at a slow rate of speed. Their engines loped as they strained to let go.

Once out of my cage, I watched as the street suddenly came alive with choppers.

One of the lead bikers spotted a place to park. He spurted ahead and began to back into the curb. The others followed suit, and a mass of motorcycles took over the road.

As traffic stopped, and on-lookers gaped, I hurried into the Capitol building to latch onto a seat. I could see it was going to get a little crowded.

It was summer 1972, and the State Capitol of California was playing host to bikers from all over the state. In hallways bikers were scurrying about, trying to find the correct room. Elevators were packed as bikers stretched their legs from the trip.

They came to give support in the opposition of A.B. Bill 744, a proposed "Helmet Law." These people wanted to keep the right to wear a





helmet by choice, not by law. Most weren't the people who would speak to the committee, but were instead the ones the bill most affected.

As the chamber began to fill, I could see that 95% of the cyclists were chopper people. They ranged from the "straight" with his flared pants and brown buckled shoes to the majority of the group, the outlaw, with his cutaway Levi jacket and engineer boots.

The ones not in number were the dirt and stock riders. Mainly because they didn't care enough one way or the other.

The Senate Transportation Committee were to start the meeting at two o'clock. The bulk of the bikers came five minutes late. A half hour later we were still waiting for the senators to arrive. It seems the wheels of our lawmakers start slowly.

The author of the bill, Senator Bittle, started the ball rolling with the reasons he felt helmets should be mandatory. He pointed out that lives would be saved by a compulsory helmet law.

He also stated that even the good senators would be affected by the passage of his bill. How, you ask? Well, if one of the senators (or any citizen) were to be involved in an accident with a cycle, and were to have killed the cyclist, he could be prosecuted for manslaughter. With the mandatory helmet law, the cyclist would be less likely to die. Therefore, no manslaughter charge.

All right, people, think about that one for a while!

After the Senator finished, those in support of the bill came forth.

There was Captain Sellers of the C.H.P. He admitted that helmets could cut down on vision, but in his opinion only if the cyclist bought the wrong type. As for hearing, he was somehow convinced it wasn't hampered by a helmet. He said something about the road noise cutting down the hearing to a low level anyway. He gave statistics to show how the helmet could save lives and reduce serious head damage.

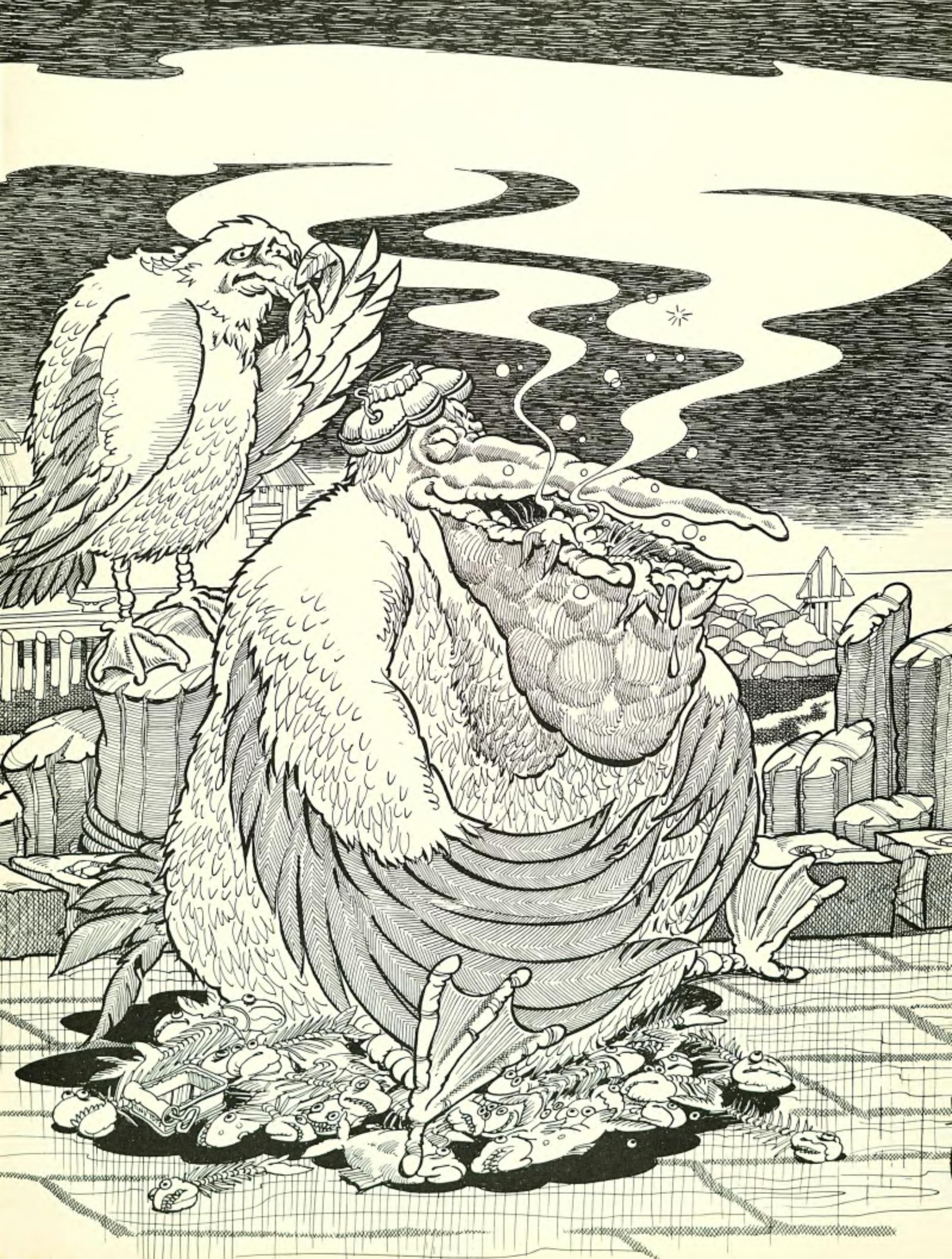
Now, I understand his logic to a degree, but the fact remains a helmet *does* cut down on our hearing. I'm still convinced that we should be afforded *all* our senses to the best of their capabilities. There's going to be a time when we'll need them!

Mr. Tom Bright of the California Traffic Safety Foundation, along with Dr. George Snyder, a medical director from a local hospital, also gave their support to the bill. They too felt that from the safety standpoint it would be best for all of us to use a skid lid.

Throughout the proceedings the crowd was quiet. One could tell that nobody wanted to give the committee anything other than the helmet issue to vote on. In fact, it was so silent that I began to wonder if I was in the right room.

The first to speak in opposition to the bill was Mr. Russ Sanford, president of M.O.R.E., Motorcycle Owners, Riders, and Enthusiasts. Mr. Sanford brought out the fact that the statistics the C.H.P. gave were misleading. The C.H.P. showed accidents and fatalities with motorcycles from 1965 to 1971 as going up. The terms '65 to '71 imply a trend, whereas actually the figures were a comparison between the two years. They forgot to mention that there was a 148% increase in registered

—Continued on page 58



The Wildly Unbelievable Misadventures of Frankie The Freaked-out Pelican

One day Frankie the Pelican get fed up to his bedraggled ass with sittin' on a piling digestin' fish while the tide out and decide to scout around for somethin' to change his current drab, dull, dreary life. Seymour the Seagull just happen to be walkin' 'round close to Frankie's piling, and Frankie, knowin' Seymour to be well traveled, call to him.

"Hey, Seymour," say Frankie, "look, man, this here piling sittin' gettin' to be a four-star, gold-plated, fourteen-carat drag. How 'bout you take me along on you next trip to Europe and show me Liverpool or Hamburg? Yeah man, Hamburg. I hear that Reeperbahn spose to be one swingin' place."

Now Seymour he well traveled and consider hisself to be pretty hip and he just not over-sure he want to take Frankie to Hamburg, special since he got a little thing goin' on the side, flyin' Acapulco Gold to Hamburg and good red Cambodian hash back to Houston every three months, not to mention that he considered to be pretty much a ladies' man and it been more than once whispered 'round that Frankie maybe just the least little bit queer. But it also been whispered 'round that Frankie not unknown to turn a dishonest buck and he been seen more than once lettin' fish ferment a few days before he eat it, which any damfool bird know make you higher'n a kite, besides which Seymour estimate Frankie could easy fly back a kee of hash in that big beak of his so he decide maybe he take Frankie along, but first he want to find out if Frankie a head so he drag out his genuine fourteen-stem Turkish water pipe, give Frankie twelve stems, take two hisself and do up a bowl of Cambodian red cut with Acapulco Gold and pretty soon ol' Frankie higher'n a drunk gooney bird with the pitot tube of a Frankfurt-bound 747 stuck up his ass. Frankie all set to cut out right now for Hamburg, but Seymour want to go to his pad first and groove about five hours of the Black Sabbath and do up another bowl, and end up they each drop a tab of Yellow Sunshine and then start comin' down on the third strafin' run at Pensacola Naval Air Station G.C.A. shack.

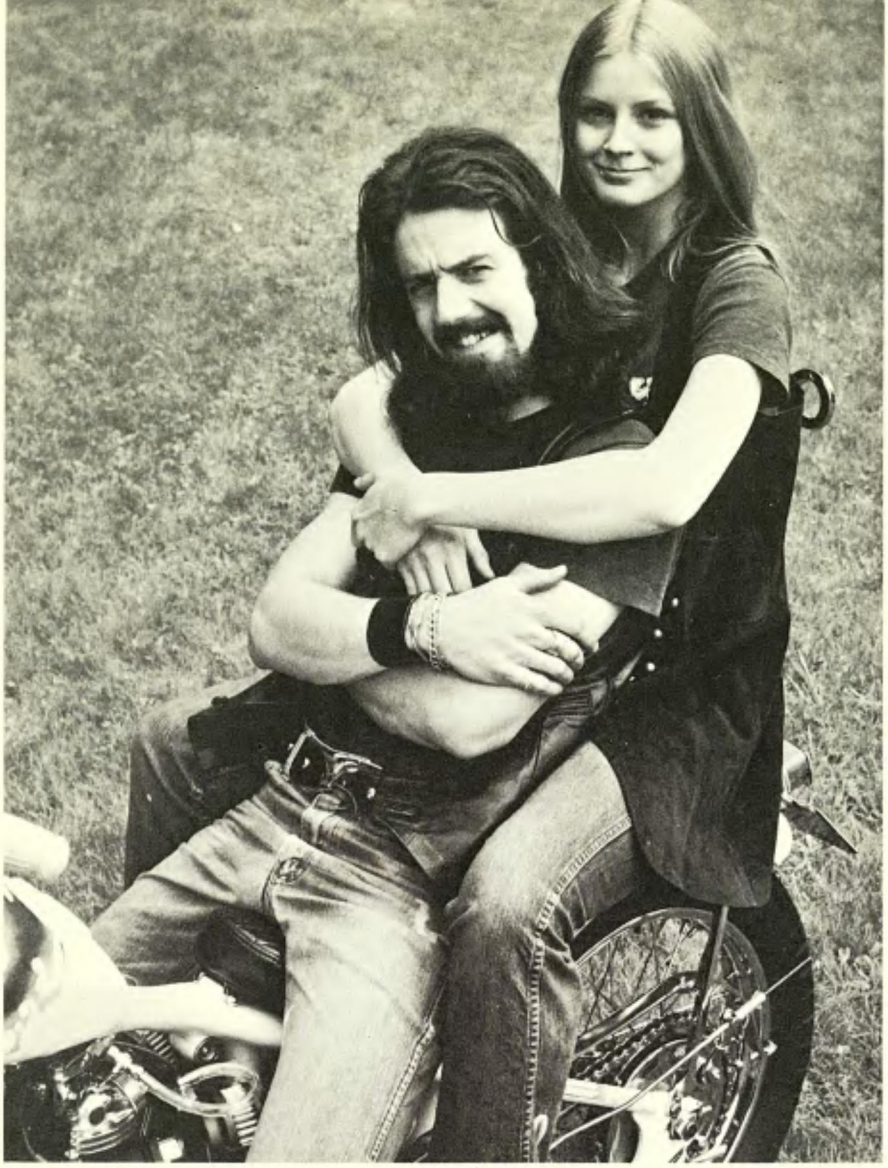
They been out about three days and Frankie quit seein' flyin' psychedelic strobe-light-eyed five-legged whales on three-wheeled Honda choppers when Seymour point out to him that the cliffs of Dover weren't always white but 4723 generation of disgusted sea gulls change that, which thought we leave open to conjecture. Seven hours later Frankie strollin' down the Reeperbahn lookin' for a sympathetic sailor and Seymour off lookin' for his man to buy his regular twenty grams plus a kee. Business concluded, Seymour give hisself over to three weeks of debauchery which gonna account for some mighty strange babies next March, and Frankie get busted in the mouth and lose two teeth when he mistake a doorman for the skipper of the USS Frank McGillicuddy and finally find happiness with a ticklish lesbian who unhappily married to a homosexual with lockjaw.

Fleshly appetites sated, Frankie and Seymour load up for an uneventful flight to Houston except Seymour got to stop at Dover to fix a spot where brown startin' to show through. They come into Houston at 6 a.m. and head for Seymour's contact which turn out to be the biggest heroin processin' plant in the western hemisphere, and just as Frankie drop his kee he reach in his pocket, pull out a M-1928 Thompson and scream "Up against the wall, motherfucker" 'cause all this time he actually a plant for the Texas Rangers, and it end up Seymour get 2714 years in Alcatraz but they finally put him in Huntsville 'cause the Indians don't want no damn birds on their island and Frankie go back to sittin' on his piling waitin' to catch another pinko hippy communist bastard dope dealer.

Moral: If you got to deal in dope, don't even trust a pelican.

■

By Fat Floyd Smith







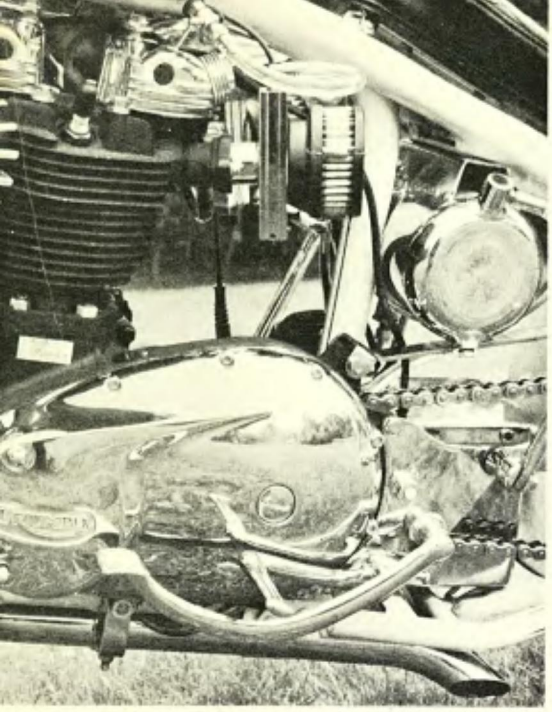
Why Is This Man Smiling?

If any of you finger-poppers ever stuck your nose in something as snooty as **Town and Country** magazine, then you'd recognize one of these people. She appeared often in advertisements for clothes, perfume, and lotsa fashionable stuff.

Which one? The one on the bike, with long hair — **without** the beard. Renee Kalscheur was a model for The Eileen Ford Agency in New York—and that's like the '66 shovelhead of model agencies.

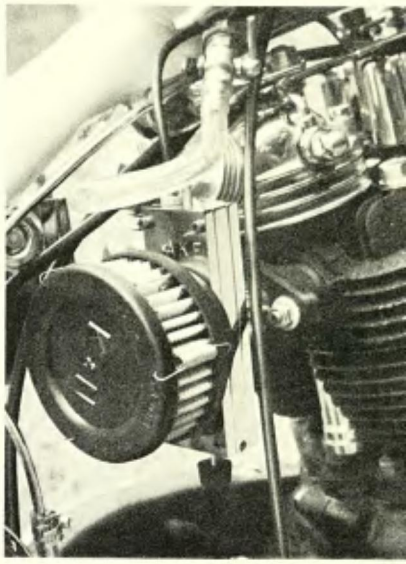
Renee has forsaken that life now; she





Photos and story by Jake









lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is a good friend of Ed Bond, who owns and built the Trump you see here. Ed's scoot has been going through various stages for about a year and a half. It's been sort of a community project. Friend Harry Payne built the engine and the electrical box behind it, and welded the ridges on the tank; Marty pinstriped the frame in green and painted the design on top of the tank. Renee did most of the molding, and in return she's had her say about a few things—like a comfortable high-back Devore seat and having the passenger pegs hung off the rear motor mount plate in order to fit her long legs. In addition, Ed sent the engine to E.E. Lindskog in Bedford for balancing, and the exhaust system ends up down low and away from the passenger.

Ed and Renee still sometimes joke

Owner: Ed Bond **City:** Cambridge, Mass.

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1968 Triumph
- Model: T-120
- Value: $2200
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 1½ years
- Chroming by: General Plating

Engine

- Year: 1968
- Model: Bonneville
- Builder: Harry Payne
- Ignition: 12V
- Displacement: 650 cc
- Balancing: n/a
- Pistons: n/a
- Cams: Q's
- Lifters: solid
- Carb(s): 29mm Lake injectors
- Air cleaner: stock Lake
- Shifter: foot
- Pipes: MCM TT pipes
- Muffler(s): MCM baffle dumps
- Gearing:
  - Engine sprocket: stock
  - Trans sprocket: stock

Painting

- Molding: Ed and Renee
- Painter: Howard Levoux
- Color: white
- Type: acrylic lacquer
- Other special modifications:

Chassis

- Frame builder: owner (stock)
- Year and make: 1968
- Rake: none
- Stretch: none
- Rear Suspension: Corbin Gentry hardtail

Accessories

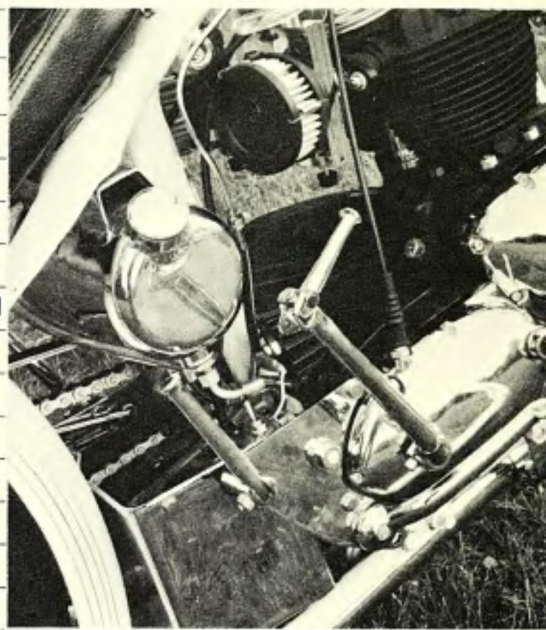
- Bars: dragbars
- Risers: 4" dogbones
- Fender(s): owner
- Headlight: Bates
- Taillight: Bates
- Speedo: none
- Foot pegs:
  - Front: modified stock
  - Back: modified stock
- Gas tank: Wassel peanut
- Oil tank: Webco, alloy
- Primary cover: stock
- Seat material: naugahyde
- Sissby bar: owner
  - Height: 18 inches
  - Material size: ½-in. square

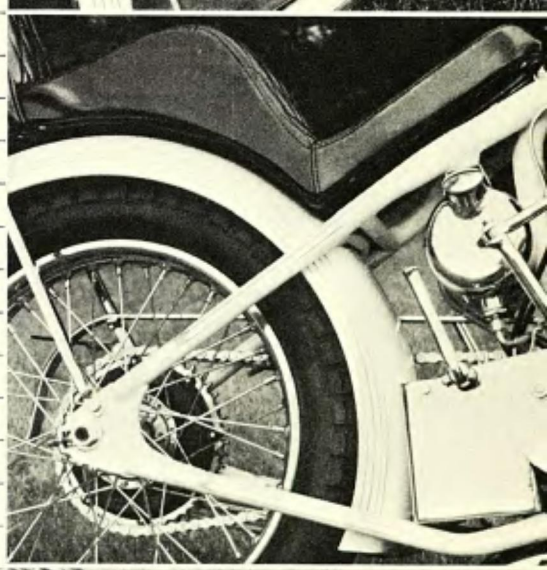
Forks

- Type: Glide (converted to inner springs)
- Extension: 10 inches over
- Builder: owner

Wheels

	Front	Rear
	Size: 19-inch	Size: 18-inch
	Hub/brake: stock	Hub/brake: stock
	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
	Tire size: 2.75 x 19	Tire size: 4.00 x 18
	Avon	Yokohama

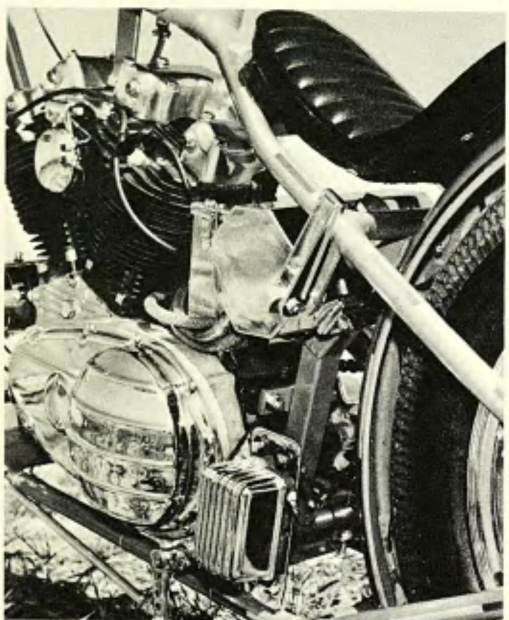


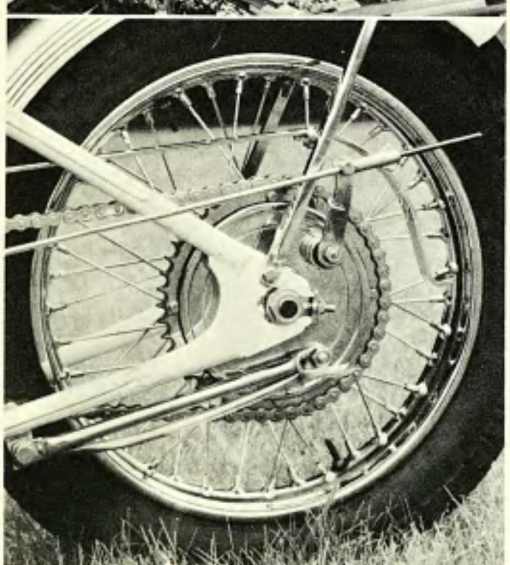




about her past career. The line usually goes something like: Hi-Class Model Deserts World Of Fashion For Bad-Ass Biker. But actually, if you knew them you'd see they do not fit any stereotypes. Like the rest of us they just dig bikes, riding, and the good life.

Anyway, we wouldn't worry too much about our image if we had a friend like that, would you? As a matter of fact, who worries? ■











ON SEEING
THE WILD ONE

Four of us downshifting/ four/ three/ two/ one
exhausts backing off/ rumbling/ rolling throttles
the line of faces outside the neighborhood theater
turning toward our machines/ us/ the menace
feet down/ rolling back wheels to the curb
hit kill buttons/ pull compression releases
in unison/ parked all in a neat row
shucked off gloves/ stomped to the window in boots

with popcorn there was a stupid love story
then they came/ down the road/ Brando riding
a Triumph/ trophy taped to the bars/ serious
riding the wrong lane/ defying traffic
riding a pretty square bike/ all road equipment
a serious look on his puffy boyish face
but riding the way we'd always wanted to
not giving a damn/ we knew/ we knew

and those other freaks/ Marvin's riding circus
clowns/ what was their game?/ their future?
stripped bikes/ dragging for beers/ riding
right into the tavern/ who were they?

later/ swaggering out/ kicking it like Brando
riding cool/ turning it on down dark streets
we knew they'd finally made a real bike film
we knew we'd seen something

-- by Albert Drake



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

24-year-old Virgin

I am almost 24 years old, and I'm still a virgin. I would appreciate any advice you can give me.

Gary
Corinth, Mass.

● I'm hip you would.

Midnight Baller

My old' man shouts your name in his sleep, then suddenly jumps up and wants to ball. I don't mind him shouting your name, but he wants to ball at all different hours—even at 4 in the morning.

Barb
North Hollywood, Calif.

● I don't understand — just what is your problem?

Meet Shorty

Mutha, you've heard of the guy who's so short that he has to tie a string to it to find it when he wants to take a leak. Well, my thing's that small, even when I'm in heat. Do you know of such a thing as a dick stretcher?

Bashful
Chicago, Ill.

● Yeah, but I haven't seen her for a couple of months now—and I'm booked up.

Foot Ball

I noticed that you have a thing for toes. I do too, and I'm glad to see that I'm not the only weird one—I really get it off having my toes sucked.

Toe Jam
Dallas, Texas

● I move around. Right now, I'm a leg-woman — there's nothing greater than a good set of strong, masculine, hairy legs—male or female.

Treasure Chest

My problem is my tits. They're huge (38D on a 5-4 frame). They've always been big—and as far back as I can remember, guys have been staring at me. If I wear something baggy to hide them, I look fat. If I wear something form-fitting, I have to beat the guys away — honestly sometimes I wish I were a girl.

Joe Fitch
Pittsfield, Vermont

● Do like I do — throw 'em back under your arms and pretend they're water wings.

Whipping Help

As you can see from my stationery, I am in jail. They don't allow any girl photos in here because of the effect it would have on us, and I've been in here so long my memory of chicks is fading and it is affecting my heavy habit of whipping it. Could you send me the drawing of you—I'll tell the guards it's a drawing of my dog—or a picture from the zoo, or something like that—but send it fast, I haven't been able to beat it for two days now.

Pimples
N.Y., N.Y.

● You didn't send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope, but because of your dire need I'll send it anyway. Everyone else must remember that no matter whether it's a hardship case or not, you must send your own damn stamped, self-addressed return envelope—I'm not going to spend any of my bread on you.

Help Me!

Everything was fine until I made one lousy mistake. My chick's parents didn't like me anyway—and were just looking for some reason to break us up. Anyway, during a brief moment, while my mind was wandering, not really thinking of anything in particular—not even realizing that everyone at the dinner table was watching me—her father asked me a question. Not hearing him, I just tripped on my scoot and what I had to do to it to get it ready for a run. I wasn't paying any attention to their dumb bullshit conversation. As I've said, they don't like me anyway—just because I'm a biker. Well, I made a mistake. I forgot where I was and didn't pay any attention to what I was doing. I methodically picked a big hunk of crud out of my nose, rolled it between my fingers and then flicked it across the table. Now they won't let their daughter see me anymore. What the hell do you think of that?

Don McBride
Nashville, Tenn.

● The generation gap is terrible—isn't it?

Beautiful Black Lace

I have a beautiful 37-25-36 figure that I'm kinda proud of. So last night I draped it with a fantastic black lace nightie —something that would turn on any man. Well, when my man saw me in it, he went wild. He shouted "perfect" and then quickly removed the nightie, looked at it, and then asked me if he could use it to paint a design on his tank! What do you do with a guy like that?

Beenie Bomb
Middlesville, Michigan

● I know the type well—we've got an office full of 'em. Maybe your neighbor has some time on his hands. (I do, but you're too damn far away!)

He's Got It

I've got one helluva lump about the size of a golf ball on the head of you know what, and it's been buggin' hell outta me. Should I be concerned?

Willi
Denver, Colorado

● Send me your address, Willi —I have a personal message for you. Size of a golf ball, eh?

What's His Hang-Up?

I have a problem—my ol' man doesn't dig me anymore. Could it be because I've gotten fat and have pimples on my ass? I don't have b.o., or bad breath, and I don't even fart in bed. I love to ball, smoke, and putt—so what in hell's his hang-up?

Robert
Roswell, N.M.

● There are many factors to consider. 1. Pimples on the ass are kind of a turn-off. 2. A fat ass isn't very inspiring either. 3. He's probably switched and got himself a skinny broad—or kid.

Man of Good Taste

I would like your opinion on something. Henry and I have been making it for almost a year now, and everything has been fine. We have tried a number of ways and always get our rocks. Aside from the regular thing, Henry likes to go down on me. Now, this is fine with me—I love it too. But all of a sudden he wants to sprinkle Accent on it before he dives.

Dubious
Hot Springs, Arkansas

● He needs Accent? Save him money. Don't shower for about a week.

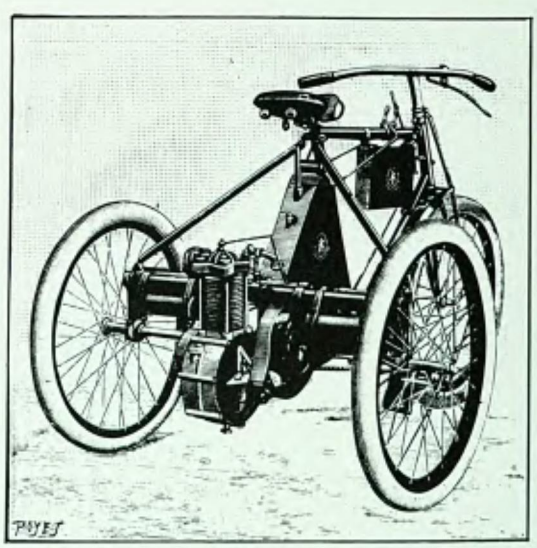
—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740



1895 gas-engined tricycle, "forerunner of the motorcycle."

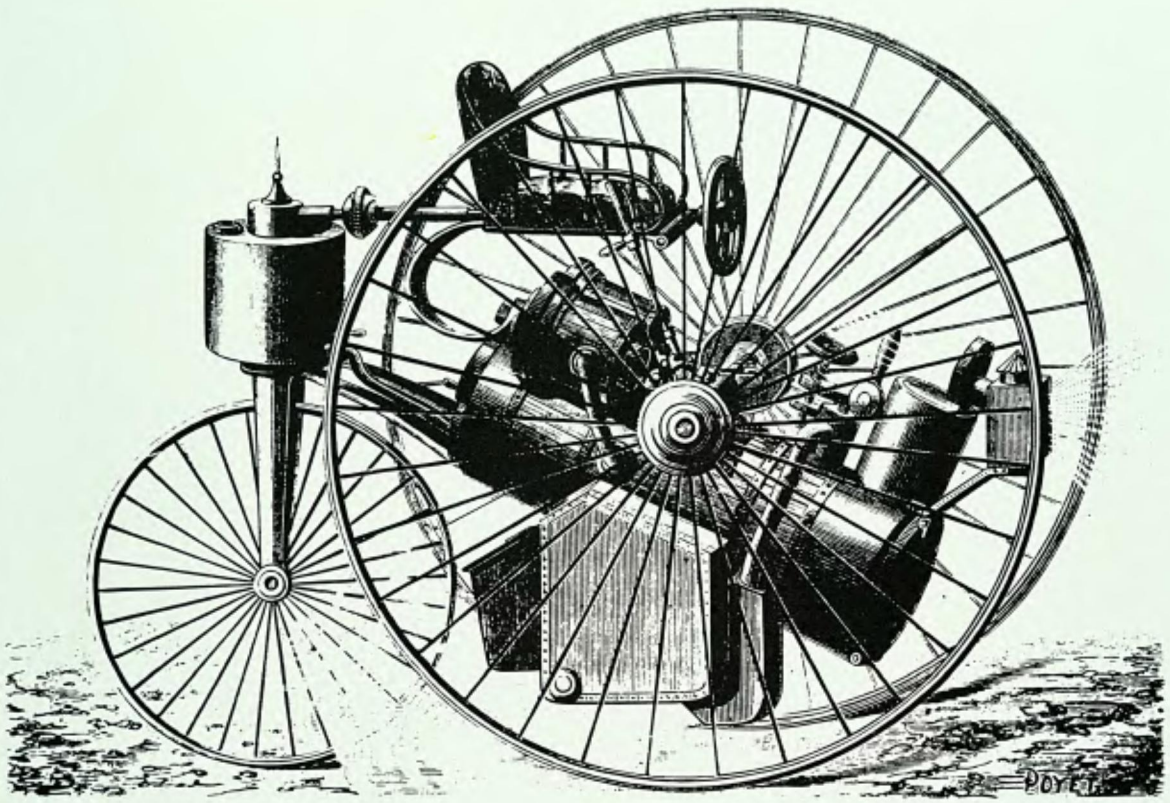


"Vue latérale du tricycle."

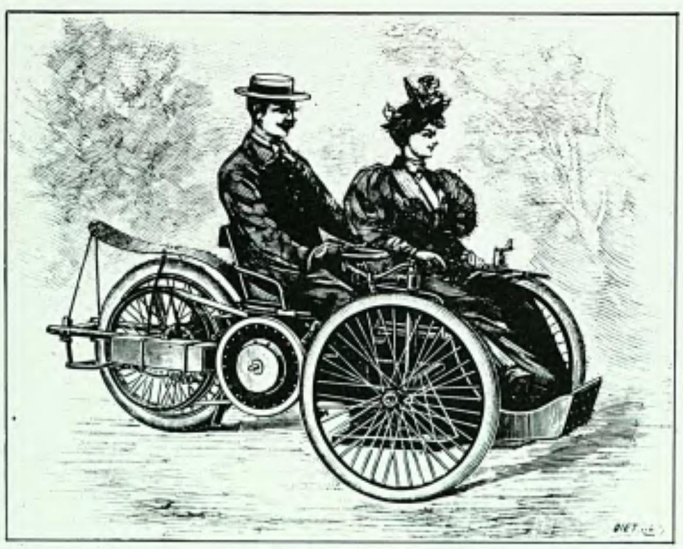


"Vue d'arrière du tricycle."

Early Trikes



American steam velocipede with gasoline burner. Built in 1883.



"Le tricycle tandem."

—Illustrations from the Bettmann Archive



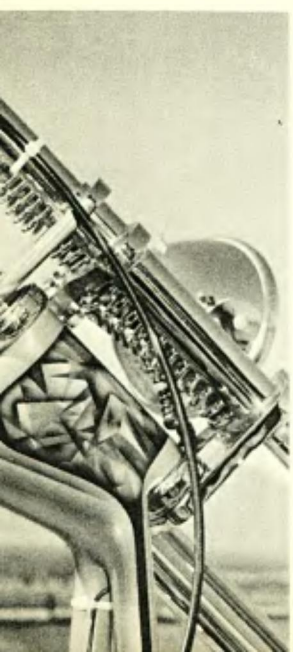


He had to change his first tank design because the cops kept wanting to impound it!



Photos by Tony Kmiecik





Don De Rooy sat astride his Sportster in the left turn lane, waiting for traffic to clear. The bike's engine was spitting exhaust noises at the asphalt, and a cop sitting in a nearby gas station hung his head out of his car window as if listening. In the parking lot of the restaurant across the street that Don was about to pull into sat half a dozen dressers, looking like luxurious overstuffed chairs.

Don throttled the Sporty into the lot as the dresser freaks came out the door of the restaurant, laughing, shoving, and bad-rapping each other. But all the action in the doorway suddenly stopped, and staring eyes followed the Sporty, with Don and his luscious ol' lady perched on it in their relaxed, laid-out style.

"Damn, man, look at that!"

"Yeah. Fantastic bike."

"Not that, stupid! The chick!"

The only place left to park was next to the dressers. Don dropped the stand and cut the engine. Phyllis jumped off and started digging in her purse for her hairbrush.

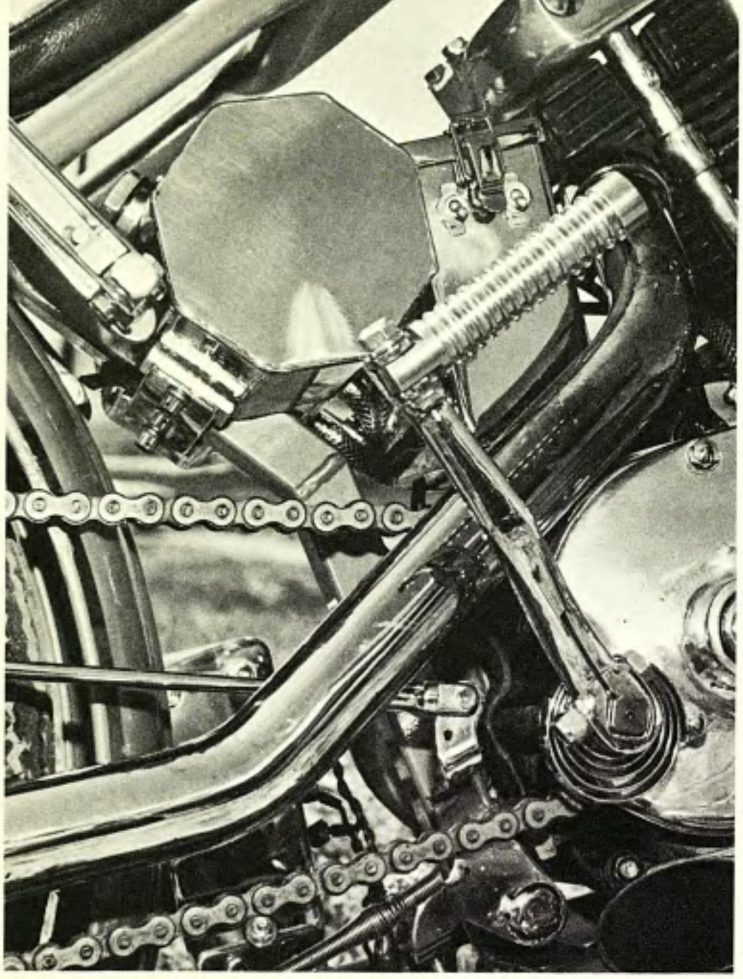
"Man, I wouldn't ride more than fifty feet on a hardtail," commented a big-assed dude in a bright green crash helmet.

Oh, shit, Don thought. Here we go again.

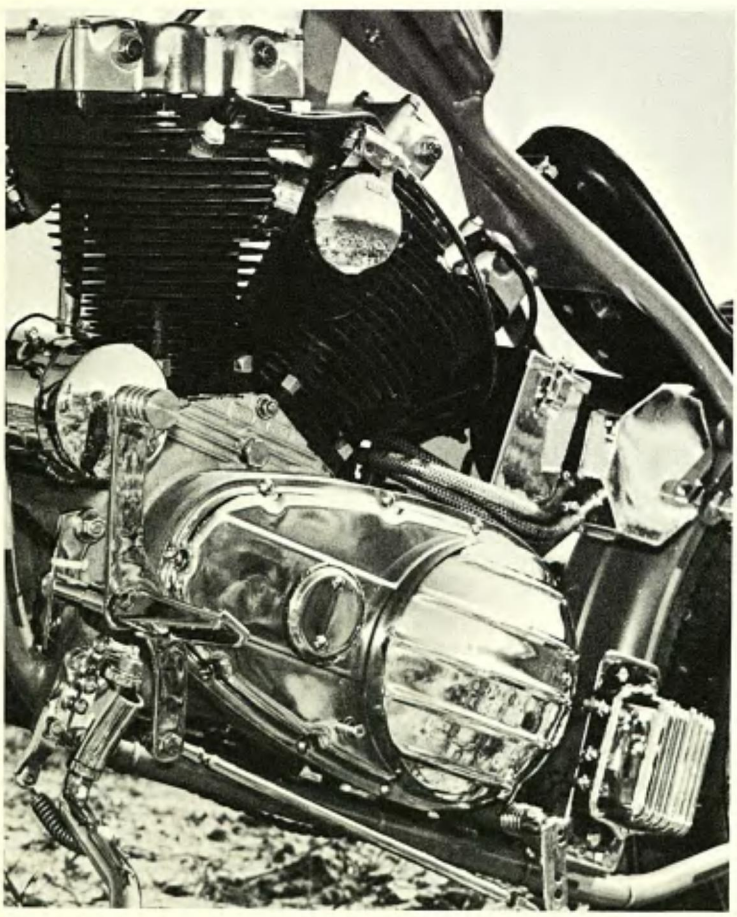
"If you'd lose some weight off your fat ass you might fit on that hardtail." Green Helmet's ol' lady, in her matching green helmet, had the big dude by the arm and was trying to pull him toward their dresser. She obviously didn't dig the way he was eyeballing Phyllis.

Don didn't even have time to get off the bike before he was surrounded by the rest of the dresser dudes. Then came the usual questions and comments.

"That long front end—is it hard to ride?"







"It ever go over backwards on ya?"

A hand reached out to touch the paint. Don stopped it in mid-air with an icy glance.

"Goddam, look what's painted on the tank!"

They all moved in closer, peering down at the gas tank, looking like football players in a huddle. Don dismounted to give them a better view.

"Makes me horny just lookin' at it."

"That's nothin', you get horny at the zoo."

"How could you keep your mind on ridin', with that in front of you?"

"In front? What about the chick that rides behind him?"

"Won't the cops bust ya for that?"

Don glanced across the street. The cop was still there, watching.

"Naw," Don told the guy, "they don't bother this one. But this is the second paint job I've had on it since the bike was built. The first one featured pot leaves that I had painted gold and laid into the paint under half a dozen coats of epoxy." He waited for that to sink in and then added, "But the cops must have thought I had some secret process for takin' 'em off and smokin' 'em, 'cause the bastards tried to impound the bike twice. One cop actually pulled a knife out and told me to scrape 'em off!"

The dresser freaks looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Hell," Don went on, "I was sittin' in a bar a few months ago an' two narcs tried to bust me for possession."

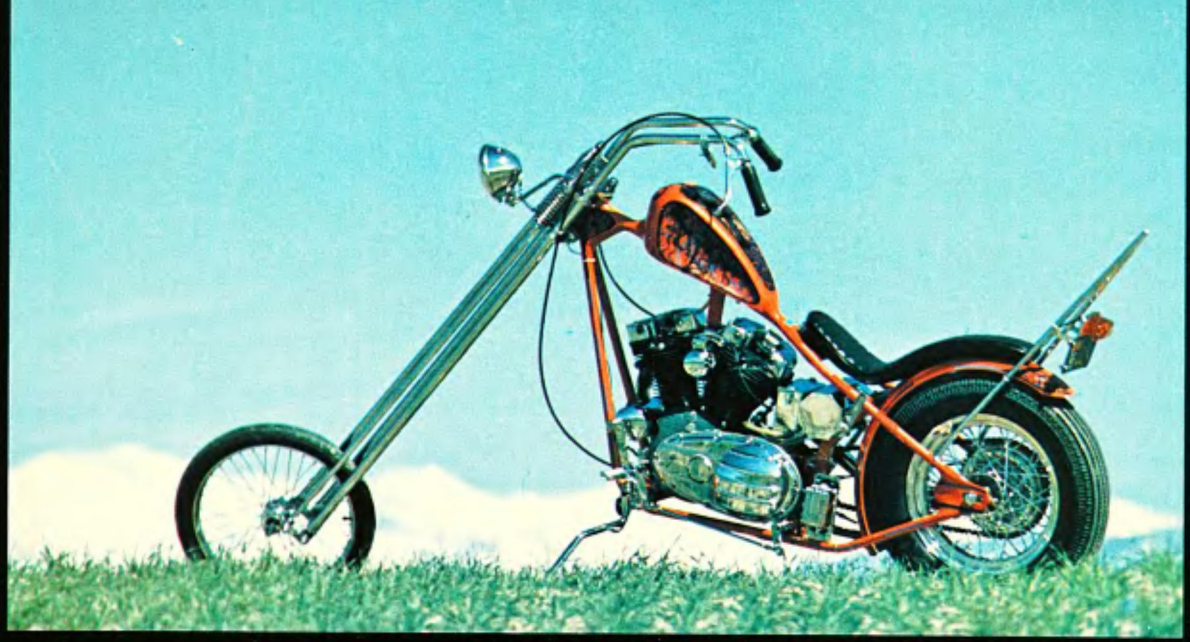
"Come on, man, you're puttin' us on." Green Helmet had finally escaped from his ol' lady and joined the crowd. Don looked at him.

"Puttin' you on, hell. You dresser dudes never get hassled—I bet you could even get away with pot leaves on your tanks!"

One of the dresser chicks wrinkled up her nose as if she'd just stepped in a dog turd. "Who'd want to?" she sniffed.

They milled around for another few minutes, looking the bike over curiously, as if it might be some strange beast from the last ice age. Green Helmet kept looking Phyllis over with a somewhat different curiosity.

His ol' lady didn't like it any better than she had the first time. "If you," she told him









in a sweet tone, "don't get over here, I'm gonna bend a goddam crescent wrench around your fat neck!" She had his arm again, in a grip that threatened to turn into a hammerlock at any second.

Green Helmet grinned weakly at her, reached down and pulled a half pint of Jim Beam out of one boot and took a quick nip. Don glanced over at the cop, but the cop happened to be looking the other way now.

The dresser crowd began pulling scarves and gloves out of their scoot boots. Green Helmet took another quick nip and stuffed the jug back into his boot. The cop was still looking the other way.

Don watched the crowd leave, while the cop looked everywhere but at them. Don shook his head and snorted. Then he jerked his head toward the restaurant. "Come on," he said to Phyllis, "let's scarf." ■





Owner: Don DeRooy **City:** Winchester, California

General	**Chassis**
Fabrication by: owner	Frame builder: Denvers
Year and make: 1958 H-D	Year and make: 1958
Model: Sportster	Rake: 3/4-inch
Value: $3500	Stretch: 5 inches
Assembly by: owner	Rear Suspension: rigid
Time: two months (this time)	**Accessories**
Chroming by: M&P Plating	Bars: pullbacks
Engine	Risers: none
Year: 1958	Fender(s): Bates (ribbed)
Model: XLCH	Headlight: Bates
Builder: owner	Taillight: Bates
Ignition: 12V	Speedo: none
Displacement: 55 cu. in.	Foot pegs:
Balancing: flywheels, pistons, rods	Front: Anderson
Pistons: stock — 30 over	Back: Anderson
Cam: Harley P	Gas tank: Sportster
Lifters: solid	Oil tank: owner
Carb(s): Lake injector 35 mm	Primary cover: stock
Air cleaner: none	Seat material: naugahyde
Shifter: custom foot	Sissy bar: owner
Pipes: owner	Height: 18 inches
Muffler(s): Cycle Enterprises	Material size: 5/8-in. round
Gearing:	**Forks**
Engine sprocket: 34	Type: springer
Trans sprocket: 21	Type front rail: 5/8-in. round
Painting	Extension: 30 inches over
Molding: owner	Builder: DLG
Painter: Art's Kustom Kolors	**Wheels**

	Front:	**Rear**
Color: red		
Type: lacquer	Size: 17-inch	Size: 16-inch
Other special modifications:	Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: stock
	Rim width: 1 3/4-in.	Rim width: 5-in.
	Tire size: 2.75 x 17	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
	IVE	Goodyear

Easyriders' Cover Girls

Okay, okay — so here they are! We've been catching hell for only printing one photo of a model (on the cover) and not backing it up with additional photos on the inside. So in order to shut off all the bitchin', here they are in all their glory — the beauties that have adorned our covers.



Susie Stevenson

Elana Casey





Pat Ward



Sonja Sion

Gina Martinez



Carona Fadro





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 John Herlihy, Bridgeport, Conn.

Submitted by David Spina, Long Island, N.Y.







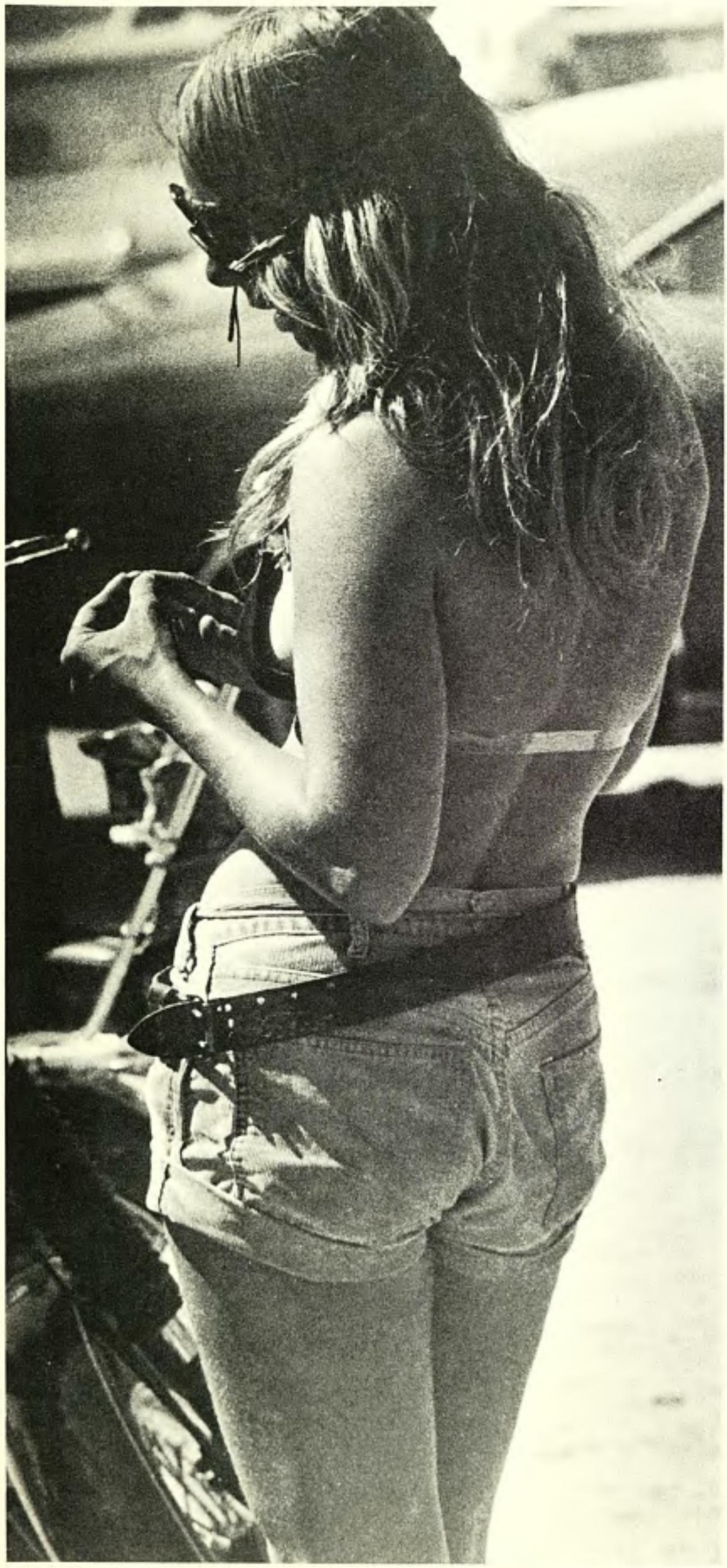






—*Submitted by Bill Whitehead, Felton, California*

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



—Photos by Bill Whitehead, Felton, California



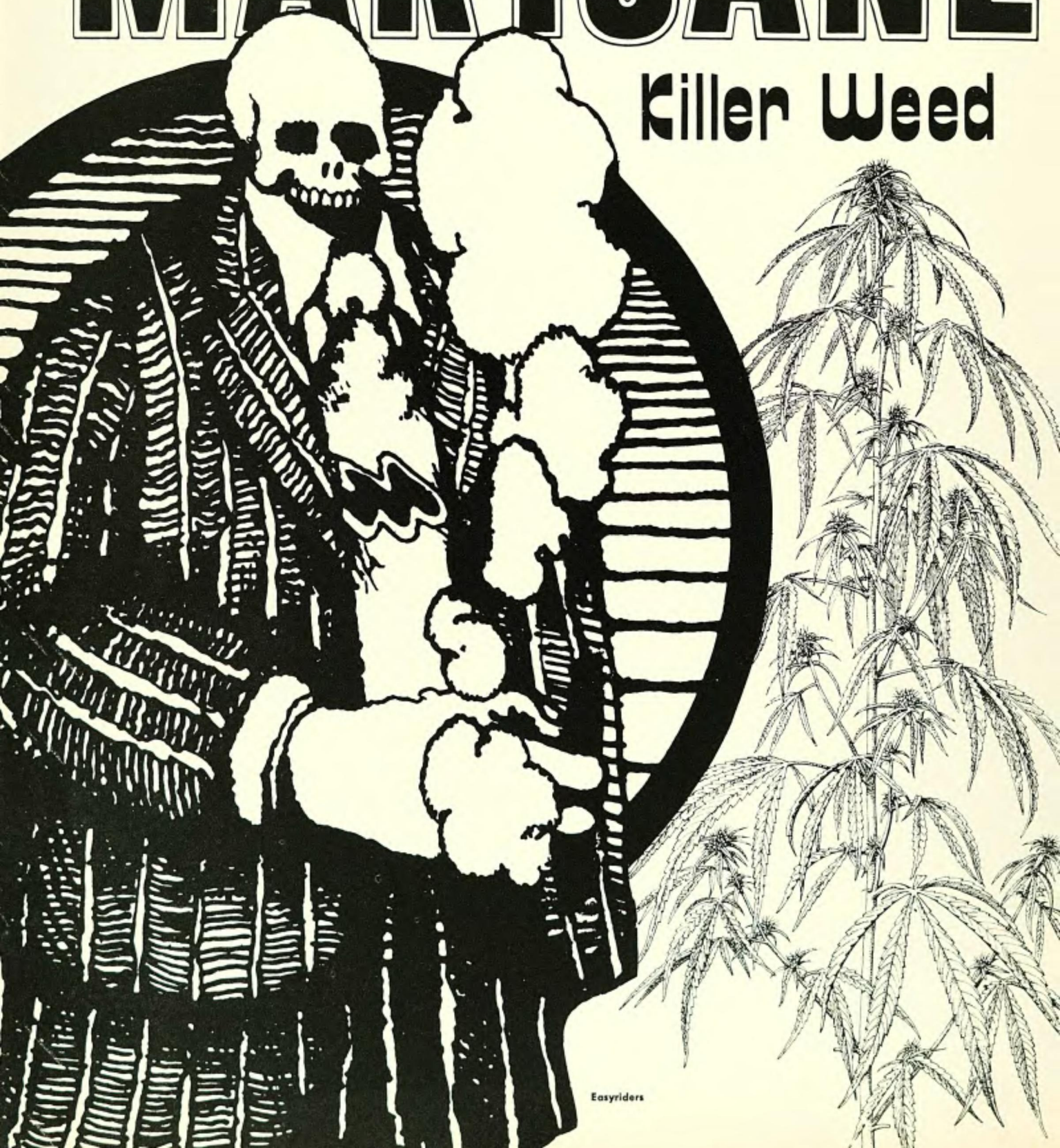
This is the time of year when guys will be eagerly trying to push the riding season—trying to make summer come sooner. But old Mutha Nature more often than not won't be rushed, and as a result more than one guy gets caught in the rain. On the following two pages Dave Mann has captured a group of bikers coming out of a passing rain storm on their way home from a righteous run.

DAVID MANN

Easyriders Magazine

MARYJANE

Killer Weed



Easyriders

One of Spider's favorite pastimes is getting wasted and then going browsing in thrift shops and junk stores searching for old books and magazines. He doesn't do it for any particular reason—it's just that he digs old-fashioned medicine ads and old illustrations. Recently he flashed on an idea while looking in an 1891 dictionary. He decided to look up the word "marijuana" just for kicks, but unable to find that word, he looked up the word "hemp" and almost flipped on how candid they were about it in those days.

Paranoia, in addition to do-gooders and Big Brother deciding what you should or shouldn't read nowadays, has pretty well limited what you can read on the subject. So, we decided to let you see what they said about hemp and hash 82 years ago.

HASHI'SH is the Oriental name of the plant (or rather of the tops and tender parts of the plant) which is scientifically known as *Cannabis indica*, and which we term *Indian Hemp*. The medicinal value of the preparations of Indian Hemp is described in another article. See HEMP, INDIAN. It is the peculiar intoxication occasioned by the use of H. that will be now specially noticed.

Various preparations of the plant are employed for the purpose of producing the desired effect. A favorite mode of extracting its active principle is by boiling the tops and flowers with water, to which butter or oil has been added, evaporating, and thus forming an oleaginous solution or fatty extract. This fatty extract is frequently mixed with other substances which are reputed to possess aphrodisiac properties, and is taken in the form of electuary, confection, or pastil. The *majoon* used at Calcutta, the *mapouchari* employed at Cairo, and the *dawames* or *dawamesc* of the Arabs, are preparations of this kind.

Dr. Moreau of Tours, who has written an elaborate work on this subject (*Du Hachisch et de l'Alienation Mentale*, 1845), which is based not only on general observations but on personal experience, thus describes the *fantasia*, which is the term employed in the Levant to describe the excitement produced by this agent: 'It is really *happiness* which is produced by the hashish; and by this I imply an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as we might be induced to suppose. The hashish-eater is happy, not like the gourmand or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his desires, but like him who hears tidings which fill him with joy, like the miser counting his treasures, the gambler who is successful at play, or the ambitious man who is intoxicated with success.'

One of the first appreciable effects of the drug, is the gradual weakening of the power of controlling and directing the thoughts. Then comes the stage already described; and accompanying, and in part following it, there are observed errors of sense, false convictions, and the predominance of one or more extravagant ideas. These ideas and convictions are generally not altogether of an imaginary character, but are suggested by external impressions which are erroneously interpreted by the perceptive faculties. Finally, if the dose is sufficiently powerful, there is a complete withdrawal of the mind from external things,

HEMP (*Can'nabis*), a genus of plants of the natural order *Cannabinaceæ* (q. v.), having the male and female flowers on different plants; the male flowers with 5-partite calyx and 5 stamens; the female flowers with a spathe-like calyx of one leaf, rolled round the ovary and partially split along one side, and two threadlike stigmas. There is only one known species (*C. sativa*), varying considerably, however, from soil, climate and cultivation. It is an annual plant, a native of the warmer parts of Asia, but has been cultivated in Europe from the earliest historic times, and is now naturalized in many parts of Europe and America. Like flax, it wonderfully adapts itself to diversities of climate, and is cultivated equally under the burning sun of the tropics, and in the northern parts of Russia. It is, however, readily injured by frost, particularly when young; and in many countries where it is cultivated, it succeeds only because their summer is sufficient for its whole life. H. varies very much in height, according to the soil and climate, being sometimes only three or four feet, and sometimes fifteen or twenty feet, or even more. Notwithstanding the nettle-like coarseness of its leaves, it is an elegant plant, and is sometimes sown on this account in shrubberies and large flower-borders. The stem is erect, more or less branched; the leaves are 5—9-figured. The flowers are yellowish green, small, and numerous; the male flowers in axillary racemes on the upper parts of the plant; the female flowers in short axillary, and rather crowded spikes. The female plants are higher and stronger than the male, for which reason the female plants are popularly known in Germany as *Mastelhopfen*, and the male as *Femelhopfen*, the names being derived from the Latin *mas* and *femella*, and perpetuating an error which probably is as old as the time of the Romans. The stem of H. is hollow, or only filled with a soft pith. This pith is surrounded by a tender, brittle substance, consisting chiefly of cellular tissue, with some woody fibre, which is called the *reed*, *boon*, or *shove* of hemp. Over this is the thin bark, composed chiefly of fibres extending in a parallel direction along the stalk, with an outer membrane or cuticle.

H. is cultivated for its fibre in almost all countries of Europe, and in many other temperate parts of the world; most extensively in Poland, and in the center and south of European Russia, which are the chief hemp-exporting countries. French H. is much esteemed in the market, as is also that of England and Ireland, of which, however, the quantity is comparatively inconsiderable. *Bolognese H.* and *Rhenish H.* are varieties remarkable for their height; and a fibre of very fine quality, eight or nine feet long, is known in commerce by the name of *Italian Garden Hemp*. In Britain, the cultivation of H. is almost confined to Lincolnshire, Holderness, and a few other districts of England, of which the moist alluvial soil is particularly suited to it. In cultivating H., it is very necessary to have the soil so rich, and to sow the seed at such a season, that the plants shall grow rapidly at first, as they thus form long fibres. A crop of short scrubby H. is almost worthless. The finer kinds of H. are used for making cloth; the coarser, for sail-cloth and ropes. H. sown thin produces a coarser fibre than H. sown thick. Something also depends on the time of pulling, for the crop is pulled by the hand. When a rather fine fibre is wanted, and the seed is not regarded, the whole crop is pulled at once, soon after flowering; otherwise, it is usual to pull the male plants as soon as they have shed their pollen, and to leave the female plants to ripen their seed, in which case the fibre of the female plants is much coarser. The treatment of H., by *retting*, &c., is similar to that of Flax (q. v.). The fibre of H. is generally used for coarser purposes than that of flax, particularly for sailcloth, pack-sheet, ropes, and the caulking of ships.

The seed of H. is produced in great abundance. It is commonly sold as food for cage-birds; and birds are so fond of it, that not only the ripening fields, but the newly sown fields, must be carefully guarded against their depredations. A fixed oil, *oil of hempseed*, is obtained from it by expression, which is at first greenish yellow and afterwards yellow, and has an acrid odor, but a mild taste. This oil is used in Russia for burning in lamps, although the wick is apt to get clogged; also for making paints, varnish, and a kind of soft soap.

H. is cultivated in warm countries, not so much for its fibre as for a resinous secretion, which has narcotic or intoxicating qualities. See HASHISH.

H. is also used as a therapeutic agent under the name of INDIAN H., or BHANG. In this country, it is administered in the form of resinous extract or of tincture; and it is usually prescribed (like opium) for its hypnotic, anodyne, and antispasmodic properties. Although less certain in its action than opium, it possesses these advantages over that drug—that it does not constipate the bowels, create nausea, or check the secretions, and that it is less likely to occasion headache.

The name Hemp (Ger. *Hanf*) is probably derived, along with the Greek and Latin *Cannabis*, from an oriental name, of which one form is the Arabic *Kinnub*. The name H. is often extended with some distinctive prefix to many of the fibres used for ropes and coarse fabrics, a practice which produces not a little confusion.

—Continued on page 61

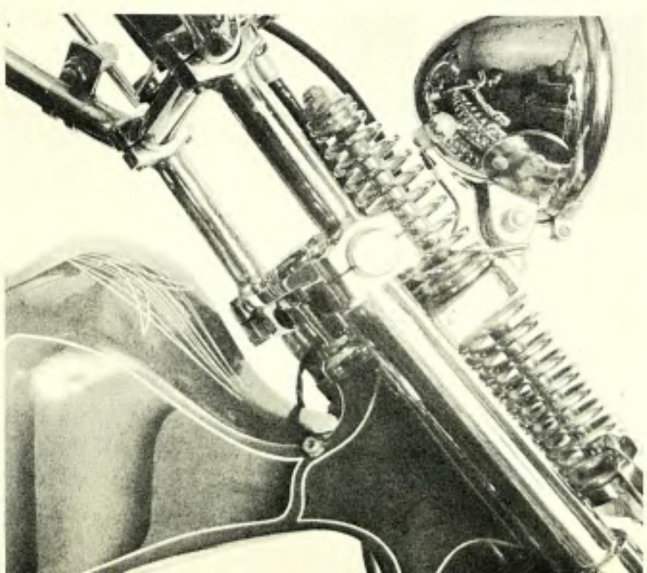


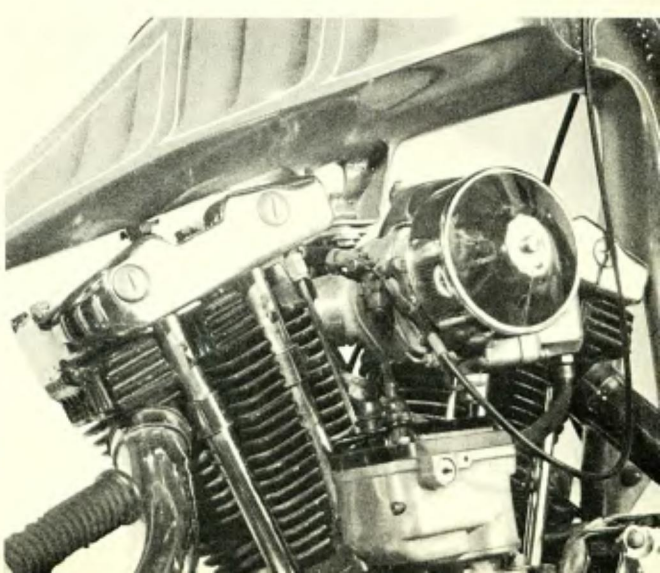
Milwaukee Iron

Gary Frey found himself working at the Milwaukee iron works two years ago and decided that while Harley had the Limeys he'd been running beat, they were light years off it in design—so he got into choppers.

About a year ago, Gary opened Fancy Colors, a design/paint shop, and set to work on his first from-the-ground-up scoot. He wanted a bike that could perform on the streets all summer and look









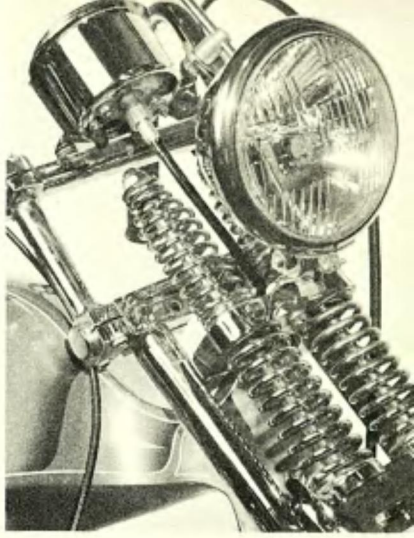
good on the floor in winter. This show-and-go hummer is what he came up with.

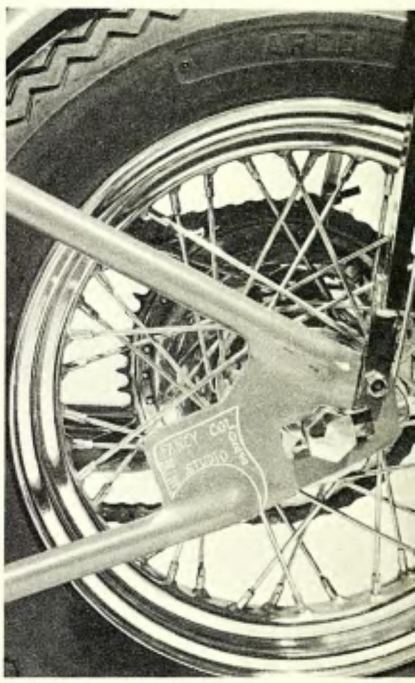
Frey's "clean lean" concept revolves around the low center of gravity provided by a Santee hardtail which dropped him 3" and added a 6" stretch. An 8" extension on twisted springer forks rounded out the handling package Frey wanted. Gizzard wizard John Heidt of Milwaukee set up the power; the engine is balanced and stroked, runs Dytch pistons and an SS flywheel. Heidt capped his act with a secret jetting job and venturi porting on the Linkert carb.

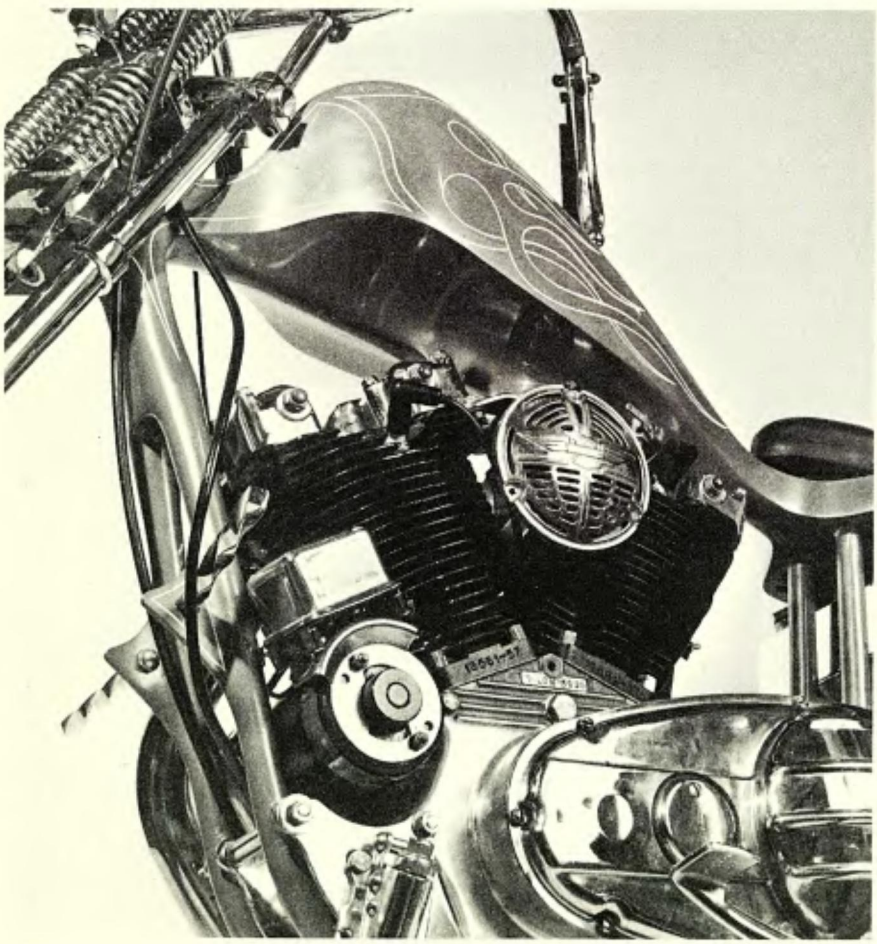
Meanwhile, Gary was painstakingly hand laminating his tank onto the frame to avoid the Bondo blues once he hit the street. The Fancy Color special followed: a candy red over Murano pearl.

—Continued on next page





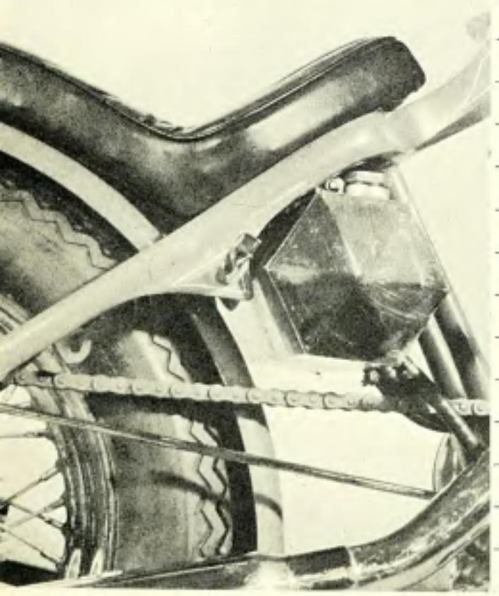






Photos by Perry M. Paegelow





Owner: Gary Frey

City: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1961 H-D
Model: XLCH
Value: $3500
Assembly by: owner
Time: 9 months
Chroming by: Astra Chrome

Engine

Year: 1961
Model: XLCH
Builder: John Heidt
Ignition: 6V
Displacement: 65 cu. in.
Balancing: n/a
Pistons: Dytch
Cam: PB
Lifters: solids
Carb(s): Heidt-Linkert
Air cleaner: n/a
Shifter: foot
Pipes: H-D
Muffler(s): Shorty (glass)
Gearing:
Engine sprocket: 34
Trans sprocket: 23

Painting

Molding: Owner (fiberglass)
Painter: Owner
Color: candy red over pearl
Type: lacquer
Other special modifications:
S&S lower end

Chassis

Frame builder: H-D
Year and make: 1961 H-D
Rake: none
Stretch: none
Rear Suspension: Santee Hardtail

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks
Risers: 2½-in. dogbones
Fender(s): 5-in. flat
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Bates
Speedo: stock
Foot pegs: owner
Front:
Back:
Gas tank: Sportster (fiberglass)
Oil tank: Santee
Primary cover: stock
Seat material: leather
Sissy bar: D&D
Height: 18 inches
Material size: ½-in. square twist

Forks

Type: springer
Type front rail: ½-in. twist
Extension: 8 inches over
Builder: D&D

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21-inch	Size: 16-inch
Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: stock
Rim width: 1¾-in.	Rim width: 5-inch
Tire size:	Tire size:
3.00 x 21 Avon	5.00 x 16 Arco


RED RIDER
"LOOK ED! A HIPPIE ON A CHOPPER!"
"LETS NAIL HIS ASS!"
"LIVING!"
"WHAT FOR?"
"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST HIPPIE!"
"YOUR BIKE IS LEAKING OIL!"
"WHAT FOR?"
"YOU HAD BETTER INFORM THE SUSPECT OF HIS RIGHTS, IN CASE HE COMES TO"
HAW HAW YUK
"FORGET IT!"
TEE HEE
"OK HONEY STRIP"
"HERE, GOOGLE EYES, .. MY PRESCRIPTION"
"I WAS FRAMED"
"IM GETTING HORNY!"
"ME TOO!"
"KNOCK IT OFF MAN... IT'S 3 A.M."
"HEY MAN, HOW ABOUT MY RIGHTS TO MAKE A PHONE CALL?"
"HELLO JACK'S PIZZA, HEY JACK, IM OVER AT THE SLAMMER WILL YOU SEND OVER A LARGE PIZZA WITH ANCHOVIES, GARLIC, LIMBERGER CHEESE, SAUSAGE, AND MAYBE SPRINKLE ON A LITTLE OF THAT OREGENO WE SMOKED LAST NIGHT. !!..."

Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

ABATE

More on NCCSI's Testing Program

As reported in the last issue, NCCSI has developed their front fork testing machine and are in the process of putting forks to the strictest test ever devised for front end suspension.

In order for us, the consumers, to know which fork has complied with NCCSI's tough evaluation procedures and test program, the certification logo you see here will be issued by the association and can be used only in conjunction with the specific part that complies with association specs. It is not an indorsement or an approval of the product—it is a certification that the product has met and complied with established test procedures.

Admittedly this is just the beginning. There will be continual testing—off-the-shelf testing—to keep everyone honest. All structural components are to be tested to give us, the consumers, some confidence that what we are buying is safe.

As many of you know, NCCSI has been criticized for not moving faster and not doing this and not doing that—but the people who have been taking shots at NCCSI are the ones who never attended any meetings, never offered any help, never did anything constructive — they just sat back and whined. It is to NCCSI's credit that they stuck together, continued to grow, and were farsighted enough to know that if an industry didn't start policing itself, then Big Brother would, which would mean arbitrary decisions and perhaps the outright outlawing of parts. NCCSI established a standard that was super-tough—so it couldn't rationally be challenged. If a product withstood all the tests it had to go through to get the NCCSI certification, then there would be ample evidence to support the product's safety claims to federal and state agencies—which is one helluva lot better than just someone's opinion.

That's the selfish interest of the manufacturers—but that's also to our benefit. At least, now, we have a choice: A tested product or an untested one. Actually there's no choice—is there?

Important Correction

In the "Do's and Don'ts of Fighting Anti-bike Legislation" feature in the March issue, the author erroneously stated that no modified front fork could be operated on a Massachusetts highway after January 1, 1974. There is no such Massachusetts law on the books, nor is there one pending. The author simply zigged when he should have zagged.

California: The Division of Highways is considering ways to warn bikers of rain grooves in advance of the biker's hitting them. (Rain grooves are grooves cut into the pavement to give automobiles better traction during rainstorms in order to reduce sliding in turns or hydroplaning at high speeds, and to aid stopping. They work great for cars, but a biker—especially on a swing-arm frame—starts to fishtail, with some bikers losing it.) They suggest leaving a two-foot-wide strip on the right-hand side of the outside lane, and erecting signs 1000 feet in advance of the grooves to alert the biker, or painting wavy lines on the surface of the highway 100 feet in advance of grooves. We suggest the painted surface rather than signs.

London, England: The compulsory helmet law has fallen on our friends across the pond. Commencing June 1, all riders of motorbikes and scooters in Britain must wear the damn things—whether they like it or not. Violators will be fined more than 122. (Whatever that is.)

Massachusetts: The Massachusetts Motorcycle Dealers Association has convinced the Registry of Motor Vehicles to revamp their licensing procedures so as to make it easier to apply for a motorcycle drivers license.

Kansas: Ted Oakes, our Kansas State Coordinator, notified ABATE that on Jan. 22 they were able to get a helmet law repeal bill introduced in the Kansas legislature. It is **imperative,** according to a legislator's recommendation, that they get at least one thousand riders to the capital for the senate hearing, and ABATE members are among the most likely to attend without prodding. If necessary, they have even made plans to charter a bus for the occasion, as they are facing a senate committee made up of rednecks, all of whom, with one exception, voted for the helmet law last year.

If we get past them, we need to make another massive show of force when it reaches the House Roads and Highways Committee. Last year, we got two hundred riders up for that one, but obviously, it wasn't enough. If you live in the state of Kansas, biker or not, contact Ted and make a point to be at those hearings. Let's show the Kansas state politicians that bikers truly detest being told they have to wear a helmet. Ted Oakes, 2530 S. 37th St., Kansas City, Kansas 66106.

Utah: Gene Park notified ABATE that Utah is changing their helmet law. Under the current law cyclists must wear helmets on all highways where the speed limit is over 35 miles per hour. Rep. Ted M. Davis, the sponsor of the new measure, said that the Utah Public Safety Department requested the change in the present law because the current statute is unenforceable. "Cyclists are going through other speed zones all the time," he said. "It would be simpler if they just wore helmets all the time."

Not too long ago Virginia was threatened with a no-extension bill. Lee Clemens, a brother in Virginia, caught up with the law and its sponsors but was unable to enter his arguments because of either closed or unannounced committee hearings. But Lee was able to chase down a couple of people directly involved with the bill. Again he was shot down while trying to discuss the law; the man would not accept his views or rider experience as evidence. Lee notified ABATE of the bill and the predicament he was in trying to fight it. ABATE sent copies of our technical articles and instructed Lee, if at all possible, to set up a time when our engineer could phone someone directly responsible for the bill. He did, with a Mr. Dubal. Our engineer, William Otto, then called and discussed the merits of extended front ends and tests we are developing. According to Mr. Otto the conversation went smoothly, and Mr. Dubal agreed to hold up on that portion of the bill for another year.

Kansas Handlebar Law: Ted Oakes, ABATE State Coordinator in Kansas, recently caught the Kansas state legislature trying to pass a handlebar law that read "to the top of the handlebars and not to the grips." The bill was in the last leg before passage when Ted notifed ABATE that he needed copies of the California law special-delivered to the sponsors of the Kansas law. We sent out copies of the California statute and were able to get them to the committee in time for them to re-interpret the law before passage.

AMA Views

AMA's Legislative Director Gene Wirwahn emphasizes that we still may oppose mandatory helmet laws by appealing to a sense of reason and fairness in the individual state legislatures, but he states that the recent developments are a strong indication that such legislation will not be beaten in court on constitutional grounds.

He says, "Motorcyclists must understand that this question goes far beyond the use of helmets. The whole theory of constitutionality is in a state of flux at this time, and courts throughout the land are

daily evaluating the place of the individual within society, sometimes unfortunately at a cost to the individual and individual rights.

"The recent Simon case," he adds, "is not an indication that we are wrong, but rather that we were too late. Mandatory helmet legislation, beginning in 1967, was firmly entrenched before anyone in the motorcycle sport was properly organized. However, we are organized now, and we should devote our efforts to the burning issues of land closure, highway safety and no-fault insurance. In the end, these issues can be far more disagreeable than the mandatory use of helmets, and I appeal for the support of all concerned motorcyclists in confronting these issues."

Beware of "Unsafe Vehicle" Laws

New Mexico: A bill has been introduced in the state senate to change the helmet law so that it applies to everyone. At this time, and until a new law is passed, only those bike riders under 18 have to wear them.

This appears to be an arbitrary decision on the part of a group of senators headed by Majority Leader Tibo Chavez; it is part of an overall safety package that includes such goodies as a mandatory seat belt and shoulder strap law—you either use it or get a ticket, if the law goes through. Their reasoning, in light of the fact that no state has a mandatory seat belt law, was, "We thought we'd let the legislature consider it because apparently it's going to be a federal standard." Talk about rolling over and playing dead!

Everyone should also protest the part of the law package about customized suspension on hot rods "to make it easier for officers to remove unsafe vehicles from the highways." They pass a bill like this aimed at so-called hot rods, but because the final determination is at the discretion of the cop, the law becomes a convenient "catch-all" that the cops apply to anything on the highway—including motorcycles. If they think a raked front end is unsafe — kapow, it's impounded. Front end too long in the cop's opinion—it's unsafe and is impounded. Is your hair long? Do you wear colors? The catch-all law is used against you—there is always something about your bike, if they so decide, that is unsafe.

Fight that law. Ask your Colorado brothers how a similar law almost did them in. Ask some California brothers about it—where it is the favorite device for hassling bikers.

Texas: Howard Gerber of ABATE and the Texas Motorcycle Roadriders Association has advised us of a Texas law that applies to trike owners. "The operator of a three-wheel motorcycle must wear an approved helmet unless the vehicle is equipped with a cab designed to contain the operator within the cab. A seat and seatbelt for such a vehicle must also be provided and used. The T.M.R.A. is also requesting support in their battle to repeal the Texas helmet law. They're basing their fight on the fact that helmets do not do the job they are supposed to do, plus their tendency to increase fatalities.

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.

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.

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.

Bite Your Tongue

When writing a letter of protest, remember, we are up against wealthy, slick, articulate professionals, who already have the lawmaker's ear.

Our best offense against this power is to be ourselves. What we want is just. The facts are on our side, so there is no need to be insulting or abusive, for all it will accomplish is to confirm the already low opinion he may have of chopper riders, and as a result play into our opposition's hands.

Insulting or crude letters will only harm our cause. So be specific and straight forward. Keep your letters short. Suggest positive alternatives. Talk to him—don't shout or cuss.

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 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!

ABATE
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Seal Beach, California 90740

Join Today!

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.

Photos by Joe Niemann



Meet my friend Clyde —from Nebraska

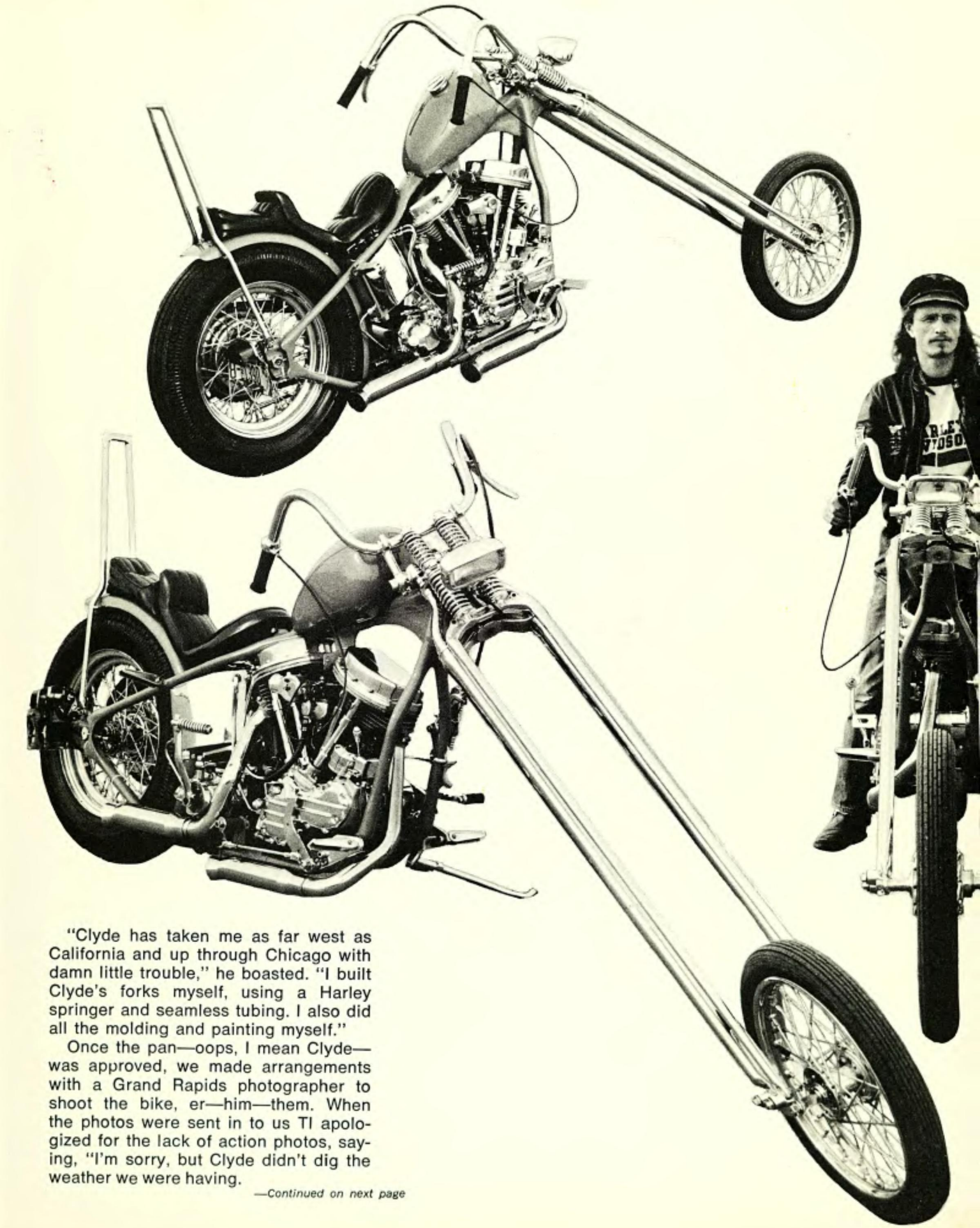
Terry Iwanski, or TI, as he is known to his friends, contacted us recently wondering if we would be interested in featuring Clyde — Clyde being his friend of 5 years — a '57 panhead.

We kicked it around after studying the sample photos he had submitted. The consensus was that the extension was too long for our liking, but other than that, everyone agreed that it was a tasty machine. And it was from a state that hadn't offered many submissions—Nebraska.

"Clyde has been changed ten different times during the last five years. Different rakes, front ends, colors and so on," Terry wrote. "Because of the long winters back here, and the limited riding time, there's plenty of bike building—or rebuilding—time.

"I have a small garage here in Grand Island and I help other guys along with their bikes. Occasionally I paint bikes and sell some used parts."

TI always referred to his bike as Clyde, and "he" rather than the usual "she." He never varied from it. He and Clyde were obviously good friends.



"Clyde has taken me as far west as California and up through Chicago with damn little trouble," he boasted. "I built Clyde's forks myself, using a Harley springer and seamless tubing. I also did all the molding and painting myself."

Once the pan—oops, I mean Clyde—was approved, we made arrangements with a Grand Rapids photographer to shoot the bike, er—him—them. When the photos were sent in to us TI apologized for the lack of action photos, saying, "I'm sorry, but Clyde didn't dig the weather we were having.

—Continued on next page

Owner: Terry Iwanski

City: Grand Rapids, Nebraska

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1957 H-D

Model: 74

Value: $3000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 3 months

Chroming by: Osenpowski Bros.

Engine

Year: 1957

Model: FLH panhead

Builder: Osenpowski Bros. H-D

Ignition: 6V

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Balancing: no

Pistons: (9½) 40 over

Cam: 468s

Lifters: Sifton solids

Carb(s): Linkert M-74

Air cleaner: 1924 Harley

Shifter: ratchet top foot

Pipes: drag type

Muffler(s): turn-outs

Gearing:

- Engine sprocket: 24
- Trans sprocket: 23

Painting

Molding: owner

Painter: owner

Color: orange

Type: lacquer

Other special modifications:

Rear Ford radius rods; 2nd gear dogs ground for positive shift; 2" intake valves; ported and polished.

Chassis

Frame builder: H-D

Year and make: 1953 H-D

Rake: 1½ inches

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks

Risers: 3" dogbones

Fender(s): AEE 5" flat

Headlight: square

Taillight: Bates

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

- Front: Anderson
- Back: Anderson

Gas tank: peanut

Oil tank: Paughco

Primary cover: compensating tin

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar: owner

- Height: 18 inches
- Material size: ⅝" round

Forks

Type: 1947 HD 74 springer

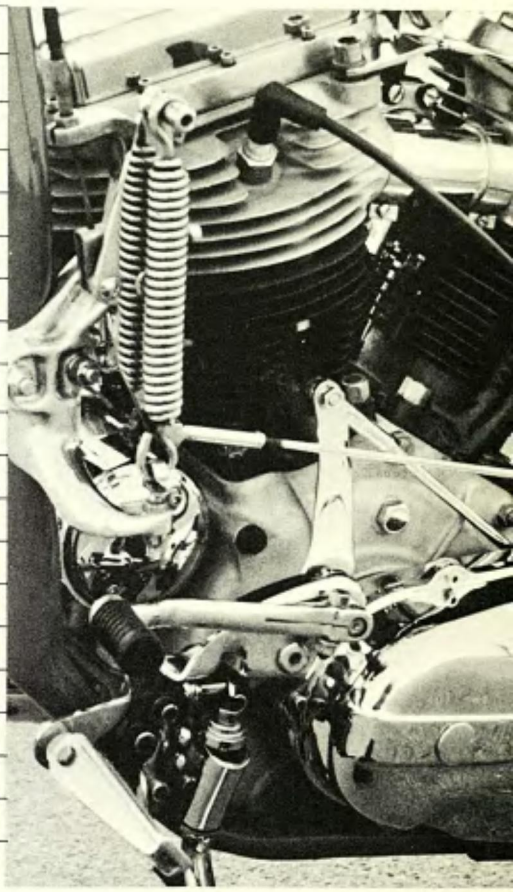
Type front rail: seamless tubing

Extension: 33 in. over

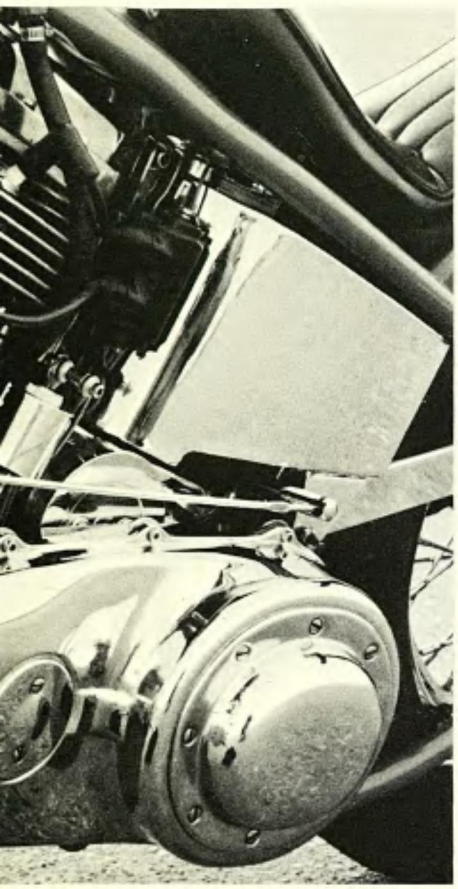
Builder: owner

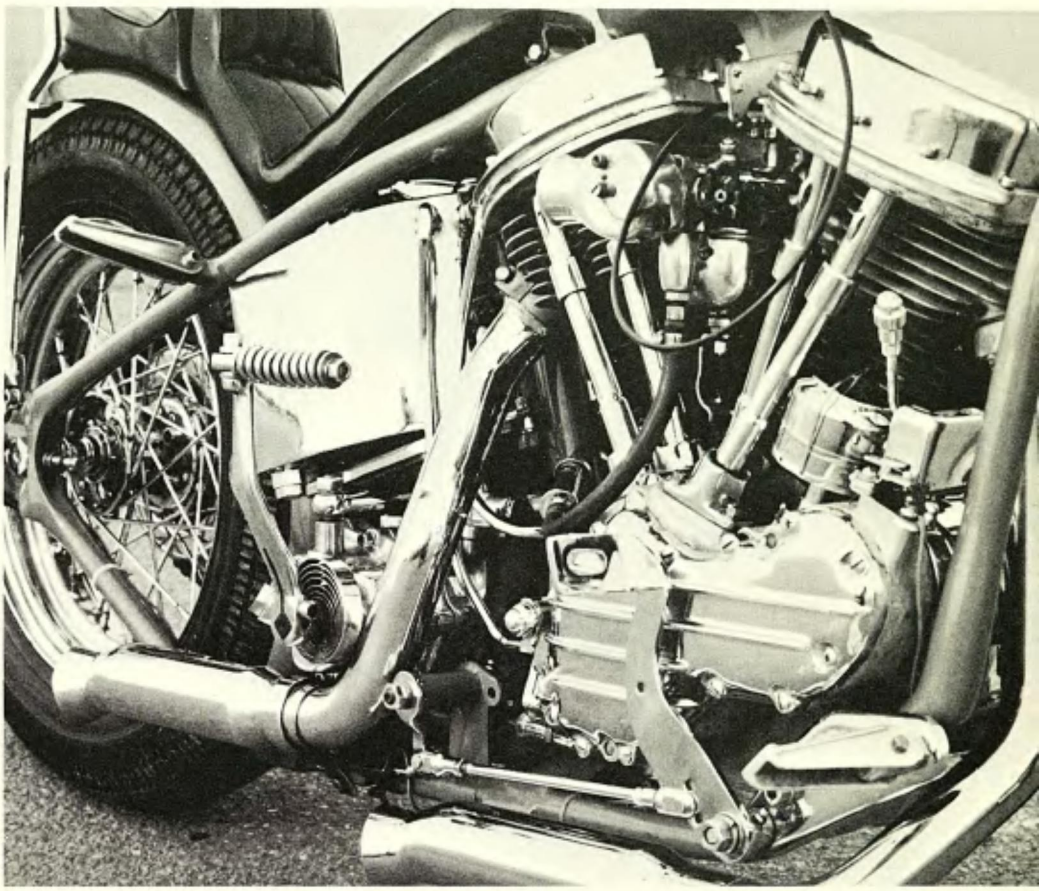
Wheels

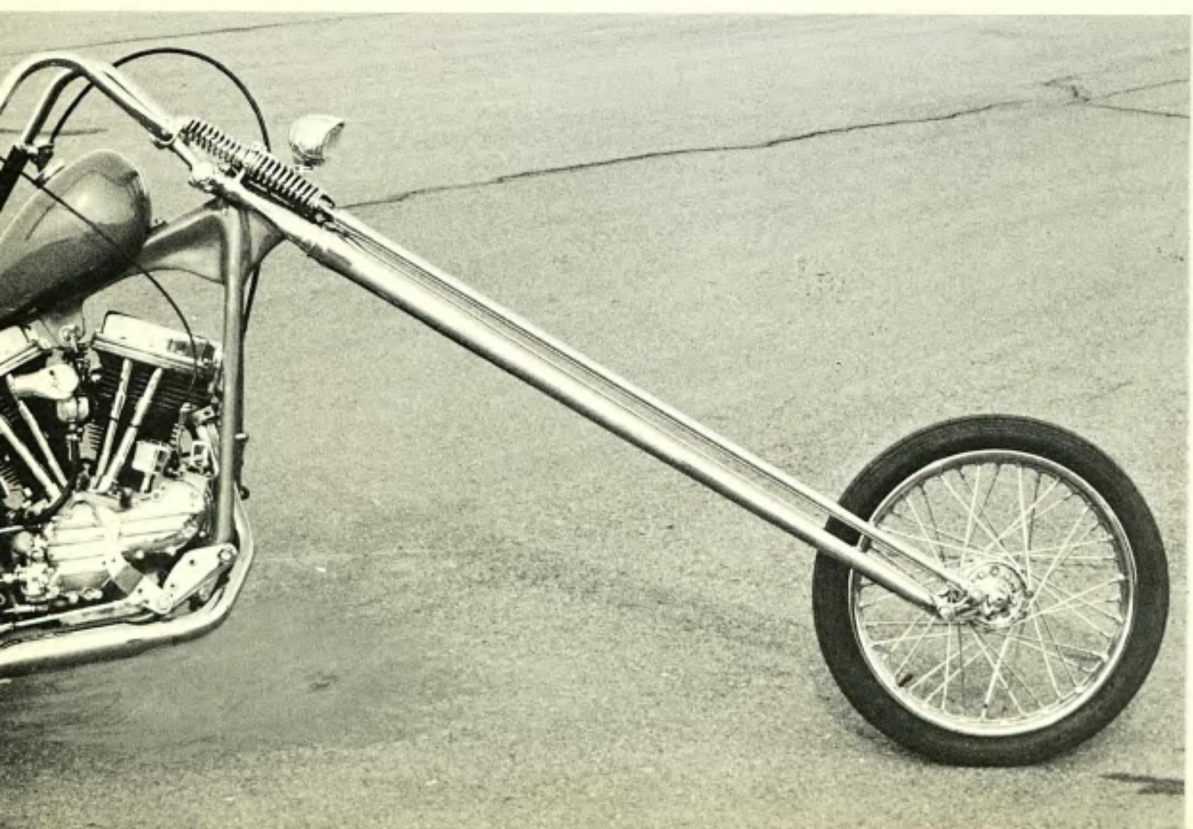
Front:	Rear:
Size: 18-inch	Size 16-inch
Hub/brake: stock	Hub/brake: stock
Rim width: 2¼-in.	Rim width: 4-in.
Tire size:	Tire size:
2.75 x 18 Avon	5.00 x 16 Goodyear













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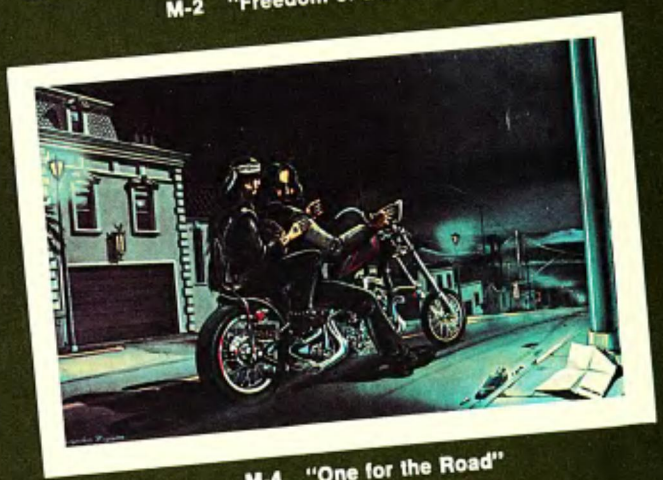
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

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Heard any good ones lately? Well, clean 'em up a little and send them to Silly Tilly, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California, 90740. She'll pay $10 for every one she uses.

Two bikers were bucks down and needed a beer bad. After some heavy thought one of them said, "I've got an idea. I'll buy a hot dog and stick it in my fly. After we have a few brews and the man comes for the money, I'll flop out the dog like it was my joint, and you dive on it. Then the man'll get so pissed, he'll throw us out."

It worked, and so they did the same act all over town. After the fifth bar the diver said, "This time I'll hold the dog and you dive on it."

The other dude smiled. "Shit, man, I tossed the dog away after the first bar."

—Joe Cantera
Weymouth, Mass.

Did you hear about the 60-year-old whore that sat on a bar stool and slid clear to the floor?

—June
Albuquerque, N.M.

The only thing I don't understand is why the Good Lord made the bottom half of a woman the way he did. Why the hell do you suppose he put the snack shop right next to the shithouse?

—Kenneth DelRasso
Ramsonville, Ill.

Did you hear the one about the guy who was so stupid that he thought Peter Pan was a wash basin in a whorehouse?

—Ashton Flautt
St. Bernard, La.

Biker: Hey, baby, do you know what a guy with ten inches of swinging meat eats for breakfast?

Sweet Thing: No, what?

Biker: This morning I had two eggs, toast, and milk.

—Ron Kugel
Esko, Mn.

How about the weird bear who laid his paw on the table?

—G. R. Palmer
Stillwater, Mn.

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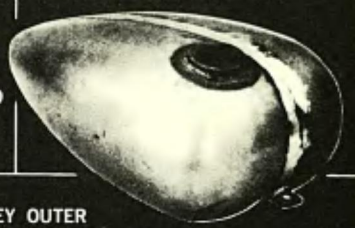


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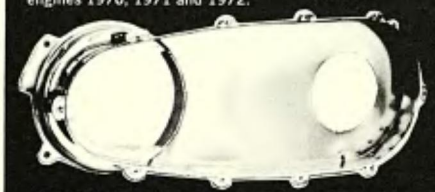
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by Johnny Wray



The Great San Diego Run

We had planned on 300 bikes this year, but one guy was in jail, another had blown a valve, and 296 of the guys were just too goddam drunk, so that left just me (usually known as Awful Knawful) and Redbeard. Redbeard is the club treasurer. He told me we only had $900 in the bank, but what the hell, a run is a run.

We left Modesto early Monday morning. Driving hard, we finally arrived in Keyes (three miles away).

Being exhausted, we got a motel room and seven cases of beer; half an hour later we were out of beer and decided it was time to move on. We hit that freeway wide open. When we finally leveled off we were doing a good thirty miles an hour. I glanced at Redbeard zooming along beside me, his face all distorted. I thought the distortion was caused by the terrible wind generated by our speed, but I found out later that his face always looks like that.

Late that night we pulled into Turlock (another long mile or so from Modesto). Worn out by all that hard jammin', we got another motel room and another seven cases of beer, and settled down. Redbeard got all uptight because I laughed at his silk underwear, but he hee-hawed me right back when my brassiere strap broke. Well, finally, thoroughly pissed at each other, we hit the sack.

Being a sissy, Redbeard had to sleep with the light on.

Redbeard got up about 4:00 a.m. because we wanted to leave no later than 10:00. When I woke up, he was kicking everything but the starter. He was having a hell of a time, so I hung an ear of corn in

—Continued on next page

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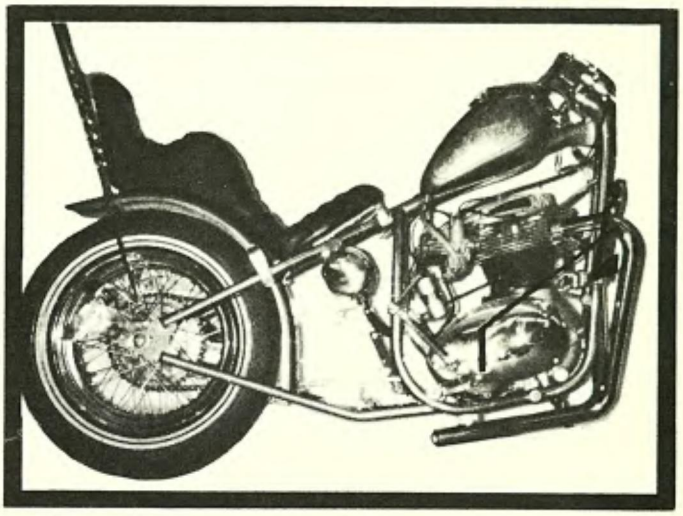
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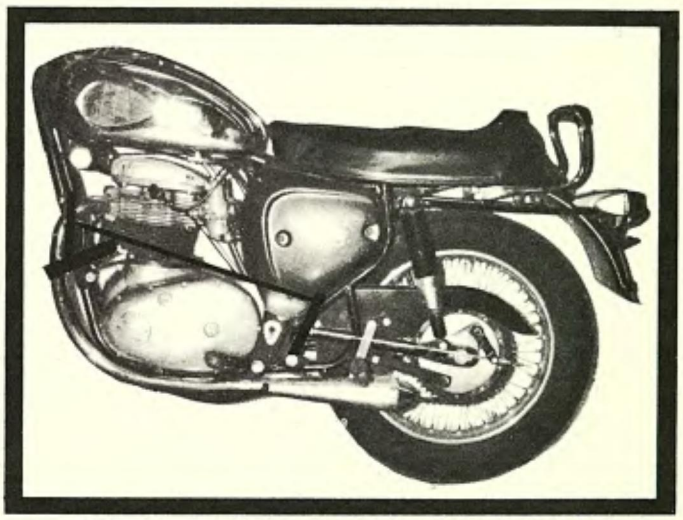
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front of the hog and it started right up.

Blasting once again down Highway 99, we passed a large dairy that smelled like a 400-pound armpit.

Half an hour later we pulled into some place in Wyoming. Redbeard blew it again. He bought a map of the road to San Diego from an old Polish hog caller who had obviously never called any hogs anywhere near San Diego. We got another map from a service station and started once more for the Big City.

En route, we stopped at a little pizza parlor and had a couple of orders of chow mein (they didn't seem to be quite sure what pizza was — or chow mein either, for that matter). We flipped for the bill; naturally, I lost. Being broke, I paid the bill with one Mexican and two counterfeit Confederate dollar bills; we left with the local sheriff in hot pursuit.

We stopped late that night at a buddy's place in L.A. Big Dan was happy to see us and arranged for the loveliest of companionship. Redbeard's chick looked like a cross between Ed Sullivan and Phyllis Diller. I, being much more charming, wound up with a sweet young thing in her early seventies, with a shape like the latest thing in cracker boxes.

Next morning, we decided to sneak out, so Redbeard fired up his pan and drove right through the closed kitchen door. I was, needless to say, right behind him.

We may never visit Big Dan again.

It took about two hours to reach San Diego, which wasn't bad, considering two blowouts, a broken primary chain, and running smack into the back of a Roto-Rooter truck.

San Diego had nothing but good times to offer. Twenty minutes after we arrived, we were mugged and robbed; they even took Redbeard's silk shorts. Man, we were really pissed. Redbeard's got something like the eighty-fifth degree of the black belt in karate, and my whole body's a deadly weapon — so we decided to run.

We are presently back in Modesto, hiding from our club, the sheriff from Wyoming, the muggers from San Diego, and anyone who has wasted his time reading this bullshit. ■

The term "chick" is an insult to liberated women. . .

Dammit, in answer to your letter in the February issue, I know you're trying to appear fair toward everyone — but you've sorta missed the point as to why the term *chick* (which you use so loosely to mean *woman*) is such an insult to liberated women. I know you mean well, so I'll try to explain.

Chick comes from the word *chicken*, of course. Usually, *chick* is only applied to a younger girl, particularly one seen as a (somewhat dumb) piece of meat. Older women are usually referred to as *hens*, and this is a traditional insult, as you've no doubt heard before. The attitude is that (female) chickens are brainless, cowardly, lowly pieces of meat that peck on each other and cackle insanely. On the other hand, the rooster (or cock) is somewhat respected by men as a good stud and a good fighter. It comes as no surprise to learn that the type of man who considers women "chicks" thinks men are superior to because they possess "cocks" to "fuck chicks with." Now maybe you see the history of the insult, and the fact that you may or may not realize that history when you call me a "chick" makes it no less insulting!

In the gay (homosexual) lingo, *chicken* is also an insult, meaning *young meat*—a gay male under 21. In straight vernacular, it is synonymous with *teenybopper*, as I will explain.

Call a man a "chicken" and you'll probably get punched out—because it has always been synonymous with "coward." Interestingly enough, so has the word "pussy" when applied to a man! Amazing how women are supposed to dig being called chickens and pussies! (We don't!)

Everybody knows that teeny-boppers are still hung up on the idea that they are somehow inferior to men, and the idea of serving as a rock star's groupie or a male biker's "warm sissybar — chopper decoration" is appealing to them, but of course only this type of female would be actually proud to be called "chick." And there are some

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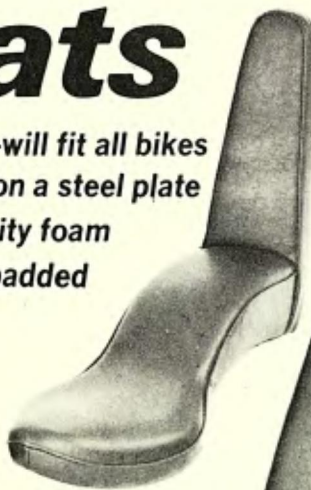
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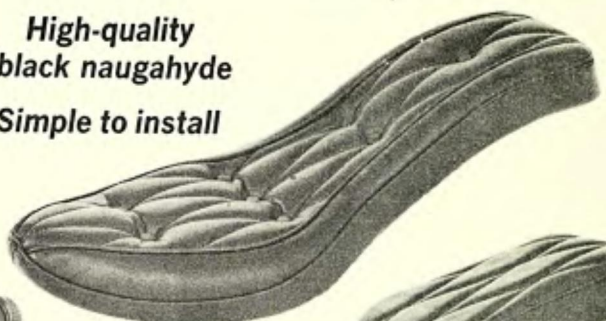
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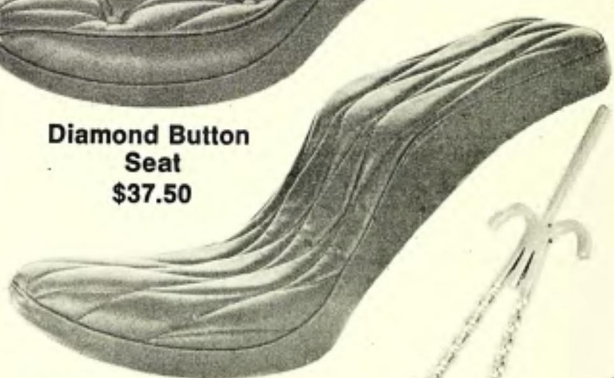
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women who are so accustomed and programmed to insults, they accept dirty slanders much the same way many blacks "accept" being called "nigras" by the southerners (who, by the way, don't think the word is insulting!).

Now you can understand this point: Because some girls don't mind being called "chicks," to call all women such is to call all dopers "junkies," or all female bikers "mamas," or all Harleys "dressers," etc.

Intelligent, liberated women don't care to be classified as "chicks" with the teenyboppers. When we see a man, we don't automatically classify him as a cock or a punk, but rather as a brother —until he proves otherwise.

I know a lot of heavy biker males, and I know they usually think the People's Revolution is so much shit, but the Revolution is happening now, brothers, and it would be really great if everyone could help (the People's Revolution includes bikers ya know) and maybe all people could be considered *people* and there'd be no more niggers, chicks, fags, spicks, etc. You know, since *Easyriders* reaches a lot of bikers, you guys could really help the Revolution by striking from your pages the word *chick* and thereby making it seem less fashionable to put down women! Because, ya know, in the People's Revolution, you're either part of the cause or part of the solution.

Now, you're thinking, what do women wish to be called in lieu of "chicks"? How about "foxes"? That can be applied to men and women! "Broad" is insulting, but it's the lesser of two evils, considering "chick." At least it implies a badass woman who can take care of herself.

Anyhow, I know you mean well, but I've gone into such lengthy detail so that maybe now you'll understand why we women bikers are insulted so often by your seeming low opinion of us. You've really got a fantastic magazine here, and I've turned on a lotta people to it. And judging from your answers to letters, you really do have open minds—and that's why I realize you were just missing the point before!

I wish I could meet you people —you seem like right-on guys.

—Phygaro Armstrong
Los Altos, California



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Helmet Bill

—Continued from page 13

motorcycles between those two years. This may have had something to do with the 75.5% increase in fatalities and 40.2% increase in motorcycle injury accidents. Mr. Sanford's statistics further brought out that the fatal accident rate for motorcycles has in reality decreased from .10% to .07%. Ah! Now! The tables have turned.

I could bore you with statistics until they seeped out from under your toenails—that is, unless you're like me. Anytime I read nothing but statistics and legal type words, I tend to skip a page and try to find the core of it all. And, I must admit, too many statistics jumble up my top end. So I'll play it straight and tell it without the mumble-jumble, giving figures only where needed.

Next on the podium came Mr. Charles Dayton, publisher of *Cycle News*. He too opposed the bill and spoke in behalf of all bike riders. One interesting statistic he brought out was that California houses 25% of all motorcycles in the U.S. He felt that stricter drivers licensing should be made mandatory instead of helmets.

Mr. Ed Armstrong, a writer, and cyclist, stood up in opposition to the bill. Now, here was a man who did his homework. He, together with Mr. Sanford, brought forth charts and figures that helped stop an unjust law. In a nutshell, they showed the committee the facts from other states on just how well their mandatory helmet laws were working—which wasn't very damn well. According to their figures (from six states that they'd checked), every state reported either an increase or an unchanged ratio in accidents and fatalities after their mandatory helmet laws were enacted.

Mr. Sanford also brought out a fact about the Z90-approved helmets, which we would have to use if AB 744 had passed. To be Z90-approved, a helmet has to absorb impacts of only 13.4 mph. Now, I don't know about you, but as for me, I'd be safe only until I got out of my driveway.

At this writing we have 43 states which have some type of mandatory helmet law. States without such laws are California, Illinois, Iowa, Mississippi, Montana, West Virginia, and Wyoming. As of January 1, 1971, the constitutionality of helmet laws had been challenged 43 times. Only

12 times were they declared unconstitutional.

It's kind of scary, huh!

Not one country in Western Europe has a compulsory helmet law. Conversely, *every* country behind the Iron Curtain does.

That's even scarier!

Mr. Whalen from C.M.I.C. spoke against AB 744, from the same standpoint as did his predecessors. His speech brought out that a motorcyclist who is wearing a helmet when struck from behind frequently receives a broken neck as a result of helmet pressure on the spinal column.

The A.M.A. even got into the act. Mr. Hinshaw, western region manager of the A.M.A., was present and tried to express his views. However, by this time the committee was tired of hearing the same figures and viewpoints, and he was cut rather short. His speech had this point of interest to bikers: According to the National Safety Council, in 72% of all car-motorcycle accidents, the car driver is found to be at fault. In a way, you could say that certain people want us to wear helmets because they know that the automobile driver doesn't have enough brains to drive on the same road without blowing it.

One biker stood up and did his bit for the cause. He spoke of another statistic of the National Safety Council—the one showing that 75% of all motorcycle accidents occur within the first 90 days of motorcycle ownership. He talked about how those days were long gone for him. With the passing of the bill, he'd have to learn to ride with a helmet, which meant the 90 days were back. "I don't want to be killed, dig? So don't make me buy a helmet." That was his plea for safety.

Between speakers, helmets were passed out to the committee for inspection. This brought a few laughs for us all. Most of the senators squeezed and pulled, but couldn't get them on. The one senator who did kept repeating, "I can't hear you. I can't hear you."

By the time the major speakers were finished, I felt we had it in the bag. Only by then a snowball had formed, and was rolling down yonder hill. People kept coming, and saying mostly the same thing. Even so, it gave me a good feeling to see everyone trying so hard to do his part.

At the end of the discussion period, the bill was brought forth for vote. None of the eight committee mem-

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bers present supported the bill. We all stood, and you could hear one loud *hurrah* through the applause.

It was finally over. The bill that probably affects the biker more than any other was dead. I, personally, was sweating this bill out from the time it went to the assembly. If it had gone through, I'd have been sweating every summer from then on.

The room began to empty. As we filed out I could see patches from various clubs. Those I saw represented Hells Angels, Misfits, Unforgiven Sinners, Losers, Mofomen, and Gladiators. Most of these people had come many miles to show their opposition.

Who made it possible for us to keep our right to wear a helmet by choice, instead of law? We all did. The excellent presentation by M.O.R.E. and Mr. Armstrong. The display of hostility by so many people in attendance. The letter writing campaign by the California ABATE members to each of the committee members. All of the bikers who didn't sit around and wait for the other guy to fight their battle for them . . .

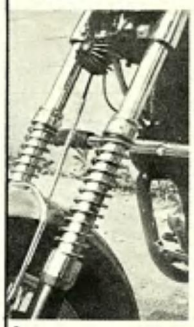
When so many people do something to show their disapproval, legislators can't help thinking twice before acting.

What now stares us in the face is the next legislative session. The mandatory helmet law has failed before, yet it always finds its way back year after year. Next year probably won't be any different.

Senator Bittle stated in his opening speech something to the effect that the committee's purpose was to decide just how far to go to protect the public. He felt that a compulsory helmet law wasn't going too far. But to me the law should protect only the other guy. We, and we alone, should decide what is safe for ourselves.

One fact wasn't brought out and never will be, even in future battles. Mostly because bringing it out wouldn't affect any voting. We all know the sensation we get when we grab a fistful of throttle, while in the corner of our eye we see the white flash by. It's hard to put that feeling into words, but we all know it when it reaches us. It's a gut feeling that no other can replace. It's what makes a biker stay a biker, while so many move on to something else, because they couldn't feel it. To put a helmet on robs a guy of that sensation. Don't you agree? ■

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—Continued from page 37

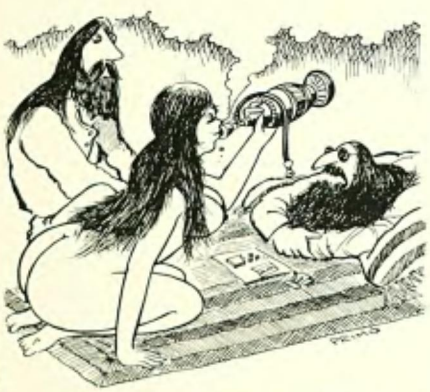
HEMP, the common name of the plant *cannabis sativa*, of the order *cannabineæ*, which is by some botanists included in the nettle family (*urticaceæ*) as a suborder. The same name is applied to the fibre of the inner bark, which is largely used in the manufacture of cordage. It is also used for the fibres of plants of widely different genera; for the most important of these, see MANILA, JUTE, and RAMIE. The true hemp is an annual plant, probably a native of India, which has been in cultivation from very early times; it grows from 4 to 12 ft. high, with



Staminate and Pistillate Flowers of Hemp.

a branching, angular, rough stem; the lower leaves are opposite, the upper alternate, and all digitately divided, with five or more coarsely toothed leaflets; the flowers are dicœcious, and without petals; the staminate flowers in drooping panicles, each with five sepals and stamens, the pistillate clustered in erect spikes, each consisting of an ovary with two styles embraced by a calyx of one sepal. Hemp is a plant influenced in a remarkable degree by

—Continued on next page



Easyriders

"You're new at this—aren't ya?"

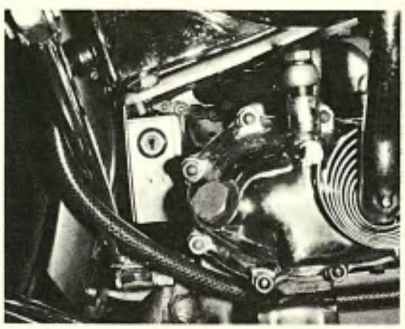
Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

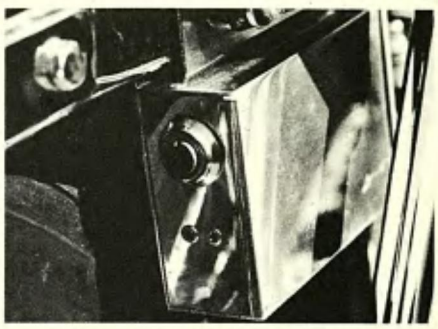
If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he needs another one like he needs another tit, so he won't pick up the phone and order it without being reasonably certain it is really wanted.

Easyriders is distributed throughout the English-speaking world by one of the largest distributors in the business, Dell Distributing Company of New York — which means **any** newsstand, **anywhere**, can sell the magazine.

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Alarm location on rigid 74.



Alarm location on Sportster.



Alarm location on swing-arm 74.



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climate, soil, and other conditions; in India it produces a resinous exudation of a marked character (to be presently mentioned), which is entirely wanting in the plant grown in northern climates, and there is a great difference in the hemp produced upon the plains and the mountainous regions in the same latitude; when the plant is so grown that seeds may be developed, the fibre is nearly worthless. In many countries hemp is an important agricultural product. The principal hemp-producing countries are Russia, Italy, Holland, Turkey, Great Britain, the East Indies, and the United States. St. Petersburg exports this product largely, receiving it from various parts of Russia. Special attention is given to its storage and shipment, and great care is taken to prevent the bundles from becoming damp, in which condition the hemp would be liable to ferment as in the rotting process. The best Russian hemp is said to be that of Riga, which is brought down the Düna. That known as "Italian garden hemp," the fibre of which is obtained from plants raised by spade culture, is of unusual fineness and length, and superior to all other kinds. English hemp is chiefly woven into coarse sheeting and shirting for laboring men, and into the cloth called huckaback, of which coarse towels and table cloths are made. The material improves in whiteness as it is worn, and the finer varieties of it much resemble Irish linens.—Attempts were made at a very early period to cultivate both flax and hemp in the Plymouth colony, the seeds being ordered there in 1629. In Virginia hemp was raised and spun by Capt. Matthews previous to 1648. In 1651 its culture was encouraged by bounties offered by the government, as was that of flax in 1657. But the greater profit derived from tobacco has always operated against the culture of hemp. In Pennsylvania

Honda 750 Seats



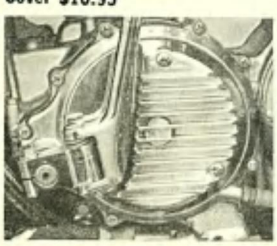
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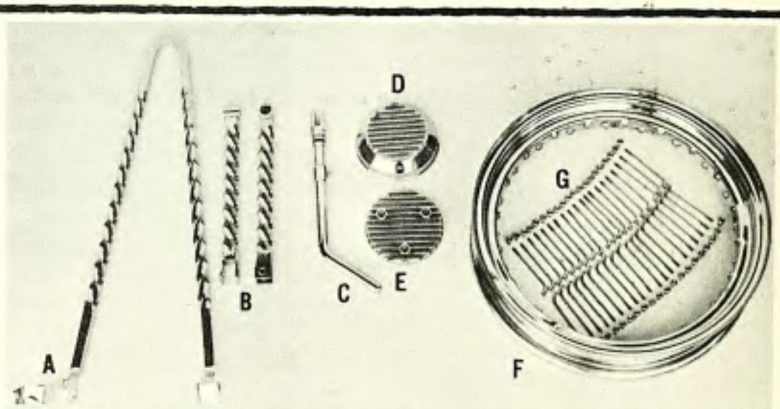
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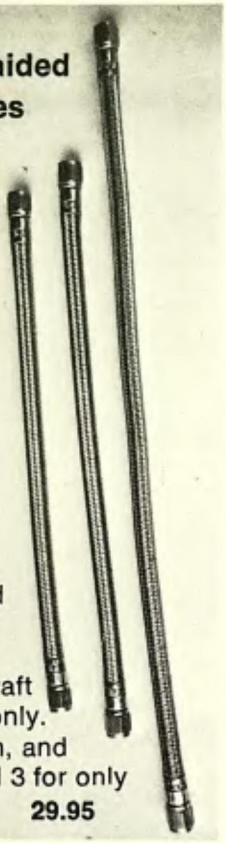
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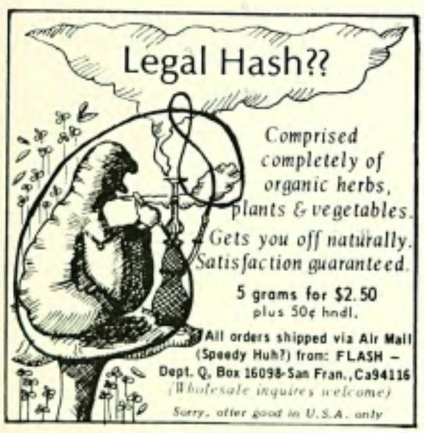


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also the bounties offered by the government of the colony in 1730 failed to render this an important crop. Its culture has proved most successful in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, and more recently in Missouri. It has also prospered to considerable extent in the other northern, and in the northeastern states. In the northern part of New York the crop is valued chiefly for the seed, of which from 20 to more than 40 bushels are obtained to the acre. But little American hemp has ever been exported. The product to the acre is from 700 to 1,000 lbs. According to the census of 1870, the total production of the United States was 12,746 tons, of which Kentucky produced 7,777, Missouri 2,816, and Tennessee 1,033 tons.—The soil best suited to hemp is a rich alluvial loam, but it will thrive in a moderately tenacious one if it is well pulverized. It is usually sown broadcast as early as possible without the risk of exposing the young plants to late frosts; four to six pecks are sown to the acre, but if sown in drills less is required. As the plants soon completely shade the ground, no after cultivation is required. It is customary to sow at intervals, that the harvesting may not all come at once. The crop is ready to harvest when the blossoms turn yellow and the leaves begin to drop; formerly the plants were pulled, but now they are cut by means of a heavy cradle, or where they are tall and heavy by means of a sickle or hook something like a brush scythe. The stalks are made to fall evenly, and at the end of three days they are bound into sheaves and put up in stacks or large ricks, so capped as to prevent rain from penetrating. To separate the fibre, the hemp is dew-rotted or water-rotted. In the former process the hemp is spread upon the ground in October or a month or two later, according to the climate; when the lint readily separates upon breaking a stalk, the process, which requires about two months, is completed; if hemp were exposed in this manner in warmer weather, there would be danger of injuring the fibre. In water-rotting the hemp is immersed in water for ten days or more, according to the season; this is done in streams, in artificial pools made near the margin of a river, or in large wooden vats under cover; the last mentioned method gives the brightest and best fibre; when rotted in vats, the hemp is subjected to a partial breaking which lessens its bulk. After the hemp is rotted and dried it is taken to the break, which is either a rude affair worked by hand like a flax break, or an improved machine operated by steam or other power; 100 lbs. is an ordinary day's work with the hand break. After breaking, the hemp is twisted into bundles and baled for market.—When hemp is raised for the seed, the cultivation is quite different from that when raised for the fibre. A richer soil is selected, and prepared as for a crop of corn; hills are marked off about 3½ ft. apart each way, and a dozen or more seeds put in each and lightly covered; the ground is from the beginning kept clear of weeds by use of the cultivator and hoes; when well up the plants are thinned to seven or eight in each hill, and when a foot or more high they are again thinned to leave but four to a hill; subsequently the plants in the hill are reduced to three. As soon as the plants have sufficiently developed to allow the male or staminate ones to be distinguished, these are so far removed as to leave but one to every four hills, and after these have shed their pollen they are cut away. When ripe the seeds are threshed out, and if intended for sowing are kept spread in a thin layer until cold weather to prevent them from heating,

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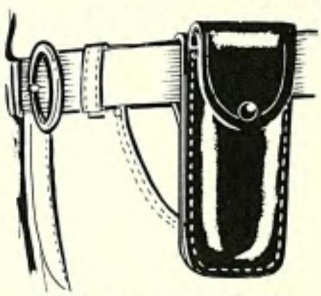
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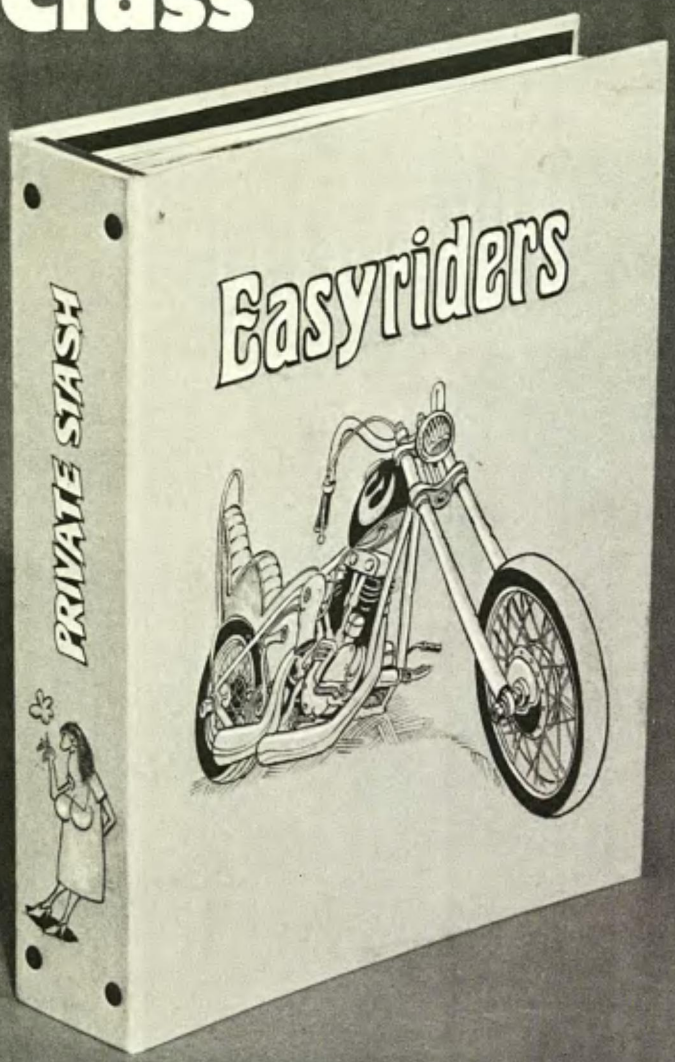


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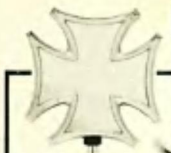
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which on account of their oily nature they are apt to do. The Russians and Poles roast the seeds and eat them upon bread as a condiment; they are used as food for cage birds, and are said to greatly improve the brilliancy of their plumage, and in the case of the bullfinch and some others to cause it to turn black. Hemp seeds upon expression furnish about 25 per cent. of hempseed oil, the commercial supply of which comes principally from Russia; it is a drying oil, greenish yellow at first, turning yellow, with an acrid odor but a mild taste; it is very soluble in boiling alcohol, but requires 30 parts of cold alcohol for its solution; it solidifies at 17° F. It is used in preparing soap, in mixing paint, for making varnish, and for burning, but on account of its drying tendency it is apt to form a viscid varnish upon the wick. —INDIAN HEMP. The hemp produced in India and other eastern countries is covered with an adhesive resinous exudation, which under favorable circumstances is so abundant as to come off and adhere to the hands if the plant be handled. For a long time it was supposed that this was a different species from the common hemp, and the name *cannabis Indica* was given to it; but Royle and other eastern botanists were unable to find any difference between it and the European plant; and from this and the fact that hemp grown in some portions of India is almost without this resin, botanists now regard the Indian hemp as only a form of the common, though as a matter of convenience the term *C. Indica* is retained in the pharmacopœias. The stimulant and narcotic properties of Indian hemp have been known from early times; it is known in India by various names expressive of these qualities, such as "causer of the reeling gait," "laughter mover," &c.; and Royle ("Materia Medica") suggests that it is as likely as any other plant to have been the nepenthe, the "assuager of grief," of the ancients. The plant and its preparations are found in the eastern bazaars in several forms, some of which are imported. *Gunjah* is the dried plant, collected after flowering, and consists of the stems, leaves, and petioles pressed together; it is also called *guazah*. *Bang*, also *subjee* or *sidhee*, consists of the larger leaves and seed vessels without the stalks. *Hashish* is the tops and the tender parts of the plant gathered after flowering; this name is also applied to some preparations of the plant. *Churrus* is the resinous exudation collected by men clad in leather, who go through the fields and beat the hemp violently; the resinous matter adheres to the leather, and is afterward scraped off. A finer kind, collected by pressing the plant in the hands and removing the adhering resin, is known as the *Momeea* or waxen churrus; this is the most highly prized and costly variety. Extract of hemp is prepared by boiling the adhesive tops in alcohol, which is afterward distilled off, leaving a resinous extract which has a somewhat fragrant odor, and a warm, bitterish, acrid taste; this extract is imported, as also is gunjah. An electuary, made of the resin with musk, essence of roses, and other aromatics, and an oleaginous extract made with butter or oil, are among the forms in which different eastern nations prepare the hemp for intoxicating purposes. The effect of Indian hemp upon different persons is as various as that of alcohol; with some it simply produces stupor, while others experience a mental ecstasy and see the most pleasurable visions. The habitual use of the drug is accompanied by both physical and mental imbecility. The effects of hashish have been frequently described by those who have experienced them. (See ASSASSINS.) Indian hemp has long been used medicinally; a Chinese surgeon is said to



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BACK ISSUES

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have employed it as an anæsthetic as long ago as A. D. 220, and to have operated upon patients while they were under its influence. It is employed as an anodyne and narcotic, and to affect the mental functions; it is considered safer than opium, belladonna, and similar remedies, and it does not check the secretions, or impair the digestion; its action seems to be exerted chiefly upon the cerebrum, producing but little effect upon the functions even of the other portions of the nervous system. It is given in the form of the extract, in doses of a quarter of a grain to several grains, or in tincture from 10 to 15 drops.—This name is also applied to an American fibrous and medicinal plant, *apocynum cannabinum*. (See INDIAN HEMP.)—SISAL HEMP is the fibre of the leaves of *agave Sisalana*, a large species of Yucatan, closely related to the American aloe or century plant. (See AGAVE.) Under the name of Sisal hemp or *jenequen* are included the fibres of probably several species of agave and one or more of *Fourcroya*, the name referring to the product rather than the plants which yield it. An attempt to give the native names of several of the fibre-producing plants of Yucatan may be found in the report of the United States department of agriculture for 1869, but it gives little botanical light upon the subject. Fibres of different agaves and related plants were in use by the Indians long before the Spaniards planted colonies on this continent, and the Spanish Americans have since been content with the rude methods by which the aborigines extracted the fibre, which was simply to lay the large fleshy leaves upon a flat stone and beat them with a billet of wood or rude mallet, and afterward to scrape away the pulp and bruised thick epidermis with a blunt knife. After numerous failures, Americans have contrived machines to separate the fibre successfully and rapidly. *A. Sisalana*, which is propagated readily from suckers, has been introduced into Florida, and become naturalized in the southern portion of the state. Sisal hemp is used for coarse bagging and for cordage.—*Pita* is another name applied indefinitely to fibres; in Mexico it is the fibre of *agave Americana*, while in Central America it is that of some *Bromelia*. *Istle* or *ixtle* is another term for the bromelia fibre.—SUNN HEMP, also called Bengal and Bombay hemp,



Sunn Hemp (Crotalaria juncea).

is the fibre of *crotalaria juncea*, an annual leguminous plant; 8 to 12 ft. high, with silvery-hairy leaves and bright yellow flowers. The fibre is extracted by beating and washing the stems after they have been steeped in water for a few days. ■



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COMPLETE CHOPPER SERVICE—hex oil tanks reg. $59.95, our price $44.95. Harley type 16" rims $23.95 36 & 40 holes, springers, tubes, rigid frames, hardtails for most all bikes incl. Honda & Yamaha. Steel & glass gas tanks, speed equipment for all makes, exhaust systems, Weber carbs, Hunt magnetos, tires & tubes, handlebars, headlights, seats, small brakewheels, hi-way bars, pegs, fenders, pistons, sissy bars, obsolete parts for Harley, Tri, BSA & many others. Complete bikes built. Your one-stop shopping headquarters. Send $1.00 for catalog. Dealers inquire on letterhead. Chopper Engineering Mail Order Dept., 122 N. 9th. St., Reading, Penna. 19601.

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SHOW CHROME — Quality plating on steel or aluminum. Work Guaranteed. Fast Service. For Information call or write: BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE, Route 5, Box 534, Paducah, Ky 42001. Phone (502) 554-1146. (14)

BANGING YOUR LOVED ONE? STOP! FORK STOPS will save your precious paint and molding from being banged by custom front forks. Easily installed, rubber tips, adjustable, available with chrome for $6.95, unchromed for $4.95 per pair plus 50¢ for postage and handling. Send certified check or money order to: TRI-STATE CHOPPERS, 4002 Grand Ave., Dept. C, Duluth, Mn. 55807.

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. Bota 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.

SPORTSTER SPEED PARTS. Stroker flywheels, $110.00 a set; chopper or drag frames, $198.00; reworked 3-3/16 cylinders, $125.00 exchange; reground cams, $40.00. We also build complete stock or race engines. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone (316) 682-4781.

Would you like to hear from bikers in midwest area, both girls and guys, with intent to ride together in fall. PFC Mark Fencke, BAH, Ft. Wainwright, Alaska 98731.

SHOW CHROME. Steel, brass, aluminum parts done, beautifully plated. Custom show chrome especially for bikers. Dealer inquiries invited. Custom Plating Works, 922 Jackson Street, Alexandria, Louisiana 71301. Phone 318-448-1509.

JOE HUNT MAGNETO for H-D 74: $75.00. Weber DCOE with manifold kit for H-D 74 shovelhead or sporster: $100.00. Both items new, never used. Cash or Money Order. Bill Newman, P.O. Box 961, La Grange, Ga. 30240.

CHROME PLATING. We specialize in plating motorcycle parts. Quality plating on steel or aluminum. Reasonable prices. Work guaranteed. For information call or write: Brown's Plating Service, Route 5, Box 534, Paducah, Ky. 42001. Phone 502/554-1146.

MAKE GOOD MONEY! Be a Safe & Vault Technician, Start by ordering one or all of the following booklets: 1. Changing and Repairing Combination Locks: $5.00. 2. Opening—Using Force: $10.00. 3. Opening — Manipulation: $15.00 State School of Security Devices, Dept. 101, P.O. Box 4687, Hialeath, Fla. 33014.

ATTENTION SMOKERS! Unbelievable! Electric shotgunner, "The Blaster," $14.95. 2-joint blaster $18.95. Also water pipes: two hoses $8.95; one hose $4.75; regular water pipe $2.95. Terrific "sittable" pipe, can't spill $3.95. Beautiful, wooden hand-carved pipe $4.75. For the roller; Instant roller $1.95; (real pictures) Patriotic papers: Flag, Dollar Bill, Draft Card, Camouflage, choice: $1.50, or 20—$6.00. Please enclose description of items, quantity wanted and *total price* with check or money order to C&E Sales, Box 415, Auburn, New York 13021. Giant order list free with any purchase. *Special free offer:* 1/2 dozen screens with any purchase.

HARLEY RIDERS: We have a complete line of speed and custom parts. We also build complete stock or race engines. Check us out! Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone 316-682-4781.

HARLEY STROKER Flywheels, $110.00 set. Truett & Osborn Cycle Service, 3345 E. 31st South, Wichita, Kansas 67216. Phone 316-682-4781.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON panhead, knucklehead; both running, rebuilt engines, completely original, never been choppd. About $1,000 apiece. Ed Rounds, State College, Pa. (814) 237-1122.

SWAP 61" knuckle parts, new cylinders and head bolts, rear cylinder head rocker arms and shafts, pushrods. Used: 2 front cylinder heads, 1 rear cylinder head, chromed rocker housing. For late model Indian 4-cylinder or Big Chief. Prefer East Coast Area replies. Call Frank, 609-344-8611. Base, 26 S. Arkansas Ave., Atlantic City, N.J. 08401.

OBSOLETE PARTS FOR SALE

Most obsolete parts are available at D&D Distributors, 800 (Z) South San Fernando Rd., Burbank, California 91502. Write for information, or send $2.00 for 96 page catalog. $2.00 is refundable with first $10.00 purchase.

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 — Rachet 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 Freemont 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.

LARRYS CUSTOM CYCLE has one of Southern Michigan's largest assortments of custom accessories. Custom painting and molding. Mail orders welcome. 228 N. Main St., Adrian, Mich. 49221. (15)

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.

Raymond Garner #134786, P.O. Box 5500, Chillicothe, O. 45601.

Bill Guthrie #133094, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Steve Arnold #85845, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield Ohio 44901.

William Walker, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Sgt. John Champagne, 553-82-5161, HHC USA EPG, Ft. Huachuca, Ariz. 85613.

Oddis Kent Gwinn #129347, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Gary R. Palmer #24857, Box 55, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

Charles A. Murray #85977, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

James Henerehan, #030446-D-16, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083

Ken. E. (Mutt) Gray, #021498-D-18-B; Morris E. (Birdseed) Dangar, #034558-D-2-T; Charles (Tuna) Jeffers #024921, P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Aubrey R. Bryant (Rusty) #105382, Box 1107 C-1, Elmore, Ala. 36025.

Mike Andersen, Box 28-51574, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.



Smooth, clean lines
Outstanding design
Heavy bronze finish
Finest leather
Hand-made belt

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

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

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

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Quality is guaranteed or money refunded.

Get it into the wind with the *Jammer*

Created for the custom builder who wants the ultimate in styling, dependability and safety. **The Jammer** is the result of years of building reliable and stylish choppers. It combines all the engineering know-how and quality craftsmanship needed to carry the D&D trademark.

The Jammer chassis will accept any year Harley 74 engine, and is available with any length of fork, style of seat, handlebars and paint job listed in the D&D catalog.

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Order the ALL NEW 1973 D&D Catalog! Actually it's more than a catalog! In addition to the jillion custom and obsolete chopper parts illustrated, it also contains simplified wiring charts, color photos for framing—you name it. On top of all that, you can get your money back, because you can deduct the $3.00 from your first $20.00 order!

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Burbank, California 91502.

