

Easyriders

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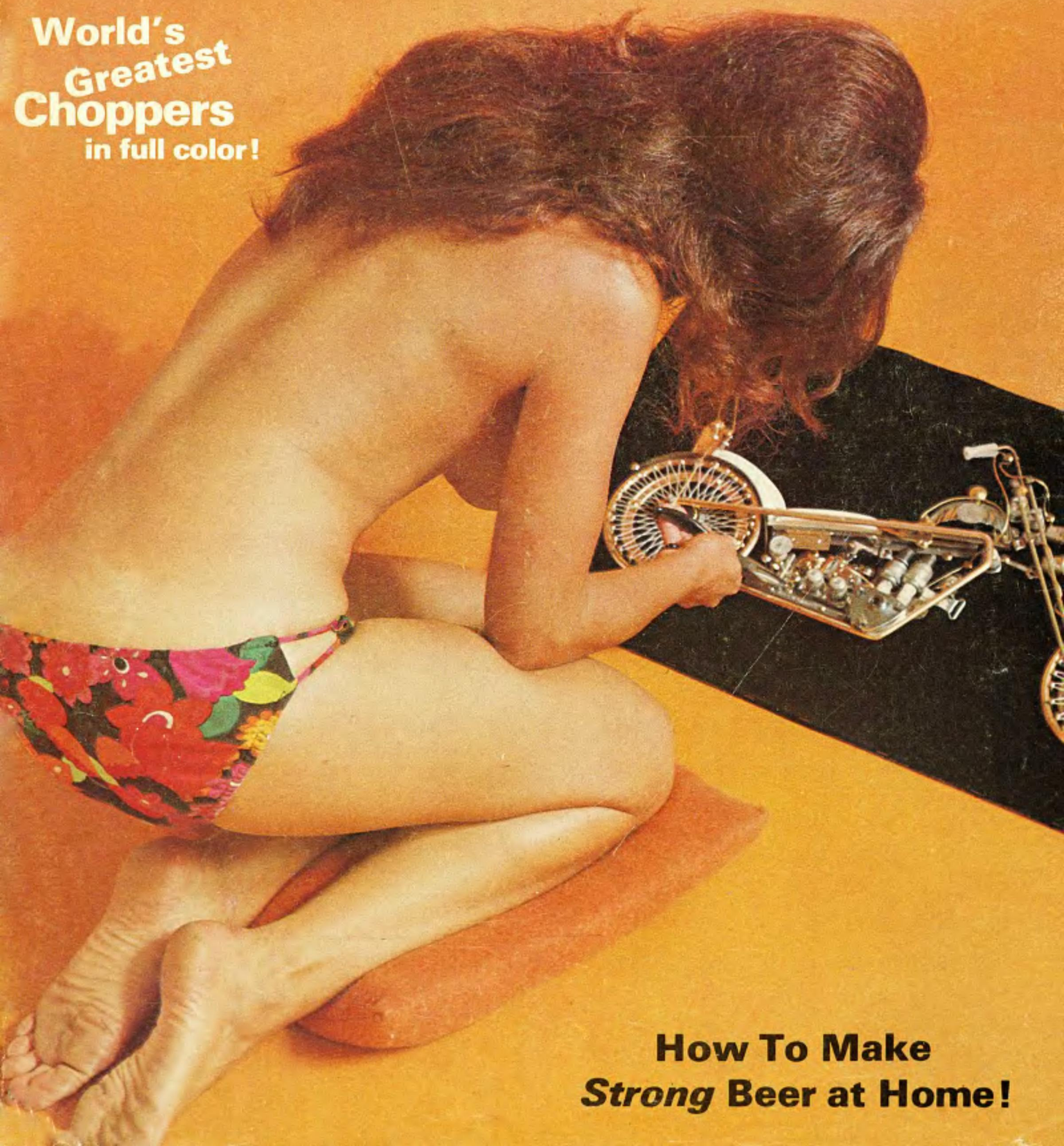
Easyriders

December, 1973

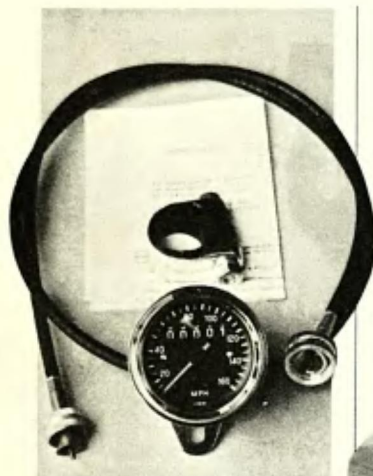
75¢

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

**World's
Greatest
Choppers**
in full color!

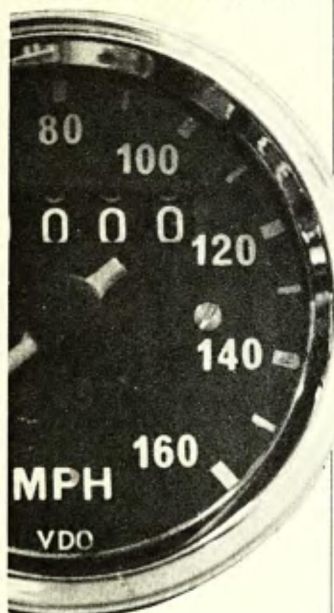


**How To Make
Strong Beer at Home!**



160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

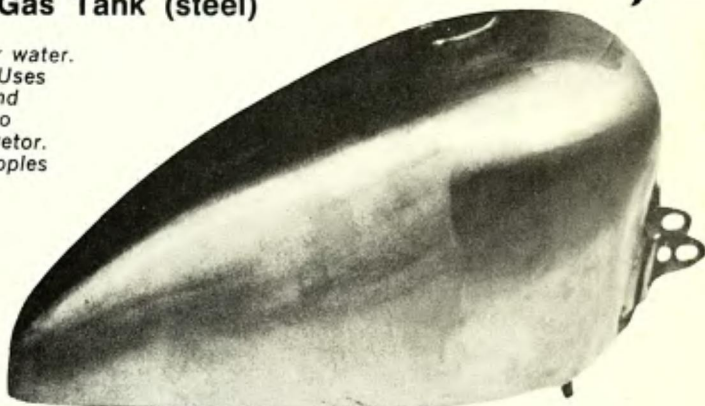
Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2 3/4" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.



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

Sportster Type Gas Tank (steel)

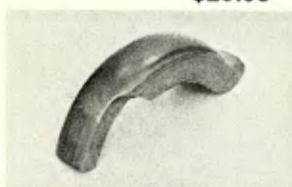
Pressured tested under water. Capacity 2 1/2 gallons. Uses stock Harley gas cap and petcock. Tank vented to accept Tillotson carburetor. These tanks have no ripples or die marks. **\$29.95**



Coffin Tank

Heavy steel. 2 1/2 gallon capacity. Low tunnel.

\$29.95



Fat-Bob Fender

Heavy steel. Ideal for Swingarm 74's

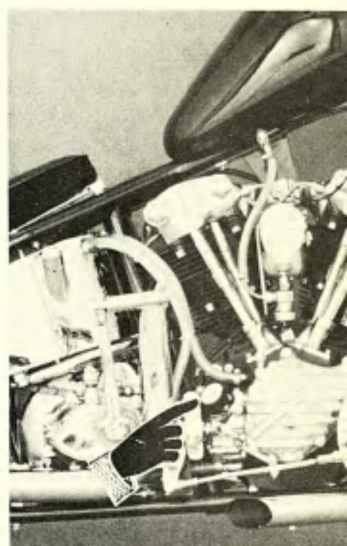
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Oil Gauge (Chromed)

Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes.

9.95



Chopper Gas Tanks



Tired of spending \$150 for a paint job and having your gas tank spring a leak? Here's a heavy-duty 18-gauge steel tank that should ease your mind a little. Made in the good old U.S.A.—heliarc welded.

2 1/2 gallon capacity. Gas outlets located to accommodate all bikes and get the last drop out.

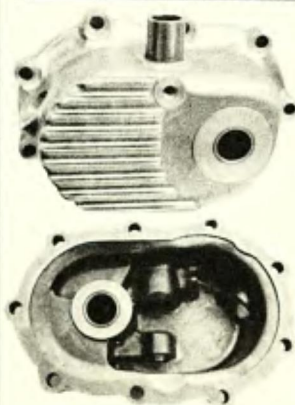
Only right hand hole is functional—the left is a dummy. Tanks come with-out caps.

Single cap tank	\$49.95
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Caps	\$2.50 ea.
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Easyriders



Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Steal BIG department: Here's another example of our system of fair and equal justice. An attorney and two other dudes figured a way to beat a bank for 5 million bucks. At the 3 million mark they got busted—and not being bikers, black, brown, or poor, whatta ya think their sentence was? A ten-year stretch making license plates? Hell no—the attorney got only two years and one of the other dudes got 90 days, the third will probably get his wrist slapped; he testified for the prosecution.

Speaking of justice: The "crime against nature" law as it applies to so-called unnatural sex acts between a man and a woman was declared unconstitutional in Louisiana. Now the bikers in that state can start each day knowing that there is at least one less law that they're breaking.

One comment about Watergate: Do you suppose there is any tie between the Watergate hearings and the fact that the Air Force is buying seven 747 jumbo jets for use as "getaway" planes for Nixon and his staff? (They're allegedly for a fast getaway in case of a nuclear attack—but Tricky Dick knows what's on those tapes—doesn't he?)

I hope this is said about me: Did you read about Mrs. Johnnie Fegion filing for divorce on grounds her ol' man "chases girls"? Can you imagine her doing that after 28 years of marriage? (She's 100 years old and her girl-chasin' ol' man is 103!)

So what else is new? A college psychologist conducted research on bearded males and found that "the more hair a man displays on his face the more he is

judged (by women) to be masculine, self-confident, liberal and industrious." I guess being a good lover would come under the term "masculine"—or would it be "industrious"?

Ever made love while doing a handstand? Well, Pat must have while he banged away on Liesl, or how else can you explain Pat, who is a one-foot-tall, 30-pound Dachshund, knocking up Liesl, who is a three-foot-tall, 130-pound St. Bernard? Liesl gave birth to nine Dachnards—or whatever you want to call 'em. Hang in there, Pat!

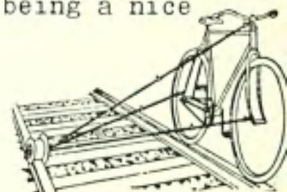
Ralph (Sonny) Barger got zapped with a 10-to-life prison sentence. The judge ordered him to serve consecutive sentences on five narcotics charges, which the judge said would "delay Barger's first parole hearing until after he has spent 10 years in state custody." Meanwhile the Oakland chapter of the Hell's Angels are raising money to fight for his release. See their advertisement for T-shirts, posters, and bumper stickers in this issue.

Killer Weed appears to have less of an effect than alcohol on a driver's ability to control his car, according to Herbert Moskowitz of UCLA's Transportation and Traffic Engineering department. Unlike alcohol, he said, marijuana does not affect the driver's ability to process the information he gets from the road, the environment, the feel of his car. However, marijuana may cause "brief drop-outs of attention," he said.

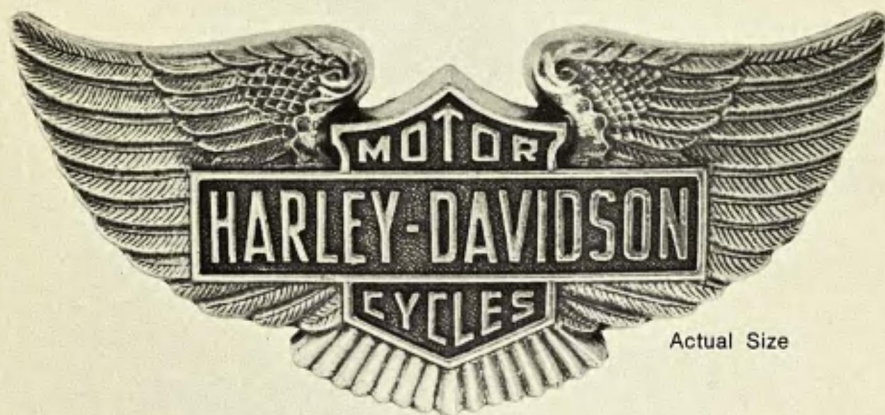
Smart Duck: Did you hear about the guy who came out of a bar and found his car had been stolen? Well, after crying to the police, he started to hitchhike home. It wasn't long before a familiar-looking car stopped to pick him up. It was his car, so he asked the punk driving the car to take him to a certain address, which the duck gladly did. The address was the police station, where they arrested him for stealing the car. That's what he gets for being a nice guy, right?

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Just in time for Christmas!



Actual Size

The gift for that biker in your life!

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—solid metal, weighs almost a half pound.

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Each buckle comes with a 1 1/4"-wide belt, hand-made from the finest cowhide we could find.

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HEARD

Wants The Staff Nude!

☐ Why not give us equal time? I mean, with every nude female you feature, why not include a nude male? If you don't want to hire a male model—then one of the staff could pose! I think that would be a nice gesture.

Vicki
Palo, Alto, Calif.

■ A photo of Spider in the raw would gag a maggot.

From Germany

☐ I thought you people would like to know that the greatest bike magazine in the world finally made it to my little out-of-the-way book store in Beautiful Downtown Camp Eschborn, Germany. I really got excited when I found your rag here.

PVT Ian McPhee
APO, New York

Less Tit and More Bikes

☐ Hey guys—a bike rag is supposed to be just that. Let **Playboy** handle the nudie department. How about a little less tit and more bike features—that's what I buy a bike rag for.

J.B.
Tacoma, Wash.

■ You sound as if you could mean less tit and more cock.

Dig Fiction

☐ Haven't ever written a fan letter before, but after reading your offering of "The Twenty-Year Run" by R.J. Thurlow, I had to commend you dudes for having the perspicacity to recognize a super-excellent piece of writing.

While I'm writing I guess I might as well drag out my big beef—how about showing more gorgeous men? I don't mind seeing a few broads; after all, most bikers are of the male gender. But what

about us female readers? Like spread it around, huh? I mean, that broad with the 40" superstructure wasn't all that exciting. How about showing a guy with a 9 or 10 inch joint? Now that would really be exciting!

Rainey
Denver, Colo.

■ I checked with Miraculous Mutha and she said no one on the staff was short enough to qualify, but that she'd check around for some other prospects.

What a Hunk of Man!

☐ Since guys write in and ask who the chicks are on your front covers, all of my friends and I would like to know who that guy is on the front of the June issue. Jesus, what a hunk of man!

Jungle Queen and friends
Los Angeles, California

■ I didn't notice any guy—but I guess I got hung up on that chick's dimples.

Laying Odds

☐ Don't you assholes know anything about cycles? On page 20 of the June issue, Brando just happens to be riding an old Matchless, not a damned Triumph—as anyone can plainly see by just looking at the motor. My buddy and I are laying odds that you fellas turned the M on the gas tank upside down on purpose!

Ray Dashnaw
Ogdensburg, N.Y.

■ You lose. The photo was taken in 1953 — probably between scenes of **The Wild One** movie. The photo was just a shot of Brando to illustrate the poem, which was about **The Wild One** motion picture. In the film Brando rode a Trump. Off camera, who knows what he rode—I understand, though, that he dug brunettes.

Fight Pot Busts

☐ If you would like to help

put an end to the criminal jailing of a significant portion of the nation's bikers (as well as others) for possessing that harmless plant marijuana, then let your readers know that they must write to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, 1237 22nd Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20037.

Freedom Fighter
Lodi, N.Y.

■ We're familiar with the organization and all of the good things they're doing to fight the anti-pot laws. As with all organizations fighting the Establishment they can use help. Write to them for specific info.

Gonna Build a Hog

☐ I'm writing you fuckers just to let you know that I'm gonna start building a Hog as soon as I can rip off enough tape-players to pay for it.

Goul
Albany, N.Y.

Language Lesson

☐ Gene Ray said in your June Monger column, "Daijobio, baka, cichsha," and you said you hoped it was clean. Well, here's what it means. **Daijobio** means it's okay, or all right. **Baka** means dumb, stupid, or ignorant. **Cichsha** means depending on your exclamation; i.e., motherfucker.

Fred Steele
Zama, Japan

Digs Uschi

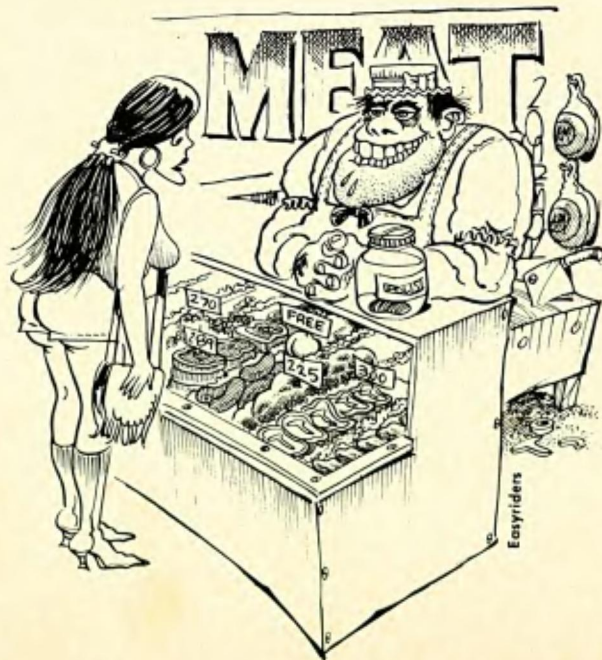
☐ Man, I really dig your August cover girl. She's my type—I could eat her up any day, any hour.

Dirty Harry
Kite, Georgia

■ Cool it, Harry—this is a family magazine.

What Kind of Biker is He?

☐ I recently had to lay my 750 Honda down in the middle of a busy intersection, due to oil on the tires—I did quite a job on the bike and myself. After I stopped rolling I tried to go back to the bike and right it up, but couldn't because I didn't know where I was. By now the intersection was filled with dumbasses looking at me lying in the street. Not one of them helped me,



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Just Out!



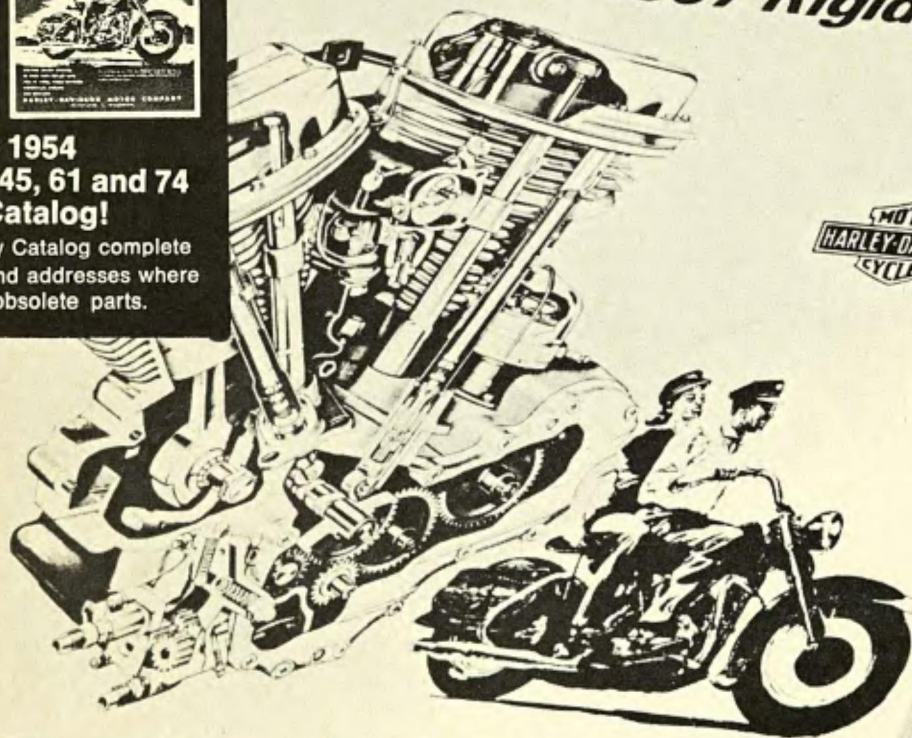
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but that didn't piss me because I expect that from 99% of people driving cars. But what really pissed me was a dude on a Harley chopper who rode right by after looking at me trying to pick my bike up. What kind of biker is he?

Pat O'Donnell
Dayton, Ohio

■ Well, for openers, he could have been holdin'. Or his head may have been so screwed up he didn't know where he was either. Or, if he's had enough miles behind him, he's probably had his Hog on its side a time or two and probably figured you were in the process of lifting your bike yourself and didn't need help.

You're Welcome

☐ I want to thank you for publishing your Mail Call column. Because of it I have met a terrific chick who really has her head together. We corresponded regularly and are talking about getting together when I'm released from prison. So thanks again for helping a dude who was down and out to get back into the outside world.

Jim Henrehan
Lake Butler, Fla.

Don't Get Pissed

☐ If you fuckers don't print my letter I'm really goin' to get pissed, because it took me one helluva long time to get myself together enough to write it—this Thai weed is great.

Geno
Thailand

Waiting For Bosque

☐ I think Reno and the Boozefighters are damned good and I'm waiting for Bosque to get outta the can and give us more. But "The Twenty-Year Run" was the best fiction you've ever printed. In fact, it's one of the best short stories I've ever read! I'll be really upset if R.J. Thurlow III doesn't write some more fiction for **Easyriders**.

P.A.
Los Altos, Calif.

To Whom It May Concern:

☐ I don't know who the sonuvabitchin' dresser freak was who ripped off my boob tube, squawk box and camera, but all I've got to say

is that you could have left the stash. Damn it!

Pissed,
Norfolk, Va.

Told It Like It Is

☐ I really got into the short story "But Officer, I Didn't See The Motorsickle." I felt you really told it like it is because I've been there and I've felt the gut-sickening feeling of not being able to do a damn thing when some "old" idiot or stupid chick in a \$150 piece of junk pulls some half-assed stunt that causes you and your \$3,000 machine to meet that unforgiving asphalt. To top it off, not more than 30 minutes after reading the story, while I was tooling down the street, I'll be damned if one of those "infamous idiots," a chick in a '62 Chevy driving right along beside me, didn't decide to change lanes without looking and ran me off the road. Luckily I saw her coming and didn't lose it.

Anyway, I'm a cop and I dig bikes, so you can believe I'll be watchin' intently for those half-brained idiots who seem so bent on doing us bikers in—and woe be to the dumb sonuvabitch on my beat that tells me, "but officer, I didn't see the motorsickle!"

Fuzz
West Covina, Calif.

Omit Flowers

☐ Hey man, forgive the flowers on the envelope; I was out of envelopes and had to rip off one from my

ol' lady. If she found out that I wasted 8 cents and one of her envelopes to write to you guys, she'd cut me off for a month.

Larry
Mishawaka, Indiana

Fan in Swaziland

☐ My bird sent in the bread for my subscription, which I hope to be receiving soon. They banned your magazine last December when you started having nudes in it, so I've missed it since then.

My cousin and I are Honda agents down here in Swaziland (if you know where that is). The best time for riding is in the winter when it isn't too hot and there is no rain to cause any hassles. We have a few Hogs down here, but parts are hard to come by.

D. Furniss
Manzini, Swaziland

■ Swaziland? That's down by the Western White House, right?

Banned in South Africa

☐ As you're no doubt aware, the Publications Control Board have banned your most highly regarded magazine for some obscure reason—a bare tit (heaven forbid!) or possibly your enlightened views on grass. Anyhow, the fact remains that I'll be fucked if I'll do without my **Easyriders**! Now, getting to the point—how can I get my grubby paws on the now illegal (3 days in jail for possession) **Easyriders**? The censors give me a case of the driz-



"Goddammit, Grease, did you unload that jar of bad shit on the bartender?"



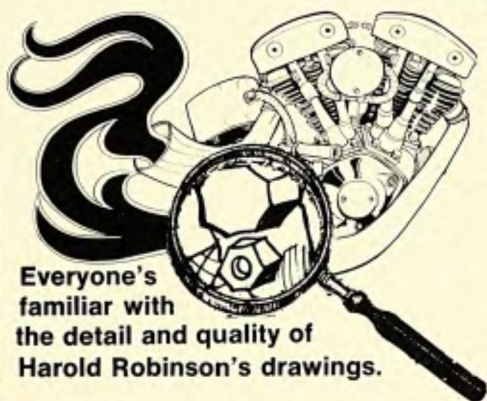
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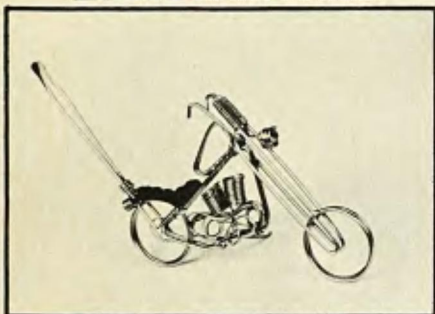
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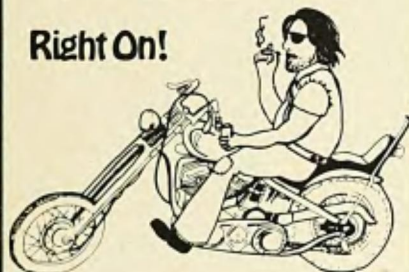


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Add \$5.00 for hnd. Also available, dynamite catalog, send \$2.25 (or free with order). Please allow 21 days for hnd. Ca. res. please include 5% s. tax. Stay high.

zling shifts—excuse me while I stick some pins in some wack figures I've made...

T. Leak

South Africa

Stick a pin in the left ball for us. Our subscription department will get in touch with you. Three days, eh? That's got to be some kind of class.

He Tells Her

Don't get to thinking that all chicks get hot at you because ya have photos of chicks with big boobs or a nice ass in your magazine. If a chick has something nice—show it. Chicks are made for men to look at. In fact, chicks were made for men. I would do anything my ol' man asked me to do—if he asked, which he doesn't. He tells me, and that's the way it should be.

My ol' man loves big legs and a nice ass, but I don't get uptight about it just because he checks out the chicks who are built like that—which I'm not. I've got big boobs and a fairly nice bod and I can make up for the lack of big legs in bed. So my advice to other ol' ladies is to use what you've got and get off your ass and on your back or knees and show him you can make up for what God forgot to give you. (Tell Spider that I dig the shit out of him.)

Georgia from Georgia
Atlanta, Georgia

Spider wanted to know if you have a friend.

Praise Stupid Girls

You praise all of those stupid girls in your mag, and I'll bet none of them would even think of riding their own bike. Those girls are nothing but chicks, and the only reason they're in your magazine is for their tits. From now on why don't you feature people who ride and leave the pussies out? They don't belong in the biker scene any more than men who can't ride!

Juanita Perez
Philadelphia, Pa.

Thanks From Pennsylvania

We the inmates of Huntington State Prison wish to thank you for sending the free magazines to our library every issue. It's nice

to know that everyone isn't a capitalistic pig.

We'll repeat our standing offer, in case anyone missed it. We'll send free subscriptions to any prison library. All we need is some indication from the librarian or a prison official that it is okay to do so. We're sorry as hell that we can't give out free individual copies, but that isn't financially possible; we send them to the library so as many guys can read each copy as possible. Have the prison official or librarian send requests for free subscriptions to Monica Stewart, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

His Duty

Tho' I hate to blow the whistle on you slobbs, I feel it my duty to point out a few fuckups. In the May issue table of contents you've got Red Rider on page 45 and "Don't Call Me That" on page 44. But Red Rider was really on page 44 and the "Don't Call" bit wasn't in that issue. What happened?

Decatur, Georgia
Trigger,

Goofs seem to be in direct ratio to the supply of Good Stuff.

Small Tits and Proud

In your August issue I read where this chick wrote a letter trying to sound great because she had big tits. Well, I asked around and found that the guys like small firm tits a helluva lot more than big saggin' tits.

Small Tits but Proud
Carrabelle, Florida

When you get right down to it, most guys figure they can only get so much in their mouth at one time, regardless of size.

We're Proud

You're goin' to be proud of me when I tell you what I did. My ol' lady and I have been fighting a lot lately. Finally she told me to stop reading your rag, to sell my Sportster and to take a bath.

I did the only thing I could in a situation like that—I got rid of my ol' lady.

Now I've got the hots for Miraculous Mutha.

Hot for Mutha
Lowell, Mass.

Believe me—you'd be better off with your ol' lady than with Superskag.

He's Got a Problem

We've got a problem. My ol' man tore his bike down and tried to put it together. He wound up with 20 extra things and he can't figure out where they go. Do you know where we can get hold of a BSA manual? He's got a '68 Hornet engine in it.

V.S.
Argos, Ind.

Were they still making Hudsons in '68?

Sh-h-h-h

If you print this don't print my name. If my ol' man saw it, I'd get into real trouble.

Fresno, California

Okay

Parts Problem in Houston

Tell your readers that if they're goin' to be jammin' through Houston, Texas, to bring their parts and tools with them—'cause all you'll get around here is stranded. All the local dealer seems to be interested in is selling you a new model, and you have to wait a fuckin' year for those AMF assholes in Milwaukee to send you parts—via Honda 50 express.

Buzzard and Juice

Painted Backwards?

Only one frickin' color photo of that 80-in. knuckle, and you assholes gotta print it backwards. You guys probably can't wipe your ass without help.

Disgusted Bastard
Webster, Mass.

Never make mistakes

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.

Biker's Digest

quotes from other biker rags

Would you run through that again . . .

Neat, as this opens the door for all state legislatures to do whatever they want with mandatory helmet laws. Now, we get back to the old thing, does it (mandatory helmet laws) interfere with the individual rights? The use of a helmet may save the rider's head from injury, but does it serve a purpose to society? And that's what laws are mainly designed for, to protect the society. The individual is part of the society and should be able to make up his own mind as to his well being. Let us suffice to say that it would be wiser to make a mandatory helmet sale law, and with every new motorcycle sold, or every used motorcycle re-registered for new ownership, there must be proof of purchase of a new helmet, meeting all standards as set by law. This does not mean the helmet has to be worn, just purchased. It would sort of go hand in hand with the recent safety laws for automobiles requiring equipment of safety belts, etc. There is no law that requires their use. Case dismissed.

—Street Chopper

False Advertising . . .

We recently learned that the Federal Trade Commission has come down strong on a Pacific Northwest discount chain for falsely advertising motorcycle helmets as "the world's safest helmets." The FTC complaint charged that contrary to ad claims, the polycarbonate helmets haven't passed "certain rigorous safety tests."

Marketed at prices ranging from \$10 to \$14, the helmets in question were sold under the names All Sport El Dorado 77, Titan, and GP-2. Under terms of the FTC's "consent" order, Pay Less Drug Stores Northwest, Inc., has already run newspaper ads in three states—Washington, Oregon, and California—offering full refunds to purchasers of the helmets.

Helmet manufacturers, distributors, and dealers alike can take a tip from the circumstances in which Pay Less found itself. You can imagine the costs involved in making good such refunds through the company's 45 retail outlets and seven subsidiaries known as House of Values. False or misleading advertising is apt to lead to embarrassing "recalls" at best, or direct legal action at worst.

—Motorcycle Industry News

•Screw the refunds! What about the poor ducks who innocently wore the junk for protection?

Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!



Outrageous
Cards to be
given only
to your
closest
friends!

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Price includes postage
and handling costs.

Christmas Cards

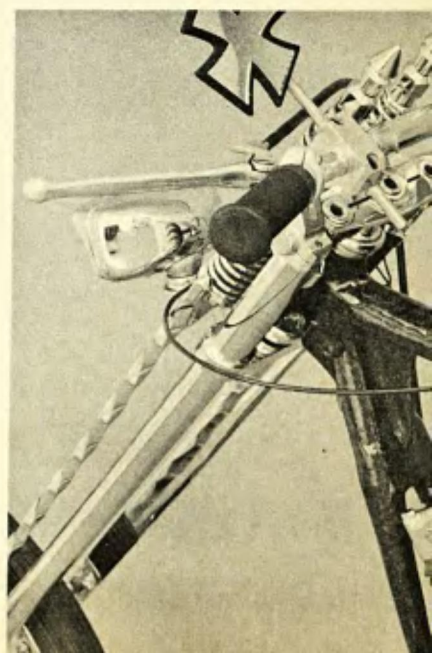
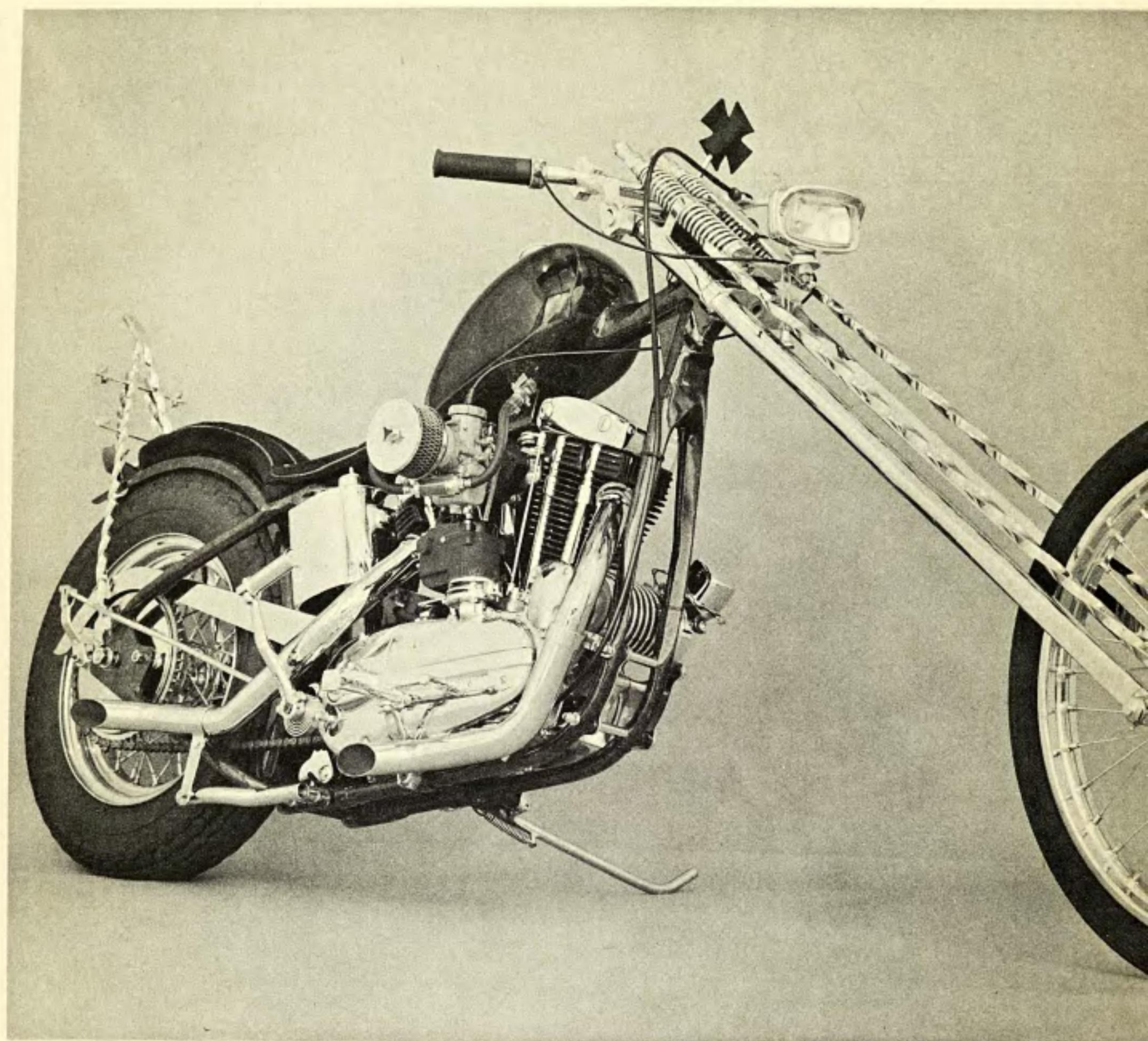
819 South Glenoaks Blvd.,
Burbank, California 91502

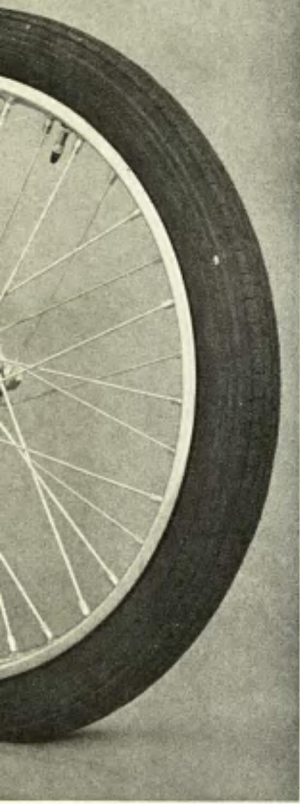
Please send me _____ sets (six different cards and envelopes per set.) of rank Christmas cards. I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____ (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____





Sporty-Lookin' Sportster

**You've heard it before—but they just don't
seem to make them like they used to . . .**

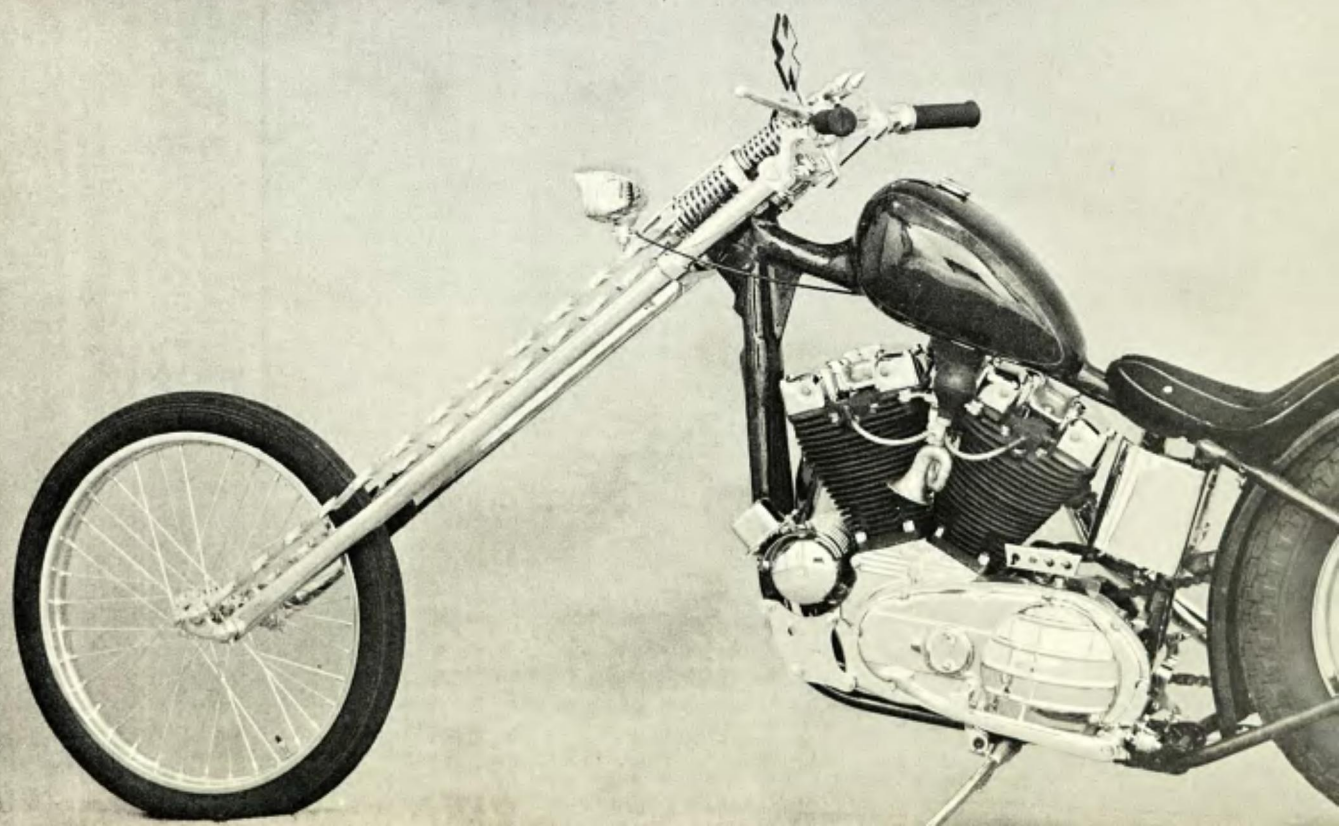


Have you noticed the amount of grumbling going on among some Sportster owners? A few have gone so far as to say that since AMF took over, the Sportster isn't even a hard-knocks Harley any more. Most of the grumbling has apparently been brought about by some of the changes the Sporty has been goin' through during the past few years.

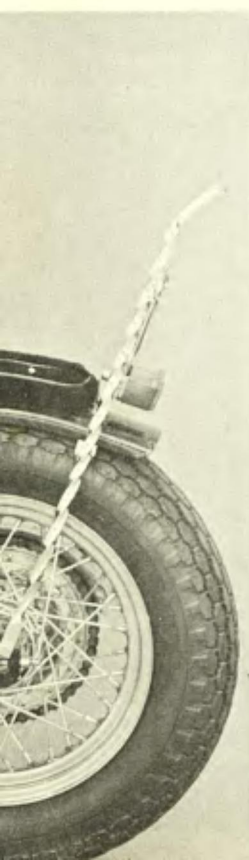
It may have started when they started putting brass shifter forks in the trans that made shifting quieter, but at the same time made many Sportster owners burn the midnight droplight, or spend big bucks having their transmissions repaired almost as often as they changed plugs.

The stamped-out mufflers didn't help either—for the old-time Sporty freaks, the dual pipes and small mufflers were as much a part of the Sporty as the kicker (and the kicks and kicks) which also disappeared. All the new nifty modifications didn't seem to hurt sales, but whenever you were around a couple of Sportster owners they bent your ear with complaints—complaints that weren't normally associated with the righteous Harley.

But I remember the Sportys up through 1969 (an especially good year). I had one in '69 and it was hard to start—but damned dependable. It vibrated between 70 and 75 mph, and this made me push it to 80 most of the time (far out)—which it



Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo



did effortlessly. I dug it.

So here's a toast, salute, toke, hit, whatever your number happens to be, to the Sporty of days gone by—the tin primary days, the days of hard startin', the magneto, the dependable machines that we all knew as stone Harley-Davidsons.

Speaking of stone Harleys, check Bob Peck's '66 Sporty shown here. A beautiful example of just how far-out a Sporty can

look. Great, simple, clean, functional lines.

Bob took the right materials and made the correct alterations to make it look like it's ready to leap while sitting still. (Speaking of leaping—that's Carol who's posing with his scoot.) Bob makes his living by making wheels for motorcycles in Florida.

That's a stone Harley—right? ■

Owner: Bob Peck

State: Florida

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: owner

Frame builder: owner (stock)

Year and make: 1966 H-D

Year and make: 1966 H-D

Model: Sportster (XLCH)

Rake: 1 3/4 inch

Value: \$4,200

Stretch: none

Assembly by: owner

Rear Suspension: rigid

Time: 3 years

Accessories

Chroming by: Carter Plating

Bars: drag

Engine

Risers: 3 inch dogbones

Year: 1966

Fender(s): 4 in. flat

Model: XLCH

Headlight: Hella

Builder: Tom Keller

Taillight: Lucas

Ignition: Magneto

Speedo: none

Displacement: 55 cu. in.

Foot pegs:

Balancing: none

Front: square custom

Pistons: high dome

Back: none

Cam: Sifton

Gas tank: peanut

Lifters: 750 Sportster

Oil tank: early 74 swingarm

Carb(s): Mikuni

Primary cover: stock (tin)

Air cleaner: custom auto

Seat material: seal fur

Shifter: ratchet

Sissy bar: square twist (owner)

Pipes: Paughco (reworked)

Height: 15 inch

Muffler(s): none

Material size: 5/8 twist

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: stock

Type: springer

Trans sprocket: stock

Type front rail: square twist

Painting

Extension: 20 inches over

Molding: Andy Hersey

Builder: Jammer

Painter: Andy Hersey

Wheels

Color: black with red webbing

Front

Rear

Type: acrylic lacquer

Size: 21 in.

Size: 16 in.

Hub/brake: spool

Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 2 1/4

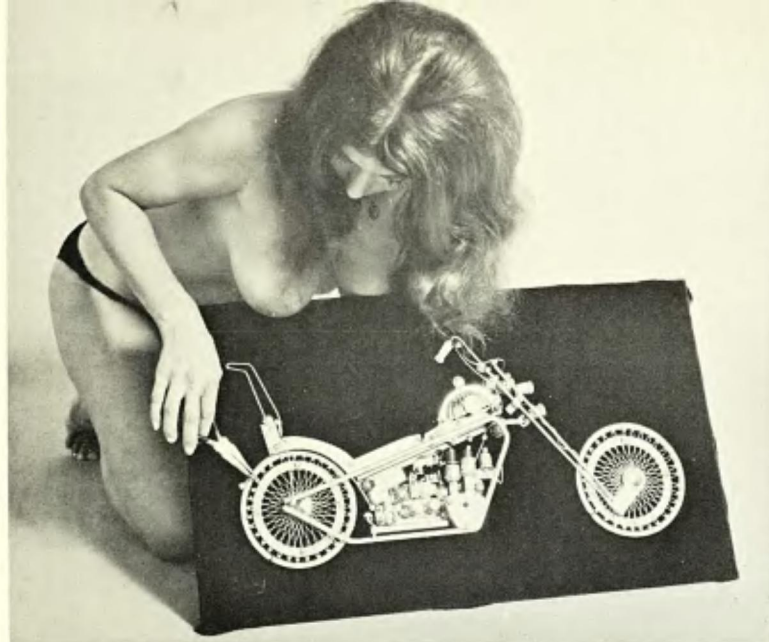
Rim width: 5 in.

Tire size: 2.75 x 21

Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Avon

Make: Beck



You Can Win This Piece!

No, not her—the piece of art. And no, she didn't make it—or construct it. We even had to show her how to hold the pliers for the photos. We just needed some half-assed excuse to get a nude in the magazine and so we decided to have another contest.

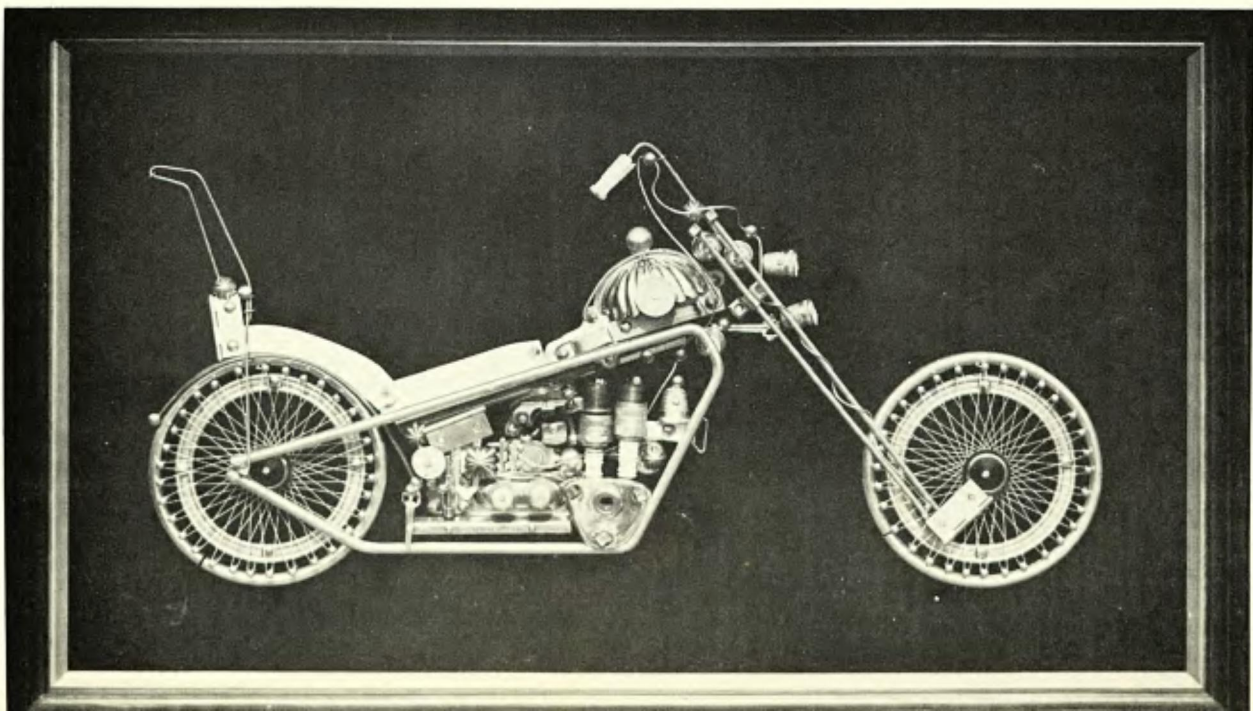
That's right. We're going to give away this outstanding piece—of art. We think it's called an assemblage. It's made up from all different kinds of parts, by an artist in Spain. Yes Spain—how's that for class?

As you can see, it's a large work of art (16" x 27"), and you can win it—including the frame—by guessing the number (between 0 and 10,000) that Miraculous Mutha scrawled on a slip of paper and quickly stuffed between her sweaty jugs. If no one guesses the exact number, then the person who comes closest to it will be the winner. In case of tie(s) the number with the earliest postmark will be the winner.

Here's how to enter: Put your guess on a postcard or a piece of paper. Put the number at the very top (so we can see it easily). Then clearly print your name and address (including zip code) and the date you mailed entry to Art Contest, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Contest ends on November 30, 1973. The decision of the judges is final.

The winner of the Harley clock has already been determined and will be announced in the next issue. We want to get a photo of the winner and weren't able to do so in time for this issue. ■



Biker's Revenge

You knocked me ass-over-boards when you horsed your junker through that clear intersection, tearing up my wheels and the bones in my good leg.

Shiver and shake in your goddam sneakers every time you see a pair of shades or a beard flowing in the breeze in your rearview mirror, or when some ugly sonofabitch rides up beside your open window and calmly spits his chew in your lap; you better smile and tell him how you love it; it could be me. Every time you hear a hot old Hog roar, near or far, better pucker up; it may be me, just about ready to ride up your chickenshit rear, lay it down, and let the rear wheel spin about where your gonads are hooked to your eyeballs.

If you're on the freeway and a bunch of dudes slip up behind you, and one has the finger up, I hope your sporting blood turns to horse-piss; it might be me.

You took three months of prime riding time out of my life—your Detroit rolling scrapyard is still making it to the neighborhood bar. If you lift up that beer and see in the bar mirror a couple of bloodshot eyes about six feet off the floor give you a wink, you better pray for everybody to stand; that'll be me.

Don't stroll into any of your favorite bars if there are any choppers outside—the one with the crumpled tank may be mine.

Maybe you'll park at a drive-in with your ol' lady, and a pair of bikes will roll up on your left; and about the time they shut off there'll be another on your right. You'll feel a nudge on your bumper—maybe that'll be me ready to ride down that hard-on because you've begun to think you're makin' out.

Don't pull into any service stations if there are any bikes there—that purple and chrome job may be mine.

If you stop on a lonely road at night and a smiling face looks down at you and your flat tire, you better sprout wings and fly—that'll be me.

When you open that fly and start washing the back off that pissery, I hope a cold chill runs down your back like the Ides of March because I'll still have that plastic waterworks hooked up, and every drop hurts.

How about going through June, July, and August with only one cold can of beer sneaked in; in the phoniest of flowers you ever saw? That's what I get while you slurp booze at your favorite bar. I hope each gulp you take turns to horseshit and is as thick as grease in the bottom of an old Hog's case that hasn't been changed for twenty thousand miles.

As you loll back on the porcelain throne, it is my fondest hope that a sewer rat will come up and chew off the only ball you have left, while

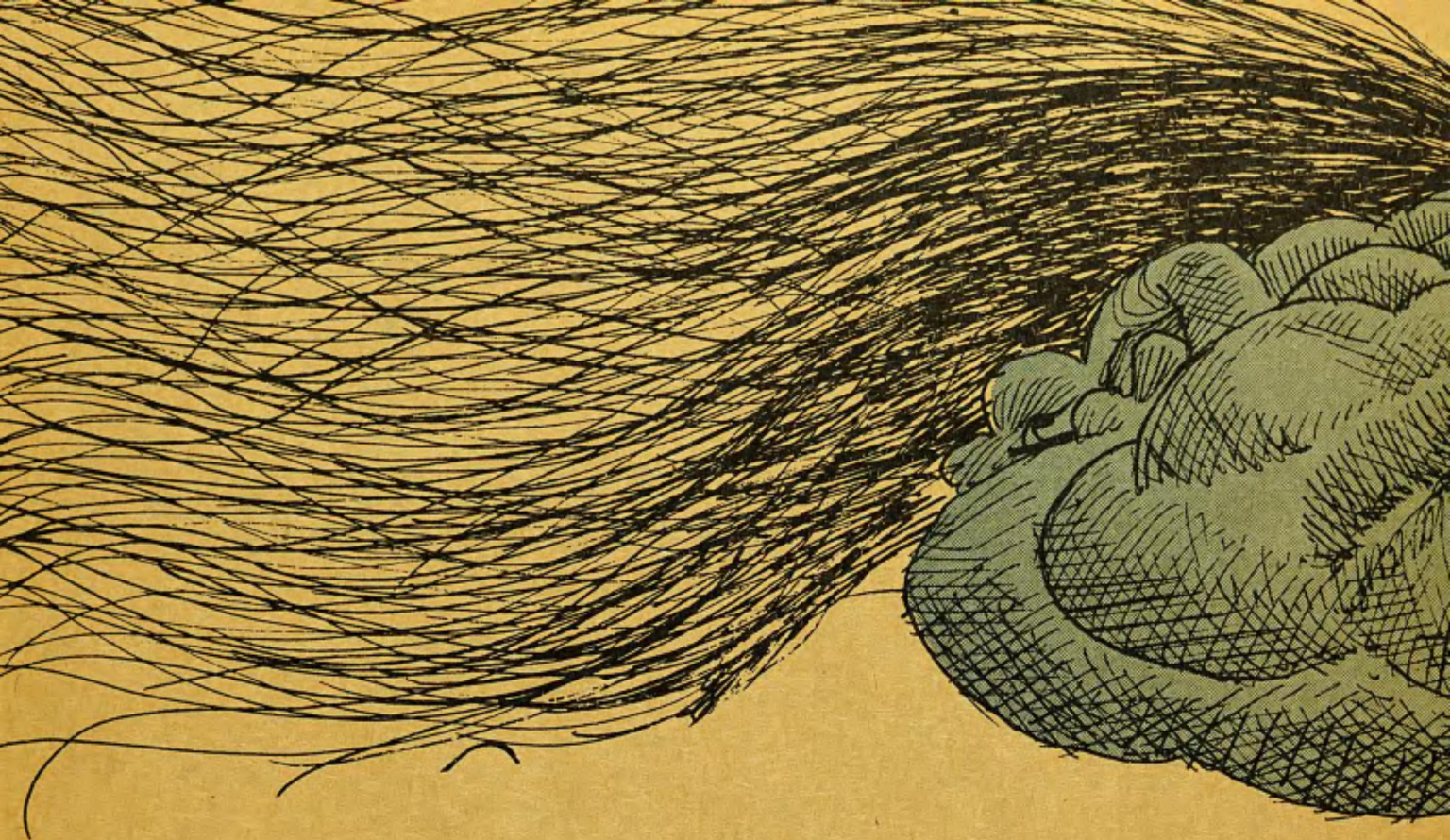
those two fat nurses are trying to pry my 200 pounds high enough off the bed to get rid of those stinking G.I. piles and the bellyaches that go with them—prying that stinking bedpan out of the crack of my hairy ass.

By the time my cast's off, the snowballs will be hitting me in the teeth, and if on that first sleeting morning your goddam relic stalls, as you dig that potato out of your tailpipe, you know damn well it wasn't me—but it could have been. Seems even your square neighbors don't like you either.

In closing, may your eyelashes curl right through your frigging eyeballs, and may you have spasms of the colon when the word motorcycle is mentioned! May you resort to fruity boots, bicycles, pogo sticks, and city transportation. And on that morning when your only wheels turn square and you have to hitchhike to work, guess who's going to be the lucky one to pick you up. Me!

The finger, the fetish, the voodoo, the curse; the blessings of Dracula, good wishes of Frankenstein, benedictions of the high priests of voodoo, rustle of bats' wings, and the stink of sour green beer go with you—with a greasy H-D primary chain tightly wrapped around whatever will hurt the most!

—Paul Hatmond



Fragments of Grunt

It was late spring—that glorious time of year when Grunt's brains became charged with warm beer, the sound of loud scoots, amyl nitrate, and visions of jammin' down the strip. All winter long he'd crept from his cave below the garage and down the alley to the chop shop and the K-Mart, looking like a large greasy bear with severe mange patched up with quilt squares from Marlon Brando's colors. He'd stand in line at the cash register, scratching his gross, lop-sided balls while waiting to pay for sew-on patches, oblivious to the checkout girls and the clothespins on their noses.

When Grunt got back to his

cave he'd pull out his Singer zig-zag and work into the small hours of the morning, critically placing "Eat Yellow Snow" and "Seizures to the Orient" on his nine-year-old originals.

The spring rains finally eased off and Grunt put the last spit-polish on his white go-go boots, jumped on his Hog and roared out of the cave. He headed for the Strip where all the bikers lined up in shiny rows and tooled back and forth. Grunt's chihuahua, Matilda, was strapped into her chromed teacup at the base of the sissy bar. He cruised up and down the stretch a few times, making sure that all of the dudes and their ol'

ladies knew that Grunt was in season again. His long, greasy curls snapped in the wind, causing Matilda to dive for the bottom of her cup. Grunt knew that all the dudes knew that he was the biggest, baddest badass mean muthafucka to rear out of the earth, and may the Lord help the biker who gets downwind.

So there he was, jammin' in all his glory, when a big Japanese bike pulled up next to him at the lights. Grunt glanced over and saw the damndest-looking thing since he and Egg MacMuther walked into a Howard Johnson's and asphyxiated 48 citizens. The bike was lime-green and shock-



pink. A large plexiglass egg entirely enclosed the rider. The lower half of the bubble was covered with paisley stick-ons and smile faces. Just over his own smell Grunt caught the odor of opiated hash. He then noticed a bright violet aura surrounding the rider's head. Grunt was definitely unhappy—he revved his hog and hunched forward so his bearded chin sat on the tach. The light changed. Everything was blur and smoke. Five blocks and a few seconds later the strange machine was out of sight. This wasn't saying much, considering Grunt's myopic pink eyes, but the hard fact remained—Grunt had been wiped. He slipped into an alley and took the backways to his hole. Matilda whimpered softly in her teacup. It was a black night in the cave.

Grunt awoke late the next day. After a hearty breakfast of cave

crickets and stale beer he slowly remembered the events of the night before. This was very unusual for Grunt. He stormed about for a while and then kicked over his Hog and headed for Egg MacMuther's.

MacMuther lived at the center of an abandoned junkyard. From a quarter-mile away a West Virginian might think he'd discovered a convention of ramp eaters in their twenty-third hour by the side of a hydrogen sulfide geyser. Needless to say, Grunt and Egg were close friends.

After several hours in which many annoying and pointless deeds were done, MacMuther handed Grunt the dreaded Narco-chincocon—Chilton's manual on "Mantras for Binding a Kawasaki." Grunt thanked MacMuther, reverently stuffed the book under his colors, and returned to his cave.

Grunt removed his Austrian horse-cavalry helmet from the sweating mass that his small, pink eyes distinguished as his head. He stepped back to survey his accomplishment with obvious pride—you could tell by the way the yellowed canine teeth stuck out from under his moustache. On the cave's dirt floor there was a large pentagram inscribed in two-cycle oil. Bent cam followers from 750 Hondas rested at each of the star's five points. The whole area was generously sprinkled with fine metal dust from the primary case of a Jawa. As a moldy breeze stirred from the sewer tunnel below, Grunt's chihuahua caught her master's scent and promptly scurried out of range.

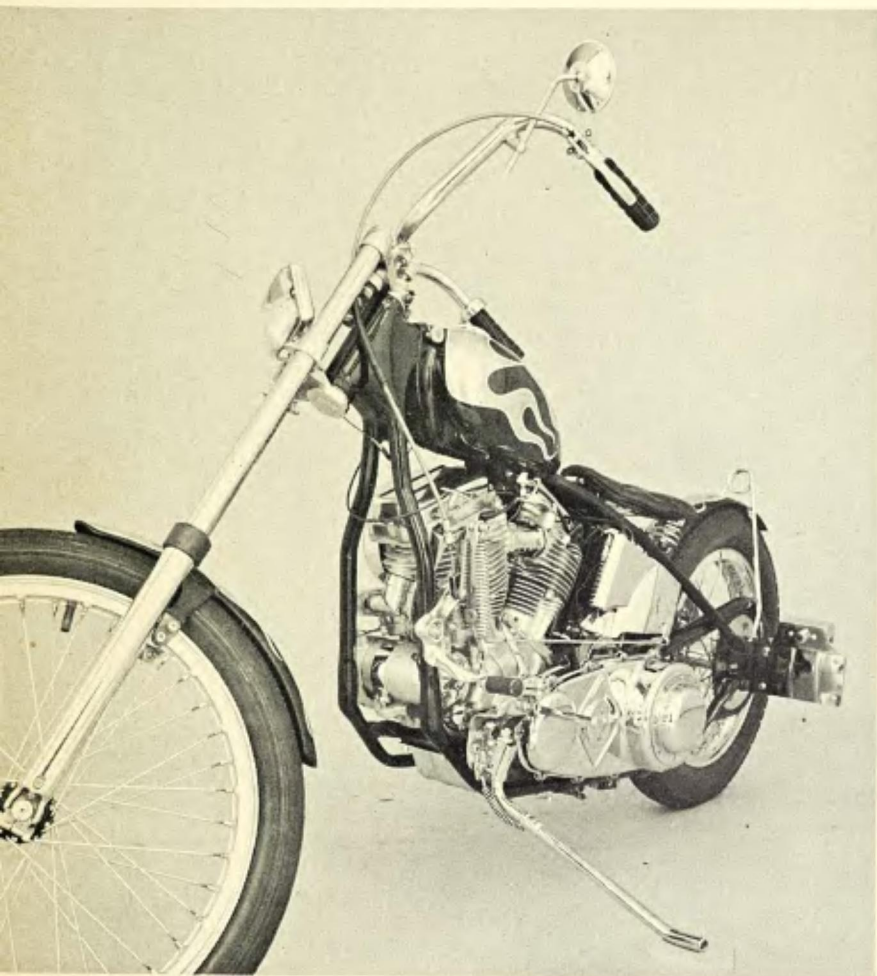
"Hondool of cam follower! Great gitcher yayas beezer stool! Let dry shit sink, Watergate stink,

—Continued on page 63

Minnesota builder does a new number on an old standby



**Believe
it or not, it's
a Panhead!**



How many times have you been sitting by one of your people in a local joint, or checking out your chain flop in a gas station, and had someone suggest that your scoot would look better if you only did one thing or another to it?

We're probably all guilty of it. There's just something about lookin' at a bike that makes you become an instant critic. You know that it's a bitchin' bike—but it would be even better if the dumfuk just added this or changed that.

With a buddy, you feel you're doing him a favor by offering him your advice. Such advice usually goes over like a turd in a punch bowl. And you've gotta admit that you feel the same way when unsolicited advice is offered to you.

The reason for this is that we all see our scoots differently. We all have our own ideas on how our bike should look. Maybe we steal an idea here and an idea there—but the overall combination is our decision.

The 74 has an unlimited number of design possibilities. Even different sections of the country see bike designs differently. To the unaware, all 74 choppers look alike. But it is an absolute fact that what you can do to it is limited only by your own imagination.

Now, you've seen pans and you've seen pans—but we bet you've never



Easyriders photography by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Pat Bichel

City: St. Paul, Minnesota

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1949 H-D

Model: 74 (FL)

Value: \$2,500

Assembly by: owner

Time: 2 years

Chroming by: Bob's Modern Cyc.

Chassis

Frame builder: modified by Newmaster

Year and make: 1949 Panhead

Rake: none

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: 2 piece pullbacks

Risers: stock

Fender(s): sprint (front), English (rear)

Headlight: CB quartz-iodide

Taillight: box

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: 1/2 inch hex

Back: none

Gas tank: peanut

Oil tank: wraparound

Primary cover: stock (original)

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar: Newmaster

Height: 5 inch

Material size: 3/8 inch hex.

Engine

Year: 1949

Model: Panhead

Builder: Belmont's, St. Paul

Ignition: 6V

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Balancing: flywheels and rods

Pistons: Dytech (12.5 to 1) 80 over

Cam: Schaller (mid-range)

Lifters: solids, alloy pushrods

Carb(s): Mikuni

Air cleaner: stock Sportster

Shifter: ratchet top

Pipes: Newmaster customs

Muffler(s): baffles

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 24

Trans sprocket: 25

Forks

Type: K model Sportster

Type front rail: none

Extension: 6 inches

Builder: owner assembled

Painting

Molding: Newmaster

Painter: Rickless

Color: black

Type: acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front

Size: 21 in.

Hub/brake: spool

Rim width: 3 in.

Tire size: 3.00 x 21

Make: Akront

Rear

Size: 19 in.

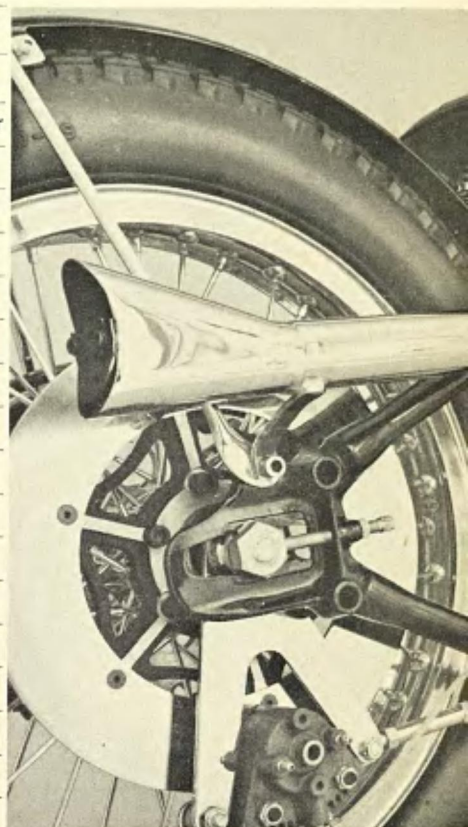
Hub/brake: Hallcraft

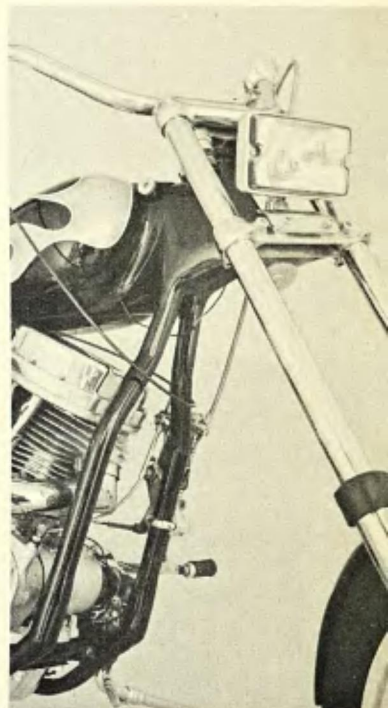
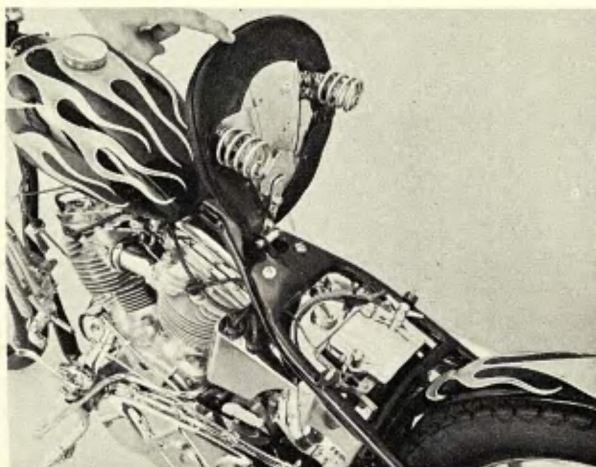
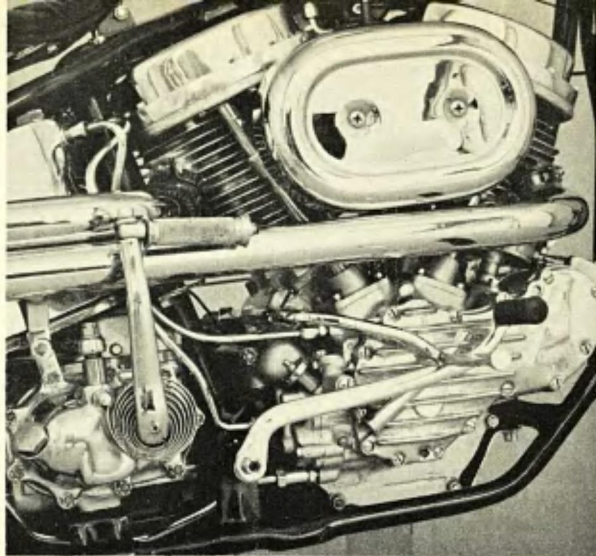
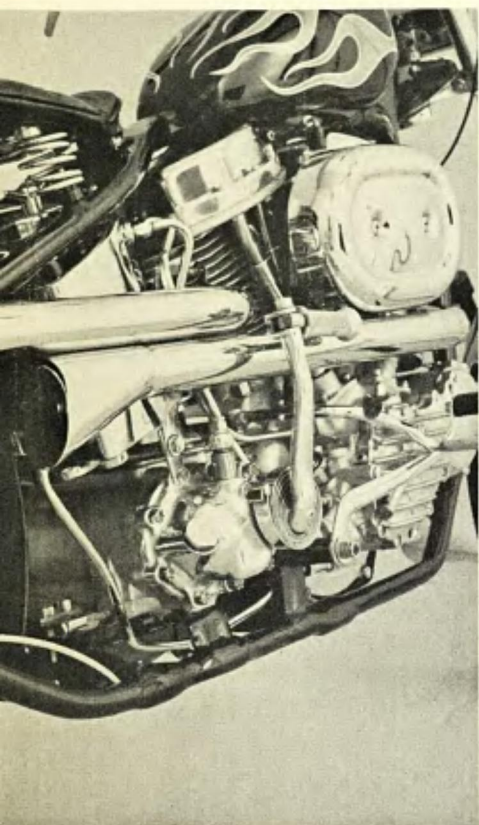
Rim width: 4 in.

Tire size: 4.25 x 19

Make: Akront

Other special modifications: Barnett clutch, shaved flywheels, over-sized valves, ported and polished heads.





seen a pan designed like the one you see here.

Pat Bichel of St. Paul, Minnesota, built it. The K Model Sportster front end and the large (21" front, 19" rear) wheels, along with the Sprint fender in front and the sectioned English fender in the rear, give his pan a look of its own. Because it's so different from what we're used to seeing, we caught ourselves a couple of times, about to make suggestions—but shut our mouths just in time. We have a rule here that we try to follow (except with each other), and that is to adopt the attitude "everyone to his own poison." (But don't you think he could have kicked out the front end—just a hair?)

■

Brew It Yourself

Face it! American beer is brewed for sissies. The beer companies must try to please everyone, especially women, so they brew a light, mild and weak beer. The average German collapses in laughter if you ask him about our beer, but now there is a way to get good strong brew that is half to a third as expensive as commercial beer and two to three times as strong. Just brew it yourself!

Not home brew, you say, thinking about the time you got sick on some green beer that tasted like it came from a sick horse. But remember that brewers, like mechanics, differ widely, and brewing asks the same care in procedures and the ability to follow directions that bike repair requires. So to brew good beers it is important first to learn a few facts about beer and its ingredients.

Beer is made from hops, malts and grains, sugar and yeast. Each ingredient has a purpose. The yeast, feeding on the sugar, produces alcohol until the sugar is consumed, and its by-product gives the beer its carbonation. Thus, to make your beer stronger you add more sugar, but if you add too much sugar the yeast dies and your beer goes bad.

**—and for
10c a quart!**

By Louis V. Bignami



The malts and grains provide additional sugar and body to give good beer a thick, solid taste that you don't find in American beers. The hops, boiled with the other ingredients, add aroma and bitterness to mask the sugar's sweetness. It is the careful balance of these factors of taste, alcoholic content, bitterness, aroma, and body that lets you make a great brew.

How then to get started? First, you must get some equipment, and put your buddies to collecting bottles. Bottles are the big pain in the ass in home brewing. Everyone wants some of your beer, but nobody brings your bottles back. You've got to get tough here. I make my friends bring me a usable empty for every full quart they take out of the house. Just any bottle won't do. The best bottles are empty Lejon champagne fifths. They're strong and hold enough for two man-sized glasses and a partial refill. If you want a more standard size, try to get Lucky bottles as they're the strongest, but any pry-top bottle will work. The trouble with the screw-top bottles is that you sometimes lose beer because of leaking caps. You can avoid this leakage by using Wine Arts screw-top caps. Unfortunately they are expensive, so I use them only in the largest sizes, when I put beer into gallon jugs for parties.

The actual equipment that you need won't cost much. You need a new (15 or 20 gallon) plastic garbage can for a primary fermenter. Some five-gallon water containers or gallon jugs with fermentation locks are also good for secondary fermenters. A large pot—I use a five-gallon surplus type—in which to boil up your beer is needed, and a thermometer to check temperatures is a must. A dairy type you can get at a winemaking shop is best. Then you need a hydrometer to check the percentage of alcohol so your bottles won't blow their tops. Some half-inch plastic tubing and a small plastic bucket to transfer beer are both convenient. Finally, with a capper and some caps you're in business.

That's the lot for equipment. It should cost less than twenty dollars and will let you brew hundreds of gallons of beer. Split among several people it isn't much, and I think of beermaking as a group operation. Group brewing lets you get together with your buddies and brew up ten or fifteen gallons of beer in an afternoon while you finish up the last batch

and watch a football game on the tube.

Now you're almost ready to start. Next decide the road you want to take. If you want the largest amount of drinkable beer for the least money, you should buy Blue Ribbon Malt at the chain store; add sugar and yeast as per instructions and keep your costs at an absolute minimum: If you want real quality beer at only a few cents more per bottle, you boil up hops, use English malt extract and add various grains. The best chain store from which to get these special ingredients is Wine Arts, but other stores will do the job. The best shops have recipes for dozens of different types of beer and will give advice and help you improve your brewing. They'll also show you how to read a hydrometer to determine starting gravity and alcoholic percentage.

Let's start with a German-type lager that uses a top-fermenting yeast to produce a beer very similar to Tuborg—but stronger. Note here that American beers are almost all lagers and are served colder than the English beers, ales, stouts and porters we'll get to later.

LONG PUTT LAGER

5-gallon brew. Starting gravity about 1.060

Ingredients:

- 2 pounds sugar
- 1 level teaspoon citric acid
- 1 pint water

Cook the above until golden, stirring so it won't stick, and add water until you have a gallon. Then dump into your large pot. Add following:

- 3 pounds D.M.S. (a good quality malt extract)
- 8 oz. crystal malt (cracked)
- 8 oz. Brumore (optional, but improves flavor)
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- 1½ gallons water.

Cook at 150 degrees plus or minus 1 degree for 45 minutes. Add 2 oz. hops (German if you can, otherwise regular type) Boil for 30 minutes, and then dump into the cheesecloth-covered primary fermenter. (See photo) Pour water over the wort that is held on the cheesecloth until you have five gallons in the fermenter. (Note: I mark the outside of my primary fermenter at one-gallon intervals with a Magic Marker so I only have to fill to a line rather than measure the whole amount. I also use a special plastic bucket that is marked in cups.) Now, while the brew cools down to 75

degrees, have a few beers. Then add **lager** yeast and a level teaspoon of yeast nutrient.

This lager, like all lager beers, is best fermented in a secondary (closed) fermenter. (I use spring water bottles and one-gallon wine jugs equipped with a fermentation lock that allows gas to escape from the beer while keeping air out. This keeps your beer from being contaminated by unwanted yeast spores.)

Fill the lock with water when the fermentation is going well and shake the bottle gently every day or so to keep the yeast working. In a week—five days if the weather is warm—siphon the beer into a second container. In another two to five days, when your hydrometer reads 1.01, the beer is ready to bottle. Take 2 oz. of sugar made into syrup with a half pint of water and mix it with your brew. The extra sugar will ferment in the bottles and cause natural carbonation. Bottle your beer and wait about three weeks until it's ready. Serve cold.

At this point—bottling—you should start a second batch. (What I did when I started brewing was make up the first batch and then wait until I saw how it turned out. It was great! But I had to wait a month until the next brew was ready.) Green beer tastes awful, so plan ahead. Now I brew at about two-week intervals so something is always coming along, something is always ready to drink, and something is just starting.

For your second batch of beer you can repeat the lager recipe, but I suggest you try a real English stout. It's very dark and quite strong, so some will want to mix it with a light beer. Mixing is another way of making a lot of different brews with just a few well-tested recipes. Mixed half and half with a light lager this beer tastes very much like Dos Equis.

BITCHIN' BREW (a stout that bites back)

Makes 5 gallons. Starting gravity 1.052

Ingredients:

- Patent black malt, ½ pound
- Malt Extract (dark), 2 pounds
- Hops, 2 oz.
- Water, 1½ gallons
- Salt, 1 teaspoon

Boil the above, reduce heat and simmer for about a half hour, strain into primary fermenter that has 3 pounds of dark brown sugar in it. Bring the amount up to 5 gallons by pouring water over the wort in the cheesecloth strainer. Cool to 80 degrees and add a stout yeast.

Regular yeast will work, but stout yeast makes a better brew.

Allow brew to ferment in primary for five days to a week. Siphon into gallon jugs with fermentation locks and leave for another week. Now you can bottle into pints, adding ½ teaspoon of sugar to each bottle. The beer is ready in two to three weeks. This is heavy stuff. So be warned.

The last recipe I'm going to give is for as strong a beer as can be made. It is about four times as strong as the average American beer. Treat it with care.

BALL BUSTER BREW

5 gallons. Starting gravity 1.085

Ingredients:

- 1 pound crystal malt (coffee milled or cracked)
- 3 pounds malt extract
- 4 oz. hops
- ¼ teaspoon Epsom salts
- 1½ gallons water

Boil for about half an hour, and strain onto

2 lbs. dark brown sugar

3 pounds white sugar

Add enough water to bring up to five gallons and cool to 75 degrees and add yeast. The primary fermentation can take up to ten days. Then siphon into gallon jugs with locks and let stand for a week. When fermentation stops, bottle, using half a cap of sugar in each pint. Now wait, and it takes a month or more for this beer to be ready. This beer will keep about a year and improves for at least six months, so try to be patient. I like to make it for Christmas and special blasts. Remember, it is about as strong as wine, so don't get that morning-after bighead.

The three formulas given here are but a sample. Beers, stouts, ales, and porters from England; lagers, pilsners, weiners and bocks from Germany and many more are all possible once you learn the few simple methods of the home brewer.

But brewing a cheap beer is only the start. The real reward is in producing a beer that is customized for your taste in alcoholic percentage, taste, body and aroma. Sure it takes a few tries to reach your perfect brew, but you and your buddies can drink up your experiments. There are only two drawbacks: first, you'll drink more beer and your buddies will always be coming by for a quick one; and second, once you make good home brew you'll never be able to go back to commercial American beer. ■



—Submitted by Bob Truesdell, Portland, Oregon



—Submitted by Fred Eklow, Santa Barbara, Calif.

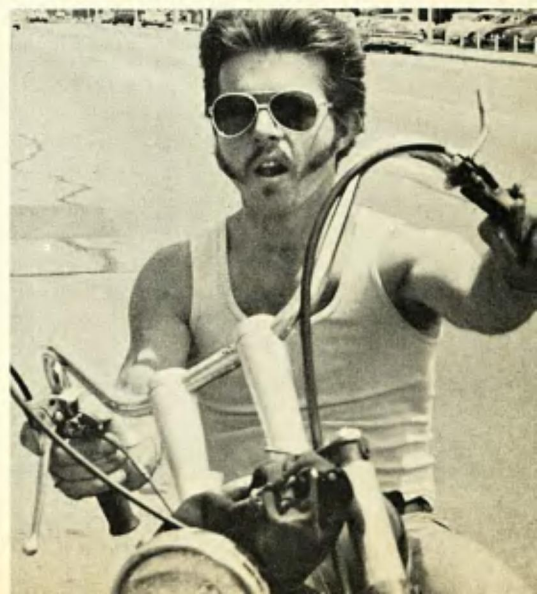


We've expanded this feature in this issue because more of our readers are getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—this leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy lying back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with hair blowing in all directions.



—Submitted by R.T. Simmons, Washington D.C.





—Submitted by Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—Submitted by Fred Eklow, Santa Barbara, Calif.



—Submitted by Charles Flett, Omaha, Neb.





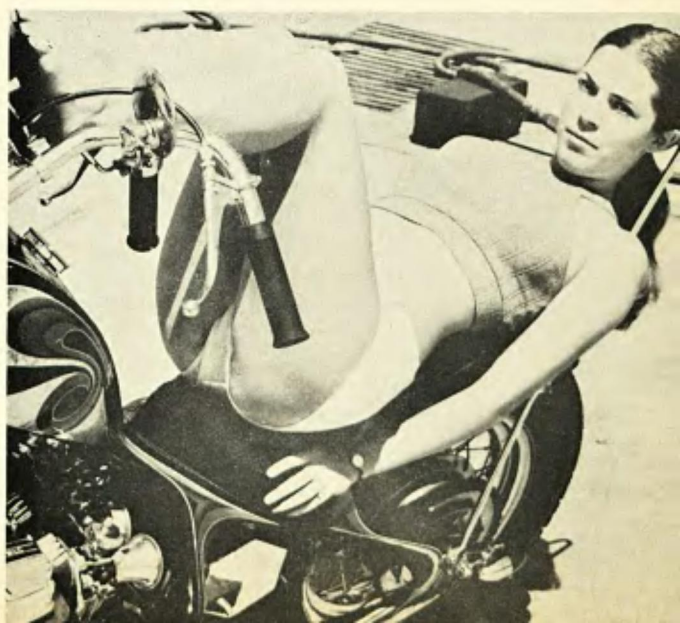
—Submitted by Brother Al, Atascadero, California



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 re-jects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with submissions. Easyriders cannot be responsible for loss or damage.



—Submitted by Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.





*My dog has fleas and doesn't know where
to scratch
My bike won't run and I have no place
to crash
I just spent the day getting food from
the trash
I think I'll go and score me some grass*

*This ol' world ain't treatin' me right
It's the same old way from morning till
night
I try being peaceful and end up in a fight
I'll just smoke a number and get my
head right*

*I go look for a job and get no place
I smile at my friends and get slugged in
the face
I keep telling people I'm not running
a race
I think I'll sit down and get stoned just
a taste*

*My chick just split with another man
I lie in the sun and can't get a tan
When I'm out in the streets there's
always The Man
I'll go to a station and smoke in the can*

*Well, that's my story from day to day
It never varies in any way
So if you need me—I'll be away
Lying somewhere and smoking the hay
P. Overholtzer*

—Submitted by Dave Fitzgerald, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

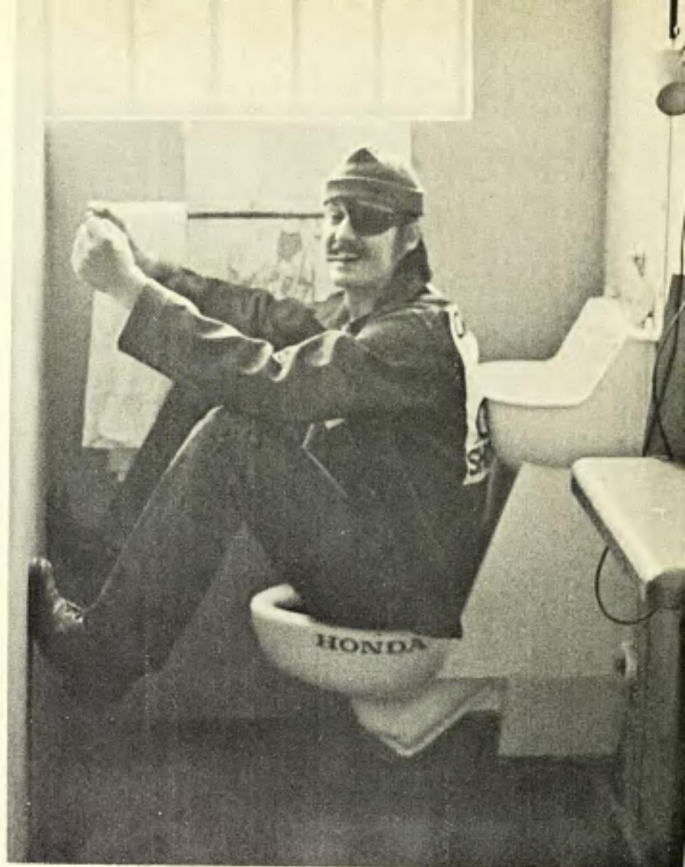


Photo by Big Bike magazine



—Submitted by Steve Kapodjila, Rock Creek, Ohio



*I ride the devil's daughter;
I fornicate with death.
She waits for me beyond the veil
with warm and tender flesh.*

*I'm riding blind tonight
in hopes I will not fail.
I hope I'll die tonight
and get a piece of tail.*

"Nobody"



—Submitted by Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.







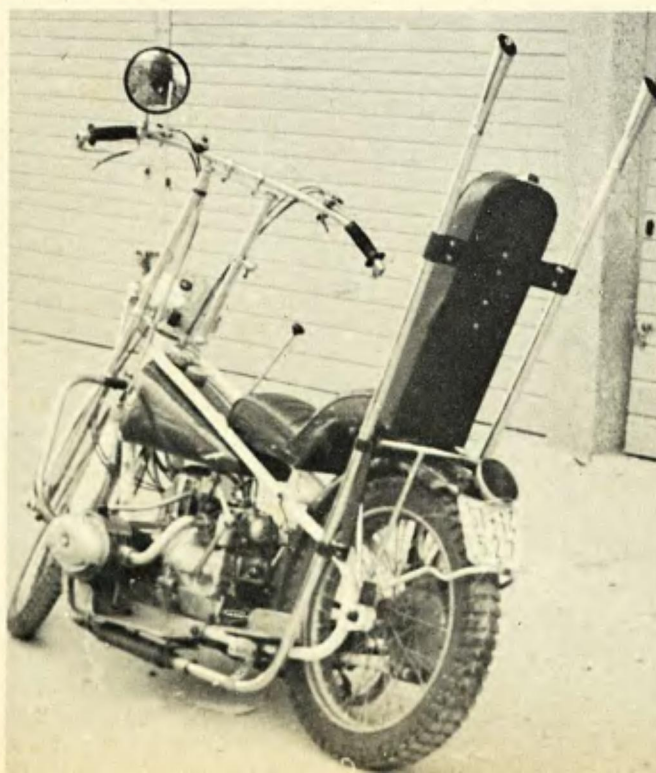
—Submitted by R. Crandel, Los Angeles, Calif.



—Submitted by F. Hahnel, Jr., Sunnyside, N.Y.



—Submitted by Rako Lukic, Yugoslavia



We thought we'd do something a little different this go-around. We thought you'd be interested in the origin of the chopper. Where did it all begin?

Every guy can go back to the point when he became interested in choppers and, to an extent, that was the beginning of choppers as far as he was concerned. For this writer, it all started when we began to remove all of the unnecessary frills and goodies and weight that the factory hung on the old Harley "garbage barges" and Indians.

Gross things like saddle bags, front fenders, running boards, over-stuffed seats, shin guards, and pounds of chrome ornaments, were a few of the items removed. Bobbing the rear fender and making the bikes lighter and faster was the name of the game, way, way, way, back near the beginning when this writer became interested in them.

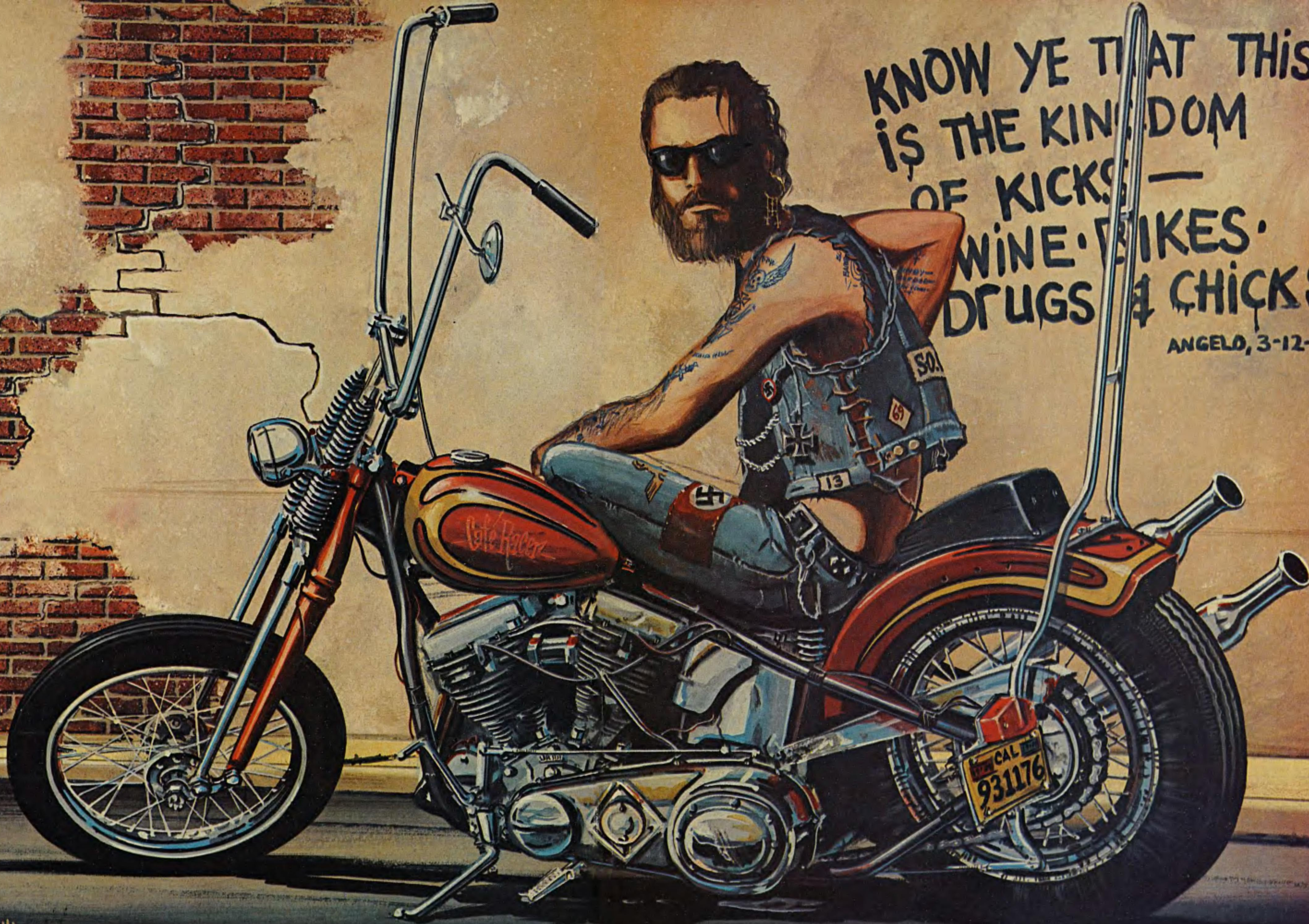
I don't know when Dave Mann came onto the scene, but he remembers one certain period well—a period that most of you may not have even been aware of except from the bikes in the movie **The Wild One**, which came out about five years before the period Dave depicts on the following pages.

Dave chose the year 1958 to paint this time. If you are not familiar with the bikes of that era you may not catch the subtle things about this bike that make it authentic—for the bike is authentic. It's the little things like the flying grease marks on the rear tire and wheel, the position of the pegs, the cut-off chain guard, the upsweep tailpipes, and the bobbed fender.

Turn the page and go back a few years into the history of the chopper—to when, mostly, they weren't pussy machines, when they were built for go (usually by the owner).

KNOW YE THAT THIS
IS THE KINGDOM
OF KICKS —
WINE · BIKES ·
DRUGS & CHICKS

ANGELO, 3-12-58



DAVID MANN

The Girl In Denver

It was a good morning to be on the road. There was a lot of sun and not much traffic. A biker had to be happy on a morning like this. The Hog had new plugs, fresh oil, both chains were well adjusted, tire pressures were right, all the nuts and bolts were tight, the wiring was good and the battery was almost new. He felt contented and secure. Nothing to do but watch the trees slip by and feel the wind.

A station wagon went by and a kid in the back seat flipped him the peace sign which he returned with a grin. There was a "Love it or Leave it" sticker on the rear bumper. The wagon had a mountain of luggage on the roof and was going about 80 mph.

"Had a great vacation, folks. We covered nine million miles in two weeks. Saw Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, Gettysburg, Pikes Peak, the Statue of Liberty, Niagara Falls, the Empire State Building and the Claudius P. Finklebine Memorial in Buffalo Chip, Nebraska. Wait'll I set up the projector and I'll show you all the places we've been. I'd kind of like to see them myself."

Leaning back against the duffel bag, feet on the highway pegs, loafing at 60, he studied the landscape through blue lenses. He saw a roadside park with shade trees and thought about stopping for a nap, but it seemed like too much trouble. He was comfortable where he was and besides that he was in somewhat of a hurry. He was going to Denver, where the girl was waiting and he only had the rest of his life to get there. Rush, rush, rush.

Early in the afternoon, he got hungry and stopped to eat, drink some beer and hassle a waitress for an hour or so. They played the pinball machine for the price of the beers and of course he won. Next to shooting pool, pinball was his favorite sport. A natural athlete.

Back on the Hog, he spent most of the afternoon speculating on his chances of being picked up by a

rich blonde who would just happen to be towing an empty bike trailer behind her Cadillac and would take him to Mazatlan where they would lie around on her yacht and drink expensive booze and swim and fuck in the sun. When the blonde hadn't shown up by sundown, he started looking for a place to crash. He took a side road up into some low hills and rode a couple of miles looking for a break in the barbed wire that lined both sides of the road until he came to a ranch-house. A cowboy was working on a pickup truck beside the house and he asked the cowboy who owned the land around there and the cowboy said he did.

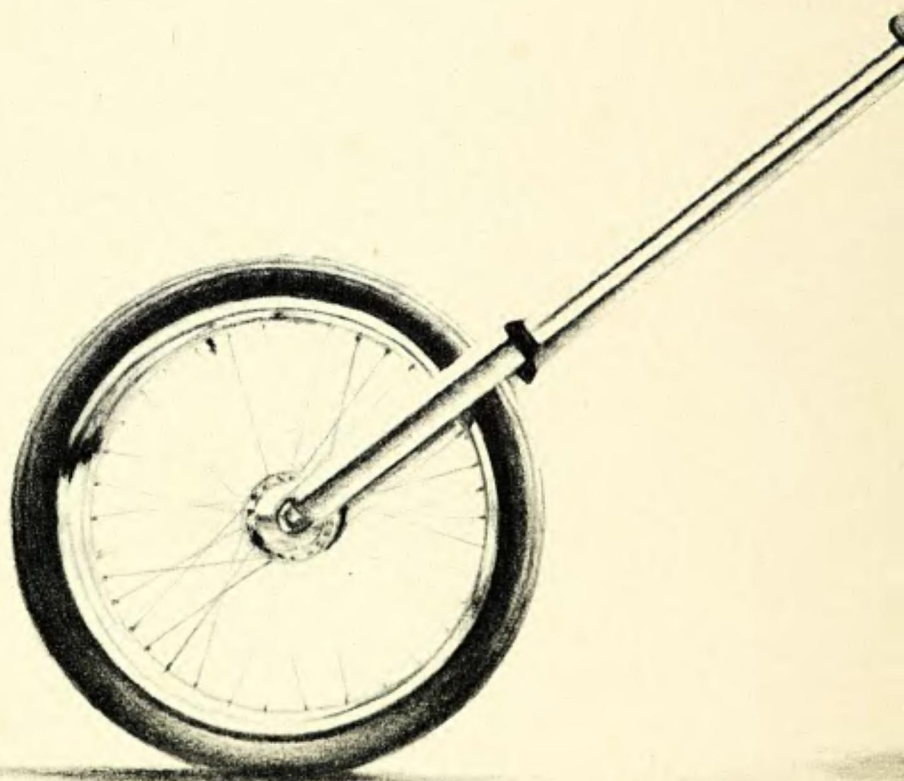
"Could I use some of it for the night?"

"Sure, just bring it back when you're done with it." The cowboy laughed loud and happy at his own

wit and pointed out a grove of cottonwoods by a stream a few hundred yards behind the house.

He spread his poncho on the ground under a big cottonwood, unrolled the sleeping bag and dug around in his duffel bag until he found a large chunk of sharp cheddar cheese, an onion and a fifth of Ripple. He ate the cheese and the onion and loaded his pipe and drank the wine while he smoked and then went to bed feeling mellow, wondering if the blonde in the Cadillac knew what she was missing.

He woke up just after the sun appeared and ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth, reviewing last night's onion. If staying power was any indication of quality, that was a hell of a good onion. A cow was standing by the Hog, scratching her back on the sissy bar, as he



walked to the stream and dunked his head into the cold water and drank. The cow watched him put on his boots and levis and gather up his bedroll and moved lazily away when he approached the bike. He chewed two Clorets for breakfast while checking the primary chain for lubrication, lubing the rear chain and checking nuts that had shown a

tendency to work loose.

The Harley chuckled smoothly as it idled down the dirt road to the highway, a soothing sound that became a nerve-shattering roar as he turned onto the pavement and rolled up the throttle, jamming down the two-lane strip of asphalt at 100 mph, running from the early sun. Tourists rolled wide-eyed from their beds to peer from the windows of their campers and trailers at the bellowing animal that charged out of the glaring sun, bearing on its back a half-naked man with long, wind-whipped hair and bulging blue eyes. The cool morning air was cold at that speed, good for waking up. One hour later and 90 miles away he made a gas stop and continued at a more leisurely pace, gathering sunshine and letting the traffic flow by and smiling.

At noon he stopped at a plastic drive-in for two plastic hamburgers. Later he stopped in a small town and bought two cans of beans, a loaf of rye bread, two pounds of sharp cheddar cheese, two onions, one-half gallon of Bali Hai and two cans of

beer. He stowed the other groceries in the duffel bag and stuffed the beer cans into the breast pockets of his sleeveless shirt.

The afternoon passed as the last three had. He leaned back, almost dozing, sipping beer, steering the five-hundred-pound machine by shifts in balance so subtle that he was not even aware of doing it. For a long time now, he had been convinced that the bike was tuned in to his brain—that all he need do was think of what he wanted to do and it would respond automatically. Sometimes, when it was parked and there was no one else around, he would stand a short distance away and call to it softly, coaxingly, half expecting it to lift itself from the kickstand and roll up to him, the way Roy Rogers' horse does when he whistles for it. Then he would laugh

—Continued on page 66

By R. J. Thurlow III



Illustration by Tom Kuntze

have you done lately? Get even with your enemies! Bug your ol' man

(Keep us in weed!) What rotten thing

"HERE'S YER OL' MANS GIFT!...NOW HOW ABOUT YOURS?"



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ABATE

Fed Official Admits Blackmailing States Into Enacting Mandatory Helmet Laws!

We've all heard how the Feds have blackmailed states into enacting mandatory helmet laws by threatening to withhold federal highway funds. Here, probably for the first time, you get the opportunity to actually read a speech given at a motorcycle safety conference in San Francisco by James E. Wilson, Associate Administrator, Traffic Safety Programs, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration—a speech that quite candidly lays it all out in front of God and everybody.

"... The tremendous growth in the use of motorcycles in the United States began about ten years ago with intensive marketing programs in this country by the Japanese motorcycle manufacturers". In 1960 total registrations numbered fewer than 600,000. Today the figure is in excess of 4,000,000. And it is predicted that this expansion will continue until something like ten percent of all registered passenger vehicles are motorcycles.

We are concerned because motorcycle deaths have grown substantially as sales have increased. From fewer than 750 in 1960 to more than an estimated 2600 in 1972. And 596 of these 1972 deaths were here in California, by the way.

These statistics bear out the findings of a national study: The fatality rate based on vehicle mileage is about five times greater for motorcycles than for passenger cars. The motorcycle rider has a greater probability of being killed than the user of any other conventional means of transportation. In fact, more than 80 percent of all reported motorcycle accidents result in personal injury or death. At least 40 percent of all persons injured in motorcycle accidents receive head injuries.

Who is at fault? Well, about two-thirds of the fatal motorcycle accidents involve collisions with motor

vehicles. The remaining one-third of the fatal motorcycle accidents not involving collision with other motor vehicles are cases in which the motorcycle runs off the road, overturns in the road or hits a fixed object, animal or pedestrian. Police reports indicate that in well over one-half of the cases involving motorcyclists, the cyclist is not at fault.

Motorcycles are relatively small narrow objects and are extremely difficult for motorists to see. Cyclists should be trained¹ to anticipate not being seen by motorists and should avoid situations in which they are dependent upon another driver noticing them.

Motorcyclists do make themselves far more conspicuous to other traffic by the use of headlights during the day. A research study sponsored by NHTSA shows this to be an effective safety practice. In the study a 3.8 percent reduction in daytime motorcycle collisions was attributed to headlight use. Eleven states now require the use of motorcycle headlights during the day, by law.

The use of brightly colored helmets makes cyclists far more visible in the traffic stream since the cyclist's head is usually higher than the roof of most passenger cars. A brightly colored vest or jacket helps, too.

Unfortunately, some cyclists seem to be overly self-conscious about using clothing or equipment that makes them stand out in traffic. We need a concerted program to sell these safety concepts to motorcyclists.

At night, the liberal use of reflective materials on motorcycles; helmets and clothing can make cyclists many times more easily seen. At night, light colored or day-glow clothing is not adequate. It must be reflectorized.

Most new motorcyclists teach

¹ Note no mention of car driver.

themselves to ride on our streets and highways. Thus, they gain their experience in the school of hard knocks, a fact documented by accident records. Ways must be found to give new cyclists meaningful learning experiences in a less hostile environment than that of our streets and highways.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is convinced that safety education, with heavy emphasis on defensive driving tactics, is the best long-range solution to the cycle safety problem.

... But even under ideal defensive driving conditions, crashes will occur. What can be done to help protect the cyclist in the event of a crash? The immediate answer is the safety helmet.

... Forty-six States, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico have now adopted laws requiring the use of motorcycle safety helmets. That is good, but, unfortunately, it is not good enough. Sad to say, the State with the biggest motorcycle population, the host of this Conference, and my own home State, is one of those four States which has not adopted some provision for requiring the use of helmets. The requirement for the wearing of helmets has been an established highway safety standard requirement since 1967. In view of this time lapse, I advised the States last September and again in November that they must program this requirement into their plans for 1974-77. A fully effective helmet law for motorcycle operators and passengers must be adopted by the end of the next general session of the legislature after approval of the Comprehensive Plan, and such law must be effectively implemented within one calendar year from passage.

I do recognize and appreciate the problems and obstacles which must be faced, particularly in California. I am told that California is making progress. I very sin-

cerely hope so. I would like to see those nearly 600 motorcycle deaths² in California in 1972 reduced by about 25 percent because California adopted an effective helmet law.

The Federal Government has persuaded³ States to pass some legislation and to repeal other legislation. We have never lost sight of the fact, however, that traffic safety in the States is State responsibility. And, I am happy to point out, State performance in this area has been fairly good over the years, and has been generally very good in recent years. This has come about as a cooperative effort between the the State and Federal Governments. While the Federal Government administers the Traffic Safety Act, the Highway Safety Act is a cooperative partnership effort between the Federal Government and the States, whereby Federal assistance is given to the States who use their own statutory powers to achieve agreed upon goals.

The Federal Government promulgates highway safety programs designed to reduce highway crashes. Unlike the Traffic Safety Act, the States are not required to have standards identical to the Federal one, but rather they must only adopt programs and means necessary for the accomplishment of the ends or goals enunciated in the Federal program.

In order to insure the accomplishment of this goal, the statute sets out specific requirements which both the Secretary and the States must follow in this cooperative effort. The Secretary must insure that the State's program included certain basic minimums before it receives his approval. The States must insure that the Governor is responsible for the administration of the program, that authority to carry out the program is delegated to all political subdivisions of the State, that 40 percent of the funds are expended by or on behalf of these subdivisions, that certain levels of spending are maintained, and that driver education programs are established.

The question then arises as to the possible consequences should a State either fail to implement a highway safety program or fail to obtain the Secretary's approval for its highway safety program. Here there is no issue as to preemption. The Federal Government cannot use the courts to strike down the conflicting State statute or enjoin its use. Rather, the power of the Fed-

² How many were new owners having the accident within the first 90 days of ownership?

³ "persuaded" sounds better than "blackmailed."

eral Government stems from the use of certain economic sanctions.⁴ The Federal Government could declare that a State is ineligible under the Highway Safety Act for financial assistance for its highway safety program, and the Secretary could withhold ten percent of the Federal highway funds apportioned for that State. These sanctions were expressly enacted to insure a State's compliance with certain statutory provisions.

If a State does not conform to the uniform highway safety programs, the Federal Government has basically two methods by which it can seek to require the non-complying State to achieve compliance.⁵

First, there is the influence of moral suasion, effectuated through the use of personal letter, conversations, meeting, etc., between the Federal Government and the Governor and various State representatives. Such personal contacts can be effective in persuading the dissident or lagging State that the safety legislation is in the best interests of the State.⁶

Second, are the previously mentioned economic sanctions that the Federal Government can impose on the States. The Federal Government has the power to both withhold funds apportioned under the Highway Safety Act of 1966 and, if deemed necessary, to withhold ten percent of the apportioned Federal highway funds. Through this very important economic lever, the Federal Government can exert a powerful influence upon the States. The mere threat of its use can and has influenced States to adopt the necessary statutory or constitutional changes to conform to the Federal programs. Therefore, while the Federal Government cannot require a State to make a constitutional change under the Highway Safety Act directly, by the use of these economic sanctions it can indirectly coerce a State to comply with Federal statutory or regulatory programs.

Hopefully, this type of coercion will rarely need to be exercised. Realistically, however, most of the "easy" and non-controversial issues are now, after six years, behind us. Yet, death on the highway continues and harder steps and tougher actions are increasingly being required.⁷

This brings us to another area of safety helmet protection that I want to address. The NHTSA has discovered, and this has been well

publicized, that some helmets, contrary to their own certification labels, do not meet the requirements of industry specifications,⁸ or otherwise exhibit unacceptable characteristics. Because of the importance of helmets to motorcyclists and to certain other specialized driving categories, there is, in our view, an urgent need for a safety standard in this area.

I am pleased to announce that NHTSA is now preparing to issue a safety standard intended to insure that helmets provide a reasonable degree of protection. This will be accomplished by establishing test requirements for impact attenuation, penetration, and retention. The new standard also establishes criteria for peripheral vision, harmful projections, and labeling.

... The purpose of this standard is to further reduce deaths and injuries to motorcyclists and other motor vehicle users who wear helmets.⁹

8 In short, you've had to wear a helmet whether it gave you protection or not!
9 Bold face emphasis by editor.

ABATE

News from all over

Virginia: The 157 members of the Virginia Motorcycle Dealers Association (members of MIC) are pushing for a law that would outlaw any motorcycle that "contains any modification or alteration to the front fork . . . or change the original manufacturer's original specifications for angle of inclination or lengthen said fork." They want these changes made in the 1974 legislature.

Now you buy parts from these dealers. You support these dealers—and you'd better start NOW and let them know what you think of their pushing such legislation. As we've said in previous issues, the dealers would like nothing better than to only have their products on the street—and when any replacing of parts is done, they want you to come to them.

You can start your protesting by contacting the writer of the letter urging that such a law be passed. He is C.B. Neblett, Jr., Executive Director and lobbyist for the Virginia Motorcycle Dealers Association, 3339 West Cary Street, Richmond, Virginia. You know that he is a lobbyist, and hence he has the lawmakers' ear, so get on him and on your dealers to shape up. Watch for such a bill to be introduced. We have plenty of ammo to send to the lawmakers to offset the Dealers Association's hired mouthpiece.

Massachusetts: The recently enacted "chassis height" law does not apply to motorcycles—so extended front ends are still legal. Any Massachusetts rider who feels that he has been unfairly treated by the police because of an extended front end or other frame modifications can contact the Registry of Motor Vehicles, Equipment Division, 150 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass. Phone (617) 727-3785.

Everywhere U.S.A.: In case you missed it, the wire services recently carried a story that said agents of the Treasury's Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms bureau (ATF) were forming their own motorcycle "gang" in order to avoid "exotic initiation rites of some gangs" they wish to infiltrate. The idea is that if they're already an outlaw gang they won't have to go through "unlawful gang membership requirements and perverted initiation rites to effect undercover penetration of outlaw motorcycle gangs."

Illinois: Bill Orce, ABATE coordinator in Illinois, says there is talk of another helmet law bill. He will keep us advised if such a bill is introduced and we will let everyone know of it in order to defeat it at the talking stage. For those of you who don't know, Illinois is the one state that found the mandatory helmet law unconstitutional. There are two shops in Illinois that are offering 10% discounts to ABATE brothers: Munch Choppers, 3921 South Archer Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60652, and Villa Park H-D, 305 East North Ave., Villa Park, Ill.

Alabama: Brother Keith Miller has advised us of some new laws in Alabama. (1) The minimum age to ride is still 14, except now you are required to complete a written and driving test before receiving a license. (2) You are now required to wear safety goggles or face shield.

(3) You must also wear long trousers, a shirt and shoes.

Rhode Island: Although there is no law against extended front ends in the state of Rhode Island, we are getting reports that the inspection stations are not passing them and in some cases are impounding bikes with extended front ends. We have sufficient proof that there is nothing wrong with a properly constructed extended and raked front end and we have sent the material to the officials of that state.

—Continued on next page

Join and/or Contribute

Reprints of ABATE engineering reports that prove the safety of extended and raked front ends are being mailed all over the country in response to ABATE member requests for ammunition to fight anti-bike legislation.

This is just one of the services that ABATE performs, and even though there is much being done, we never have enough funds to do all of the things we know, first hand, that must be done.

If you gnash your teeth at the injustice of some laws, imagine the frustration that we feel when we receive pleas for help, for personal appearances at legislative hearings, and are not able to do more than send our printed material, whereas an engineer, in person, would carry much more weight.

We don't want to be corny, but ABATE needs your support—and you need, or will need sometime, somewhere, ABATE's support. ABATE has no commercial ties. Its only purpose is to protect the rights of the street biker.

If you haven't joined, then join today. The need is today. ABATE needs you, and you need ABATE.

ABATE

Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740



- ☐ Here's a contribution to ABATE to aid in their nationwide efforts to combat anti-bike legislation and to educate and inform lawmakers, the police, and civic leaders to the facts about choppers.
- ☐ Here's a \$5.00 contribution for a year's membership in ABATE. Send me my membership card and decal and keep me informed of laws that affect me as a biker.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

4 i.e. blackmail. Bold face emphasis by editor.

5 Bold face emphasis by editor.

6 Bold face emphasis by editor.

7 What next? (All bold face emphasis by editor.)

Engineering Reports Available To Aid You In Defending Extended And Raked Front Ends

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.

The Power!

You can let politicians on every level—federal, state, and city—know your feelings—and in a very effective, positive way.

All you have to do is vote.

Another Service

ABATE is an organization made up of consumers. Thus far its attention has been primarily directed at combating anti-bike laws by disseminating educational material and engineering data to individual members for use in their local areas.

From the mail we have received, we have learned that there is an additional area in which the street biker is vitally interested and needs representation, and that area is one of consumer protection.

What products are unsafe? Which companies are rip-offs? Who advertises one thing and sends another? Which ads are misleading? Who's a hassle to deal with? Who does poor work? ABATE is now going to try to answer these and other questions for you.

How will we determine these facts? We won't, you will. We are going to ask you to send your complaints to us. As part of this regular ABATE feature in *Easyriders* we will run the Consumer Survey form you see at the end of this column. As we receive them we will compile a profile on various companies and products. This will aid us in determining the quality of products, how advertisers treat their customers, whether they back up their guarantees, how fast or slow their service is, etc. We want you to write us with any complaint you have against any advertiser in this rag or any other bike magazine. We will maintain a file on them and soon we will be able to determine who are the good and bad guys. Results of the continuing survey will be made available.

To back up this program, ABATE will aid you in getting any hassle you're presently having squared away—at least try to get you some answers. We'll write and phone for you if you feel you've been getting a runaround. We can't promise miracles—all we can offer is pressure. We may not be able to solve a problem—a rip-off is a rip-off—but at least we will be able to learn who you should stay away from. If one company receives a lot of complaints, that's got to tell you something.

Fill out the complaint form accurately. Exact dates, names and addresses. Send as much proof as you can. Do not send originals—

spend a dime at the library and have documents photo copied. Send photo copies of canceled checks, correspondence and proof that will aid us in getting answers for you.

Fill out the form below or write us and tell us about any hassles you've had: dealers, advertisers, manufacturers, mail order advertisers, etc., even if the problem is already solved. This would be background data for our records. We are interested only in personal experiences, not what happened to your friend, etc.

We recognize that things happen. We're not out to get anybody—we just want ABATE members and *Easyriders* readers to get a fair shake; and rather than just talk about it, we're going to see that they get it.

Space in the magazine is limited, so if you need additional space to make your complaint complete, you may answer questions on a separate sheet of paper. Our staff is very limited, so be certain to include all information in order to keep correspondence at a minimum.

Consumer Retort



I want to register a complaint against:

Name of Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Person or persons to whom you have written or telephoned. _____

Give exact dates of correspondence and telephone calls.

(Send photo copies of all correspondence, canceled checks, etc.)

My complaint is: _____

Amount paid: _____ How was it paid? _____

(Cash, check, money order—send proof if you have it.)

Other comments: _____

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone number _____

ABATE Box 2280, Seal Beach, California 90740

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



We are raising a legal defense fund to finance legal fees for appealing Sonny Barger's recent prison conviction, as well as building a legal fund to defend other Hell's Angels that may need legal assistance.

To do this we are selling t-shirts and tank-top shirts with the lettering "Free Sonny Barger" on them.

We are also selling bumper stickers: One measures 10½" x 3" in red, white, and blue and simply says "Free Sonny Barger"; the other measures 2" x 7", printed red on white background, and says "Support Your Local Hell's Angels."

We also have a heavy poster that should be in every biker's pad. It measures 2" x 3". It is black and white and depicts numerous scenes of Angel brothers doing all sorts of things. In the middle of the poster, we state our case—a case in which we're sure you'll agree.

There may be some of you who will want to aid us in our effort, but don't have use for the above items—and would just as soon send a contribution. We can dig it. Any amount will help—legal battles cost money, so contribute what you can.

white shirts with red lettering



"Free Sonny Barger" t-shirts and tank tops sell for only \$5.00 each, in all sizes—small, medium, large, extra large.

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

All we want for each poster is \$3.00, plus 50¢ for postage and a special mailing tube

Send your orders to

Free Sonny
P.O. Box 5294
Oakland, California 94605

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HELLS ANGELS**

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

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Name _____
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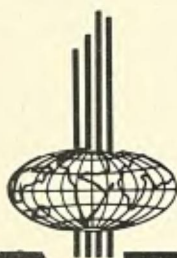
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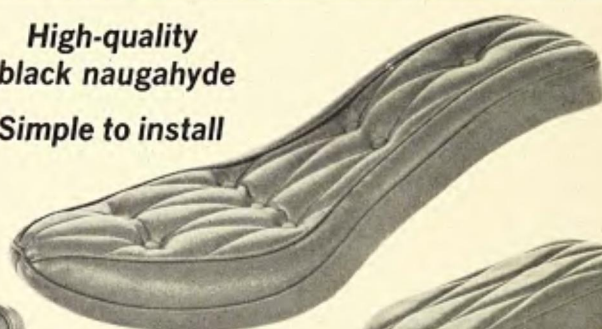
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Seat**
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**Twist Design
Sissy Bar**
Chromed.

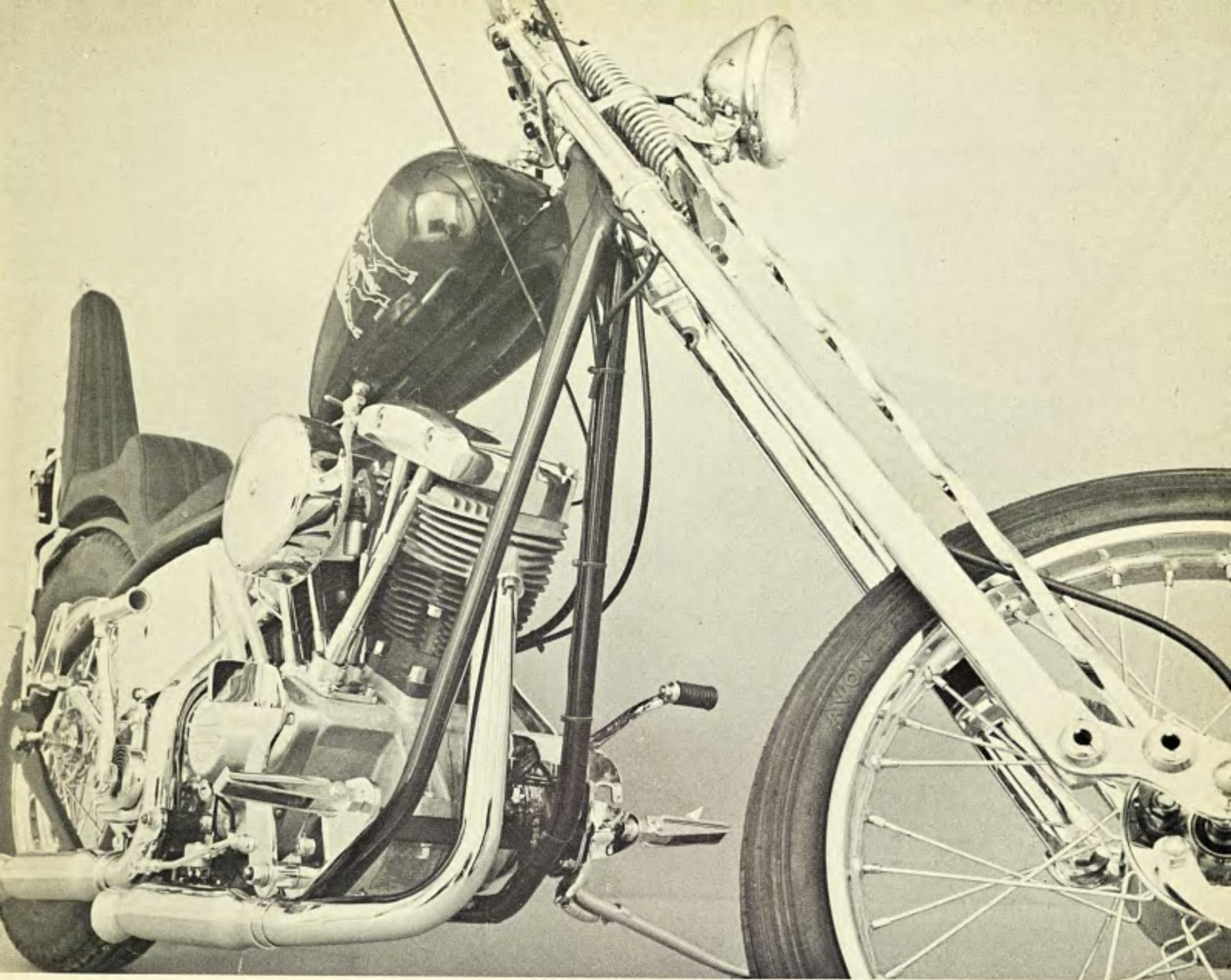
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Steel. Fits Sportster
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Terms: 50% deposit, balance C.O.D. Send money order. Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 5%. We ship cheapest way possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

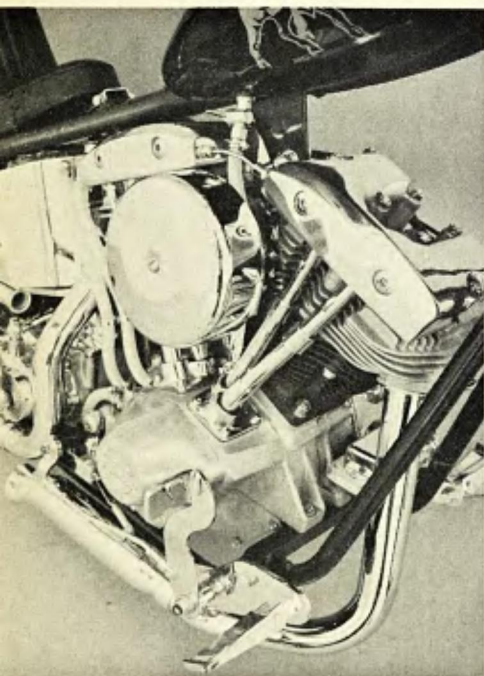
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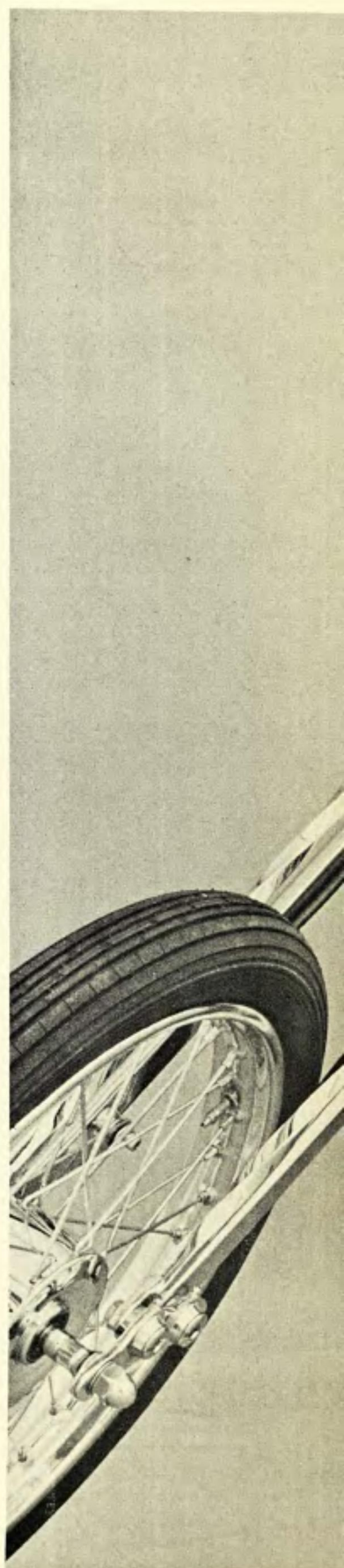
The Case for a Kit Bike

Ever stumble out of a bar to gaze at a scooter that you heard pull up out front, to find the bike was what some people call a bolt-on? Like the dude walked into a shop pulling a red wagon with an engine and trans in it and rode out a couple of hours later on his custom

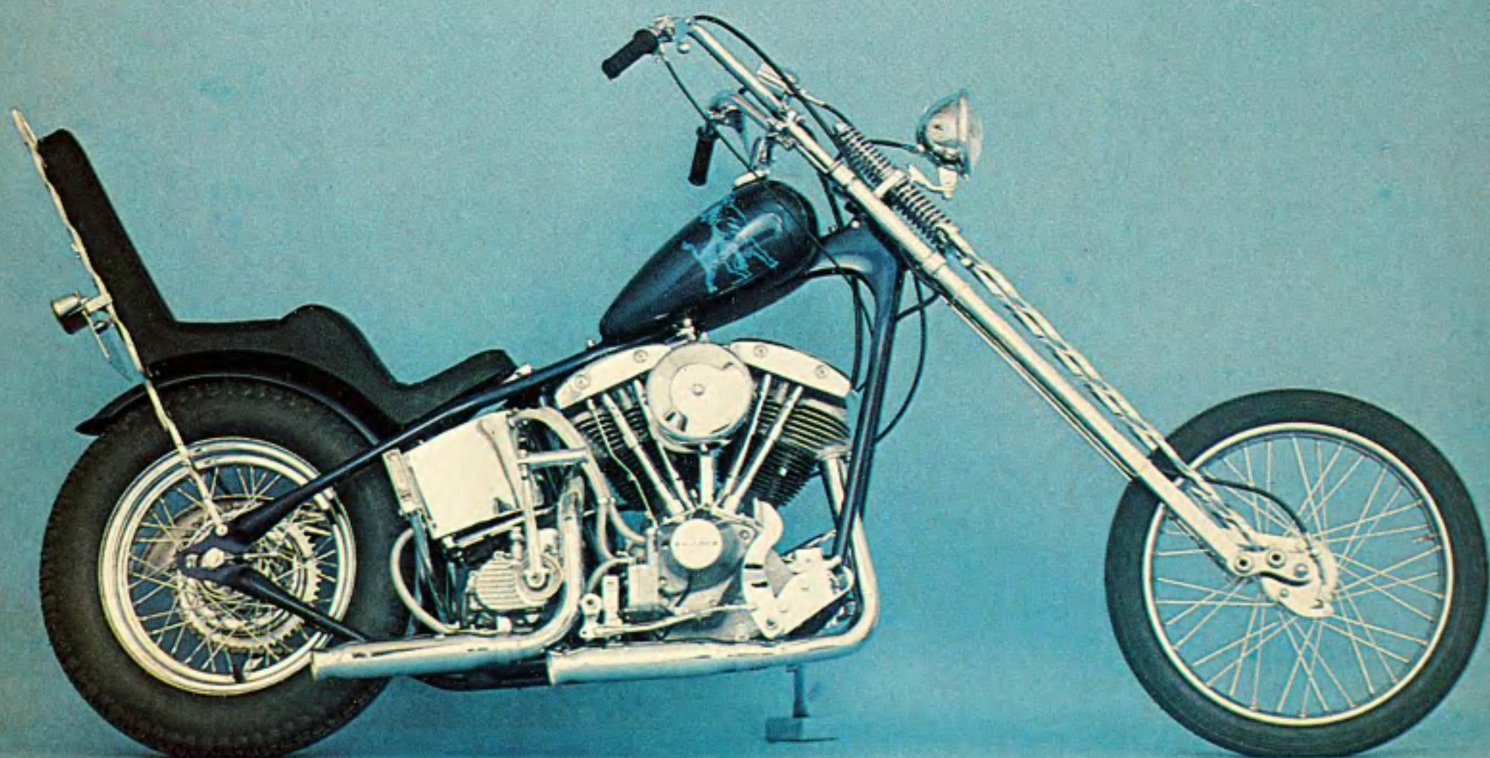


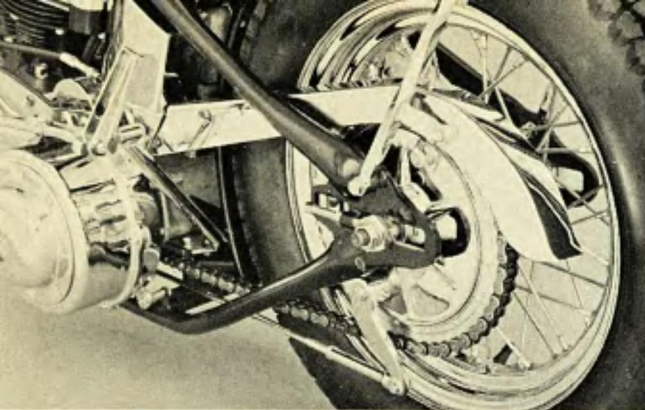
chopper? To some people there is sort of an unwritten creed that goes like this: "We'd rather build it, or steal it, than buy it," a course that causes the loss of a lot of wives on account of 300 nights a year in the garage bendin' frames, buildin' sissy bars, you know, the whole shot.

But what about the guy who can't build his own bike? Have you ever tried to build a scooter in a single, upstairs, super-clean condominium apartment? Or, after making that nice clean cut with the ol' torch, you take off your safety glasses to discover the sofa's on fire? Or you burnt through the coffee table, or through the floor and interrupted the wife-swapping party in the apartment below? Or tried building a scoot in the barracks down at the base, trying to explain to the sarge where you're going to put your drill press? And how about the guy who has only a screwdriver and a six-inch crescent wrench? He's not going to get too far unless he has the balls to heist a Snap-on Tool truck or hold up the local Sears. Or say you dig chops, but you just happen to be a doctor. It wouldn't go over too swift to come to the ol' office and face your patients wearing a sanitary white smock with arc welding slag holes in it. Then









Owner: Craig Mangold **City:** Sylmar, California

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: Jammer	Frame builder: Jammer
Year and make: 1973 H-D	Year and make: 1973 Jammer
Model: 74	Rake: 1/2 inch
Value: \$3,200	Stretch: 2 1/4 inch
Assembly by: Pat Ditson	Rear Suspension: rigid
Time: 2 months	

Accessories

Chroming by: Jammer Products	Bars: butterfly
	Risers: 5 inch

Engine

Year: 1973 H-D	Fender(s): English ribbed
Model: (Shovelhead)	Headlight: Bates
Builder: stock	Taillight: Cat Eye
Ignition: 12V	Speedo: Vista Products
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Foot Pegs:
Balancing: stock	Front: Frisco
Pistons: stock	Back: Frisco
Cam: FX (stock)	Gas tank: narrow Mustang
Lifters: hydraulic	Oil tank: wraparound
Carb(s): Bendix	Primary cover: Paughco (tin)
Air cleaner: Jammer Products	Seat material: naugahyde
Shifter: ratchet	Sissy bar: Jammer
Pipes: drag type	Height: 36 inch
Muffler(s): glass pack	Material size: 1/2 in. square twist

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: 24	Type: springer
Trans sprocket: 22	Type front rail: 1/2 in. sq. twist

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob	Builder: Jammer
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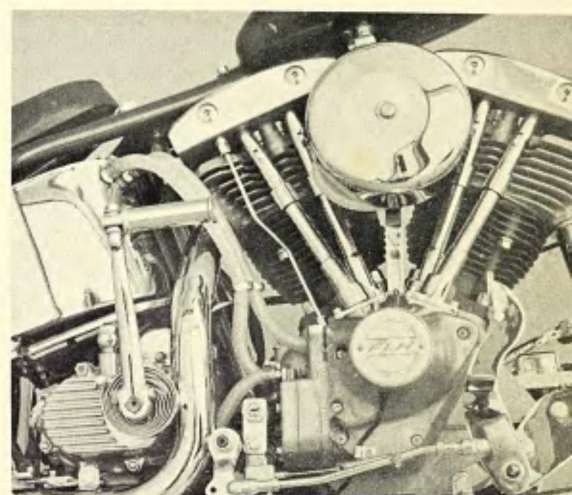
Painter: Electric Bob

Color: pearl blue

Type: acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub/brake: Hallcraft Hub/brake: H-D mech.	
Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire size: 2.75 x 19	Tire size: 5.00 x 16
Make: Avon	Make: Avon



there is the businessman who has to attend those heavy meetings with hands looking like they'd been stuck in a meat grinder and then sprayed with black wrinkle. And what about the dude who just isn't mechanically inclined? Remember the tests you took in junior high? Some cats were banned from even going near the wood shop. Have you ever had a dude ask you to tune his bike and given him that what's-wrong-with-you-man look, then, because he's your partner, you're going to turn him on to the deep secrets of tuning his bike—and even though the dude has a Ph.D. in everything, as you get started his face starts to contort into all sorts of weird shapes and before too long you gotta realize that you just ain't gettin' through?

So there **are** some people who want to own a scooter that's the way they want it, but for lack of facilities, tools, knowledge, or even time, they have to go another route to get it. I suppose that's why shops exist, so a dude can have a scoot put together that he digs. Like Craig here. He's been into bikes for some time, but this time he found a good mechanic and decided he'd give the responsibility to another dude while he chased his ol' lady around the house. ■



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



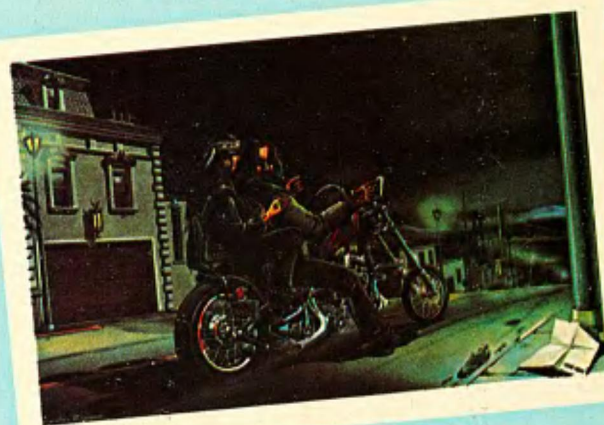
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

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_____ @ \$3.00 each All four for \$9.95

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Printing quality will be even better than
paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**,
for posters are custom printed specifically
for much finer quality than a mass-pro-
duced magazine, and posters are printed
on much heavier paper.

Me? Nude?

Why don't you get those asshole editors to feature you nude in the centerfold?

Bronson
Smyrna, Tenn.

● There's only a very brief moment from time to time that I have any control over each of them individually—and I haven't figured a way of having more than two or three of them under my control at any one time. Maybe I should take secret movies; they're a pretty strange bunch.

Balls Only Once

I'm 30 years old, but look and feel like 18! All my girl friends are jealous because of this and the fact that their husbands really dig me. In fact, their husbands are always propositioning me.

My husband (who's also 30) is good to me. We have good times in bed—like two snakes tangled up in a curling contest. My problem is that my husband can only ball me once—then he's shot for the whole night. I could die sometimes. It gets so bad at times, we only ball twice a month. Should I ball the other guys, or what?

Wild from
Wild Wood, Ill.

● Well, sweets, you should teach him the merits of getting his eyebrows wet.

English Pea?

I need to know something. I've got a lump on my balls about the size of an English pea and it's buggin' the shit outta me. What is it? Should I worry about it?

Krik
Decatur, Ga.

● The only way I could advise you properly is to ex-

amine them closely—and what in the hell is an English pea?

Very Satisfying

I've heard a rumor that you claim you can satisfy yourself with an umbrella. My question is—open or closed?

Owen Davenport
Fairbanks, Alaska

● Hook-shaped handles are something else! What is also neat is to get an umbrella in and then snap it open—oh gawd! It's unreal as it tries to open itself up. I put men down for a whole year once—after having a go at a patio umbrella—wow!

The Thing!

I was expecting a real picture of you in response to my request, but when I opened the envelope (expecting to find a gorgeous chick with a fine body) and saw that thing you sent me, I flipped out.

Dave
Yardville, N.J.

● That thing was me, asshole. And I'll send my picture to any other asshole requesting it as long as he (she, it) sends a stamped, self-addressed return envelope along with the request.

Needs Help Badly

My ol' man reads every single word in your magazine, and I don't mind at all. My problem is that he won't let me even touch "his" magazine. How can I get him off my back so I can read your magazine? I want him happy, but I want to have enjoyment too.

P.O.M.
Monument, Colo.

● Hold him down (after taking mag away from him) by sitting on his face. Then concentrate.

Kool-Aid Again

I took your advice about using Kool-Aid as a douche, but my boyfriend keeps complaining about the package cutting his tongue. What should I do?

Donna
Cola, S.C.

● Use whipped cream—but take it out of the can.

Let's Hear It For Small Tits!

I would like to respond to the head-in-the-ass chicks who actually believe their tits are their horny life line. I have small and perfect breasts. I'm a professional model and have had more men in 19 years than they'll feel in 30! Big tits are fat—and I bet their hips are too. I've got a great sex life because I'm able to feel everything—not just jiggle fat.

Laurie
Riverside, Calif.

... I would like to tell the two Silicone Sallys that although I did write in, in defense of small tits, I had no need to do so. I'm 33½, five-foot, and 100 pounds, and my tits are all mine, which is more than can be said for some other people.

K.G.
Port Neches, Tex.

... I have a good-looking, sexy ol' lady who happens to have small tits. It sure doesn't stop us from having a helluva good time in or out of bed. So if that girl thinks her big tits make her sexy, I'll bet she has a face that looks like a dog's ass.

For Small Tits
Indianapolis, Ind.

... big tits are fine—for now—but what about ten years from now? At least us less endowed chicks won't look like a rock at the end of a sock when we're 35. So let's all have a toke for small tits.

Char
Traverse City, Mich.

... it's been said that all I need to cover myself is a couple of walnut shells. However, I asked my ol' man if I should get a silicone job and he said no. He knows, as I do, that tits have nothing to do with sex drives or how well a chick balls.

M.P.
New Jersey

● I think most guys go along with what the Monger says about the subject in his column. I do too—as long as they don't gnaw too hard.

Charley Doesn't Bite

A while back you accidentally sent a crab of yours in a letter to someone by mistake, so we would like you to have one of ours to add to your collection. His name is Charley and he doesn't bite too hard. Hartch, Pud, Sleeze, Crotch Chicago Midwest Bikers

● You dipshits! You smothered the poor critter when you scotch-taped him to the paper. If I was a fink, I'd turn you in to somebody for cruelty to crotch crickets.

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



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

Big Brother's Safety Plans for Your Future

Before I start my out-pouring of drivel I want you to know that I know that it won't accomplish a damned thing except maybe dissipate my frustration about an apparently hopeless situation. Many of you will agree with me, and maybe—because you got a chance to see that someone is bitchin' about certain situations that bug you too—you'll feel a little better knowing that at least it's being said in print (thanks to *Easysiders*) and that a lot of people will become aware of the bullshit that's coming down from on high.

I'm aware that it's not entirely rational to criticize the efforts of individuals and organizations attempting to save lives. There are many areas where these efforts are needed—like product safety, for instance—but I have a thing about institutions (especially federal) and their employees spending every waking hour of their political life trying to figure ways of saving my life because I ride a motorcycle.

I made the decision some time ago to ride a bike. I do not want to wear a helmet for many good and sound reasons. I fully accept the fact that I would be safer inside an automobile and that the risk of a fatal accident per mile traveled is from 5 to 20 times that of other motor vehicles.¹

Okay, I accept those odds. I have faith in my ability to ride safely and I do not dig Big Brother sweating it for me—especially when I look closely at the statistics that they use to justify their sweating.

The helmet forces show statistics indicating a big drop in deaths after the Government started forcing states to adopt mandatory helmet laws, especially citing the years between 1962 and 1966 (before helmet laws) and the reduction in fatalities during the years 1967, 1968, and 1969. But studies have shown that fatalities increase in almost direct ratio to the number of new motorcycles sold. Bike deaths rose sharply during the '62-'66 period because motorcycle sales sky-rocketed. But during the '67-'69 period sales decreased.

"... a study of the motorcycle accident situation during the

growth period 1962-1966 revealed that the factor most closely related to the number of motorcycle rider deaths was the number of registered vehicles.

"... the most probable cause of the abrupt change in motorcycle fatality experience was the corresponding marked reduction in the number of (1967-1968-1969) motorcycle registrations."²

Have you got that? Fatalities increase as sales of motorcycles increase. Why? Because "more than 70% of all motorcycle accidents involve riders with six months or less riding experience, regardless of age."³

Of that "more than 70%," here's the age frequency of motorcycle fatalities: 16-20, 52.5%; 21-25, 25%; 26-30, 7.5%; 31-35, 3.3%; all other ages, 11.7%.⁴ And would you believe that the 16 to 24 age group is also involved in an average of 75% of the non-fatal motorcycle accidents?

Included in the Feds' "alarming" fatality figures are dirt bikes and race bikes—sports that obviously do require helmets. One research project revealed that out of 27,400 registered motorcycles in the area of their research, there were 18 fatalities (during 1970). Out of the 18 deaths, 9 were caused by head injuries, with 5 of them happening on "bike trails."

Here are some excerpts from that report:

"Despite the existence of such (helmet) laws, there appears to be an upsurge in the death rate from motorcycle collisions in the U.S. in 1970. The reasons for the recent upsurge in the death rate is unclear. Although a number of states have passed head protection laws..."

"The significant excess of younger drivers involved not only in automobile crashes but also in injury-producing motorcycle collisions suggests that perhaps age is a manifestational characteristic of other related human factors such

as lack of experience, knowledge, or training to cope with the hazards of highway traffic as claimed in other reports."⁵

Space doesn't allow me to continue citing examples that weaken the Feds' arguments for helmets for everyone. You can see by the few examples cited that their figures are weak. How can they claim there's X number of motorcycle fatalities and use that X figure for justification when that figure includes everything up to a bike falling over on a guy while working on it in his garage?

They don't mention that a large percentage of their fatal "skull" injuries (something like 24%) are actually to the face—where the helmet doesn't help one damned bit. But so much for that.

Our "protectors" are working on other ways of saving our lives. It's not entirely surprising that a lot of the "protectors" have their own reasons for protecting us, because invariably a large manufacturer is involved in the research. I guess that's the American system, but I wish they'd go find another group to "save."

Let's start with the politician. Laws are enacted. Agencies are created. People must enforce. Jobs are given out as political favors.

An agency is created to stop the "appalling" death toll on the nation's highways. The Head Mutha is paid a lot of bread to run the agency. He digs the bread, and he wants a better job the next time favors are handed out. So he goes to work to make a name for himself. He hires testing labs (and the government pays well, you know—they're spending your money) and so the labs aim to please. Then private industry, (which isn't famous for turning down any government handouts) tries to find out what's bothering the Head Mutha and they either get a little research money from him or go ahead and do some research themselves—all aimed at pleasing the Head Mutha who in turn is trying to please the Head Fed. Pretty soon you have all these forces working to solve problems—it doesn't matter whether

problems exist or not, the Head Mutha says they do and he's buyin'.

So here we are, brothers and sisters: The Head Mutha has a super department, so big it's divided into smaller departments; but each one of the smaller departments is also powerful because it works for Head Mutha—and Head Mutha has juice with the Head Fed.

The first thing they considered doing was to start an education program to teach people how to ride motorcycles properly and issuing driving licenses, but that "was an extremely unpopular concept. It was tantamount to encouraging an unsafe practice."⁶ So they decided on the mandatory helmet law as a means of reducing the risk of fatal accident by one-third over the dudes that don't wear one.

Head Mutha was pleased, and the word was sent down from the mountain to all of the states. But some states said, "Eat it!" So Head Mutha had to call on the Head Fed for help. They buried within a huge pork barrel National Highway bill some wording that gave them the right to force the states to do as they said—or the states don't get any more of their own tax money to spend on their own highways.

Now there aren't many governors (who are the Big Muthas of their states) who'd turn down some found money—especially when all they had to agree to was to shove around some assholes in their states who weren't politically active anyway. What the hell did the governor have to lose? He still had the silent majority—and they didn't ride bikes. Shit, he didn't know anyone who rode a bike.

A couple of states told the Head Mutha to shove the tax money—that the Head Fed or any political appointee wasn't going to tell them what to do.

But most caved in. And the Head Mutha's super agency is still working on ways to save our lives. Hiring testing labs. Sharing research costs with private industry. Listening to industry (which is just as interested in saving our lives as he is). And more and more new ways are cropping up.

¹ John J. O'Mara, Safety Research Center, University of Iowa.

² John J. O'Mara, Safety Research Center, University of Iowa.

³ Dr. Charles Hartman, Director MIC Safety and Education Foundation.

⁴ H.A.B. Wiseman and C. Haviland, University of Miami, Florida.

⁵ Kraus, Riggins, Drysdale and Franti, University of California School of Medicine.

⁶ Lewis Buchanan, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

I suggest you go sit on the can while you read the rest of this, for here are some of the things that have been proposed for the motorcyclist of the future. Not all of them, of course, are bad—but God knows what'll happen to them between the planning and the final stages.

1. Side impact protection motorcycle. To prevent injury to the rider's legs and feet. Frame will be wide in order for it to be struck rather than rider. (See illustration.) This idea comes from AMF and the National Traffic Safety Administration.

2. Fluorescent pigmented materials. Fluorescent coveralls or jump suits, fluorescent helmets, fluorescent side walls on tires, bikes painted in fluorescent colors, plus stickers. The 3M Company is worried about us—and you'd never guess who makes the fluorescents.

3. Air bags—like those that have failed for automobiles.

4. Anti-lock brakes.

5. Improved traction tires.

6. Improved headlamps.

7. Improved windshield.

8. Improved rear vision.

9. Improved anti-theft systems.

10. Rimlock tires.

11. Fiberglass tanks outlawed.

12. Only screw down type gas caps, and recessed not to rise above the smooth contour of tank.

13. Gas tanks to be seamless.

14. Steering head should not rise above fuel tank.

15. Windshields, mirrors should knock off in accident.

16. Projections—e.g. brake and throttle levers, switches, lever clips and screws—to be eliminated.

17. Handlebars to have balled ends.

18. Handlebars not to rise more than 6 inches from top of gas tank. No wider than 25 inches.

19. The kick start: both crank and pedal should be retractable to lie in space swept by rear-moving leg.

20. Exhaust pipes rising out of the horizontal or projecting outside general envelope of the bike will be eliminated.

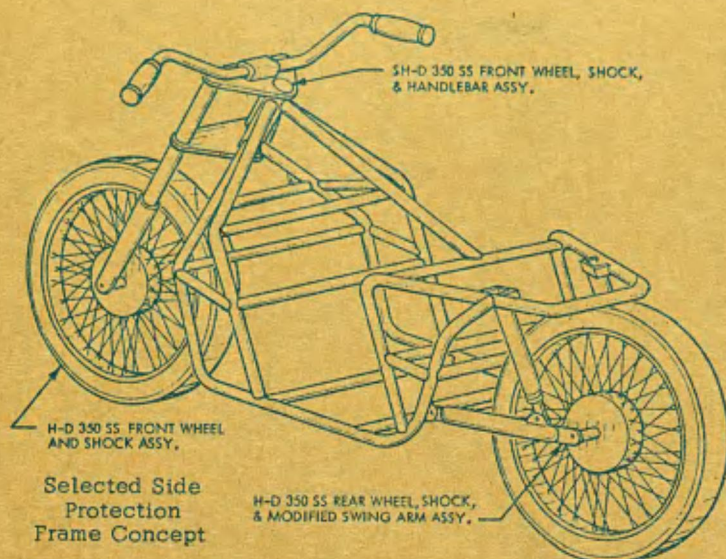
21. Ignition coils to be fitted as far away from gas tank as possible.

22. Footrests should not fold, be stronger, have outer ends that won't dig in and be able to survive a 30 mph slide on concrete.

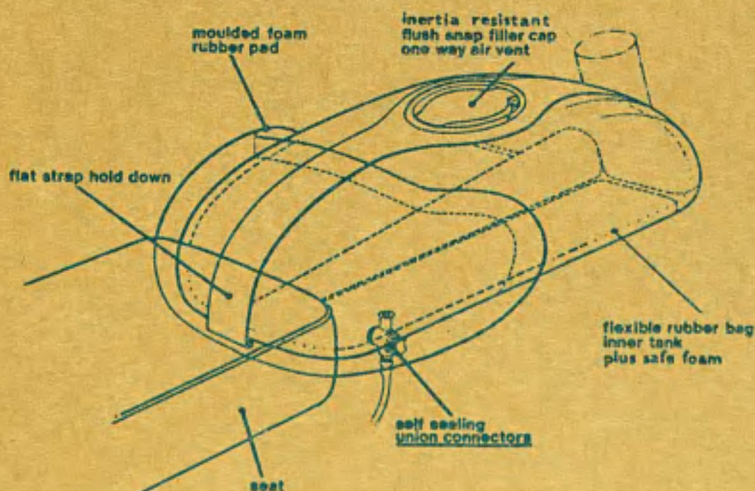
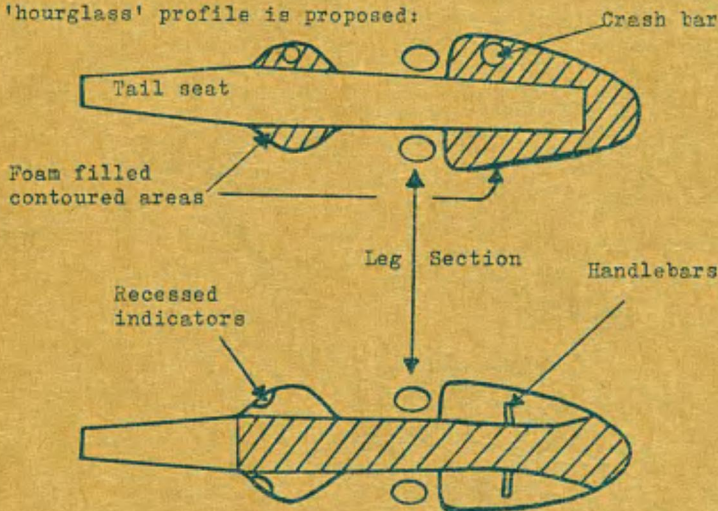
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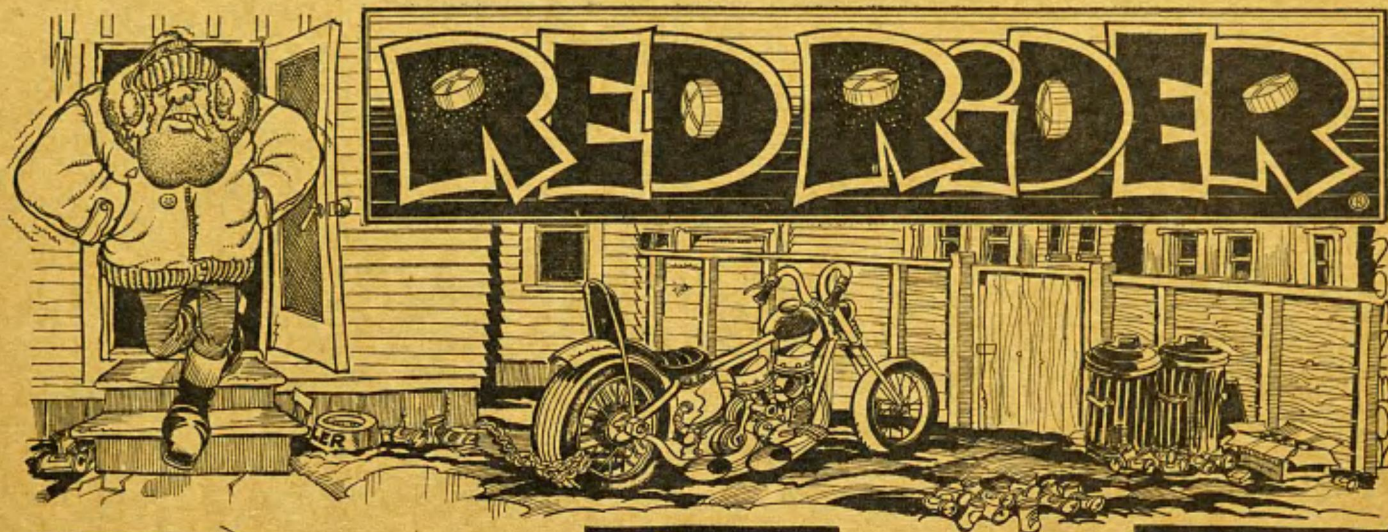
That's enough for this issue. I'll go into more detail the next time—I don't feel so well.

—The Cynic



An 'hourglass' profile is proposed:





END



Now We've Heard Everything!



Joe Ventriglia, owner of this tasty knuckle, lives in can't-ride-on-the-expressway New Jersey. Like most of us 74 freaks, Joe keeps closer tabs on his scooter than he does on his ol' lady (but don't tell her that).

Except for one time.

A while back, Joe and his people loaded their pretty shit in a truck and headed up to New York, in fact right up the Big City

You're not going to believe it either, but Joe swears on his Harley Manual that it's true . . .



itself, to flash their scoots in a show. Well, like with most shows, they set up their bikes, tripped on the other flashy stuff, watched the people trippin' on the dazzling chrome and different ideas while munching soggy popcorn, stale peanuts, three-foot green hotdogs, and gargling warm cokes. When it came time for judging, Joe was hoping he might get one of those little red ribbons indicating that at least he was there.

To his amazement, he took the big one.

First place—the ten-foot-high trophy with the four-thousand-word inscription laying down that he, Joe Ventriglia, the owner, had the most fantastic scoot in town.

Joe snapped. The whole scene messed his mind. So bad, in fact, that he got stone strung out on the trophy (at least that's what he said he got strung out on). Well, while everybody else was cleaning up and taking care of biz, Joe just tripped out on his trophy, strokin' and clutchin' it like if he let it go somebody might grab it and give it to somebody else—and Joe wasn't about to let that happen. He was still clutchin' the thing when he got in the truck for the trip home. (His brother drove.)

When they got home and started unloading the truck, his brother started rapping about how good it was to be home so he could get his scoot down off the truck and back on the road. At that point, Joe froze in his tracks, got a funny look





Owner: Joe Ventriglia

City: Bernardsville, N.J.

General

Fabrication by: owner

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Model: Knucklehead

Value: \$3,000

Assembly by: owner

Time: 6 months

Chroming by:

Engine

Year: 1947

Model: Knucklehead (FL)

Builder: owner

Ignition: 6V

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Balancing: none

Pistons: FLH (50 over)

Cam: stock

Lifters: solids (alloy pushrods)

Carb(s): Linkert M-74

Air cleaner: teardrop

Shifter: ratchet

Pipes: drag type

Muffler(s): straight

Gearing:

Engine sprocket 24

Trans sprocket: 26

Painting

Molding: Croughn's Auto

Painter: Sony

Color: pearl yellow

Type: acrylic lacquer

Chassis

Frame builder: owner and brother

Year and make: 1947 H-D

Rake: 1 inch

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: pullbacks

Risers: 4 inch

Fender(s): ribbed

Headlight: Lucas

Taillight: Lucas

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: Frisco

Back: Frisco

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: wraparound (seamless)

Primary cover: stock diamond

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar: owner

Height: 16 inch

Material size: 5/8 inch round

Forks

Type: extended 74

Type rail: 3/4 inch round

Extension: 28 in. ('37 Ford radius)

Builder: owner and brother

Wheels

Front

Size: 19 in.

Hub/brake: spool

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire size: 2.75 x 19

Make: Avon

Rear

Size: 16 in.

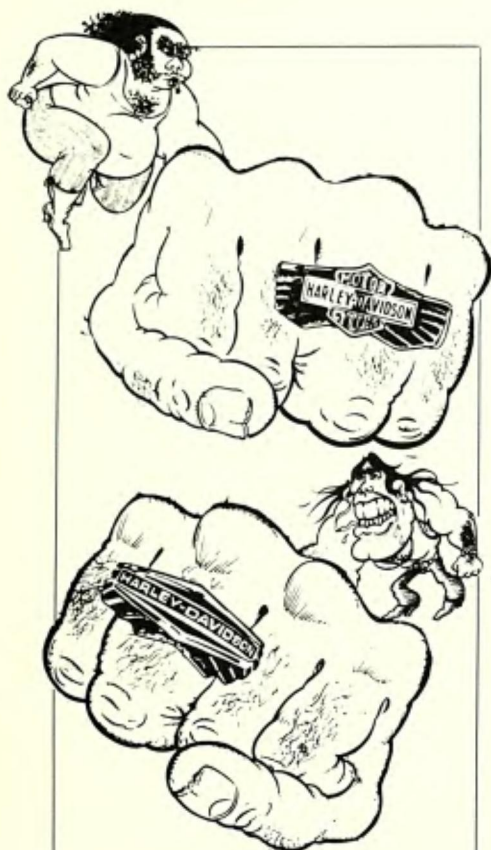
Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Goodyear

Other special modifications: Wiring run through frame. Switches on coil cover.



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A



B

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Easyriders photography by Dennis Anderson



on his face, and started making even funnier sounds—sorta like a guy gargling sulfuric acid liberally laced with carpet tacks. There was a great to-do about whether to call in a psychiatrist for the poor guy. But it turned out he didn't need one—at least not right then. He'd simply left his bike in New York—that's all!

Seems that while Joe was moonin' over his trophy, the others had loaded everything except Joe's bike into the truck and then knocked off to scarf a few stringy hotdogs. That done, they hauled Joe into the truck and took off for home, forgetting about the bike.

When somebody suggested that Joe couldn't possibly have got so messed up over a trophy, he finally copped out: "Well, we did sorta celebrate a taste b'fore we took off."

He had to wait two days before he could get back to New York for the scooter. Meanwhile, he kicked that trophy from one end of his pad to the other—and back—time after time. ■

—Snake



Silly Tilly

This skag walked into a biker bar and ordered drinks for everyone in the place. After everyone got their drinks the bartender asked the broad for \$30.50.

She grinned and said, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any money!"

"What!" The bartender screamed. "How the hell are you gonna pay for all those drinks?"

She lifted her dress, and not having panties on, pointed and said, "With this."

The bartender looked and then disgustingly asked, "Don't you have anything smaller?"

—Curt Goodrich
Worcester, Mass.

Big Joe the outlaw was wasted on reds and wine. As he sat at the bar he noticed a bitchin' blonde sitting across the room. He decided that she was for him, and being a man of few words he walked right over and flopped his meat out onto her table. "Hey baby, guess what this is?"

She casually looked at his joint and said, "Well, it looks something like a prick—only smaller."

—Curt Goodrich
Worcester, Mass.

Upon awaking one morning this dude's ol' lady exclaimed, "I had a wild dream last night. I dreamed there was a candy store where they sold 10-inch pricks for \$10.00 and 8-inch ones for \$8.00."

The dude, amused, asked, "Well, how much did they sell my size for?"

She grinned. "Fifty cents a carload."

The next morning the dude woke up and exclaimed, "I had a dream last night. It was about a pussy store and they sold them the size of a nickel for \$10.00, and the size of a quarter for \$8.00."

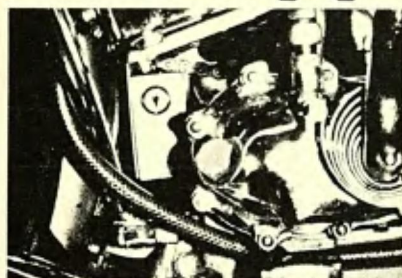
His ol' lady asked, "Oh yeah, how much did they sell my size for?"

"Well, they only had two your size. One they used to cool the beer in, and the other was used to store the empties!"

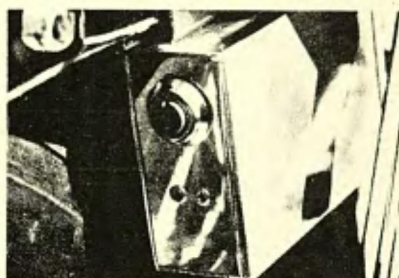
—Howard Caton
Center, Ohio

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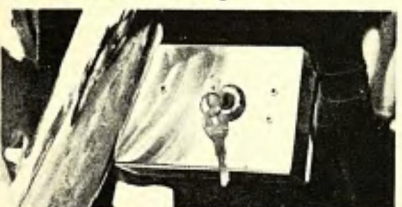
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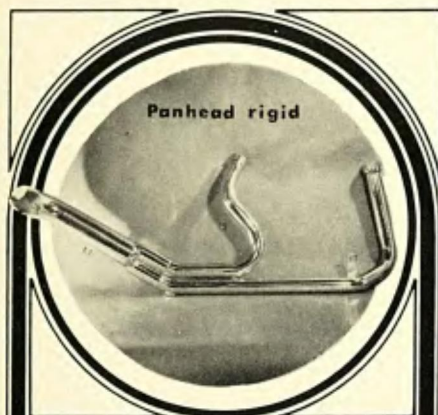
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The drunk parked his bike and started hammering on the cat-house door. No response. He hammered some more. Still no response.

After fifteen minutes of this, an upstairs window flew up and a chick's head stuck out. "Whattin hell you want?"

"I wanna get screwed!"

"Damn it, we're closed."

"Goddammit, I wanna get screwed!" His yell threatened to wake up the whole neighborhood.

The chick studied him for a moment, disappeared from the window, and then came back, letting down a long string. "Okay," she said, "tie a ten-dollar bill to the string."

He did, she pulled up the string, and closed the window.

Fifteen minutes passed. A half hour.

He started hammering on the door again, and again the window flew open.

"Whatta ya want this time?"

"I wanna get screwed, goddammit!"

The chick sighed: "Again?"

Did you hear about the interior decorator who was busted for exhibiting his extended front end in a sissy bar?

—Larry Hughes
No. Hollywood, Ca.

It was his wedding night. He dropped his shorts and when his ol' lady took one look at his joint she yelped and covered her eyes. "It's horrible-looking," she screamed.

The next day he consulted his doctor who almost gagged when he first saw the dude's joint. After getting himself together, he finally managed to advise the dude as to how to correct the situation.

A few nights later the dude walked into his ol' lady's bedroom, dropped his pants, and asked her to take a look. She pleaded against the idea, but finally gave in. Then: "It looks great," she said happily. "How did you do it?"

"Well," the dude replied, "the doctor told me to just shake it a couple of times after taking a leak—instead of wringing it out."

Denmark, Wisconsin
—Bruce Schultz

Heard any good ones lately?
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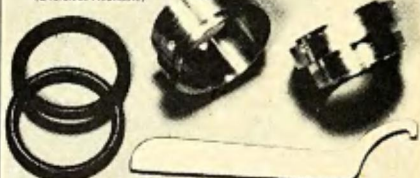


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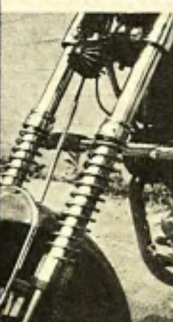
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last but not least Stop That Chink!"

At this point Grunt's Hog decided to play BMW and flopped right over without any provocation. Grunt returned to the dreaded Narcochincoco. The ancient book was propped up on the workbench next to a second-grade English primer; Grunt's reading abilities left a lot to be desired. Having finished with the pentagram inscribing and the initial chant, he turned his attention to mixing the elixir of conjuring. Grunt was pleased to find that all of the necessary ingredients were part of his usual diet. Ten 4-way hits of Purple Owsley, three rats' asses, a dozen reds, eight glowworms, a pint of hot 2-cycle oil, one spoon of smack, and two Rocky Mountain oysters; to be mixed, heated and chugged while sitting bare-assed in the center of the pentagram. Grunt followed the instructions and swilled the brew. After a few minutes he felt drowsy and laid back.

Three days later Matilda awakened Grunt by snacking on a nest of cockroaches that had settled between his toes. He felt slightly hung over and sat up slowly. At about the same time he heard a raspy voice behind him.

"You wanted a far-out ol' lady, a million bucks and a twelve-inch prick, right? Well, I'm the twelve-inch prick."

Grunt turned around and slowly focused on the source of the voice. It was the third damndest thing he'd ever seen. There was this dude about twelve inches high with green skin and horns, wearing orange moto-cross leathers and tiny white go-go boots. He looked just like Grunt and was busily humping Matilda. Grunt's first impulse with anything small and noisy was to stuff it between two moldy slices of rye for breakfast. Then he remembered the conjuring and decided to wait. The foot-high dude jumped off Matilda and grinned at Grunt.

"Qué pasa? Gimme five, brother! Yeah! Ain't no jive, I'm the baddest badass homunculus alive.

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

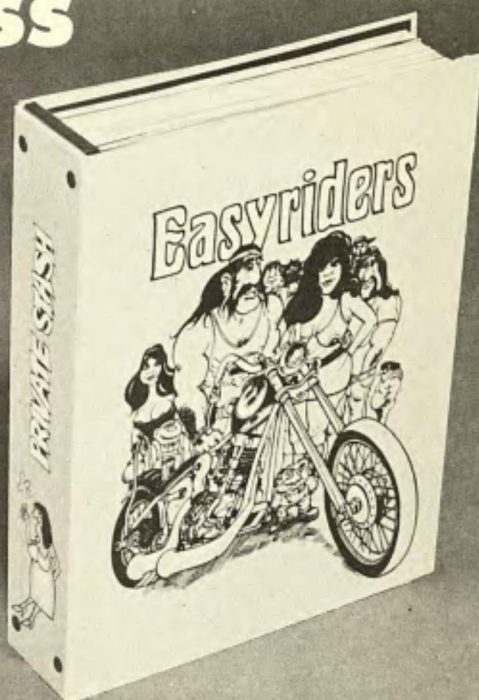
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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.

Class



Now, for the first time, you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

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Mail to: Back Issues

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☐ Enclosed is \$12.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders**.

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While the supply lasts it is still possible for you to get a complete collection of every lousy issue of this miserable rag—and get this: That includes the immortal, historical, leg-wetting first issue!

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Send \$1.00 for each copy (we pay postage) to:

BACK ISSUES

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Burbank, California 91502

Lay it on me, muthafucka. I'll fix your gig, give you head, make your bed, score your reds, make you sting. And last but not least, Stop That Chink! Yeah!"

The homunculus continued rapping street jive in rhymed couplets at three words a second for the

next ten minutes until Grunt finally thought of something to say.

"No shit? Well, far out, man, let's get it on and go find that fuckin' chink bike."

Grunt jumped on his hog. The homunculus and Matilda scampered into the chromed teacup, and



"Whatta ya mean you're goin' out to get some strange stuff—are you tryin' to be funny or somethin'?"

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EXTRA FINE TIMMING CHAIN WRIST BAND FREE WITH ANY BELT PURCHASE TILL XMAS.

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TO SPEED ORDER SEND BANK CHECK OR MONEY ORDER. PERSONAL CHECKS MUST CLEAR BANK BEFORE SHIPPING.

Grunt rode out hard for the Strip. The little green dude was busy pokin' Matilda again—Grunt was worried about getting busted for running a disorderly tea cup. They made it to the Strip and started tooling back and forth. After an hour Grunt noticed the strange bike with the plexiglass egg sitting at the stoplight two blocks ahead. Grunt jumped the curb, popped his front end up and wheeled down the sidewalk at eighty miles an hour. After ramming two fruit stands and a stray meter maid he got back on the street just in time to pull up next to the weird bike at the next light.

The homunculus climbed out of the teacup, spit out a mouthful of prune pits, stood on Grunt's tach reciting ten pages of **The Naked Lunch** and then hopped onto the plexiglass bubble just behind the driver's head. Grunt wasn't sorry to see him leave—the foot-high dude was a meth freak and hadn't stopped rapping off-color Hobbit jokes since he'd arrived. As Grunt and Matilda stared on in amazement the homunculus walked right through the plexiglass and landed on the gas tank. They could see him dancing in front of the driver, jumping up and down and rapping rhymed street jive. The rider of the Japanese bike looked very upset. He revved his engine, dumped the clutch, and streaked off. Halfway down the block there was a loud explosion. When the smoke cleared away from the street a large chartreuse imperial dragon was seen ambling for the nearest sewer grating.

A loud cheer went up from the mass of bikers and their ol' ladies that lined the Strip. Grunt just grinned, looked straight ahead into the sun, put his feet up on the pegs and made a few victory runs up and down the Strip. A lime-green and shock-pink rainbow appeared overhead. Matilda put her paws up on the edge of her cup and barked victoriously. Grunt nearly ran into the back of a squad car—he was temporarily blinded from staring at the sun. Escorted by an honor guard of several hundred choppers, Grunt rode off into the glorious evening.

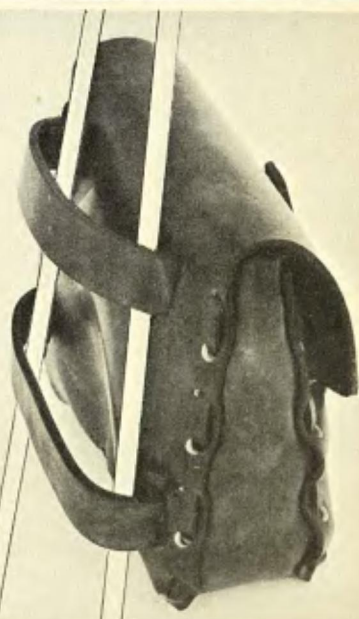
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The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), or with Harley Davidson design as shown, or with a wheel and wings with "Ride To Live, Live to Ride" surrounding it.

The strap is dark brown and, in addition to brass rivets, it is also machine stitched along the edge and has a two-inch-wide buckle. We guarantee it to be of the best leather you can

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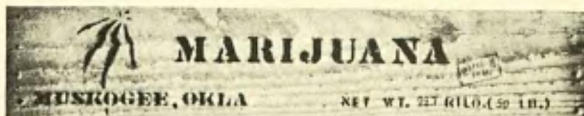


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Girl In Denver

—Continued from page 43

at himself and take another belt of wine. But on sunny afternoons, with good road curling away in front of them, he could not believe that he and the machine were separate. It never occurred to him that it was he who always answered when the Harley called. That it was he who responded to the power and speed of the machine and ministered to its ills and failings.

He rode until after midnight and slept beside the road just inside the Colorado border. Denver tomorrow. He would find the girl and live in a house and sleep in a bed. Even get a job for a while. He was tired of sleeping on the ground or crashing in a roomful of people and smoke to wake up dry and aching and weak and grope around for a warm, stale beer and listen to bike talk all day and party all night. He was tired of riding in the rain looking for a dry place, and at night, after a long day on the scooter, he was just tired of puttin'. His back ached and his ass was sore. Tomorrow would come Denver and the girl and a quiet time. Maybe he would even buy a second-hand car and stay through the winter.

He was in Denver by noon, wearing the beat-up old nazi helmet that usually hung on his sissy bar. It was drilled full of holes for ventilation and would probably have collapsed if someone had stepped on it but it kept The Man off his back. The only thing he hated more than crash helmets was blind old women in big, heavy cars.



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He knew the girl's phone number but didn't know where she lived or worked so he rode around waiting for five o'clock and met some other bikers and they drank a little in a bar and then went over to somebody's house and drank some more and smoked some dope and he woke up the next day, dry and aching and weak. It was Saturday and she was home when he called and she told him how to get to her apartment and he went right over there and fucked her hello and took a shower while she washed his levis and both of his shirts and all three pairs of socks. Then he took the Hog to a car wash and washed it and stopped by the Harley dealer's and got four quarts of oil and went home and changed the oil. He was already thinking of Denver and the girl's place as home. They ate supper in front of the TV set and he went outside and waxed the paint and polished the chrome and tied his poncho over it in case it rained. They watched TV some more and went to bed. He felt very domestic.

The next day, Sunday, they drove into the mountains for a picnic with her girlfriend from the office and the girlfriend's boyfriend who was majoring in psychology or literature or nuclear physics or something at CU or DU or someplace. That evening they watched TV some more and she asked him if he would please not say fuck so often.

He really liked the clean sheets on the bed and enjoyed not having to look for clouds in the sky and worry about rain when he woke up in the middle of the night.

On Monday morning he got a job on the loading dock of a trucking company. Monday evening some



"Well—you see, I've got a thousand-dollar beer tab that's been buggin' me!"



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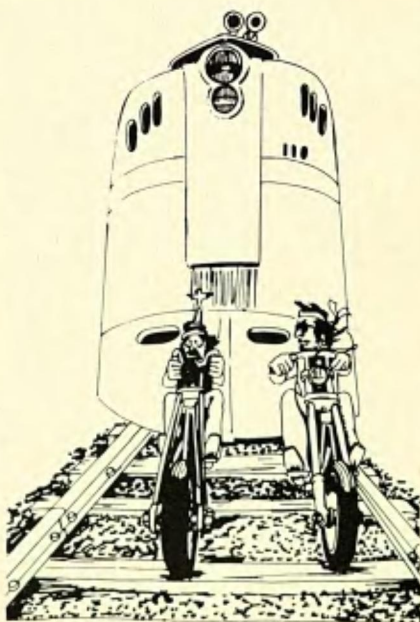
accessories to First National

Nothing Products, Box 711,

more of her friends came over and said words like relevancy and revolution and political expediency. The girl had changed out of her secretary suit and sat on the floor in pre-faded levis and a tie-dyed tee shirt and said fuck more than anyone. A virgin-faced kid with smooth hands was particularly eager to off the pigs and get on with the revolution, right now, tonight, he insisted. In the corner sat a stocky man whose head, except for a broken nose and half-closed eyes, was all hair. The hair came across the room on canvas and rubber jungle boots and asked to look at the bike outside. The two of them went outside and took the poncho off the scooter and sat on the grass watching the Harley reflect moonlight. They talked a little and a pipe passed between them. One commented on the fineness of the moon and the other said it was all right if circumstances were such that one need not worry about being seen. Otherwise, one had to be very careful that no metallic portions of his equipment were exposed and move very slowly on a night like this. They sat very still for a long time until one laughed and the other smiled, realizing that, for a moment, they had been afraid to move or talk in Denver.

Tuesday he went to work and Tuesday night they watched TV and the girl frowned when he said fuck.

On Wednesday morning he left for Phoenix. He knew a really righteous broad in Phoenix and he hadn't seen her for a long time.



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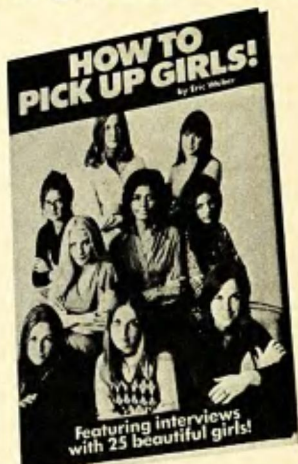
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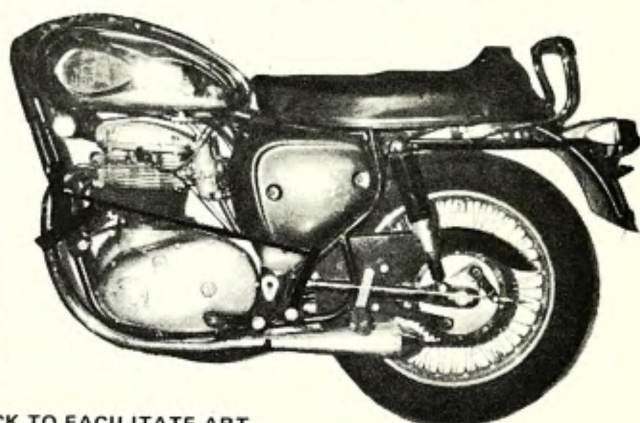
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PROFESSIONAL WRITERS—Read a couple of issues of Easyriders thoroughly, and decide if you can (or barf, willing), to write in Easyriders'. We want fiction pieces, short stories, poems, short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine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

Mail Call

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

I'm in jail doing natural life and won't be eligible for parole till 1996. Please write, Joey Guerin #45982, Box B, Dannemora, New York 12929.

Three cats in a Jersey slam would like people to write. Daniel Scala #41793, Robert Ramoth #34440, or Mike Calabrese #31060, P.O. Box 500, Bordentown, New Jersey 08505.

Mail sure helps the cause, looking for an ol' lady. Roger Gogliandi P.M.B. 94786, Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Pulling time for a gig that happened five years ago. Write, Kenneth E. Ritter, Drawer "A" 47499, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas 66027.

No club connections and looking for good people. Write, Gary L. Sampson, 135-649, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Would like to hear from a home girl if one would take the time. Write, Jerry Grace, P.O. Box 87, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

Convicts at Soledad need groovy chicks who love to putt. Write, Jack L. Bower, Box B-36671-A; Frank Britton, Box B-31484; Don Knox, Box B-44294 (central), Soledad, California 93960.

Any chick who would care to scrawl a few lines, write Kenneth Laurensen #032427, Erling "Budd" Hansen #025862, P.O. Box 221, West Unit, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Would like to hear from anyone. Please write, Richard E. Mishler #135-942, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

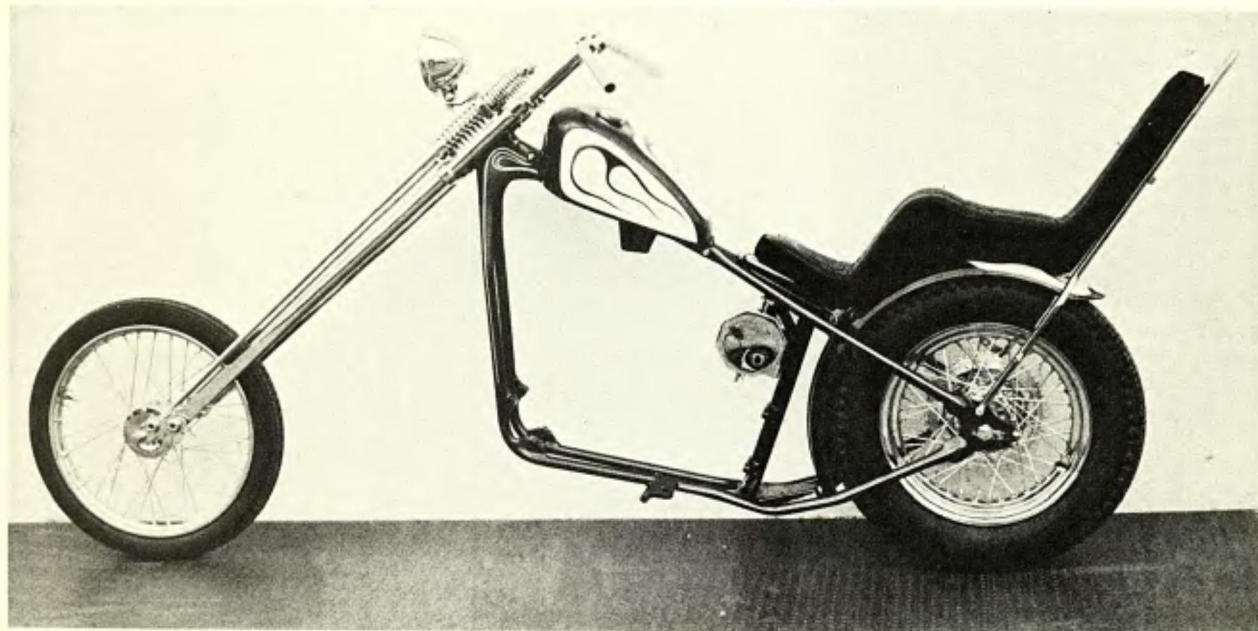
Capricorn could dig some mail from mellow chick. Write, Jeff Durney #83398, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Need puttin' chick that's not tied down to write. Randy Swensen #11126-116, H-Unit, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Doing a short bit for the feds, like to have gal to write to. Dillard Hamilton #19518, P.O. PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

Popped on bank robbery, would like to hear from some gals. Write, John R. Smith #29993-138, United States Penitentiary, P.O. Box PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

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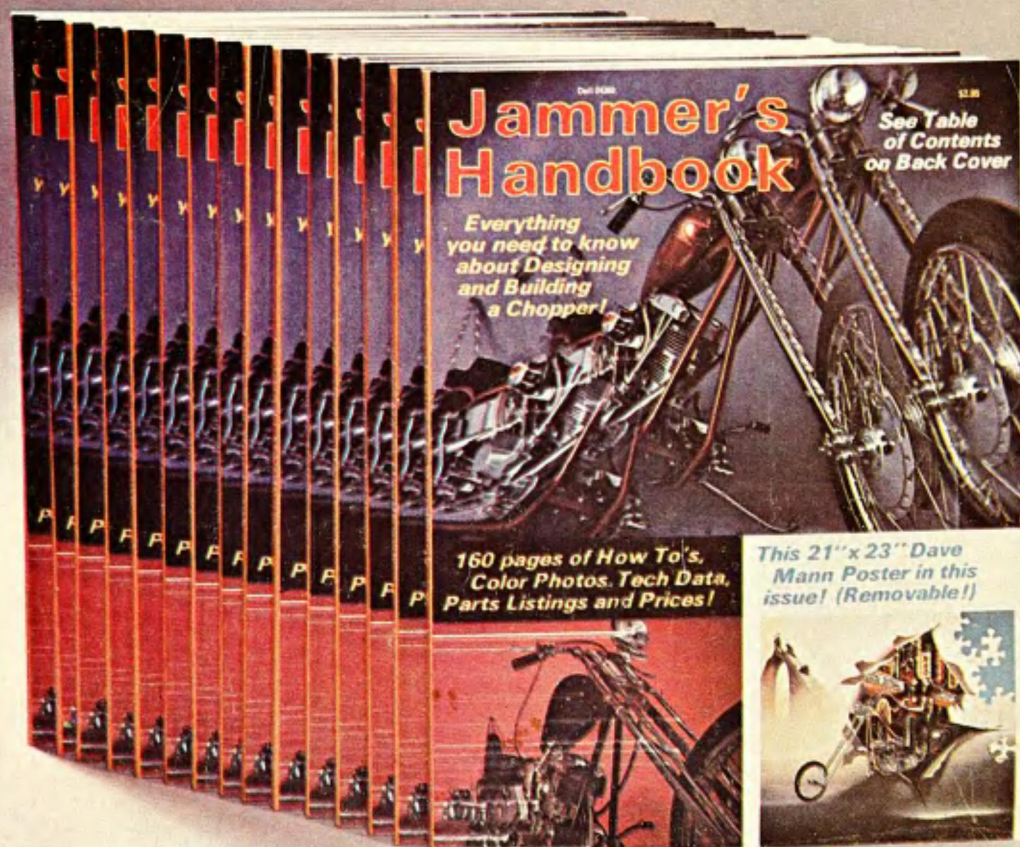
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