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Easyriders

January, 1974
75¢

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

A Long Front-end May Save Your Life!

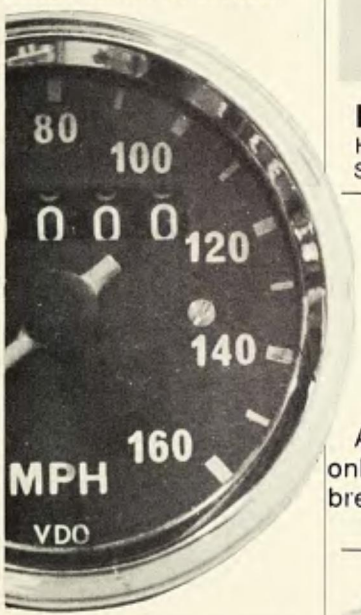
Gross Glossary of Biker Words

1913 Harley Four-five Trike from Omaha

How To Hide Long Hair

160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

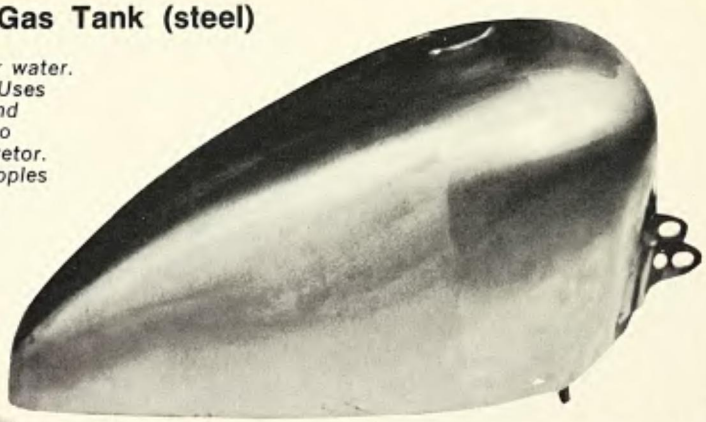
Now for the first time you can buy this small (only 2¾" in diameter) precision, German-made speedometer designed especially for the 74 chopper.



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 2½ 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. 2½ gallon capacity. Low tunnel. **$29.95**

Fat-Bob Fender

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

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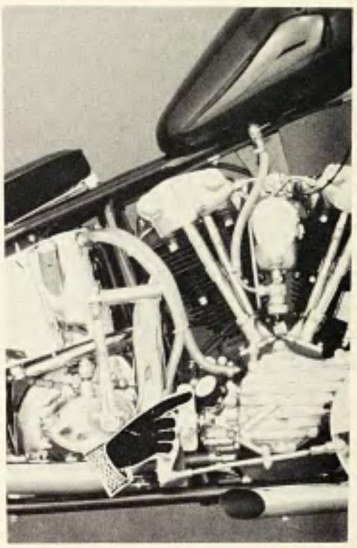
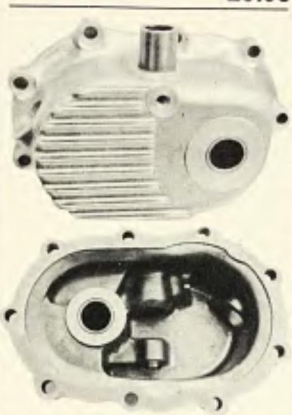
Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs. A must for long rides. Fitting supplied for 74s and Sportsters, but you must specify which one when ordering. Can be modified to fit other bikes. **9.95**



Steel Braided Oil Lines

Aircraft type for 74s only. Intake, return, and breather—all 3 for only **29.95**



74 Kick Cover

Super strong—and reinforced! **29.95**

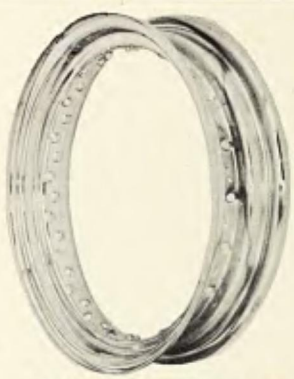
Chopper Gas Tanks

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.

2½ 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 without caps.

Single cap tank	*$49.95*
Double cap tank	*$54.95*
Caps	*$2.50 ea.*
Petcocks	*$3.50 ea.*
Plugs	*$ .75 ea.*



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HD 74 Extended Kick Stand Chromed

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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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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Number 18

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Oh fudge" file: Just as we got enough bread together to hire an assistant for Miraculous Mutha, we learned that Julie Nixon Eisenhower was snapped up by another publishing company. Drat, sometimes nothing goes right.

They're still screwin' around with cows: The latest trip, according to Dr. Irwin Dyer of Washington University, is that beef cattle can be fattened on a diet of wastepaper and wood. He said that it fattens them about 14% slower than grain, but just as well. (I wouldn't advise feeding them any newspapers with the Watergate mess printed in them—it'd give the poor critters the drizzlin' shits.)

There's daylight ahead: The enlightened state of Oregon recently passed a new law that removes all tough penalties for simple possession and use of pot. Possession of up to one ounce is now a simple violation similar to a traffic ticket, and punishable by a fine of not more than $100. But if you grow it commercially, or sell to a minor, you'll get put away for an unreal stretch of time.

Been hassled by a big fat Ace lately? In Dade County, Florida, the sheriff's deputies win a two-inch gold star for every crook they catch. They paste the stars on the doors of their patrol cars —much like fighter pilots did during World War II after every kill. Five stars indicate that the cop's an "Ace." So all you dudes had better watch out for those eager four-star patrol cars— I hear they're real tough on jaywalkers.

Nobel Prize winner defends pot: Julius Axelrod, 1970 Nobel Prize winner for medicine, said recently that he felt people were unduly concerned with the problem of marijuana and that the legal penalties are generally too harsh. "There's all kinds of mythology on marijuana, and it's a pity, because it's mainly a legal problem."

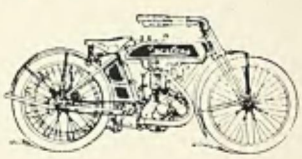
File this under (sh-h-h) sex: A recent Gallup Poll indicates that far fewer people today than in 1969 say they would be offended by pictures of nudes in magazines: 55% today, as compared with 73% in 1969. In 1969, 66% of the people felt that premarital sex was a no-no, but today, only 48% believe that it's wrong and 43% feel that it's not. Christ, what's this (if you'll excuse the expression) screwed-up world (if you'll excuse the expression) coming to?

For your leg-wetting-facts file: The average lightning bolt that the Big Biker in the Sky unleashes every so often is about 250,000 times stronger than the voltage used to waste dudes in the electric chair.

You're not going to believe this: An 8-year-old (that's right, e-i-g-h-t) boy has set a new world record for consecutive sit-ups by doing an unreal 25,222 of them! It took Richard Knecht 11 hours and 14 minutes to shatter the previous record of 15,512. That means he did one sit-up every two seconds. He stopped a total of 15 minutes to take on groceries and visit the sandbox. He plans to go after the 6,006 push-up record next.

A word for juice-heads: According to a recent survey, dudes who drink beer only are less sociable than juicers who swill liquor and wine in addition to beer. So what?

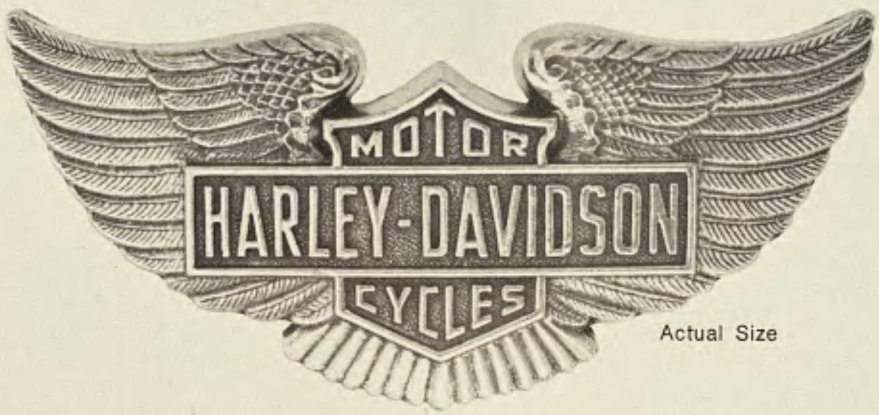
Musta been the civilian employees: A burglary prevention display had to be removed from the Los Angeles Police Department Headquarters. The reason? Someone thugged a $59 burglarproof padlock from the display, using a key that was on display with it.



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.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is also individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with a 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find.

Send $15.95 along with accurate waist size.

Righteous Buckle Owners Note: This buckle will fit the Righteous belt you have already purchased, so it is not necessary to purchase an additional belt. This buckle is of the same high quality as the Righteous buckle you have already received. If you want only a buckle, just send $10.00

If you want that biker to get his buckle and belt by Christmas—you'd better send your order in today!

Full refund of your money if not satisfied!

RIGHTEOUS Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Dealers inquire on your letterhead.

WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

Biker Sit-In

☐ How about a biker sit-in at the Supreme Court in Washington D.C. next spring? Get bikers from all across the country to sit on the steps of the Supreme Court in order to draw attention to the unconstitutionality of the mandatory helmet laws.

Gary Zager
Hillcrest Hgts, Md.

■ It would sure as hell attract attention.

Not Realistic

☐ One of the best features in your rag is the Dave Mann paintings. But I have a complaint about his painting in the October issue—it wasn't realistic. It was a fantasy painting showing Florida bikers riding without helmets. Most of us would like to ride without those damned skid lids, but can't.

Sport
West Palm Beach, Fla.

■ Some of us may be compelled to wear helmets, but we don't have to like them, portray them in our paintings, or carry advertising that pushes them. We at **Easyriders** don't dig 'em and we'll be damned if we'll glorify 'em.

BMW Owners Arise!

☐ As a proud owner of a 750 BMW, and an admirer of class choppers, I was a little disappointed at all the pictorial coverage given Julie Holbeck with that 750 BMW in your October issue. As a matter of fact, you gave more prominent display to Julie's jugs than to the jugs on the bike. The way you guys are going, the censors are going to find **Easyriders** obscene, catering to prurient interests, and without any redeeming social values.

Charles Duma
Garden City, Mich.

■ Whatta ya mean, without redeeming social values? There were at least three Harleys featured in that issue!

Two Cents Worth

☐ I want to put my two cents worth in about the BMW chop, and say that it was definitely a welcome change. I ride a 74, but the BMW is something to reckon with—respectable. I say to hell with the editor's opinion—I think that chop was righteous. It was damned near one of a kind. We need fresh ideas. To stagnate is to die. Think about that, editor. And rehire that reporter — he's got brains and creativity.

Jerry Bida
Eagle Lake, Fla.

■ Can't do that. After Armond teaches a guy a lesson his brain is slightly scrambled.

Headache High Number Two

☐ Quote: Here in Nebraska, we ride, smoke pot, diddle, and enjoy life like everyone else.

That quote from M.S. is partially true. In fact we do smoke good pot and all the other heavy stuff—but this place is a no-good place. I don't have one friend, including myself, that isn't going to court on one of those $500-or-7-days-in-jail crap. And a lot of my friends are into even heavier court action.

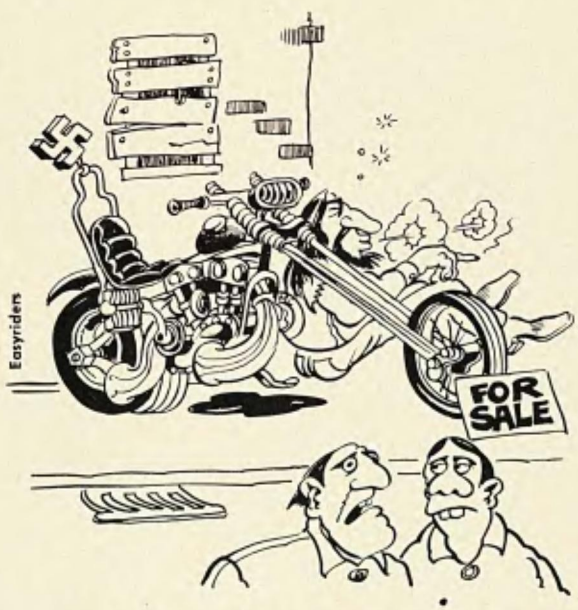
R.A.W.
Broken Bow, Neb.

■ The worst thing about smoking a little hay is that it is illegal, and as far as the penalties are concerned, in most states, you'd be better off getting busted for child molesting.

How To Sell Mags

☐ I was amazed at the reactionary hate mail you got over the "Chick Is An Insult" article. I thought it was great. Matter of fact, I bought extra copies for women I know who are into bikes. So, if you want to sell more mags, keep talking to us "wimmen."

Margaret Bodfish
Oakland, California



"He must be some kinda nut—I mention price and he mumbles something about two keys, six kegs, and a couple of spoons."

From Down Under

☐ You Americans know where it's at. Have you room for a guy from down under over there? I'll be damned if I'm staying here, the way our bike laws are screwed up. I've just got to get to Chopper Country where Harleys reign. Could you print my address so I could get to know someone before I get there?

Paul deSailles
13 Warialda St.
Kogarah, N.S.W.
Australia 2217

He Can't Believe It

☐ I got my hands on a recent issue of your rag and I agree with everything you people put down, but I can't believe that some of those putts you feature ever see the highway.

William O'Franklin
Dallas, Texas

■ Every scoot we feature is a street bike — we won't have it any other way. No show bike bullshit or weird fiberglass creations. If they look like they haven't been ridden, that's because we try to catch bikes before they have too many road miles on them and get all rock pitted, etc.

Weird Harold

☐ Has Robinson (page 17, October issue) come up with an innovation in Harley exhaust systems?

Ron Lutz
Lima, Ohio

■ He's only allowed out of his room to eat and go into the neighbor's yard to relieve himself. We don't ask questions — we might get answers.

Car/Bike Accidents

☐ It's obvious that most car/bike accidents are caused by the head-up-the-ass car driver. I have a solu-

✓ **Knucklehead Service Manual**

for the OHV 61 and 74 cubic inch engines and the side valve 74 and 80 cubic inch engines
$9.95

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tion and a way to make sure that they will look out for us, and that is to load your bike with 20 lbs. of TNT with a detonator that will go off when the bike is hit hard enough to kill the rider. That way, if a car hits you hard enough to kill you, at least you'll nail his ass too.

If enough bikes had this device, the car freaks wouldn't only notice the bikes, but they'd also stay the hell out of their way.

Bolshevik
El Paso, Tex.

■ Pretty good peyote down that way, eh?

You Figure It Out

☐ Today I bought copies of **Playboy, Easyriders, Adam, Man's World, Gallery, Qui,** and **Genesis**, because they all had mindless bodies of female humans in them. The soundness of the mind of a human being can be determined by his (her) apparel. How much of his body is exposed from his waist down and her body torso and legs above the knees, and yes, eyes that peel and peek at the exposed with lust.

L.H.
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Did Bolshevik send you some of his buttons?

Illinois vs. Jesus Christ

☐ Me and a couple other people were sitting around getting sufficiently screwed up and the Kankakee Daily Journal came. Having nothing better to do, I opened it up and was faced with the following article on page one:

"A hitchhiker, who identified himself only as 'Jesus Christ,' ended up behind bars Monday night after a state trooper found a package of marijuana when he was arrested.

"He had no identification and told jailers his address was 'heaven' when he was booked on charges of hitchhiking and possession of marijuana. The only information given was his age — 22.

"This morning the man still held to his 'Jesus Christ' name. Unable to get another name, the state's attorney's office filed the drug charge: 'The People of The State of Illinois vs. Jesus Christ.' "

Several people thought about going down to the jail and saying they were God and they wanted to see their son, but as far as I know, nobody did. It could have been because they thought he might have been who he said he was. Mostly I think it was the thought of those bars and all those uniforms.

The next day, kind of shoved in the back of the paper was the following:

"A hitchhiker, identified only as 'Jesus Christ,' was sentenced to three days in the county jail after pleading guilty Wednesday in Kankakee County Circuit Court."

Something really got me about this whole thing. First, the fact that they got him in and out of jail in three days would indicate that somebody wanted him out of town in a hurry. I have a close relative who has been picked up for the same thing (possession) four times. Each time it took several weeks just to get a hearing. The one time he had to stay in jail because of lack of bail money he got a hearing fairly quick but had to wait a couple of months for a trial. Of course, my relative doesn't have the connections Jesus Christ must have.

I hope it really was Jesus Christ, and that the whole State of Illinois gets an even bigger curse on it. (Illinois is a cursed state to begin with.)

The People of The State of Illinois vs. Jesus Christ— Jesus Christ!

Carol Ivlow
Kankakee, Illinois

Got It Made

☐ Tell Cockroach (page 9, October issue) that I don't know where you're lookin', baby, but hit a couple of hip-lookin' chicks — and you've got it made.

Debi
Cape Coral, Fla.

Questions of the Year

☐ I only have two questions: How do you grow strong pot, and how do you do it without getting caught?

Doper
Bishop, Calif.

■ Save the seeds from some righteous stuff and plant them in your mother-in-law's back yard.

Response To Boobs

☐ The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so it takes all kinds to make this world. My tits are 36s and my customers aren't complaining.

No name 'cause your ol' man knows me
Kansas City, Missouri

Where? Where?

☐ Where'd you dig up that broad on page 19 of the October issue?

Larry McCall
Austin, Texas

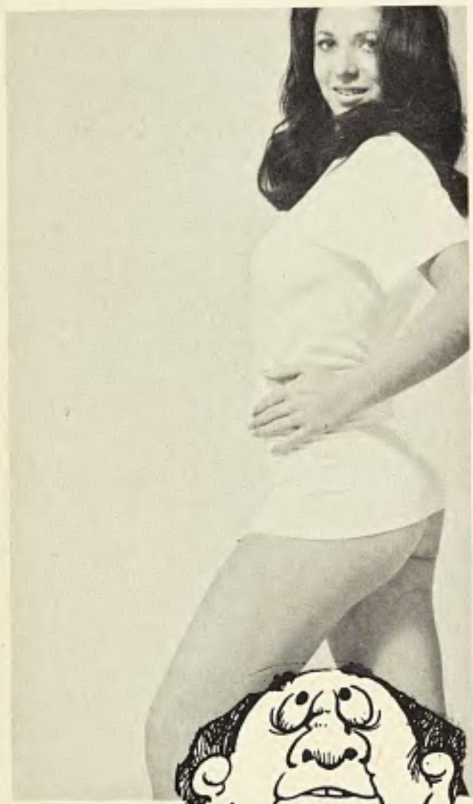
Never Mentioned

☐ I never see it mentioned, so I'm gonna. Your "In The Wind" feature seems to be improving with every issue. It really puts ya on the scene.

Gil Miles
Green Valley, Mich.

—Continued on next page

"Forget it, man, that thing next to her can turn over a quarter in the bottom of a milk bottle with her tongue!"



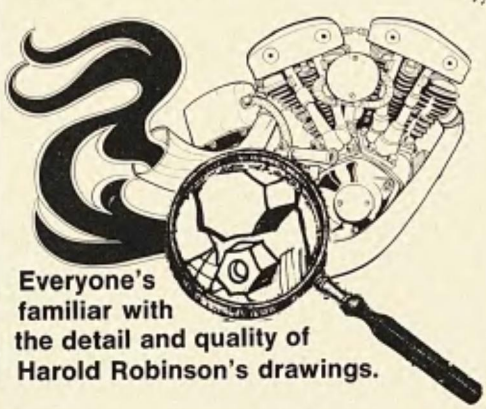
ChopShirts!

ChopShirt, the quality shirt designed exclusively for chopper freaks.

Righteous drawings by Robinson, of the Harley Wings, and the Panhead, Knucklehead, Shovelhead, Sportster, Triumph, and Honda 4 engines!

Completely washable, durable, and 100% colorfast. All **ChopShirts** are top-quality American-made shirts. Chopper drawings printed in masculine black on a virgin white (what else?) shirt.

If you want a bitchin' shirt, and are proud of the type of bike you ride, and don't want to wear the usual hokey mickey mouse shirts that you usually see—get yourself some **ChopShirts** and show the same amount of class that your bike does.



Everyone's familiar with the detail and quality of Harold Robinson's drawings.

Send your order today to: **ChopShirt**
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me _____ shirts. I have enclosed $3.50 for each shirt ordered ($3.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling).

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How To Get In Mag

☐ I have a lot of friends that have choppers. One in particular has a super-clean BSA, which in my opinion is perfection. The purpose of this letter is to find out exactly how to get a bike featured in your rag. How many photos do you want?

Ralph Edes II
Waterford, Pa.

■ The steps are simple. If you feel your bike is righteous and warrants space in **Easyriders**, all you have to do is send us a couple of black and white snapshots and a couple of color prints or slides so we can have an idea of the colors. Prints from a "Swinger" or a Polaroid (anything) will do. All we want is to get an idea of whether the bike warrants us taking the next step.

After the editorial board reviews the snaps that you send in (along with technical data) and decides that they want to feature it, they will contact you to have professional photographs taken. At that time, one of our photographers will be assigned the job, or we will hire a professional photographer near where you live.

Look at the bikes featured in this and past issues. Make certain that yours is as flawless as those we feature. If you want your snaps returned they must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope.

Getting Mind Off Weather

☐ I'm sitting here at home in the midst of a typical British day—watching the pissing rain trickle down the friggin' window pane.

Your mag is the best thing to come out of the States. And please keep it coming — we need something to take our minds off the weather (besides ballin').

John B.
Liverpool, Eng.

Ride On, Brother

☐ Being in the joint, it's easy to get out of touch with things, and memories begin to fade. This was true in my case until I copped an issue of **Easyriders** and read the article "Ride On Brother." The article and illustration were right on. To an outsider, or sidewalk commando just copping your rag to profile it, it probably didn't mean shit. But for me and other righteous brothers, I know it awakened feelings no words will ever be able to express.

Gordon Goretzki
Waupun, Wisconsin

Chick Gets Salty

☐ In response to "Mangey" from Ohio, if my ol' man gave me shit like that I'd hit him in the back of the head with a piston. If "cocks" want to ride on this tigress's Sporty, they'll hafta remember who's boss—and I'll call a "cock" a punk, prick, or dildo, if I want to. I'll let a "cock" hone my cylinder, but never tell me what to do!

Cave Woman
Oakland, Calif.

☐ I've noticed in your magazine and in others a distinct attitude that a motorcycle is somehow a phallic symbol to women. As an avid biker and part-time psych student I'd like to clear up this misconception before people are led to believe in a fallacy.

Different people ride for different reasons. Most men, however, will tell you that riding a chopper gives them a feeling of greater masculinity. "The more balls a guy has, the bigger bike he rides." Some men say nothing beats a chopper for attracting girls. (The type of guy who must rely on his material possessions to get a girl friend is very insecure.) The most common reason for riding a chopper seems to be: "A chop gives me a feeling of **power between my legs!"** So this is it in a nutshell: to so many men their bikes are an aid to sexual prowess, truly an extension of the penis! (This is not true of all men, of course.)

Women, not sharing men's fears of sexual inadequacy, ride for an entirely different reason. Women wish to be **liberated** from the frustrations of our daily lives — the job, the family, oppression from males, etc.— and the motorcycle is the ultimate freedom machine! "The bigger the bike, the more adventure and freedom." Some women ride big bikes to prove their equality with men. As you can see, to us a chopper is a symbol of emancipation!

But not all females ride for the sense of freedom. As opposed to women cyclists, the chick passenger types have no desire to ride their own bikes. Theirs is a desire to serve or hero-worship a male chopper jockey; a desire for status with other teenyboppers; to be part of the scene without going through any independent means of their own: "My boyfriend has a **panhead chopper**!"

Thus it is not surprising that the chicks are more popular with the male bikers than are the women; men do not feel **threatened** by chicks, while the sight of a liberated woman riding a chopper often fills them with outraged insecurity — as if they were being at least mentally castrated.

In short, a motorcycle does not represent anything "phallic" to the vast majority of women.

N. Hager
Oakland, Calif.

Get Rid of Mutha?

☐ Have you guys ever considered how much the Miraculous Mutha column detracts from the otherwise fine quality of your magazine? If I were you, I'd get rid of her—she's filthy and gross.

Denise Trask
Farragut, Idaho

■ Yeah, but she gives—I mean, she's a good old head.

Don't Beg

☐ Recently in your Choppershopper section you ran an ad by some dude begging for money so he could build a chop. We can dig him wanting a chop, and that he would do and say anything to get one. But to beg is to be a cunt. If he were inside with us we'd be screwin' him.

Jay and Halfbreed
Anamosa, Iowa

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. ■

Silly Tilly

A biker called the emergency hospital from a whorehouse. He said, "You'd better get an ambulance over here right away—there's a whore here that's bleeding to death from clap!"

The doctor told him, "You don't bleed to death from clap."

"When you give it to me you do!"

—Grover Nunnery
Charlotte, N.C.

Two red-freaks were walking down the street one day when one looked down and said, "Hey, man, that's a piece of dog shit."

Picking it up, he checked it out and said, "Yep, it feels like dog shit, smells like dog shit, and tastes like dog shit."

"Wow," the other red-freak said, "it's a good thing we didn't step in it."

—Babe
Long Beach, California

After one helluva knocked-out, wild weekend, drunken-orgy-biker-blast, the biker slowly and painfully opened his eyes after having been out for God knows how long. When he opened his eyes and focused them on what was next to him in the sack, he almost barfed. Christ, what a beast—and what a smell! She was horrible, a throwback, someone musta thrown her in the sack with him—he couldn't have balled that ugly whatever-it-is next to him with flies buzzing in and out of her open mouth as she snored louder than a Kenworth pulling doubles up a steep hill.

He rolled over away from it, fighting to keep his stomach down, and to his surprise, found the exact opposite lying next to him—a sweet, tender 18-year-old little yummy. His stomach calmed down as his joint rose. But the little yummy, noticing this, said, "No, no, not me, Senor! I'm only the bridesmaid."

—Yogi Davenport
Fairbanks, Alaska

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

Dirty Christmas Cards

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) _

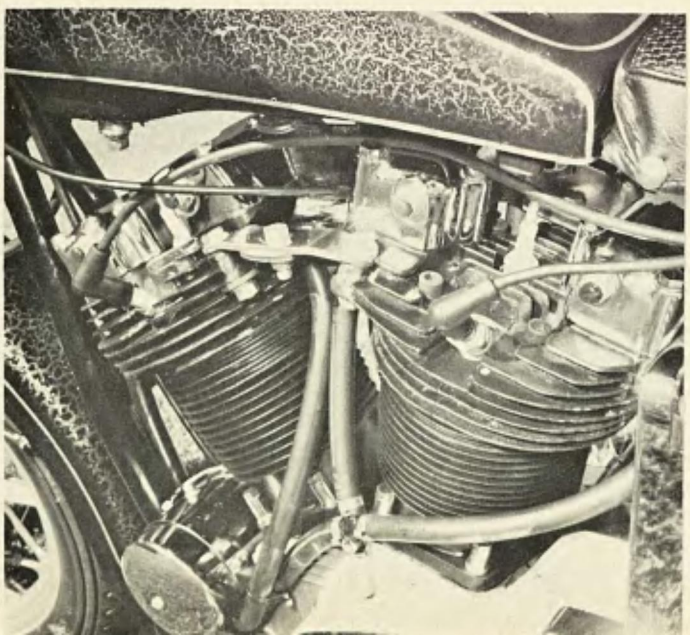
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

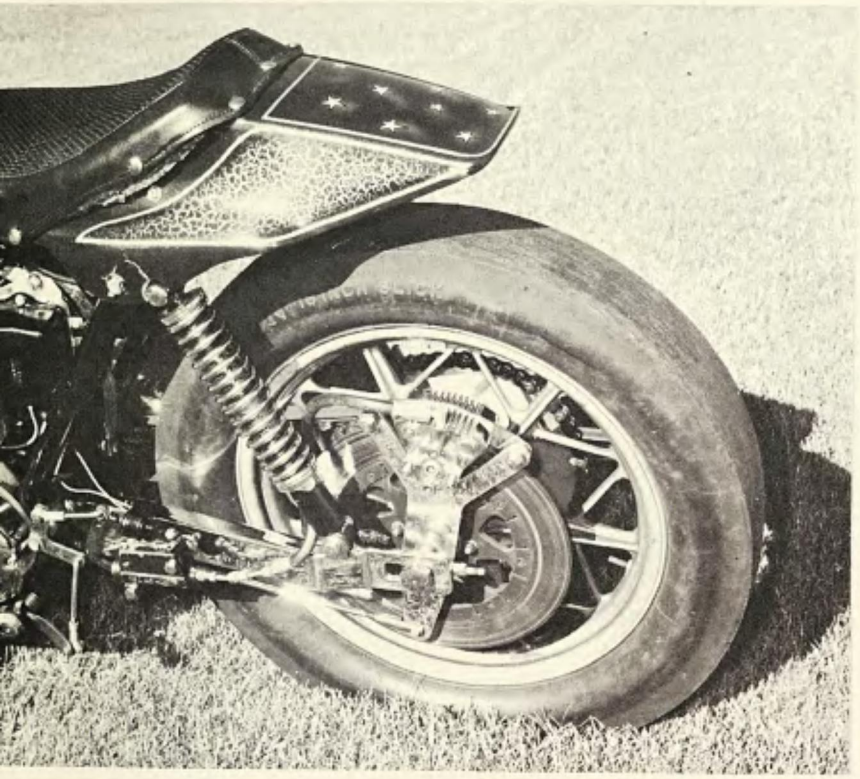
Don't snicker—this scoot's a sleeper

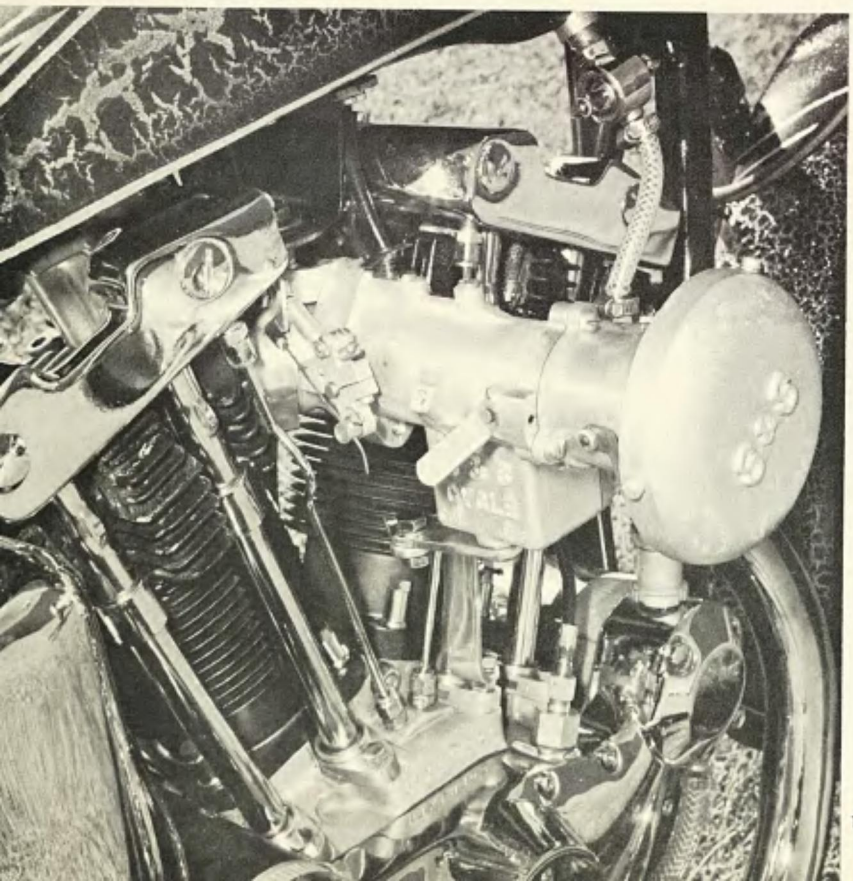
87-inch Street Sleeper



In case you think Spider slipped a stocker into these hallowed (barf) pages as a joke, blink again. Ben Mattana would **like** you to believe his machine is just an innocent XLH, but it just ain't so. If you're anything but a closet gear-head, things like the special (and super light) Yetman swing-arm frame, S&S steel jugs, XR 750 tank-seat assembly, and cast aluminum wheels will stick out like the chest of your neighborhood's jail-bait.

Ben runs things at Suffolk County H-D in Long Island, and over the past couple of seasons he's built several low-boy fast-rat Sportsters that went like stink . . . and also looked like stink. The difference this time is that he took a little extra





care in the finishing department, and added a few strategic stock items (headlight, bars, and oil tank) for disguise. Plus the usual evil things inside including Jerry Branch heads, an 87-inch engine by mid-west magician Warner Riley, and a beefed-up electric-start drive.

The result? Well, Ben says his monster should drop down to an 11.2-second quarter-mile when he finds some time to get all the kinks worked out. But even at a half-second slower, we wouldn't mess with it at the local stoplight. Anybody who **shortens** his front end by two inches must be up to somethin'.

Owner: Ben Mattana **City:** Lynbrook, N.Y.

General

Fabrication by: Nassau H-D
Year and make: 1972 H-D
Model: Sportster
Value: $5000
Assembly by: Nassau H-D
Time: 5 months
Chroming by: Hy-Grade, Mineola

Engine

Year: 1972 cases
Model: 1000cc XLH
Builder: Warner Riley
Ignition: battery/coil 12V
Displacement: 87 cu. in.
Balancing: Warner Riley
Pistons: S&S 9.5:1
Cam: Sifton (minus-minus)
Lifters: H-D
Carb(s): S&S
Air cleaner: S&S prototype airbox
Shifter: foot
Pipes: XLR straights
Muffler(s): none
Gearing:
Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: Paul Schneider
Painter: Billy Martin
Color: Vreeble over flake
Type: Crysta-Cryl

Chassis

Frame builder: Yetman
Year and make: custom
Rake: 32°
Stretch: none
Rear Suspension: Koni, cust. swingarm

Accessories

Bars: Sportster
Risers: none
Fender(s): XR 750
Headlight: Sportster
Taillight: Lucas (inverted)
Speedo: "Wet thumb"
Foot pegs:
Front: Sportster
Back: none
Gas tank: XR 750
Oil tank: XLH
Primary cover: modified for dry clutch
Seat material: vinyl over fiberglass
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material size:

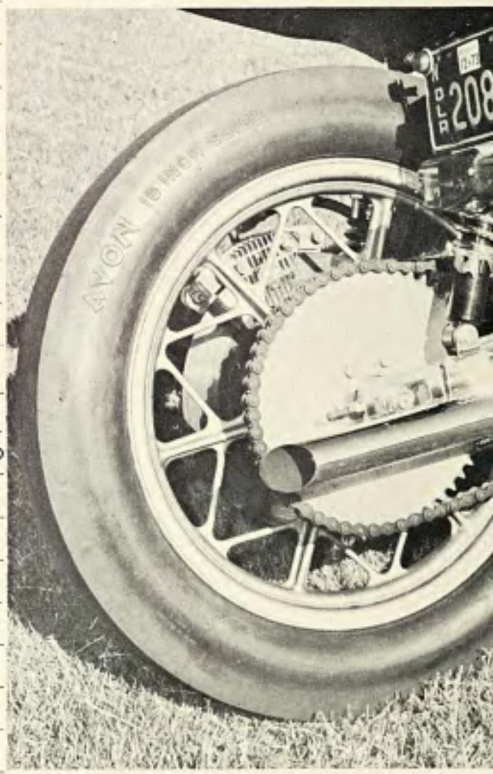
Forks

Type: 1973 Sportster glide
Type front rail: 2 in. under stock
Extension:
Builder: Forking by Frank

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 18 in. Kimtab	Size: 18 in. Kimtab
Hub/brake: disc	Hub/brake: disc
Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 3 in.
Tire size: 4:10x18	Tire size: 4:00x18
Make: Avon	Make: Avon (slick)

Other special modifications: 4 13/16-in. stroke, 3 7/16-in. bore. Mag wheels. Chrome-moly barrels by Geo. Smith of S&S. Beefed electric start. External oil lines to cylinder heads.

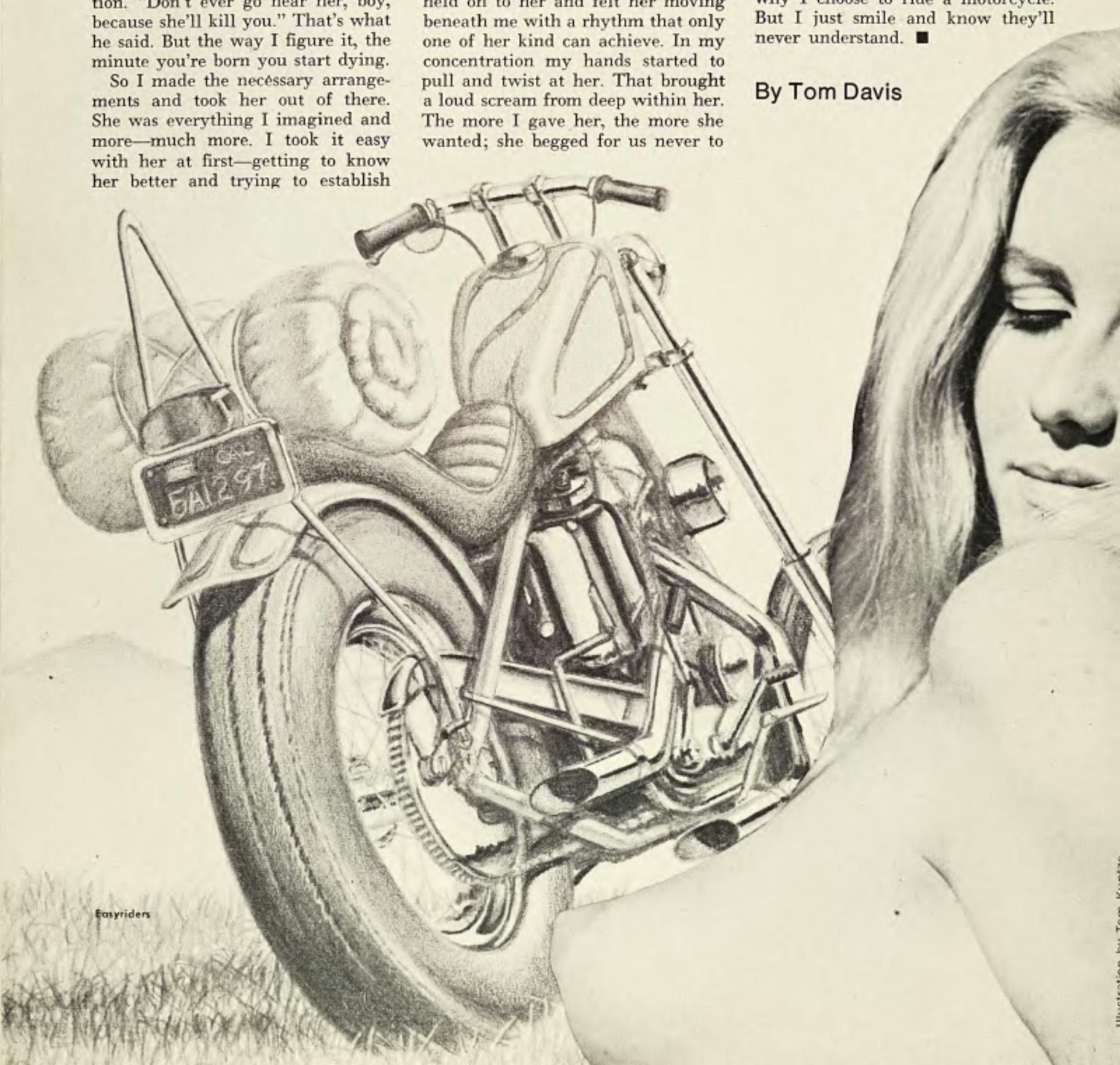


Her legs were long and beautiful, perhaps a bit thin but nice-looking just the same. The first time I saw her was in a shop downtown, and from that moment on I was never quite the same. She was sort of slim, tall and kind of evil-looking. It was on this particular day that boldly and somewhat timidly I reached out to touch her. She felt smooth and warm—I knew then and there that I had to have her. Why? Why do men go jumping from 5,000 feet jerking on a cord they hope will save their life? As I was pondering this in my mind it snapped back to the conversation I'd had with Charlie at the gas station. "Don't ever go near her, boy, because she'll kill you." That's what he said. But the way I figure it, the minute you're born you start dying.

So I made the necessary arrangements and took her out of there. She was everything I imagined and more—much more. I took it easy with her at first—getting to know her better and trying to establish some sort of relationship. Then one morning when the sun had not yet risen, the birds were still asleep, and all of nature was at rest, I felt something stir deep within me. I don't know what it was, maybe the same thing the guy feels as he gropes for the ripcord after counting ten. I couldn't put my finger on it but I knew it was there. I reached out, touched her, and knew she was ready; she seemed to understand that she was brought into the world for this purpose and responded with a fire I never knew she possessed. This time, caressing very slowly and speaking words of reassurance, I moved closer to her, then hugged her, held on to her and felt her moving beneath me with a rhythm that only one of her kind can achieve. In my concentration my hands started to pull and twist at her. That brought a loud scream from deep within her. The more I gave her, the more she wanted; she begged for us never to turn back, to remain forever the way we were. Suddenly she shook between my legs, lurched and vibrated all over more than any other I had ever known.

It was then that I understood why men climb mountains, sail boats on the ocean, and jump out of airplanes. It was also then that I knew I could never leave her. Just as I was getting back into town Charlie was opening his station so I pulled up. "Damned stupid kid," he said. "I see she hasn't killed you yet, but it's just a matter of time." I don't hold any contempt for Charlie and I didn't search for a smart-ass answer to throw back at him, because a lot of people ask me why I choose to ride a motorcycle. But I just smile and know they'll never understand. ■

By Tom Davis



Easyriders

Easyriders

Gross Glossary

of slang biker words

By R. L. Ball

In recent months we've been receiving tons of letters from our subscribers asking us to explain many of the technical and slang words that are so much a part of biking. Frankly, this strange development surprised 37 quarts of kidney juice right out of our editorial bladders. It simply hadn't occurred to us that some of you dudes out there were having trouble telling the difference between a clitoris and a camshaft.

The Chief Honcho took one look at those soggy mailbags floating around the office on a sea of recycled Ripple, and called a staff meeting right then and there. After six or seven seconds of heavy thinking we finally realized what'd gone wrong. We decided that most of the questions were coming from newcomers to biking—the studs who haven't been into the chopper scene long enough to get their shit together. The rest is coming from plain old garden variety dipshits.

Naturally we're happy to welcome all of the new dudes, and we're proud to act as their tutors. After all, even Spider had to get started sometime, right? As for the stupid shits, we figure that if a puny brain didn't keep Spiro out of Washington it shouldn't keep a dumb bastard from enjoying **Easyriders** just like his betters do.

So, at tremendous expense, your righteous editors hired the great Funkwagnal Webster to compile the world's first Biker's Dictionary and Gross Glossary.

We guarantee it will enrich the culture-starved minds of America!

Abate: the honorable custom of beating your meat, pounding your pork, or cuffing your carrot. Abaters who have graduated from an accredited sex-education course are entitled to call themselves "Master-Abaters."

Acid: what you eat burritos to get, and take Tums to get rid of.

Adapter: an ingenious gadget that alters standard American cocks to fit European chicks with metric pussies.

Avons: talky bitches that ding-dong your doorbell and try to peddle lavender toenail polish. You can usually get rid of them real fast by whipping out your meat and threatening to ring **their** chimes.

Battery: what the judge will sentence you for if you kick the krap out of a kop.

Beaver: a soft warm thing with a furry pelt and a big tail.

Big Bore: a pussy you can't stay inside of without using epoxy glue.

Blow Job: compressed air forced through an oil line to clean out all the crap and corruption. (Always try to find a female mechanic when you need a blow job. Women do a much better job, and it's better for your reputation.)

Bolt: what you ask for in a hardware store when the clerk is a 400-pound queer and you're scared to ask him for a screw.

Box Wrench: a tool used to adjust the tension of your ol' lady's box. It must be handled very carefully or it will strip her threads and make her whimper a lot.

Breather: what you should come up for after 30 minutes of muff diving.

BSA: abbreviation for Boy Scouts of America—a large group of spaced-out juveniles who whittle neckerchief slides, read **Boy's Life,** and drag old broads across the street against their will.

Buck Bars: nice inexpensive taverns where you can get stoned for a dollar.

Bullshit: black slimy stuff you're sure to land in if you hang a wheelie in a cow pasture.

Burn Artist: an artsy/craftsy dude who creates great masterpieces by pushing a hot iron across a pine plank.

Carb Throat: sequel to **Deep Throat** in which Linda Lovelace gets it off by sucking a reworked Weber.

CC: tit size a little bigger than a straight C, but smaller than a D.

Center of Gravity: a scientific research center dedicated to repealing the Law of Gravity. Dr. Tim Leary has already succeeded in proving that what goes up doesn't necessarily have to come down.

Chain: a form of sexual intercourse in which Dexter screws Maude while she eats Seymour who's tonguing Mutha who's going down on Marvin. When all of the participants in a chain are active bikers it's known as a "motorcycle chain."

Cherry: a delicious red fruit that has to be picked before it's good for anything.

Chopper: a dude who earns his daily salt pork and muscatel by swinging a machete in the local pot patch or in dem old cotton fields back home.

Chopper Parts: the hunks of your joint that got chopped off when you were circumcised.

Choppershopper: a mobile toilet. Specifically, a hopper mounted on the rear of a chopper.

Clutch: what you do when you finally get the pants off your favorite beat-off queen only to discover you've forgotten which hole you're supposed to plug.

Cock: a groovy thing that hangs about six inches below your gut. Can be used for pissing, screwing, or testing the temperature of a welding torch.

Coffin Tank: a metal lining inside a casket to keep the wasted dude from polluting the ground when he starts rotting.

Cunt: a very difficult thing to describe in words. Just ask your best friend to show you his sister's.

Custom: hurled insults at another person, as for example, "I custom out real good, man."

Decal: to ride across the state line into Nev.

Diaphragm: a thin rubber thing inside a fuel pump. Can also refer to a thin rubber thing inside a chick who hasn't heard about The Pill.

Die Marks: bullet holes, bruises, or other tell-tale marks left on the body of a wasted dude.

Displacement: what your landlord will threaten you with if you don't pay your rent.

Dope Picker: an election held to select a governor, president, etc.

Douche: if your ol' lady don'tsche you'll wish to hell she didsche.

Downer: an elevator headed toward the basement. Don't confuse these with uppers 'cuz if you don't know where you're going, you'll wind up someplace else.

Drag Pipes: smoking implements that are enjoyed in long slow drags instead of short quick puffs.

Dresser: furniture you stash your socks in.

Duck: a bird that quacks, gets eaten, and lays eggs. (Don't let this shake you up. Your ol' lady isn't gonna lay eggs just because you eat her. It doesn't work that way with human birds, just with ducks.)

Easy Rider: movie about Fonda on a Honda and Hopper on a chopper.

Easyriders: a disgusting, perverted, anti-establishment magazine that John Mitchell wouldn't like (if he knew how to read).

Exhaust Tuning: complicated rectal surgery that enables you to fart in b-flat. It's an expensive and painful operation, but it qualifies you for a job with Herb Allfart and the Tijuana Ass.

EZ Read Gauges: gauges specially made for guys who flunked remedial reading.

Fabrication: the process by which something gets made. Example: "I fabricated my ol' lady seven times last night."

Fat Bob: Fat Albert's kid brother.

Fender: famous brand of top-quality guitars.

Firestone: a rock that Boy Scouts pound against steel to light campfires. (Boy Scouts seem to be backward little shits, or maybe they're just not allowed to play with matches.)

Flathead: a pussy dude who wears a crewcut, a butch, or any other short haircut that makes his gourd look flat. You don't see very many flatheads any more 'cuz they haven't been made in years.

Flattie: Twiggy, Audrey Hepburn, or Julie Nixon Eisenhower.

Flooding: what your boots will be doing if you don't take aim before pissing.

Flop It: what you do when you really want to beat it but it won't get hard enough.

Flywheels: wheels attached to the bottom of an airplane.

Footpegs: metal pins that keep your ankles from falling off your legs.

Fork: eating utensil invented much later than the finger.

Frame: what the fuzz will do to you if they can't find any real evidence.

Freak: a dude who's half French and half Greek.

Front Suspension: a system of muscles that keeps your ol' lady's tits from dragging on the ground. Front suspensions wear out when ol' ladies become old ladies, and must then be replaced with Maidenforms.

Fucking: a fun-type way to get the daily exercise essential to good health. Fucking can be practiced only if you're legally married and have written permission from your mommie.

Fuzz: the curly hair that grows on your balls.

Get Busted: what little girls have to do before they can buy training bras.

Getting It On: pretty much the same as getting it off. (Sex can get awfully confusing at times, can't it?)

Give Head: present a cylinder head to a friend as a gift.

Goodyears: years in which Frank Sinatra was 17, 21, or 35.

Grass: green stuff that stains your knees while you're grabbing a fast one in a cemetery.

Guides: Old Indians who show you where to find spare parts when you break down in the boonies. "Valve guides" know all the best stores that sell valves, "rod guides" know the best places to look for rods, and so on. Some expert guides can even show you where to catch a carp!

Hair Pie: a delicious pie made with the meat of rabbits or other hairs. British bikers consider hair pie their favorite dinner.

Handlebar: a gay bar where all the other customers try to handle you.

Hardtail: a chick who's pounded leather so long that she's calloused her ass.

Harley Davidson: a brainy dude up in Milwaukee who crossbred a Buick with a Schwinn. Naturally, their bastard son grew up to be twice as good as his parents put together.

Headlights: lights used to make sure your ol' lady doesn't miss the target when she goes down on you.

Heavy People: guys who weigh more than 200 pounds, or chicks who weigh more than 130.

Hex Nuts: a curse put on your balls by a mean Gypsy.

High Speed: uppers. Speed that gets you high as opposed to speed that gets you low.

Hip: the things old broads break when they fall on ice.

Hi-Way Bars: taverns located alongside freeways and other major roads.

Honda 4: half the box score in a Japanese baseball game. (Example: Honda 4, Suzuki 2)

Horsepower: official rating of the clout in a batch of heroin.

Injectors: same thing as mainliners.

Intake Valve: your ol' lady's mouth.

In The Wind: anyplace in front of Nixon.

Jam: foul-smelling shit that grows between your toes.

Jammer: a guy who cans strawberry jelly.

Japanese Bings: one of the finer brands of crotch rot. However, I strongly urge you to Buy American and get your dose of bings in Detroit, Dallas, or Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Joint: an elbow, knee, or wrist. If you've got any joints, there is always a small chance you'll fall down and break one of them—this is known as "getting busted."

Jugs: containers used to carry liquids. Guys usually pack wine, but chicks often have milk in their jugs.

Kick Start: the fastest way to turn on a chick who says she doesn't feel like making it.

Killer Weed: a slang name for the infamous Venus Flytrap—a bloodthirsty weed that kills and eats flies and mosquitoes.

Knuckle: the part of your hand you'll knock the skin off if you punch Miraculous Mutha in the twat.

Knucklehead: any asshole that's dumb enough to be messing around with Mutha's twat in the first place.

Lifter: anybody who steals stuff out of stores. A dude who specializes in ripping off valves, for example, is known as a "valve lifter."

Magneto: an Italian-made magnet.

Mary Jane: a little lady who will send you higher than your ol' lady ever could.

Meat: stuff that vegetarians and religious chicks aren't permitted to eat.

Molding: what Miraculous Mutha's rag has been doing for the last 3½ years.

Motherfucker: what your father is.

Motor Mount: an engine that's been artistically stuffed by a taxidermist. (Contrary to popular belief, taxidermists will work on bikes as well as taxis.)

Muffler: a pansy-assed woolen thing your grandmother wants to wrap around your neck before you hit the road.

Narc: the only form of life lower than a syphilis germ.

Naugahyde: upholstery material made from the tanned hyde of an unborn nauga.

Odometer: a gauge that measures the strength of odors. The average pig farm will register about 8.6 on the Odo Scale.

Ol' Lady: a young, ripe-bodied female-type human with a nice round ass and big squashy tits who'll ball you forever. Don't confuse these with "old ladies"—see below.

Old Lady: an old, rotten-bodied female-type human with a shitty ass and tits that bang into her knees. Old Ladies aren't good for anything at all except collecting Social Security, voting for Nixon, and whining a lot.

Outlaw: old movie that proves Jane Russell's tits weren't as good as Raquel's are.

Out Of Sight: best place to keep your stash.

Pan: a thing used to cook supper in. Don't confuse a pan with "pot," which is something altogether different.

Panhead: to pan a head is to put down a user. Hence, all narcs are panheads.

Paranoia: a matched set of two noia.

Parts: a polite term for the genitals.

Partschaser: a special comb used to remove all evidence that you once parted your hair.

Pearl (often misspelled "purl"): something you have to do to knit little baby

booties. If you don't already know how to do it, maybe your ol' lady or Dick Butkus could show you.

Penis: everybody on earth knows what a penis is. If you don't, then you're so godawful stupid that we don't even want to talk to you.

Pervert: a guy who gets it off by screwing a raccoon in the right ear while singing "The Wabash Cannonball." Screwing a raccoon in the left ear while singing "Born to Be Wild" is perfectly normal.

Petcock: a fine indoor sport that is forbidden by the Bible and denied the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. Once thought to cause hairy palms, crooked spines, and tooth decay, it is now known to be both harmless and a helluva lot of fun. If the cock you're petting is your own, it simply means you haven't been scoring much lately; if the cock belongs to some other dude, it means you're a fairy.

Pill Dropper: a clumsy chick who keeps getting knocked up because she's always losing her Pills.

Piss: Come on, fellas, you already know what this is, don't you?

Pissed Off: opposite of piston (see below).

Piston: urinated upon. The best thing to do the next time you get piston is either thump the bastard that did it or report him to Emily Post.

Pornography: a record that you play on a stereo pornograph.

Pot: This is a fantastic invention but the narcs are gonna wail on my gourd if I tell you about it. Why dontcha write to Ann Landers and ask for advice on how to use it?

Primary Cover: a jockstrap.

Pushrod: the way a hot rodder gets his '32 Chevy back home after the driveshaft breaks.

Put The Make On: attach a decal to your bike reading "Harley Davidson," "Norton Atlas," or "Sears Mo-Ped."

Putt: to gently tap a little white ball into a hole in the ground. Dudes who go for this kind of shit generally don't know their ass from that hole in the ground.

Rag: a term referring either to a used Kotex or to a copy of **Easyriders.**

Rake: a tool used to collect wayward leaves; also refers to a cagey dude who tools wayward chicks.

Rear Suspension: same as a front suspension except that it's in the rear. When rear suspensions break down, broads need girdles instead of bras. (Don't ever let your ol' lady walk around with a bra wrapped around her ass. All your friends will laugh.)

Righteous: brothers who sing, "You Are My Soul and My Highest Inspiration."

Righteous Scoots: If you're sitting in church and you get a tremendous urge to shit, you've got the righteous scoots. You can also catch the r. s. by listening to Billy Graham.

Rigid Front End: what you've got when you're horny.

Rigid Rear End: what you've got when you're constipated.

Rigid 74: a description of King Kong with a hard-on.

Rings: things you should buy for your bike whenever it needs them. Don't ever buy one for your ol' lady or you're gonna end up wearing it through your nose.

Rip Off: fastest way to get a teaser's pants off.

Roach Holder: an itty bitty harness that keeps cockroaches from running around without proper supervision.

Road Apples: a delicious fruit that's sweeter than the Winesap and juicier than the McIntosh.

RPM: movie that forces you to stare at Ann Margret's bare tits before you get to watch Anthony Quinn ride a Kawasaki.

Rubber: a gizmo worn over the joint to prevent clap. (It doesn't always work . . . sob!) Can also be used to avoid the joys of fatherhood. (This doesn't always work either!) The rubber is known by many other names including "the condom," "the sheath," and "the goddam thing that broke nine months before little Archibald was born."

Screw: copyrighted name of a popular magazine. Can also refer to the recreational activity invented by that magazine.

Seat: a vulgar slang term some foulmouths use when referring to the ass.

Service Manual: If you hire the Happy Hooker to give you a hand job, you've been serviced manually.

Shit Fit: complicated surgery to alter your asshole so turds will come out in standard sizes.

Shovelhead: a guy who gets bucked off his bike and plows a furrow with his gourd.

Sissy Bars: watering holes where the male customers all wear eye shadow and little pink panties.

Sixty-Nine: the year that came between '68 and '70. For some reason a lot of judges ruled '69 was obscene, and the whole goddam year was illegal in some states.

Sloppy Seconds: two full grades better than funky fourths.

Spare Parts: lucky bastards who own three or four pricks and a dozen balls are said to have "spare parts." (If you're one of these fortunate few, don't ever wear all your parts at one time. If you do, your friends will think you're a show-off and you will probably stretch your scrotum.)

Speed Equipment: needles, rubber bands, and all the other gear needed to shoot speed.

Spoke: communicated verbally.

Springer: a small spaniel.

Springer Forks: special forks used to dine on roast springer spaniel. (Springer forks would be exactly like fish forks if they weren't different, but they are.)

Sprocket: the part of the female anatomy that's located between the legs. It has several interesting uses.

Stacks: opposite of flatties. Sophia Loren, Raquel Welch, and Julie Christie are all "stacks."

Stroker: a form of foreplay. You should always stroker before you diddle 'er.

Strut: way you're entitled to walk if you can lay twelve broads in one night without outside help.

Swing Arm: motion you have to make when you want to cave somebody's face in.

Technical Tips: what you can get from Dr. Reuben, "M", or Warren Beatty.

Tire Iron: electrical appliance made by the House of Westing. It's used to remove unsightly wrinkles left in your tires after they've been washed and dried. (Perma-Press tires don't need ironing.)

Tokes: things you have to buy before you can ride a subway.

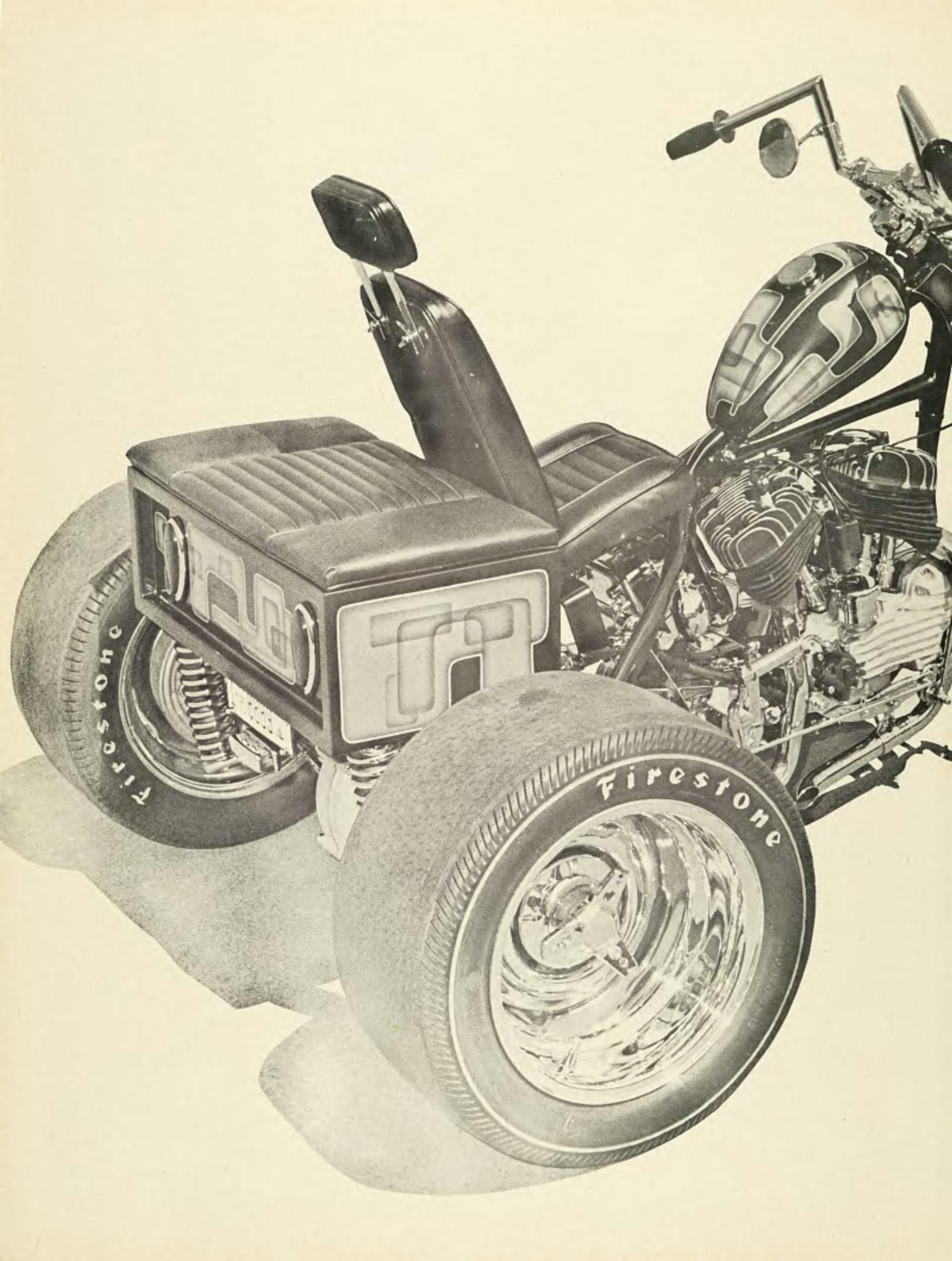
Tool Kits: an assortment of essential tools. Your basic kit usually includes one cock, two balls, and one scrotum.

Unnatural Sex: We don't give a rat's ass what anybody says, there just ain't no such thing as unnatural sex.

Virgin: These things are a lot like Harleys: in their stock form they aren't good for much of anything but they're fantastic once they've been modified the way you like them.

Weed: a plant that ain't supposed to be growing where it's growing. Farmers and square suburban types hate weed. Do these guys a big favor by picking all of their weed every time you get a chance. ■

A Family That Putts Together, Stays Together (or something like that)


Firestone
Firestone

All you muthas who feed your ol' ladies lame excuses about why you can't pack them on a run, or have to sneak out the back door while she's putting her riding threads on, well listen up, 'cause here's an ol' lady who's found a way to beat any excuse a dude can come up with.

How many times have one of your people called to let you in on the fact that five foxy chicks are at the local hangout just itchin' and scratchin' for a ride on a scooter? Or how many times have you just felt like getting a little ripped with your partners and flashing down the expressway 50 miles or so with the wick cranked on? But you know there's going to be a hassle, just to get out of the house, or you've got to come off with some crap to get clear of the pad without a beef.

Bob Butterworth has two shovels of his own, but after one too many putts without his ol' lady (Vivian) on the back, she up and bought (with her own bucks) the four-five you see here. Vivian wanted a four-five 'cause she couldn't handle a Sporty. Up until a year ago wherever Bob putted he knew that somewhere in back of him was his ol' lady on her trike.

About half of you fuckers readin' this are probably already kicked back and weepin' for poor ol' Bob bein' tailed by the flathead for the rest of his life—like the curse of the female jockey shift—but it ain't all that bad—because his ol' lady is really into scoots. It's not impossible for him to come home after

Owner: Bob and Vivian Butterfield **City:** Omaha, Nebraska

General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: 1959 H-D
Model: 45-G
Value: $3,500
Assembly by: Owner
Time: 13 months
Chroming by: Omaha Plating

Engine

Year: 1959
Model: Flathead
Builder: Owner
Ignition: Honda 6V coil
Displacement: 45 cu. in.
Balancing: none
Pistons: standard
Cam: stock
Lifters: stock
Carb(s): M-88 Linkert
Air cleaner: Cal Custom
Shifter: D&D Jockey
Pipes: drag type
Muffler(s): none
Gearing:
Engine sprocket: 26
Trans sprocket: 17

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Dave Huxhold
Color: black, violet panels
Type: pearl

Chassis

Frame builder: stock
Year and make: 1959-G
Rake: 15° over stock
Stretch: none
Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: Burgess
Risers: hydra-glide
Fender(s): none
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: '39 Ford
Speedo: none
Foot pegs: H-D
Front:
Back:
Gas tank: peanut
Oil tank: '66-'69 Sportster
Primary cover: stock
Seat material: naugahyde
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material size:

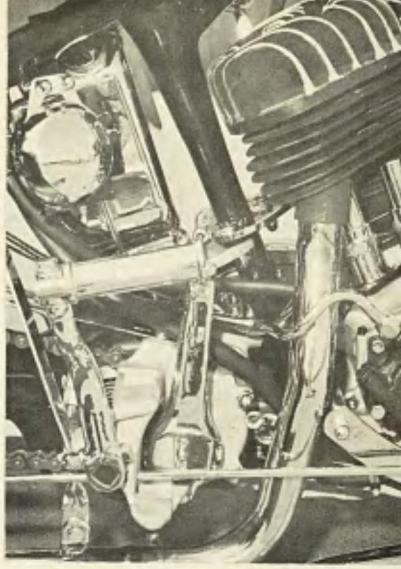
Forks

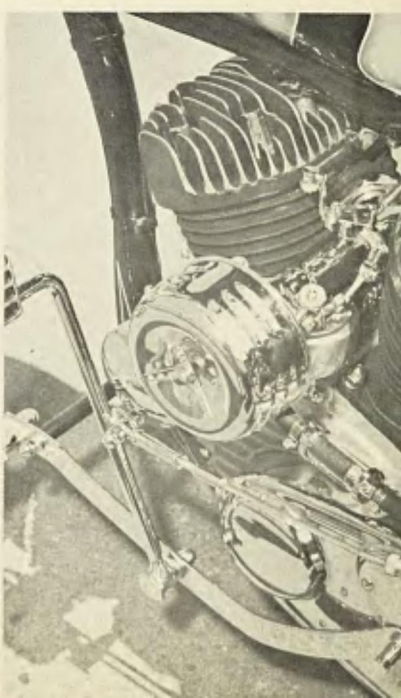
Type: H-D wide glide
Type front rail:
Extension: 12-inch
Builder: H-D

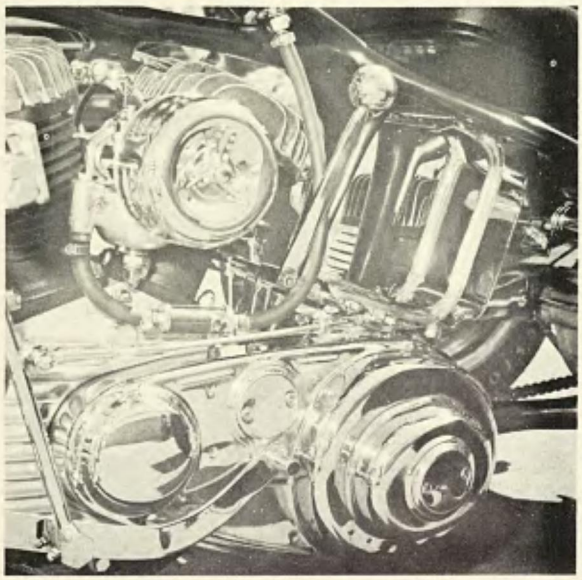
Wheels

	Front	Rear
	Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
	Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: hydraulic
	Rim width: WM-1	Rim width: 10 in.
	Tire size: 3:00x19	Tire size: 4:35x15
	Make: Avon	Make: Firestone

Other special modifications: extended clutch and brake pedals, aluminum heads and manifold from WLA model. T-type box by Rick Jacobs





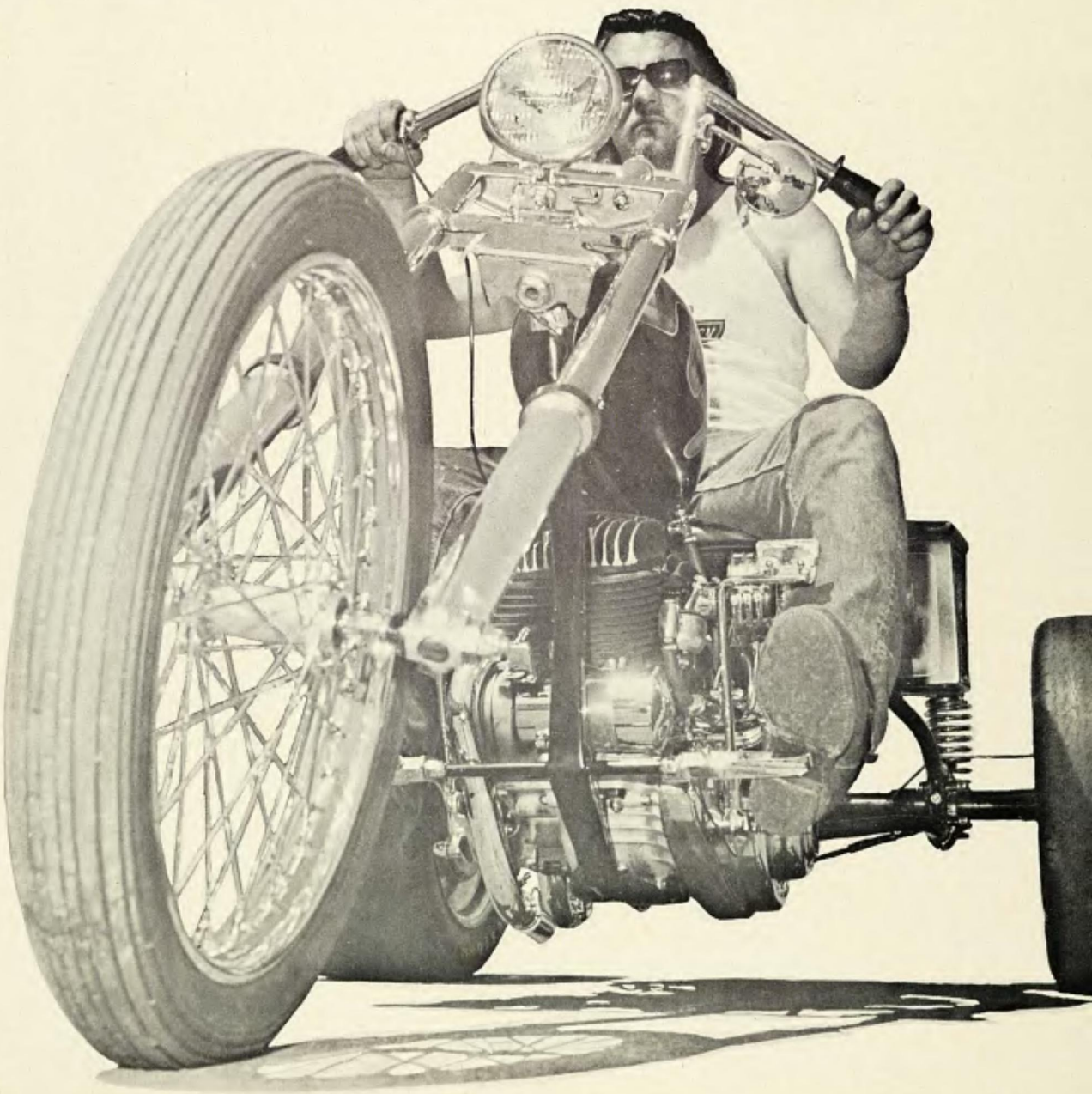


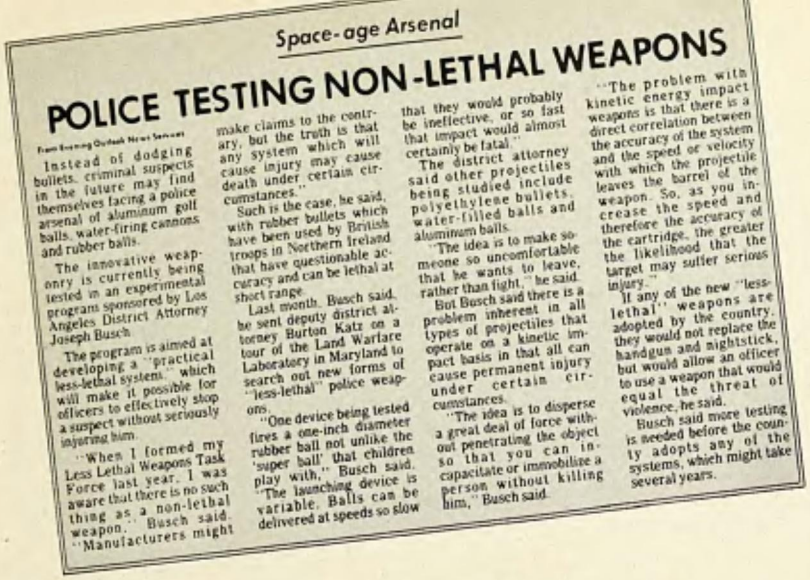
his daily grind to find his little missus is out puttin'.

And although Bob took care of the mechanics when they rebuilt the three-wheeler, Vivian molded the tank and frame and decided how she wanted her scoot to look.

So now—believe it or not—Bob putts his shovels and Vivian putts her trike and they each do their own thing. If they putt together, it's cool, and if they get out on the road and go different directions, then that's cool too.

We didn't press Bob on exactly how many times he actually gets to go his own way—we didn't want to pin him down in front of Vivian—but anyway, we all know that shovels go a wee bit faster than four-fives do, don't we?





Space-age Arsenal

POLICE TESTING NON-LETHAL WEAPONS

From Evening Outlook News Services

Instead of dodging bullets, criminal suspects in the future may find themselves facing a police arsenal of aluminum golf balls, water-firing cannons and rubber balls.

The innovative weaponry is currently being tested in an experimental program sponsored by Los Angeles District Attorney Joseph Busch.

The program is aimed at developing a "practical less-lethal system," which will make it possible for officers to effectively stop a suspect without seriously injuring him.

"When I formed my Less Lethal Weapons Task Force last year, I was aware that there is no such thing as a non-lethal weapon," Busch said. "Manufacturers might make claims to the contrary, but the truth is that any system which will cause injury may cause death under certain circumstances."

Such is the case, he said, with rubber bullets which have been used by British troops in Northern Ireland that have questionable accuracy and can be lethal at short range.

Last month, Busch said, he sent deputy district attorney Burton Katz on a tour of the Land Warfare Laboratory in Maryland to search out new forms of "less-lethal" police weapons.

"One device being tested fires a one-inch diameter rubber ball not unlike the 'super ball' that children play with," Busch said. "The launching device is variable. Balls can be delivered at speeds so slow that they would probably be ineffective, or so fast that impact would almost certainly be fatal."

The district attorney said other projectiles being studied include polyethylene bullets, water-filled balls and aluminum balls.

"The idea is to make someone so uncomfortable that he wants to leave, rather than fight," he said.

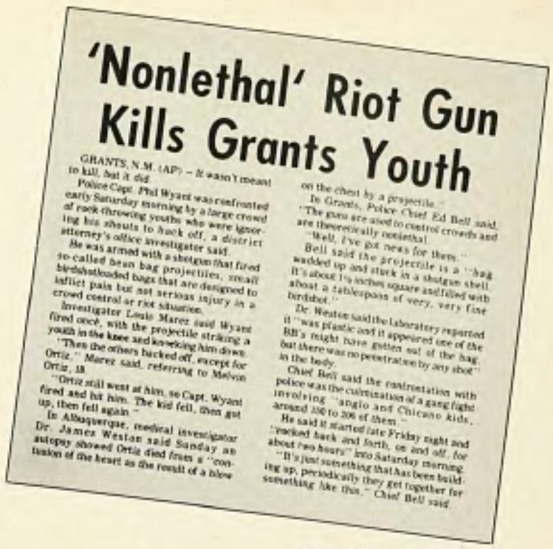
But Busch said there is a problem inherent in all types of projectiles that operate on a kinetic impact basis in that all can cause permanent injury under certain circumstances.

"The idea is to disperse a great deal of force without penetrating the object so that you can incapacitate or immobilize a person without killing him," Busch said.

"The problem with kinetic energy impact weapons is that there is a direct correlation between the accuracy of the system and the speed or velocity with which the projectile leaves the barrel of the weapon. So, as you increase the speed and therefore the accuracy of the cartridge, the greater the likelihood that the target may suffer serious injury."

If any of the new "less-lethal" weapons are adopted by the country, they would not replace the handgun and nightstick, but would allow an officer to use a weapon that would equal the threat of violence, he said.

Busch said more testing is needed before the county adopts any of the systems, which might take several years.



'Nonlethal' Riot Gun Kills Grants Youth

GRANTS, N.M. (AP) – It wasn't meant to kill, but it did.

Police Capt. Phil Wyant was confronted early Saturday morning by a large crowd of rock-throwing youths who were ignoring his shouts to back off, a district attorney's office investigator said.

He was armed with a shotgun that fired so-called bean bag projectiles, small bird-shothooded bags that are designed to inflict pain but not serious injury in a crowd control or riot situation.

Investigator Louis Marez said Wyant fired once, with the projectile striking a youth in the knee and knocking him down.

"Then the others backed off, except for Ortiz," Marez said, referring to Melvin Ortiz, 18.

"Ortiz still went at him, so Capt. Wyant fired and hit him. The kid fell, then got up, then fell again."

In Albuquerque, medical investigator Dr. James Weston said Sunday an autopsy showed Ortiz died from a "contusion of the heart as the result of a blow on the chest by a projectile."

In Grants, Police Chief Ed Bell said "The guns are used to control crowds and are theoretically nonlethal."

"Well, I've got news for them," Bell said the projectile is a "bag wadded up and stuck in a shotgun shell. It's about 1½ inches square and filled with about a tablespoon of very, very fine birdshot."

Dr. Weston said the laboratory reported it "was plastic and it appeared one of the BB's might have gotten out of the bag but there was no penetration by any shot" in the body.

Chief Bell said the confrontation with police was the culmination of a gang fight involving "anglo and Chicano kids, around 100 to 200 of them."

He said it started late Friday night and "rocked back and forth, on and off, for about two hours" into Saturday morning.

"It's just something that has been building up, periodically they get together for something like this," Chief Bell said.

Less-Lethal Weapon Makes Its First Kill

In my regular column of drivel a few issues ago, I described law enforcement's latest toy—a supposedly less-lethal firearm that resembles a fat nightstick. Instead of bullets it fires beanbags full of BB's with an impact "equal to a heavyweight fighter's hardest punch."

At the time, I mentioned that the weapon was supposed to be a "humane" way of handling people, but I wondered what would happen if the "heavyweight fighter's hardest punch" was to the nose, adam's apple or family jewels.

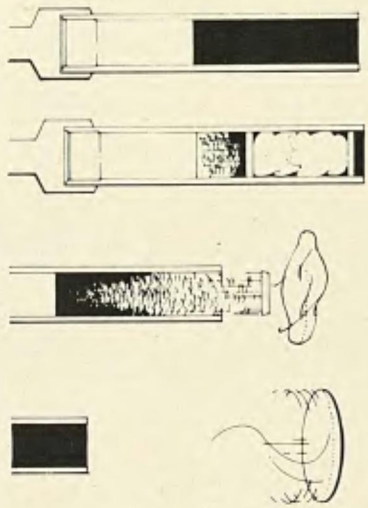
Unfortunately I found out a few weeks later when a reader in Gallup, New Mexico, sent me a news clipping about a youth in Grants Pass, New Mexico, who had been killed by such a weapon, with the less-lethal heavyweight fighter's hardest punch slamming him in the middle of the chest so hard that it fatally bruised his heart.

According to newspaper accounts the fatal shot was fired only five feet from the youth. Depending on the model of less-lethal weapon used, the "possibility of risk to life" range varies from 5 feet to 150 feet: Close Range model, 5 feet; Low Impact model, 40 feet; Standard model, 75 feet; Long Range model, 105 feet; Super Long Range Model, 150 feet. This "risk to life" range means that if someone is hit by a bean bag from that particular model of gun within that range there is a risk of killing the person who is hit. I do not know the model the Grants Pass policeman was using, but it would seem to me that if the dude was that close the cop could have used the gun as a nightstick.

The scary part about such alleged less-lethal weapons is their possible misuse—like miscalculating the proper distance (deliberately or otherwise) and killing someone. And because it was done with a so-called humane and less-lethal weapon, it would probably be considered accidental, as opposed to a policeman firing a gun into a crowd of people—which would not be tolerated at all.

And what about a panic situation? Would a cop be more prone to fire a "less-lethal" weapon—even in the "risk to life" range, than he would a regular weapon? You can bet your sweet ass he would.

Spider



This firing sequence illustrates one of MBA's major technological breakthroughs — the Stun-Bag principle.

Depicted here is the illustration which applies to the Stun-Gun system.

A cartridge contains a Stun-Bag™ in the chamber of the Stun-Gun™. When the cartridge is fired, the Stun-Bag moves into the rifled barrel imparting the spin. Centrifugal force instantly opens the spinning Stun-Bag to its full diameter at the muzzle. The Stun-Bag then flies flat, stably and accurately to the target.

The Hitchhiker

By Billy Tinney

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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 2¼ x 2¼)—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.

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.

—from James Blackhurst, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—from Tom Christie, Warren, Pa.

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.

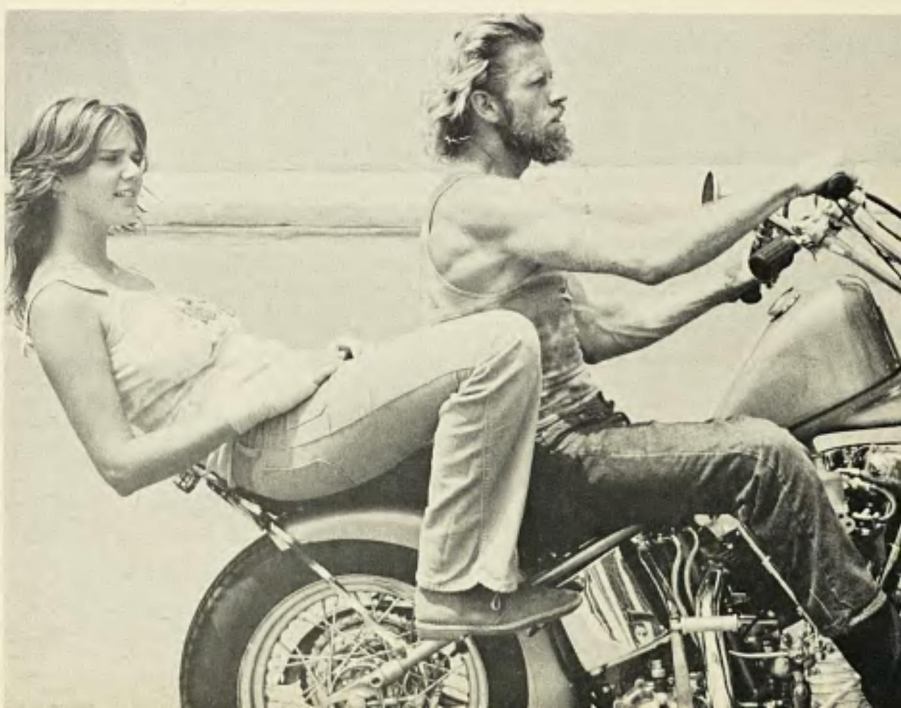
—from T. Hobgood, Surrey, England

—from S. Cooksey, Spokane, Wash.

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.

—fom John Herlihy, Bpt. Conn.

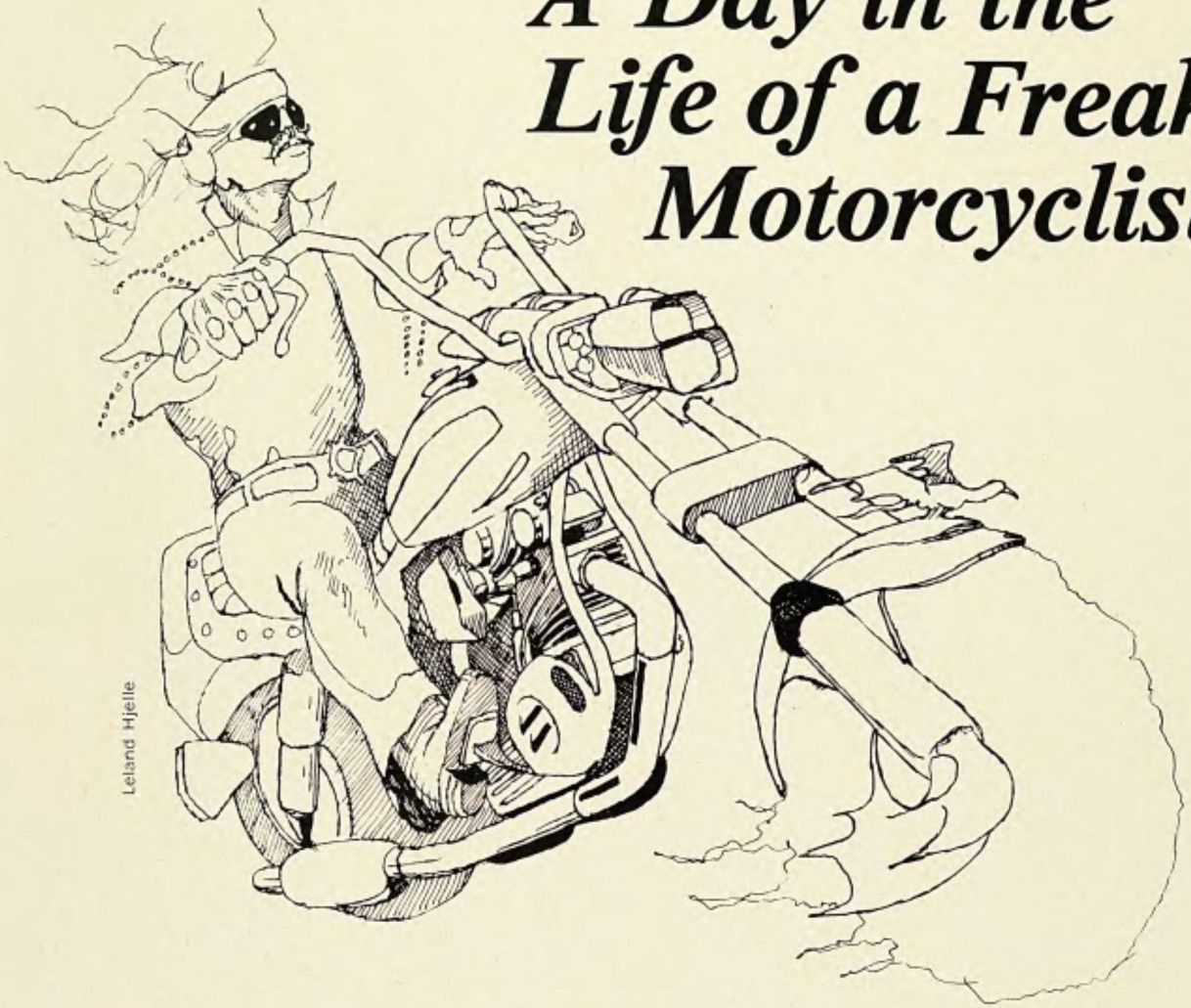
—From S. Speltz, Atlanta, Georgia



Easyriders Magazine

DAVID MANN

A Day in the Life of a Freak Motorcyclist



By David Wilson Jerman

BBRRRRIIIINNNGGG!!!!!

Alarm rings. Oh, my splitting goddam head! Three bottles of Mateus and four joints just don't make it on the morning after the night before. Damn alarm still ringing! Where the hell did I put it? I think it's under the pillows on the other side of the room. Where's my thirty-eight snubnose? Goddamn alarm doesn't ever shut up!

Oh, here's my piece, under the pillow . . . down at my feet? What the hell is the pillow doing down at my feet? Oh, shit! Take careful aim now, I can't be shaking that much! Ready, aim, be careful not to hit the dog, and squeeze the trigger.

BANG! BANG! BANG! SPROING! CLANK GING! GOT 'IM!

SCREAM! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND!?!

Who the hell is this blonde who's screaming at me? Ohh, my head! The alarm is dead but, oh, that godawful screaming . . .

ARE YOU TRYING TO GIVE ME A GOOD CASE OF THE RAW SHITS SHOOTING OFF A GUN AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING WHAT THE HELL WERE YOUR BRAINS DOING ANYWAY!?!

Point the gun very steadily at the blonde.

"I was trying to stop the loud noises in my bedroom so that I could sleep. Any objections, you loudmouthed bitch?"

I think I'll shoot her anyway. Damn broad just shakes her head no. Good. I happily murder people who object. At least it is quiet now.

Swing my legs out of bed. Now where is that last bottle of Mateus? That oughta clear up this fog in my head. Christ . . . it was behind the alarm clock. Hmm. Half gone. What the hell, screw the glass chips in the bottle, I'll drink the rest anyway. Whoo! There might just have been some glass in that. Too late!

Ohhh . . . my achin' head!!

Got up too fast and chugged the booze too fast. Where is that goddam broad? Over beside the bed.

"Who the fuck are you anyway?"

"Denise."

"Well, Denise, you sure got a fucking loud mouth for a goddamn small broad."

She's standing up now. No clothes on. Hell, I just realized, all I've got on is a tee shirt and a pair of sox. Better go back and sit on the bed till my head clears and I can find my boots. Damn glass is cutting my feet all to flinders. Ohhhhh.

"Do I know you, Denise?"

"I met you on the grass across

from the hamburger stand last night, the one on Eighteenth Avenue. I drove you home; one of your friends had to kick over your bike for me."

Goddam! My bike! She rode my bike home! With me on the back! Some broad!

"How did you know where to take me? Is my bike still in one piece?"

"Your wallet had your address, and your bike is all locked up in the front room."

Holy shit! She drove it up the ramp and through the front door!

"Did you knock off the footpegs when you drove it through the front door?"

"No."

Whew! Now for the big question.

"Do you know how to make coffee —drinkable coffee?"

"Sure!"

"Then what the fuck are you waiting here bare-assed for?"

"I need your boots to get to the doorway."

"Throw them back when you're done with them."

Gotta wake up. This is freaky. Brigit Bardot drives me home and parks my bike. Gotta get my nurds together. Remember, dammit, think! What happened last night? Start at the beginning. Let's see . . . Stopped at Chino Chuck's about seven, polished off a bottle of Mateus. Chino had to go to Circleville at eight. Polished off another bottle. Hit the 9:00 movie. Is that right? Yeah, I remember now. Saw *Easy Rider* again.

—Continued on page 65

yriders

What rotten thing have you done lately?

Give a Christmas Gift Subscription to *Easyriders*—whether they like it or not!

Gift cards will be sent on late orders even though they may arrive after Christmas

We'll send a gift card announcement from Big Nick!

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____
(must have)

ABATE

An Extended Front End Can Help You In a Collision!

Here are more scientific facts that are in favor of extended front ends. After conducting seven collision experiments with motorcycles and riders (instrumented dummies) striking the side of passenger cars, Derwyn M. Severy, Harrison M. Brink, and David M. Blaisdell of the Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering at the University of California, Los Angeles, concluded that extending the front forks would give the rider added protection.

The collision sequence between a motorcycle and a car goes generally like this: Motorcycle tire strikes side of car. Tire starts to give as sheet metal side of car starts to give along with the cycle forks. Wheel starts to distort as side of car starts to resist force. Then wheel and fork are crushed back to front of engine and the principal mass of the cycle bottoms out (forward movement stops) against the car, but at that point the rider continues traveling forward, leaving his seat and either going over the car, or striking the car.

With a longer front end the collapse distance and collapse energy absorption are greatly improved. Because the energy is absorbed by a longer front end, the force on the rider is reduced. That very generally, and in lay terms, is one of the conclusions reached by their tests. The following are quotes from their technical paper that was presented to the Society of Automotive Engineers:

"Because of the excellent energy absorbing action (nearly a square wave) of the colliding structures during the motorcycle impact with the side of a passenger vehicle, and considering the rather extensive distance available to the motorcyclist for deceleration before impacting the car, there is an excellent opportunity for designing rider crash protection into the motorcycle. The obligation and necessity for prompt action by manufacturers should be clearly evident."

"The exceptional collapse pattern and deceleration values of Experiment 131 suggest possible further improvement by extending the rearward forced movement of the front wheel before it contacts the engine; this extended distance would place the forks in a controlled bending condition, offering even greater resistance to collapse before reaching the phase of crushing the front wheel.

"Motorcycle front end collapse performance may be improved by introduction of minor variations in the engine's forward surface geometry to control its collapse-inducing action for the front wheels. Findings from this study indicate front wheel impact collapse characteristics are susceptible to control by this procedure."

"Extending and strengthening the front forks of motorcycles would not appreciably alter handling characteristics and would increase the collapse distance and energy absorption."

Helmets May Be Snapping Necks

The following article was sent in by ABATE brother David Belles. It is by John Omicinski of the Gannett News Service.

Helmets sharply reduce fatal head injuries for motorcyclists, but they may be causing an increase in deaths from broken necks, according to federal highway safety researchers.

Based on a New York study which showed a big increase in fatal neck injuries after helmet use became mandatory there in 1967, the National Transportation Safety Board has recommended that another federal agency, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, take a new look at how helmets affect motorcycle safety.

John Reed, chairman of the safety board, signed a report urging NHTSA to "take immediate steps to confirm or disconfirm the implications of the New York State report that the wearing of helmets, as currently designed, increases the number of fatal neck injuries."

Two New York motor vehicle department researchers compared the causes of motorcyclists' deaths in 1966, when helmets were not mandatory, with those of 1967.

Their study showed a sharp decrease in the total number of cycle accidents reported—5,184 in 1966 against 3,161 in 1967. But it also found that in the first year that helmets became mandatory, there was a 75 per cent increase in the proportion of serious neck injuries.

The report also pointed out that while broken necks were the cause of death in just 5.8 per cent of the 1966 cycle fatalities in New York, they accounted for nearly 38 per cent of the cycle deaths the following year, when helmets were mandatory.

The federal safety board's report said that the added weight of the helmet — two to three pounds — puts too much strain on the neck in collisions.

"Furthermore," said the board's report to the NHTSA, "the helmet is highly rigid. If the helmeted head strikes a barrier while the body continues in motion, the impact is transmitted almost entirely to the neck.

"Possible remedies," the board suggested, "would include a reduction in helmet weight and rigidity, if this can be done while still affording major protection to the head.

"The entire approach may need re-examination," the report concluded, "if this finding from New York State data is confirmed."

Louis Buchanan, a highway safety management specialist at the NHTSA, said his agency already is examining the effects of helmets on cycling safety.

One study compares motorcycle accidents in Michigan, where helmets are mandatory, with those in Illinois, where they aren't.

Preliminary data based on 5,500 accidents, Buchanan said, showed that 37 per cent of Illinois cyclists suffered head injuries in collisions while only 15.5 per cent did in Michigan.

Over-all data, he said, showed that 3.2 per cent of all motorcycle accidents in which the cyclist wore no helmet were fatal, while only nine-tenths of one per cent of those involving helmeted cyclists took the life of the cyclist.

Washington, D. C.: Congressman John R. Rarick (D., La.) has been quoted as saying, ". . . no Government bureaucrat has the right, legal or moral, to force an American to do anything designed solely for his own good. Education and voluntary encouragement yes, but involuntary bureaucratic demands, no."

Newark, New Jersey: Malcolm S. Forbes, a millionaire magazine publisher—and bike rider—has filed a petition with the U. S. Supreme Court to hear an appeal of a New Jersey court decision which upheld the right of the state highway authority to ban motorcycles on the Garden State Parkway. Forbes contends that the ruling forces motorcycles to use unsafe local roads with dangerous intersections. He also said that bikes are "no longer used by a small, unpopular handful who are easy to discriminate against."

San Diego, California: The Anti-Chopper City has passed a noise abatement ordinance which prohibits noise in excess of 50 decibels between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m. In residential areas noises can't exceed 40 decibels between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m.

Illinois: We want to take this opportunity to give special thanks to Leroy Sell of Chicago who has been a solid supporter of ABATE since the beginning.

LaGrange, Illinois: Another McDonald's hamburger joint has a sign prohibiting motorcycles, and according to Joe Brejla they have a rent-a-cop on weekends to enforce their anti-biker rule.

Kansas City, Kansas: The 200-member Constitutional Freedom to

Ride (CFR) organization is raising funds to test the constitutionality of the state's helmet law. U. M. Hoover, attorney for the group, said he will argue that the helmet law discriminates against a particular class of people, the motorcyclists.

In 1971 the state passed a law requiring that motorcyclists under the age of 21 must wear a helmet. But last year, after being blackmailed by the Feds, they passed a law that requires all motorcycle riders to wear a helmet.

Sydney, Australia: It seems there are very few chops in Australia right now, but they are beginning to increase, which naturally means that someone is going to start passing laws. Maggot, a chop rider down there, sent a news clipping about the proposed laws with an article that explained how choppers can be unsafe. The following are the proposed laws: 1. A limitation on the height and length of sissy bars; 2. A ban on modifications to a machine after it has left the manufacturer; 3. A compulsory locking device to keep safety helmets chained to parked motorcycles.

California: Burbank, a small town in the Los Angeles area, had the misfortune of having four young people killed on motorcycles in a short period of time this past summer. Consequently one member of the city council took it upon himself to try to pass a municipal helmet law. At the city council meeting when the law was proposed were ABATE, MORE, and the MMA organizations, as well as the Mongols, Hessians, Vagos, Hells Angels, Devils Henchmen, Sundowners, Missing Links, Humpers, and many other concerned clubs. Prior to the hearing ABATE gave each of the councilmen copies of our helmet articles; however, we were not allowed a chance to speak before the council. Jim Manning of MORE and some of the members of the Vagos were able to speak before the council tabled the matter for three weeks. Two weeks later they dropped the issue altogether.

The incident brought out a very important point, and that is that by merely being present, the biker groups made the council very much aware of the concern the cyclist has for his rights, and of the fact that cyclists—outlaws, straights, bikers who wear helmets, and those who don't—are aware of and know the dangers they could encounter, the advantages of wearing helmets, as well as the drawbacks, the discrimination, the question of the constitutionality of helmet laws. In essence the 100 bikers facing the city council were experienced experts in the art of staying alive on motorcycles, and the council realized it. Therefore it's up to us all over the country to be there when The Man plans to pass a law concerning bikes and/or bike people and to let our views be heard.

NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARINGS

Notice is hereby given that prior to final adoption of proposed performance regulations and standards that a public hearing will be held in the Presentation Room, Second Floor, Maryland Department of Transportation, Friendship Airport, Maryland, on the following subject at the time indicated.

1. Proposed standard "Minimum Performance and Equipment Requirements for Motorcycles," December 6, 1973 - 10 A.M.

Additional copies of the above are available to interested persons by contacting the Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission, Suite 536, 1030 15th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

These hearings are being held under the authority of Article IV (d) and Article V of the Vehicle Equipment Safety Compact, enacted under the authority of P.L. 85-684, 1958, United States Congress.

Persons desiring to be heard by the Commission are required to notify the Commission, reduce their testimony to writing and furnish the Commission with Fifteen (15) copies of their proposed testimony at least Twelve (12) days prior to the date of the hearing in order that the members of the hearing board may familiarize themselves with the technical nature of the testimony offered.

Please contact Harry H. Brainerd, Executive Director Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission, 1030 - 15th Street, N.W., Suite 536, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Hotel accommodations are available at the Friendship International Hotel, P.O. Box 8741, Baltimore, Maryland 21240, (301) 761-7700.

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.

Massachusetts: Extended front ends are still legal on motorcycles in Massachusetts, in spite of the many rumors to the contrary. The recently enacted "chassis height" law does not apply to motorcycles, according to information from the Registry of Motor Vehicles officials. Any Massachusetts rider who feels that he has been unfairly treated by a law enforcement officer, because of an extended front end or other frame modifications, is urged to call or write to: Registry of Motor Vehicles, Equipment Division, 150 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass. Phone (617) 727-3785.

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: _____

Mutha Goose

There was an ol' biker named Skinner
who took a sweetie to dinner
They sat down to dine at a quarter to nine
and at a quarter to ten it was in her—
The dinner, not Skinner; Skinner was
in her before dinner.
Butch Coury
Sacramento, California

Hey diddle diddle, I had to piddle
One day while riding my scoot.
I raced for a ditch, but sonuvabitch!
Too late—I pissed in my boot!
Troyd
Hopkins, Minn.

I hooked up a gadget on my bike.
I thought it would stop a thief.
If he tried to rip it off,
it would cut off his beef.
Well, my invention worked!
It cut it off quick.
Now he's got my bike
and I've got his dick.
Williamstown, New Jersey
J.D. Webster

Old rip-off Charley stole many a Harley,
but one prize he never did picket.
The boltcutters snapped; and old Charley
crapped—
'cuz the chain was wired to a socket.
Jerry Wilson
Turlock, California

Sonuvabitch!
Ran in the ditch
while ridin' my righteous Hog.
Lost my nerve
and chose to swerve;
Shoulda hit that fuckin dog!

Just one last bit—
I'll hand ya no shit—
Here's how the story ends:
Last night I got drunk,
ran over a skunk,
And now I don't have any friends!
Popsicle Pete
Bismarck, North Pole

1973 year of the LAKE INJECTOR!

... the ultimate in carburetion

The Lake Injector is designed for the ultimate in performance with a minimum of tuning effort. The body design, plus the velocity stack in unison with the throttle slide, forms a verturi which enables the injector to achieve a more perfect fuel/air mixture than any other carburetor on the market today. If it's performance you want, then we offer this fabulous carburetor to you.

✓ *HORSEPOWER*
15-25% more. . .
✓ *UNEQUALLED ACCELLERATION*
✓ *IMMEDIATE STARTS*
✓ *INSTANT TUNING*

- *ALL MODELS BOLT ON. NO MODIFICATIONS*
- *DEALER INQUIRIES ON LETTERHEADS PLEASE*
- *SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER*
- *WASH RESIDENTS ADD 5.3% TAX*

HARLEY DAVIDSON
shovelhead model 10-35 81.00 per unit
panhead model 10-35 87.00 per unit
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1000 c.c. model 10-35-6-D 83.50 per unit
TRIUMPH
650 model 10-29 75.00 per unit
HONDA
750 model 10-25 72.00 per unit

FOR SHOW CHROME ADD....$22.00
FOR BRIGHT ANODIZED ADD....$16.00
FOR 24 KARAT GOLD ADD....$75.00

international engineering distributing inc
13240 NORTHRUP WAY BELLEVUE WASHINGTON 98005 PHONE (206) 746-5750

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 5295
Oakland, California 94605

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★

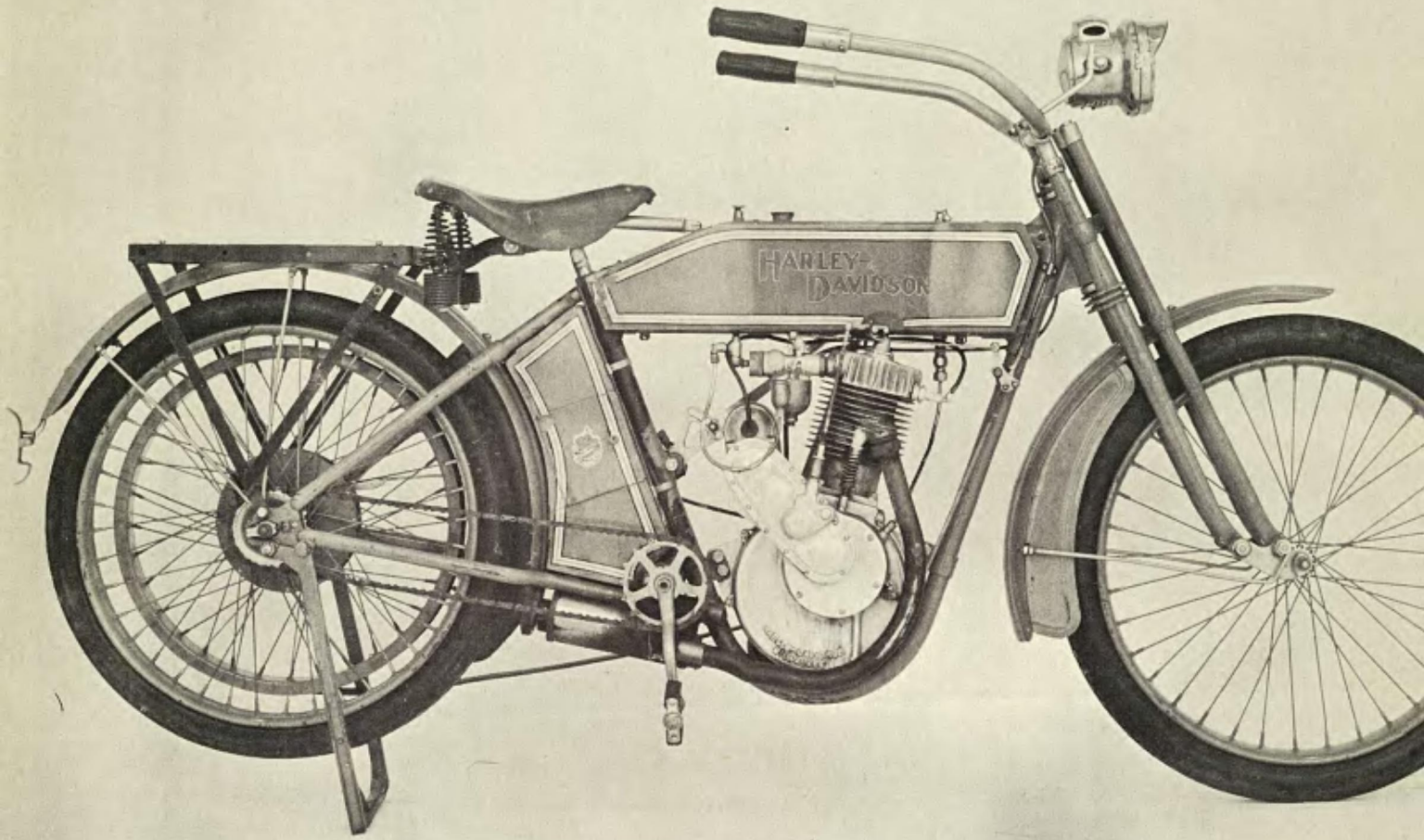
Please send me the following items:

_____
_____
_____
_____

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5%



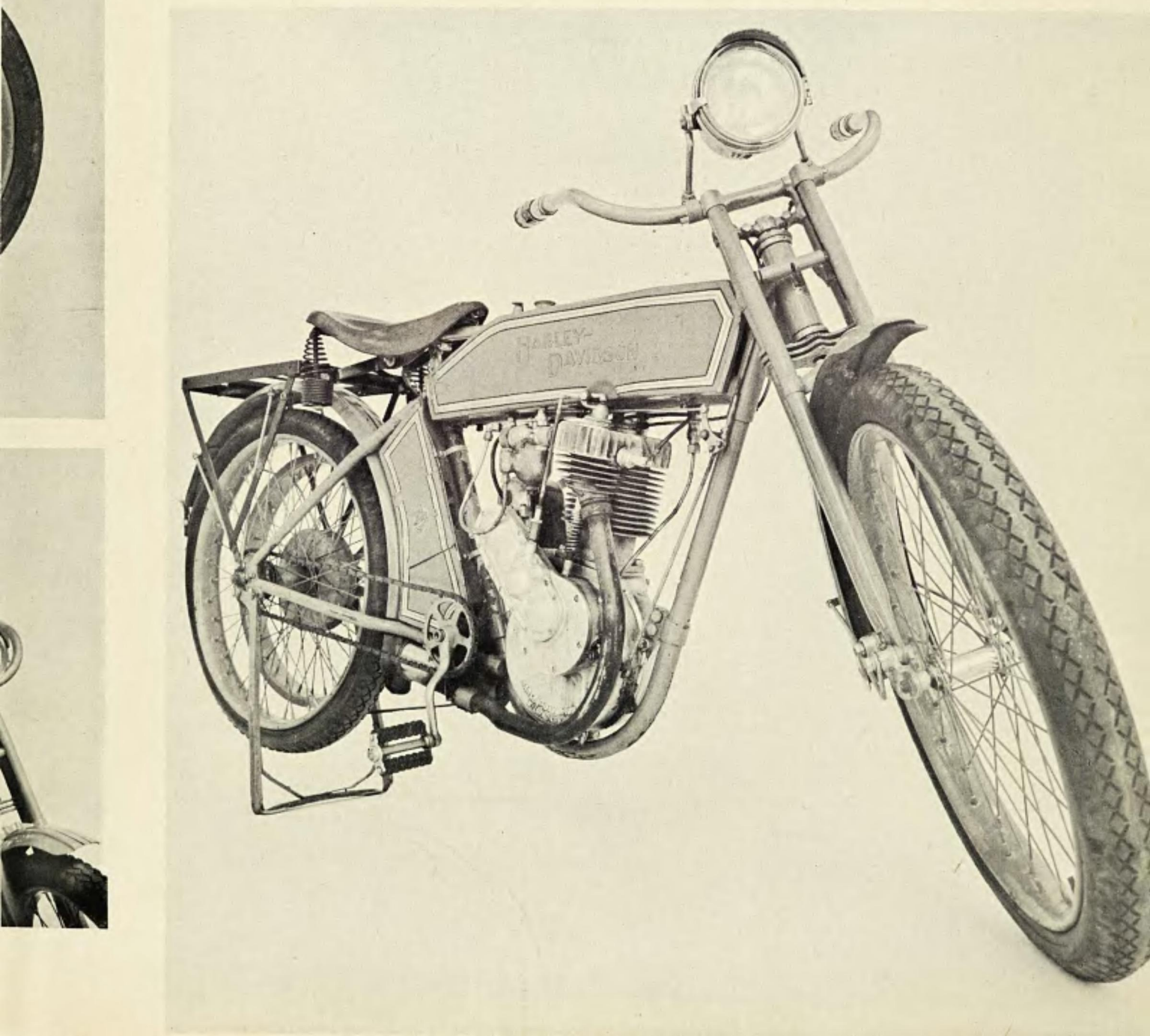
A Star!

Stand back! We've got a movie star in our midst! No, not the chick—the 1913 Harley. It was the main attraction (at least for H-D freaks) for 26 weeks on the TV show "Nichols" that starred James Garner.

I used to watch the show just to see if he was working on it, or riding it—but finally found out that the bike was always running; Garner just didn't know what he was doing.

Bud Ekins, the owner, has more than 100 antique bikes (pre-1930) that he has restored and rents to studios for filming. He's also had his mug in the movies as a stuntman on bikes—like he pulled off all the fancy ridin' in Then Came Bronson *(remember the Sporty freak who could rebuild*

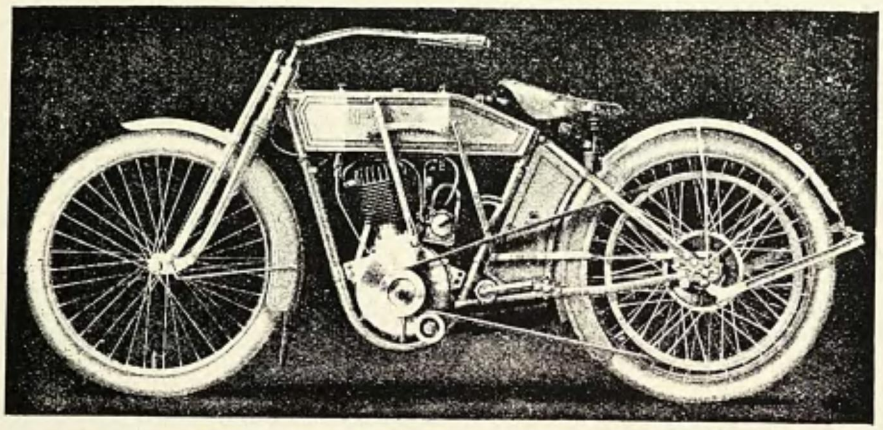
Easyriders Photography by Pete Chiodo



THE NEW

Harley-Davidson

"THE SILENT GREY FELLOW"



The Motorcycle That Is Not Uncomfortable

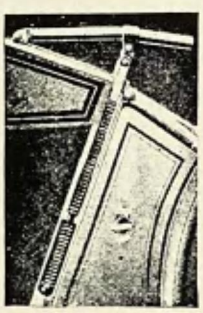
The Free-Wheel Control permits the HARLEY-DAVIDSON to be started like an auto.

UNTIL the New HARLEY-DAVIDSON was produced motorcycles were more or less uncomfortable. With only the saddle springs and the resiliency of the tires to absorb the jolts, how could they be otherwise? When a motorcycle struck a 3 inch bump the tires and the saddle springs absorbed 1 inch of the shock—the rider got the rest.

Motorcycle manufacturers have long tried in vain to overcome this. They put longer saddle springs on and found that while this eliminated the hard jolts, when the machine struck bumps or crossings it added a "spring board like" action which threw the rider off the seat. This was even more objectionable than the jolts and jars and was actually dangerous. Other experiments were tried, but the problem remained unsolved, until William S. Harley, America's foremost motorcycle designer and engineer suspended or floated the seat between two springs held under heavy compression. Hence the name *Ful-Floteing* SEAT.

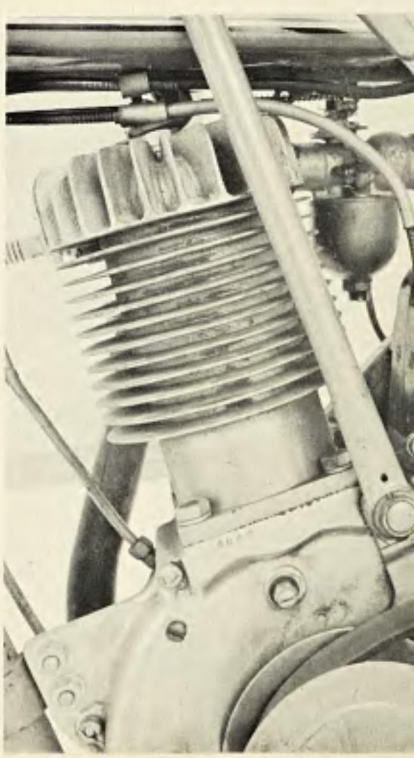
Jolts and jars were eliminated—it was like riding on air. The "spring board like" action was gone. The rider really floated over bumps and rough roads. The *Ful-Floteing* SEAT had solved the problem.

In addition to its comfort, the new Harley-Davidson is clean—all moving parts where oil is used are encased in oil tight cases, and the machine is so silent that it cannot be heard across the street.



Sectional View of Ful-Floteing Seat

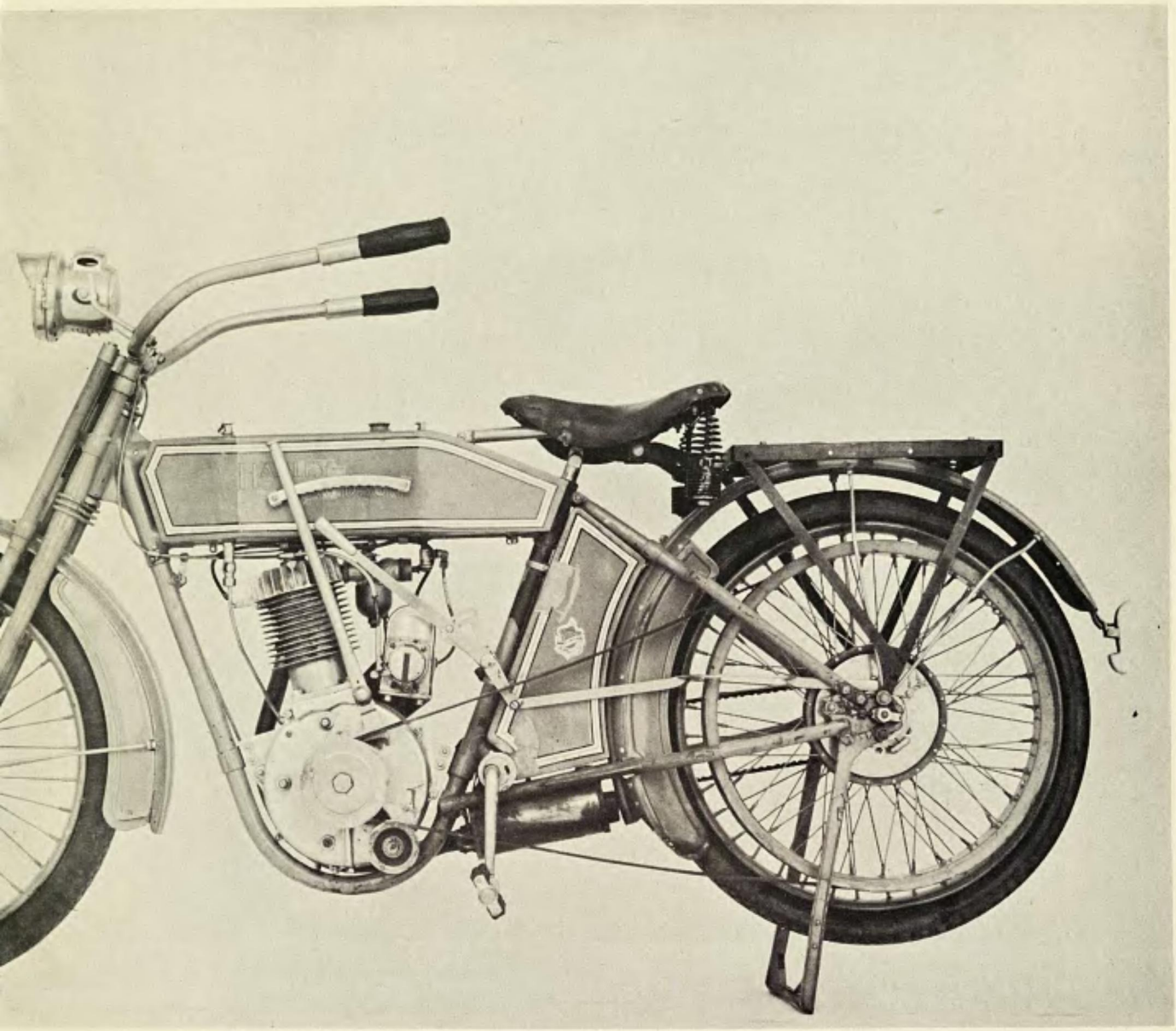
HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
225 B Street MILWAUKEE

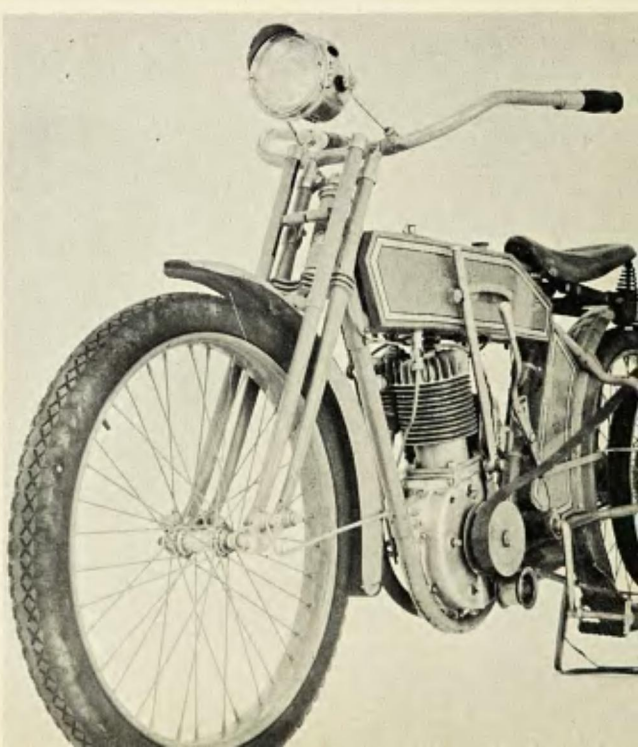


a crashed bike with a rock? He musta gone to Harley's mechanic's school!) and The Great Escape.

Bud has been restoring bikes like the one you see here for about 20 years—mostly as a hobby. I asked him if he had ever built a chop and he told me no, but that he had taken a few apart and put them back together in their original stock form!

He noticed my reaction to what





HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

he had said, so he explained that an original knuckle is worth about $3,000 and increases in value as every year goes by. A chopped knuckle is usually worth around $1,800, depending on how much was done to it. After hearing that, I excused myself, jammed to my pad, tore into the garage and started to look for old stock parts.

Owner: Bud Ekins **City:** Hollywood, California

General

- Fabrication by: H-D
- Year and make: 1913
- Model: belt drive
- Value: $200. (original price)
- Assembly by: owner
- Time: 1 month
- Chroming by: Summers Plating

Engine

- Year: 1913
- Model: belt drive
- Builder: owner
- Ignition: magneto
- Displacement: 550cc
- Balancing: stock
- Pistons: 6:1
- Cam: stock
- Lifters: solid
- Carb(s): Schebler
- Air cleaner: none
- Shifter: none
- Pipes: stock
- Muffler(s): stock with cutout
- Gearing: none
  - Engine sprocket:
  - Trans sprocket:

Painting

- Molding: none
- Painter: Von Dutch
- Color: gray
- Type: acrylic lacquer

Chassis

- Frame builder: H-D
- Year and make: 1913
- Rake: stock
- Stretch: none
- Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

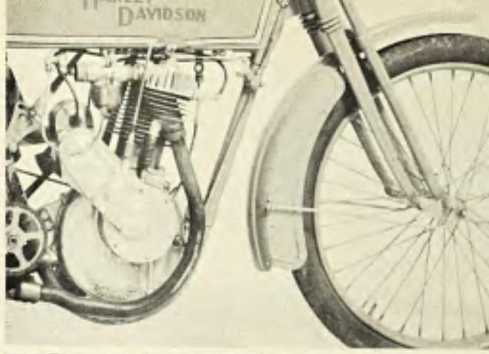
- Bars: stock
- Risers: stock
- Fender(s): stock
- Headlight: carbide gas
- Taillight: stock
- Speedo: none
- Foot pegs: stock
  - Front:
  - Back:
- Gas tank: stock
- Oil tank: stock
- Primary cover: none
- Seat material: cavalry saddle leather
- Sissy bar: none
  - Height:
  - Material size:

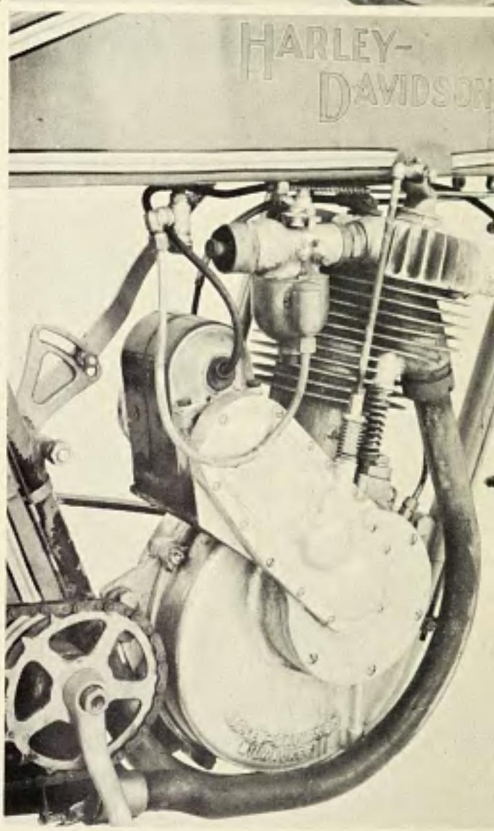
Forks

- Type: spring
- Type front rail: stock
- Extension: none
- Builder: H-D

Wheels

	Front	Rear
	Size: 28 in.	Size: 28 in.
	Hub/brake: Spool	Hub/brake: stock
	Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 2 1/2 in.
	Tire size: 26x2 1/2	Tire size: 26x2 1/2
	Make: Japan	Make: Japan



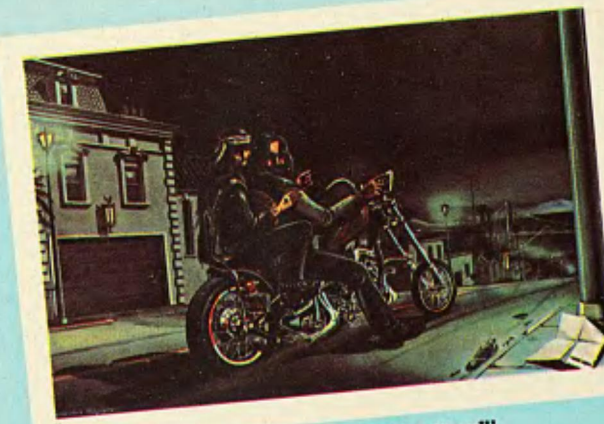


Gigantic Dave Mann Posters! Over 2-foot by 3-foot size!

M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"

M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

M-3 "Night Run"



M-4 "One for the Road"

The best of the Dave Mann paintings in beautiful color on heavy art stock! (26½'' x 38'')

Easyriders Posters, 819 South Glenoaks Blvd.
Burbank, California 91502

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

_____ @ $3.00 each All four for $9.95

☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-3 ☐ M-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5% sales tax

All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.

$3.00 each or all four for $9.95!
(On orders less than $6.00, please add 50¢ for postage and mailing tube.)

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-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.

No Grass In Texas

I am a normal male American. I love to smoke pot, eat pussy, and generally live it up. But I have a problem. I recently moved to Texas and I'm having trouble finding something to smoke. I haven't smoked any pot in three weeks—and I'm beginning to think like a redneck. Can you offer me any advice before I start getting ideas like pot is bad for me?

Crash
Dallas, Tex.

● Man, you went to the wrong state. They'll send you up the river for life for mere possession of a seed—or even a dried-out booger that looks like a seed!

This Is a Problem?

I have two girl friends that I hang around with, but they both like to screw, and I don't. When we're together all they want to do is party and screw and I always tell them I have to go home. I'm four or five years younger than they are (I'm eighteen). I hate to be a party-pooper, but I'm scared.

Ruth
Detroit, Mich.

● Whatsamatter, think they'll bite.

She Dogs

This is regarding those two stupid "chicks" (yes, that's "chicks"!) who wrote you saying large-breasted women are better lovers. Anyone so immature as to think tit-size has anything to do with fucking ought to be . . . "educated". Those catty twots are the same type to rate a Brother on the size of his dick rather than on his ability (or willingness) to please. Please advise these pussy "chickies" to go rent themselves out to a dairy farm or something — their brains are as bovine as their chest-measurements!

P.S. Just in case one of those cretinous she-dogs thinks I'm actually jealous of them (!!) I am 37½ - 25 - 38. (So what!?) An' my ol' man puts to shame some of the stallions at the race track . . . and Mutha, I hear tell you know a lot about those studs too!

peace & piece,
Los Altos, Calif.

Her Ol' Man Split

I've been a biker's ol' lady for about ten years—and that is until yesterday, when he split with some young chickie. We had been through a lot of shit together and I can't see why he up and split. Has that ever happened to you?

Donna McElroy
Dearborn, Michigan

• Yeah, about 35 times—and I never understood why.

The Biggest Bummer

In a recent column some chicks wrote in about how great small tits were—and that's fine, but what I think is the biggest bummer, is when I pick up some lovely in a bar who has nice tits and I get her to my pad I find out she's wearing a padded bra. It's not the small tits that pisses me off—it's the phony bullshit. What do you think?

James
Norfolk, Va.

● I think dudes should show the size of their meat before they take me to their pad.

Shy Shoe Clerk

I'm a clerk in a shoe store and my problem is I look up women's legs all day and it's getting to me. I'd like to ask some of them out but can't because I'm shy. What do you suggest?

Tit Lover
New Orleans, La.

● Well, you could accidentally fall forward and bury your face between their legs, or while you're fitting a pair of shoes take a swipe at their knees with your sticky tongue.

Wants a Picture

I would like a picture of you because I figure that if I take it with me the next time I go before the parole board and tell them that it's my dear ol' mom, they'll take pity on me and set an early parole date.

Lifer
Tamal, California

● They'll parole you—straight to the bug house.

Off The Wall

I've got your pic tacked up on my wall over my mattress. My chick hasn't ripped it down like she has all of my other chick pics. Do you know why?

Strong Stomach
Orinda, Calif.

● Obviously she knows when she's out classed.

Small Wet Spot

Everytime I give my chick a ride on my Hog, I get off and find an embarrassing round wet spot in the middle of my back. What should I do?

Runny Box
Arvada, Colo.

● See a doctor, and don't be embarrassed—all my friends have running sores.

Saving Something

My chick won't take her shirt off when we ball. She says she has to save something for when we get married. She won't even let me touch her tits. What's her hang-up?

J. Richardson
Austin, Texas

● A couple of things come to my mind real fast. Maybe she's got a hairy chest, or a chest like Harry.

Tell Me, Tell Me

I've got to know—so tell me, does your tits really sag that much and does your breath really smell like dirty feet?

Strange Person
Leonia, N.J.

● They don't seem to sag as much in a dark room—as to my breath, it depends who I just had fun and games with.

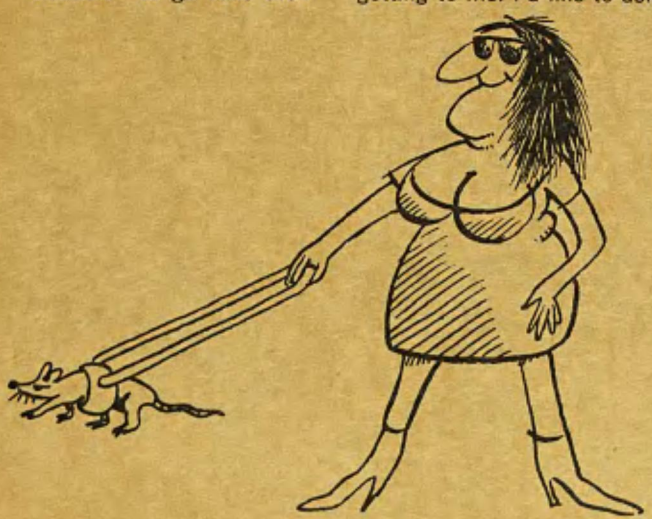
Baby, Baby

I think about you most every night. I can't seem to get to the stands quick enough to buy a copy and gaze at your scribes. You don't know how much it means to me to read over and over your hot words to all the pathetic pukes that write you. God if only for a half an hour I'd like to hold you, fondle and caress your bod, Miraculous can you see me getting next to you.

Wong Hung Loo
Sing, Sing

● Goddamit my first love letter and the fuckers in the joint.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265



MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

Easyriders

The Morning-After Ying-Yangs

The Spaniards have a name for it — *clavo* — which merely means "nail" as in "nail in the head." Or in other words, amigo, you have a hangover. And if it's any consolation, you're not alone in your misery. The hangover, the exorbitant price of a night's revelry, is one of mankind's oldest maladies. Practically since the day of Creation, busy imbibers have been juicin' up on some potent potables and ending the celebration with the quivers and quakes so familiar to experienced elbow benders. Chapter 23 of Proverbs makes of the ancient agonies: "*Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? . . . Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine.*" Possibly the oldest known description of that uniquely human ailment is found in *Ayurveda*, an ancient medical system practiced in India. The dire symptoms included: "vomiting, loss of appetite, heartburn, lassitude, continued thirst, tremors of head and limbs, palpitation, weakness of joints, respiratory difficulties, sleeplessness, giddiness . . ." a remarkably accurate analysis of the hangover compiled more than 2500 years ago. But anyone who has ever overestimated the capacity for alcoholic beverages is well aware of *what* a hangover is — the *why* of the aches, pain, and deep gloom requires an explanation.

Alcohol is basically a food. Like those of fat, sugar, and starch, the ethyl alcohol molecule, C_2H_5OH, is burned by the body and turned into both heat and energy. One disadvantage of alcohol as a food is its lack of true food value. All distilled liquors are without minerals, proteins, or vitamins, while beer and wine do have some nutritional value. Alcohol differs from most other foods in that it needs no digestion and undergoes no chemical change in the stomach. When you toss one down the hatch, the alcohol passes through the stomach walls and enters the blood.

Once the booze is in the blood, the body immediately begins the process of elimination. A small part of the total — less than 5% — is eliminated as liquid; slightly more — 10% — is disposed of through the respiratory system; and the largest amount — usually 80 to 90% — is oxidized or burned up by the body.

Most important in this process is the liver, an intricate piece of human machinery that cannot be hurried. The liver of an average dude intent on hoisting a few will burn less than one jigger of hard stuff in an hour. The fast intake and slow disposal of alcohol, then, are what brings about the exhilaration of intoxication, and later, the pangs of a hangover.

During the course of extensive research on the subject of what sauce is easiest on the system, scientists and serious drinkers have come up with theories to spare. One school maintains that it isn't what you drink — after all, it's all alcohol — but rather how much you drink and how fast you pour it down. On the other side of the bar — or the laboratory — is an equally devoted faction that claims certain alcoholic beverages are kinder to the head and stomach on the morning after the big night before. Whiskey, whether it be a mellow 8-year-old or green moonshine fresh from the still, is loaded with numerous ingredients including fusel oil, which is responsible for the raw taste of unaged whiskey. These by-products of fermentation and distillation, called congeners, are what add the distinctive flavor and bouquet to various liquors. The Yale Center of Alcohol Studies has also discovered that some congeners have a tendency to slow down the oxidation process, thereby prolonging the period of intoxication. Whiskey is the worst offender among the liquors loaded with impurities. Between 100 and 200 by-products are floating around in a fifth of bourbon. Blended whiskey actually contains fewer congeners than the straight stuff since the higher the proof at which a liquor is distilled, the fewer impurities it contains. A blend has some straight whiskey distilled at 135 proof plus distilled spirits of 190 proof. So, by that yardstick, blends are easier on the skull come the morning after. Gin has fewer congeners and oxidizes faster than whiskey. Vodka, too, is relatively free from unwanted ingredients.

Brandy is considered by some connoisseurs to be as harmless a quaff as milk and honey. Beer also has many staunch admirers who claim there isn't a headache in a vat of the stuff. Needless to say, that optimistic view is not universally shared. It takes the imbiber of the brew longer to attain the same degree of euphoria as the whisky drinker. Beer is absorbed into the blood somewhat slower since it contains an amount of carbohydrate that retards the process of absorption. And since it took the beer drinker a little longer to get there, the alcohol remains in his system longer and the period of recovery from the morning miseries is extended.

Mention tequila to the average *norte-americano* and you're in for trouble! First, the inevitable double take — the "Are you kiddin'?" bit — then the shivers and shudders, and if you're *really* unlucky, there'll be the long, sad story of those wild, wild women, that crazy night in Tijuana, and the soulshattering hangover that followed. Public opinion to the contrary, tequila is *not* first cousin to corn likker. The poor misguided *turistas* who share that opinion have, in all probability, never tasted the delightful elixir that is true tequila (*Cuervo* and *Sauza* are the two leading brands). Those who remember tequila unkindly were fed something else — aguardiente, mescal, or cane alcohol doctored up to resemble the real thing. Any tequila drinker worth his salt and lemon knows that the "Mexican national apéritif" will produce very little in the way of a hangover.

Since pure 190 proof alcohol contains no congeners, oils or flavoring to speak of, it is a favorite of certain hardy souls who cut the proof to a drinkable level with distilled water, orange juice, or you-name-it. And since ethyl alcohol is as pure as alcohol can be, the body burns it up a little faster. It may help the cause.

Medical authorities differ widely on preventive measures. On one point, however, they are in complete accord. Before you drink, eat a hearty meal. A thick steak, a salad dressed with oil, and plenty of milk are all items that will fortify the system against a night's hard guzzling. There are numerous "cures" advocated by self-styled experts but for each cure there's a critic. For what they may be worth, here are some of the more popular cures.

(1) Some doctors think that drinking several glasses of water before retiring will help restore the vital fluids to the brain's blood vessels. Dr. Leon A. Greenburg of the Yale Center disagrees and further points out that the extra intake of water

—Continued on page 64

RED RIDER
AND LITTLE BEAVER
TOKE
DRINK OWL BEER
IT'S FAR OUT
HEH! HEH!
STOP
YEOW! IT'S A NARC ROADBLOCK AHEAD!"
CHOMP CHOMP
WHAT A BUNCH OF UGLY MOTHERS
GRRRR
"JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE ILLEGAL SEARCH FOLKS!"
TOP
I GOT TO CUT THE CHEESE
"I THINK I FOUND SOME FUR!"
STO
"LET EM' GO MEN THEY ARE CLEAN!"
QUICK MEN, BACK TO YOUR POSTS, I HEAR ANOTHER BIKE
FAR OUT
WOOF
END

Some people think that a bike's a machine
If it doesn't start it needs a part
But every Harley I've ever seen
Comes from the factory with a heart

She will talk to you if you listen
And tell you how she feels
For a Harley's more than just a frame
A motor and chrome and spoke wheels

If she's feeling down she might not start
The first time you kick her through
But if you talk to her nice and tickle the choke
The second kick will do

If she's feeling good she'll run like hell
And a stroke she will never miss
And if her jugs weren't so hot
You would probably give her a kiss

There's a feeling you get when you love your bike
A closeness that's hard to explain
You may not get hurt if you lay her down
But if she's damaged you'll feel the pain

I believe if a man really loves his bike
He will know the mood she's in
The same as he can always tell
What's on the mind of his closest friend

And no matter how stoned or high you get
Or drunk if you prefer
You'll never stay in a place too long
Without going to check on her

Sometimes you'll want to kill her
But what a price to be paid
For if you look her over good
You'll find the mistake you made

There's not an ol' lady who can compare
With the feeling a bike will give
The feeling that one must live to ride
And also must ride to live

So take good care of your ol' machine
And she will always pull you through
For if she's a Harley she's got a heart
And she's got feelings too

Louie Dykes

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

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

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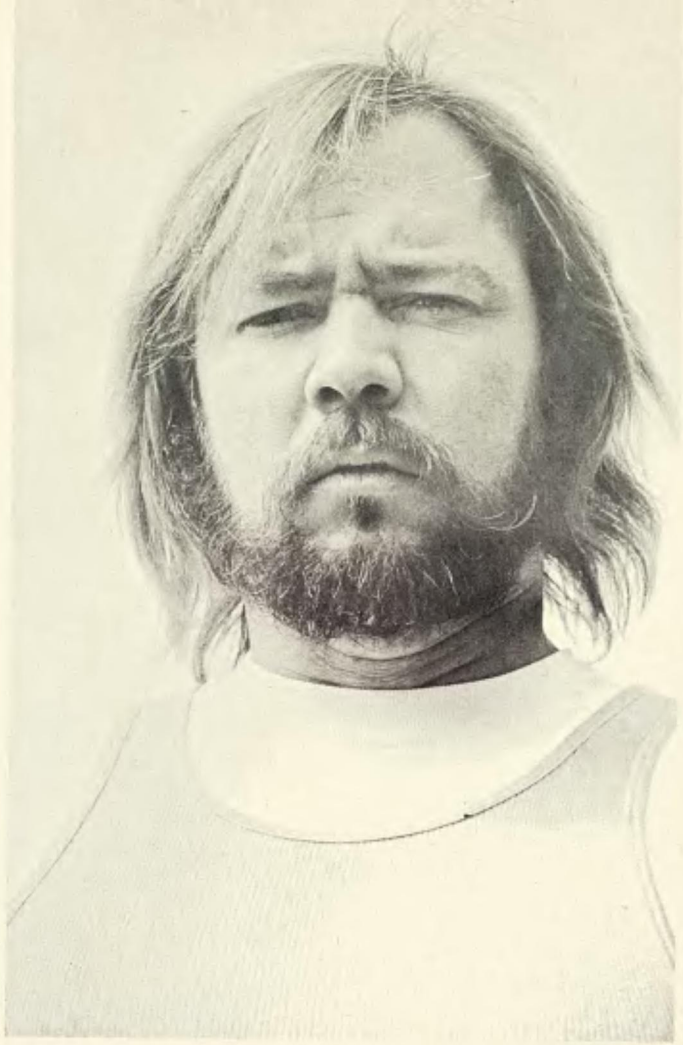


"Christ—how'd I get into this?"

This is a cover-up!

Got to go before de judge on a possession beef and your attorney told you to get rid of your long hair? Got to do your annual fun and games bit with the National Guard which means you will have to cut your long hair in order to pass inspection? Well, relax. Now you don't have to cut your hair—no matter how long it is.

In fact, you not only don't have to cut that mop of stringy, greasy, bug-infested hair—your appearance can be transformed from a badass pot-smokin' chick-molestin' biker to a sweet-sweet choir boy eagle scout—within 10 minutes!

How? Well, there's a hip biker who specializes in longhair cover-ups. A wig that hides all of your long hair so well that he has sold over a thousand of 'em to National Guardsmen, reservists, and active servicemen who have to pass that bullshit GI inspection routine, but don't want to hack off their hair in order to do so.

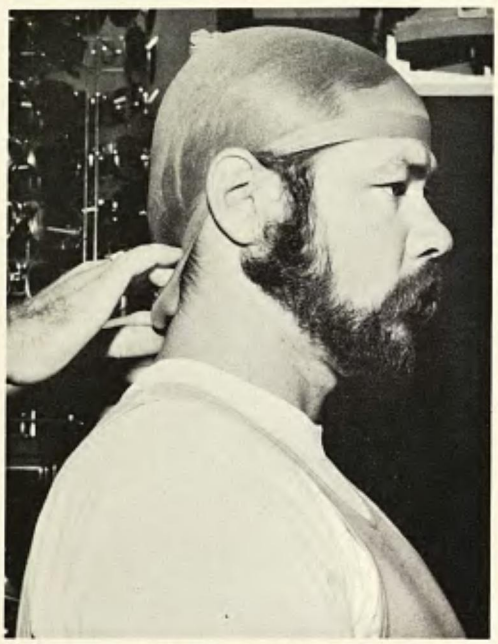
A wig that not only hides the long hair, but also changes your image to a type that would move even the reddest-necked judge to give only a friendly lecture instead of five to life.

You think we're kiddin'? Okay, take a look at the accompanying unretouched photos of Mick Carr. A mean-ass biker we drug out of an after-hours biker bar, threw a shirt on, and propped up for the first photo. Ten minutes later—shazam—we had before us a young executive type. Now I ask you—how could a judge give him anything more than a suspended sentence?

The longhair cover-ups cost between $19.95 and $37.95—and get this: Larry Gatef will rent you a wig for a measly $5.00 per day for those one-day court appearances, or for a job interview, and with all rental money being applied to the purchase price should you decide to buy it.

From a survey of our subscribers we know that many of you have long hair, and while it's not our bag to plug products, we felt you'd want to know about this alternative should you ever be faced with the necessity of cutting off a couple of years' growth because of some temporary hassle. You can contact Larry at the Mop Shop, 429 West Willow Street, Long Beach, California 90806. ■

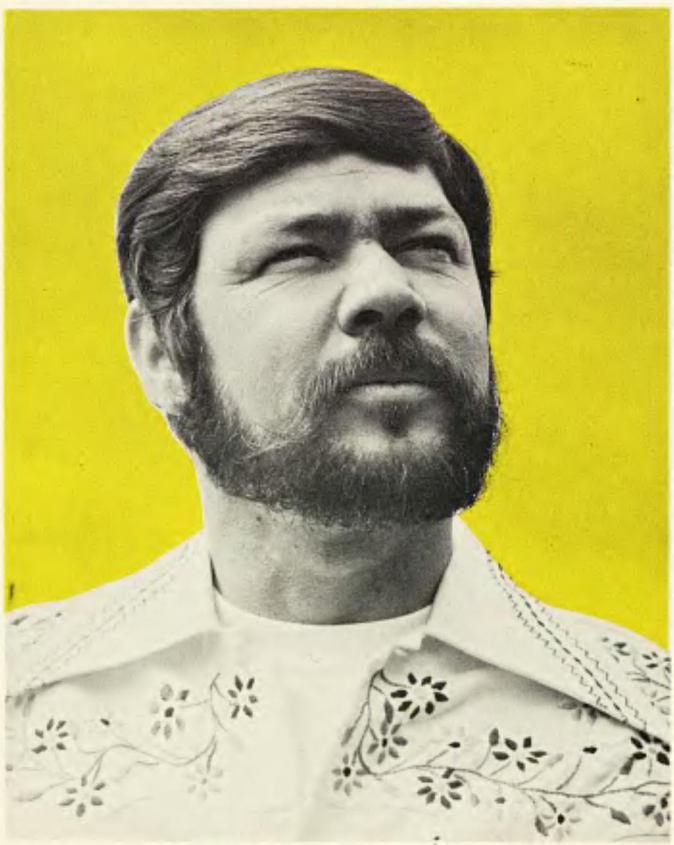
"I wonder if I'll be discovered?"



"I think I'm gonna barf!"

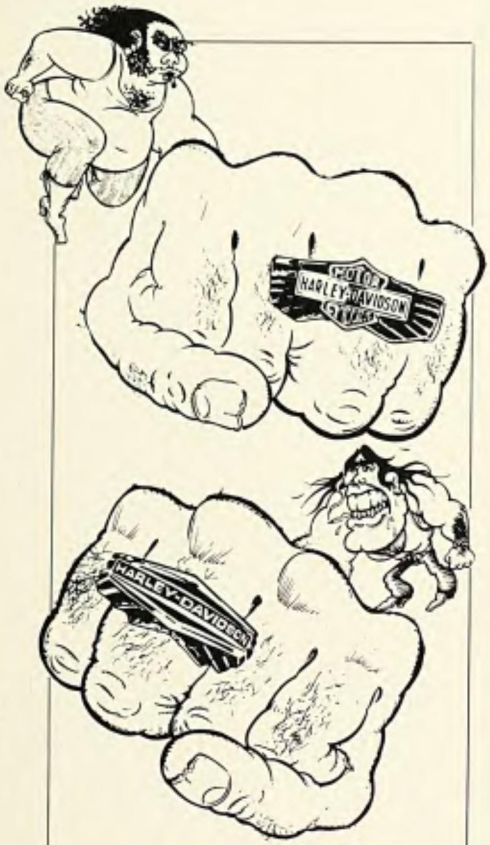
"Now what in the hell's he up to?"

"Do I really look like a movie star?"



"How could a judge ever be mean to me?"

"Now—don't forget who I am!"



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A

B

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The Agonies We Go Through

—just to please you rotten, unappreciative readers

The editor was getting fed up with Spider's pissin' and moanin'. "Goddammit, meathead, do we throw the contest just because some twat happened to send in the winning number instead of a guy, or do we play it straight?"

"Christ, man," Spider pleaded, "all you gotta do is give it to a dude—no one will ever know." He flashed his win-'em-over smile.

"Okay—then what if he turns out to be some zit-faced punk who's the proud owner of a 10-speed bicycle?"

"Who cares?" Super Hog scratched his crotch. "Just print the winner's name, and let it go at that."

"But we wanted a Harley freak to win it," Spider groaned. "Someone who'd appreciate the fact that the fuckin' thing is made out of Hog parts."

The editor reached for the phone. "Screw it. It would be great if a Hog freak won it—but I'm not gonna sweat someone else winnin' it." He started to dial Information to get the winner's telephone number. "The chick was first—and that's it."

A male voice answered.

The editor tried to be cheery. "This is Easyriders magazine and I'd like to speak to Vicki Ahmed."

Short pause. "What for?" The voice sounded slightly suspicious.

"Well, she entered a contest to win a clock—and she won!" The editor was trying his best to sound

enthusiastic like those game show dudes on TV.

Another pause. Then: "No shit?"

"No shit."

"No shit?"

"No shit." The editor rolled his big browns to the ceiling. "So may I speak to her?"

The male voice called for Vicki. "It's Easyriders—Easyriders magazine. You won the clock!" There were some mumbling sounds in the background. "No, I'm not shittin' ya—it's really Easyriders—so come on, the editor wants to speak to ya. Will you come on—they want to talk to you—hurry up!"

"Hello."

"Vicki Ahmed?"

"Yes."

"This is Easyriders magazine calling to tell you that you won the Harley clock contest."

There was a long pause. "This isn't Richard is it?"

Slowly losing what little patience he had, the editor's voice began to tighten—gone was his phony shit-eatin' grin. "No this isn't Richard. It's Easyriders magazine calling to tell you that you won, and that we'd like a photograph of you to run in the magazine."

"It's not Richard?"

Ignoring the question, the editor asked again for a photo of her and then asked, "Was that your ol' man who answered the phone?"

"Yes."

"Does he have a scoot?"

"Yes."

The editor puckered in anticipation of the answer to the big question. If she said Moped, he'd crap. "What kind of bike does he own?"

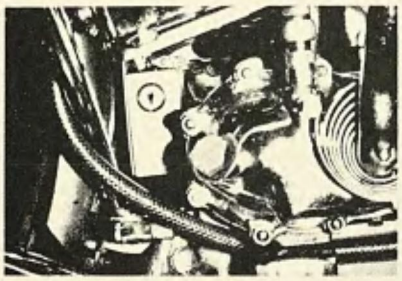
She paused before answering. Spider and Super Hog were watching the editor's face—his expression would give them the answer. Finally she replied, "A Sportster."

The editor almost grinned with delight. "A Sporty—that's great! Send me a photo of both you and your ol' man on the Sportster, will ya?"

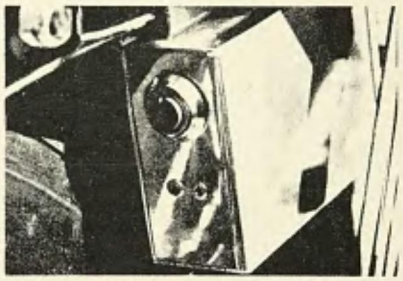
"Are you sure this isn't Richard?"

(Editor's note: Apparently she never believed us, because at press time we still hadn't received the photo! In addition to Vicki Ahmed of Lakewood, Ohio, there were eighteen other people submitting the winning number. The number? Between Mutha's sweaty jugs? What else but 6969!) ■

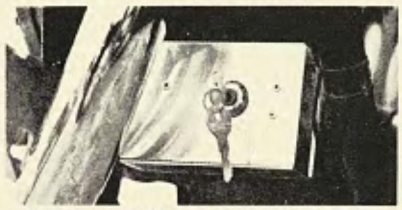
A Chopper Alarm!



Alarm location on rigid 74.



Alarm location on Sportster.



Alarm location on swing-arm 74.

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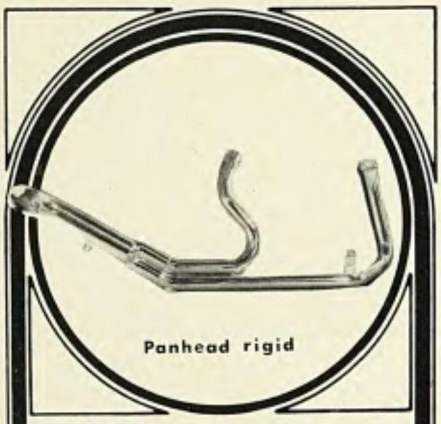

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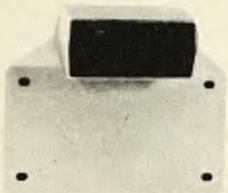

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Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Big Brother again . . .

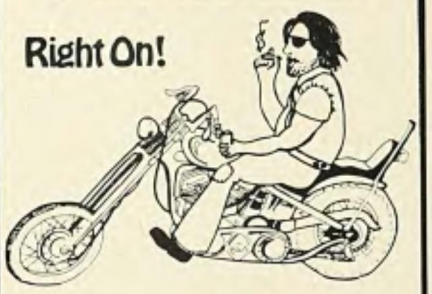
Motorcycles, especially two-strokes, are directly affected by the Environmental Protection Agency proposals because they are motor vehicles. It is that simple. Of course there are more subtle reasons, like the general lack of recognition as legitimate means of transportation given motorcycles by the EPA and a large segment of the U. S. public. This is evident in the EPA proposals . . . "a significant VMT reduction will require that the majority of the travel displaced from single-passenger automobiles be absorbed by other modes of transportation such as car pools and public transit, or by walking or bicycling." It should be evident that motorcycling is conspicuous by its absence. In fact, the EPA makes it clear that the reason for placing the ceiling on motorcycle registrations, so that no more two-wheelers can be registered in '74 than were registered in '73, is to prevent "counterproductive shifts from automobiles to motorcycles as a result of other elements of the control strategy."

That absence seems strange when motorcycles obviously have several environmental pluses going for them.

Of course, the majority of motorcyclists feel that because their machine gets better mileage and has a smaller engine than John Q. Lunchbucket's SM seven-litre, their bike is bound to be less of a polluter. Well, the EPA evidently, if only implicitly, disagrees with that logic. In its proposals are found comments like "to bring the present high level of (motorcycle) emissions down to the present high levels of those achieved by automobiles," which seems to say that motorcycles are worse polluters than automobiles. Given that quote and our deduction from it, the EPA is still able to look us in the eye and say, "Since neither widespread testing methods nor technology appear to exist at present . . ." which begs for the

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!



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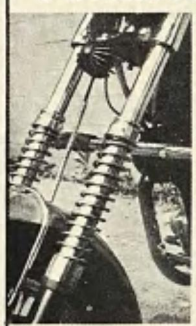

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question from us, "Where did EPA get its pre-suppositions?" It is hard to accept the EPA's conclusion that "it is proposed that the worst polluters—two-stroke motorcycles—not be allowed to operate during the smog-prone daylight hours in the summer months . . ." From that proposal, one does not know whether the EPA feels that two-strokes are *the* worst polluters of them all, including buses, planes, trains, cars, and ferries, or whether just the worst of the bikes. Other questions are also raised like "Why just in the daytime?"

—Gene Wirwahn
AMA News

Just the beginning . . .

. . . For the moment let's not restate the conventional arguments (against mandatory helmet laws). Let's even discount the idea that the individual has the right to choose for himself whether or not he wants to protect his head. (Why not? The Government discounts it.) What's left? Well, how about the following paragraph, taken from the D.O.T.'s N.H.T.S.A. Booklet, "Traffic Laws Commentary," August, 1972, Volume One, Number Four:

"The upholding of motorcycle helmet laws in the courts opens the door to the enactment of other traffic laws requiring persons to take steps to protect themselves from the consequences of an accident. Laws requiring the driver of a motor vehicle, and perhaps even passengers, to wear seat belts where such belts are available would appear to be constitutional in most jurisdictions in light of the motorcycle helmet law decisions."

If that doesn't curl your hair, Brave New World Lovers, nothing will. It is a declaration of intent. The D.O.T. wants to establish precedent. The so-called "helmet" law is only a prelude to bigger and better things. Just as soon as Lewis Buchanan and the T.S.A. can achieve nationwide helmet laws, you can bet that they will be followed by an epidemic of further legislation.

—R.L. Carpenter
Road Rider

"Oops—sorry, mother."

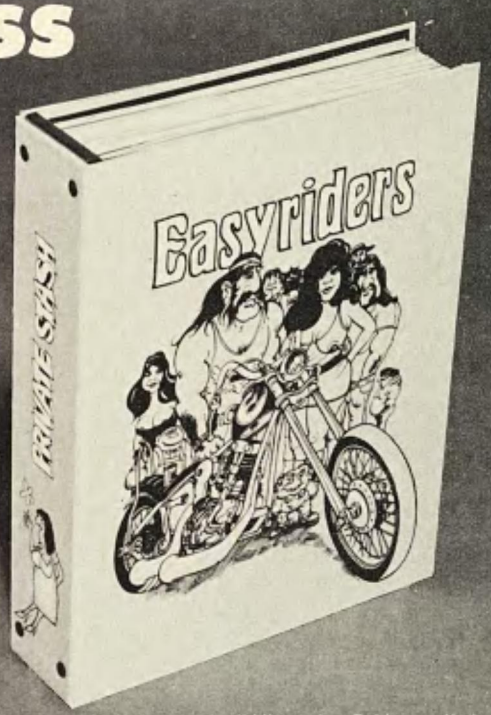
Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

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.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peek with ease.

Our binder is like no other—strictly class—none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

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plus 50¢ for postage and handling

Get one free!
You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the past issues at our regular back-issue price of $1.00 per copy! Better hurry, while Smiley's freakin' out—he might come down at any time.

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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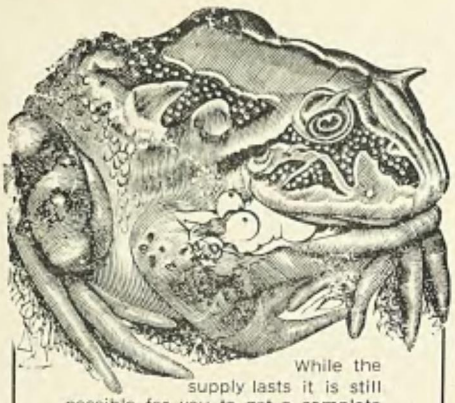
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



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!*

Obviously the supply is going to run out, so you had better whip off a dollar today for every copy you want. We, being heros, will pay all postage and handling costs. All issues at this writing are available. This issue is number 17—so figure out which ones you need and fire off a buck today for each copy you want. *The cats need food!*

Foreign countries add 50¢ for each copy—it costs more to send it to you.

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Ying-Yangs

—Continued from page 55

will not stay in the cells until the chemical balance of the body is returned to normal. When that happens, happily, your hangover is gone.

(2) A popular medication before hitting the sack is aspirin. Whether or not it's actually a cure for a hangover-on-the-way is doubtful but in many cases it's the all-important psychological effect. If you *think* aspirin will save you, it might!

(3) Drinking a tall glass of milk at the close of the night's wining and dining is considered to have a therapeutic effect. It may help soothe the long-suffering stomach as well as providing nourishment.

Curing The Hangover

The man with a hangover has been characterized by socio-medical authorities as the "half man," a description that leans toward the generous. Since the hungover individual is not at his best in matters of personal fulfillment — on or off the job — this problem has become one of the deeper concerns of industry. "It is the hangover that represents the biggest loss to industry," says one industrial relations expert. Are there any rugged individuals who don't have adverse effects from the misuse of alcohol? Definitely not, claims Ralph M. Henderson of the Yale Center. "If they say that hanging one on every night, even a light one, doesn't affect their work, they are fooling themselves. They never feel their best. They may have forgotten what their best feels like. But they never measure up to their true capacity in any way."

Many of the so-called hangover cures are approximately as effective as putting brown paper and vinegar on bruises. Some remedies of the ancients are listed by Pliny the Elder in *Natural Histories*. "The eggs of an owlet, administered to drunkards three days in wine . . . a sheep's lights roasted, eaten before drinking . . . the ashes of a swallow's beak, bruised with myrrh and sprinkled with wine."

Our most popular pick-me-ups are not quite as drastic as those advocated by Pliny. Black coffee, copious draughts of ice water, tomato juice laced with hot sauce or Worcestershire, are all favored by the members of the oh-my-head set. One New York restaurateur famed for his alcohol intake claims that Coca Cola is the finest cure available to repair the ravages of the night before. Other choices are chilled clam or sauerkraut juice.

To help reduce the throbbing headache that usually accompanies a hangover, many victims simply rely on various aspirin products, either in tablet or in an effervescent form such as Alka-Seltzer. Despite much hard sell advertising, the effervescents are remarkably alike. One of the highly touted fizzes contains such "miracle ingredients" as aspirin, sodium bicarbonate, sodium carbonate, and citric acid. Your doctor may prescribe amphetamine (better known as uppers), tranquilizers, or possibly a mild sedative to help you gain much-needed sleep. A manufacturer of a small portable oxygen tank and mask designed for heart attack victims and emergency resuscitation also suggests that additional doses of oxygen will clear the cobwebs.

Another entry in the search for a sure cure is a hot liquid, preferably something soothing, to "wake up the stomach." Perhaps the best known of these lifesavers is onion soup. Naturally, such preparations should be made well in advance of the need.

There are thousands of sturdy spirits who will invariably start off a bad morning with an ice cold shower, followed by strenuous activity in the open air — a brisk walk, chopping wood, building the pyramids. This system is guaranteed to keep you awake and is beneficial in another way — it takes the patient's mind off his myriad aches and pains.

The quickest cure for the headache, the jangled nerves, the stray butterflies in the stomach, is the much maligned hair-of-the-dog — a little jolt of something alcoholic. While the Sunday supplements, wives, mothers-in-law, and other wet blankets insist that taking a small snort in behalf of a hangover is akin to packing your bundle and moving down to Skid Row with the rest of the winos, it's only prudish propaganda. Actually, a short one or a tall one will alleviate most of the symptoms of a hangover and will help dispel the deep depression and sense of doom that characterizes a real skull-buster. A cold bottle of beer will turn the trick in many cases (if you can keep it down), but stubborn symptoms may require stronger measures.

Although fame and fortune await the discoverer of the long-sought elixir that will banish hangover horrors forever, little progress has been made in this direction. The problem of a hangover involves alcohol, a powerful depressant, and its effect on the heart, blood vessels, nervous system, and brain. Only the liver can convert alcohol into burnable products, and nothing — exercise, steam baths, massage, vitamins, fresh air, pills, potions, or juices — will speed up the liver's pace. Time, then, is the best curative. When the last traces of C_2H_5OH are gone, so is the hangover.

The most practical advice to those who have neither the strength nor the curiosity to experiment with sure cures is — sleep! A good night's rest will help repair the damages wrought by the Good Time Charlie trip. The effects of excess — too much drinking, smoking, indiscriminate eating, excitement — even too much female companionship — can make a mess of the most perfect physical specimen. And after the slumber, a couple of aspirins, a warm bath, a cup of steaming hot coffee, and a substantial breakfast. Easy, though, on the burritos or any greasy, hard-to-digest foods. Unless you attempt to swim the English Channel or climb Everest, the possibility of survival is pretty good. ■

A Day In The Life

—Continued from page 39

Fourteenth, no, fifteenth time. Polished off a third bottle along with some popcorn. Don't remember leaving the movie. Do remember Dirty Junior and the four joints at the hamburger stand. What happened to the fourth bottle? Oh! I just shot it!

"Coffee's ready."

Up again off the bed. Slowly. Easy! Not too fast there, kid. Move, legs! Right, left, right, left, yeah, that works. Wow, that light in the kitchen is tooooooo much! Squint, eyes, squint! Sniff! She found the flapjack mix! Get the handlebars off the chair. Goddam! That coffee is mother hot!

"Gimme a icecube outta that box in the fridge."

"Here."

Plop! Coffee over the sides of the cup. Stand back! Dam's busted!

Holy shit. She's smiling. May as well smile back, doesn't cost anything.

Move, lips.

"Aren't you gonna have any?"

"Already did. Go shower. Flapjacks will be done when you are!"

"Smartass broad. I'm already done in good!"

"I know."

"All right, all right! Which way is the bathroom this morning, Denise?"

"Ten feet down the hallway, second door to the left off the—

"Look, love, don't get technical, okay? Just point!"

"Straight ahead."

"Thanks."

Goddam. Should have gotten better directions from her. My own house. Here it is. Close the shower curtain. Which knob is the warm? WOOPS! That's not it! Ahhhh, that's better . . .

"Don't forget to take off your shirt and socks!!"

Gawd! She's right!

"Who the hell are you, anyway? My mother?"

"Don't forget the boots!"

HISSSSSSSSSSS!!!

Why do showers always hiss at you? Oh, well . . . Don't drop the soap, kid, or you're had! That's enough. Want to leave some skin on my body. Ohio winters are cold without skin. Wow. That is as hard to get used to as a Harley with three wheels up front. Turn off the H2O.

At Last a Hip-lookin' Bike Bag That Works!

Adjustable, to fit tight over a sissy bar alone, or can easily be expanded to fit over sissy bar and seat.

It's the kind of idea that makes you ask, why didn't I think of that? The adjustments are made inside of bag, so that when you adjust bag to fit your bike, it looks custom-made for it—it fits that perfectly.

Made of high quality leather. Surface has design tooled on it, for an added touch of class. Ideal for carrying your chain, a jug of Boone's Farms, or a douche bag—you name it. **$16.95**

Plus $1.00 for postage

When ordering, indicate if you want this design (wheel with wings) on the flap. It only costs 50 cents more. Be sure to add the 50 cents to the total.

Vista Chopper Products **Box 3536, Glendale, California 91201**

A couple of peculiar broads in the back room, who are known to have a thing for leather stuff, asked Smiley if they could sell some things in the magazine. After they explained to him that they didn't mean their hairy bods, he finally agreed.

So what did they do? They came up with some righteous wrist bands—massive, rugged muthas that groove with the chopper look, and decorated with stainless steel ornaments in a tasty design.

Being leather freaks, they know good leather and have made the wrist bands from the finest leather obtainable—thick, rugged cowhide stained to a dark, masculine brown. They love their work (really!), and their craftsmanship is outtasight.

The price? We know you'd expect to pay five thousand dollars for such workmanship—but to you, loyal Easyriders reader, they're only a few measly bucks.

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3" wide	**6.00**

Be sure to measure wrist accurately. Use a measuring tape. Don't measure it too tight, or too loose. It should fit about the way your watch does. If you don't have a measuring tape, use a string around wrist, then lay string out on a ruler to determine length.

Send your order to MOM*
c/o Easyriders Magazine
Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

Okay, you muthas, send me_____ wrist band(s). Enclosed you will find $_____, plus 50¢ for postage and handling.
Send me the following width(s)_____
Send me the following length(s)_____
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California residents add 5% tax.

*Mail Order Muthas

Wrist/Watch Band

Want to hide that watch Aunt Matilda laid on you? Or protect your going-to-church watch from teeth marks? Or maybe just show some class?

Well, now you can do all of those things by getting yourself a Wrist/Watch Band. It's hand-made, two-inch-wide hunk of leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side with the other side snapping shut over your funky riding watch.

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 buy, and of excellent workmanship, or your money is refunded.

Be sure to tell us if you want the Harley Davidson emblem, or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" brand. Send the info along with a money order—you'll crap when you see how fast your strap gets to you.

$8.50 Plus 50c for postage and handling.

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Each knife equipped with a saddle leather sheath. $19.95 plus $1.00 for postage

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Upon request, and at no additional cost, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the words "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" on your wallet order.

Harley Watch

A watch with some class. Harley emblem and wings are in middle of face with simulated gold numbers. Wings are orange and the Harley emblem is red and black.

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Comes complete with safety chain

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$2.00 Plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

First National Nothing,
Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Where's a towel? Here . . . in the toilet? Find a clean one in the drawer. Ouch! Damn army surplus wool blankets anyway. Gotta rip off some good terry cloth one of these days. Better dry the beard and hair too. Where is my toothbrush? My mouth feels like the bottom of a bird cage . . . WHUP!! Found the friggin' toothpaste. Hope I don't get athlete's mouth. GGGAACCKK!! Oh, how I hate the taste of McCleans! Spitooey! Better get some food on top of my wine before I get sick. Sniff! Christ amighty! She must have made four pounds of flapjacks.

"I'm gonna shower while you eat."

That's it, boy, nod dumbly while the syrup runs down your chin. Does she have to sing in the shower?

"Hey! If you gotta sing, how about something QUIET?"

Oh, my head . . .

"How about whistling?"

"Yeah, do that, only keep it quiet, whistling."

Smartass goddam broad. Good-looking as hell though. Some nice boobs. Better take some aspirin. What are the aspirin doing on the table, I remember putting them in the refrigerator after I—

"I put some aspirin on the table for you!"

"Will you cut it out!"

Smartass goddam broad. Wonder where my cigarettes are. Here's a pack of Winstons. Must be hers. I'm an Old Gold Filters man myself. No matches. Always got my rusty trusty Zippo though. If I could just remember where I left it! Get a light off the stove. Thank God for gas. Good stuff for cooking, lighting cigarettes, and suicide too. Yikes! There go all my nose hairs! Should have just stuck the end in.

"BRUUP!"

Stay down there, flapjacks. I need you more in my stomach than I do on the floor. Gotta lie down and try to get my shit together. Sweep the glass to the sides with this tee shirt. Ahhh, now that's one nice waterbed. Hope the glass didn't get near enough to puncture the plastic. I might have to build an ark if it goes.

Here comes smartass.

"I brushed the glass to one side."

Damn. That is one fine-looking piece of broadflesh. How could I have missed noticing that before this? I musta been really wrecked last night.

"C'mere."

Nice ass too, even when she sits down. No double chin in the stomach area. I like trim girls, almost

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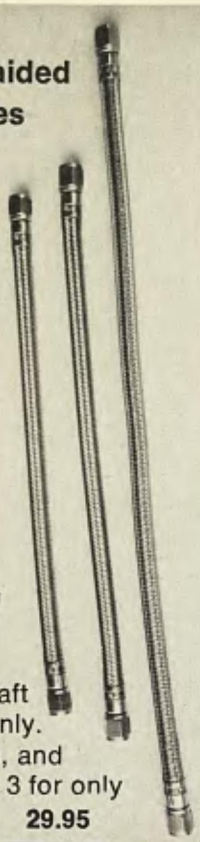

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skinny. I'm gettin' horny as hell. Soft skin. Nice-tasting lips. Oh, what an ass! Warm, soft, smooth. Lie back down. She's still sitting upright.

"C'mon down to my level. Or are you stuck up or something?"

"No, but you sure are. Like a flagpole."

I walked right into that one. Well, time for a snappy comeback . . .

"Let's see if you and I can't do something to lower my flag."

"Hmn. Your flag is flying high. Let's try for half mast!"

Touche.

"OHHHH!"

"MMMM!"

"UHHHH!"

GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO DON'T STOP NOW REST LATER ON C'MON MAN GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO OH JESUS CHRIST JUDAS PRIEST OH WOW OH SHIT OH DAMN OH GOD OH HOLY KERIST GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO GO OH WOW . . . NO GO NO MORE NO GO OH WOW OH THUMP THUMP THUMP HEART BEATING LIKE CRAZY WHEW!!! WHATTA BROAD WHATTA BROAD WHATTA BROAD WHATTA BROAD. WASTED!!!!! REST PERIOD . . .

"Whew!"

"Mmmmmmm!"

Hey, this is one fine broad. I think I'll chain her leg to the bedpost so she can't get away. Fuck. Waterbeds don't have posts. Hafta chain her to my chopper and keep the ignition key around my neck. Hope she can't hotwire a Hog . . .

"Mmmm, that was nice."

"Yeah, we'll hafta do that again some time."

What's this in front of my face? A cigarette? Gawd, this broad can do everything, even light a cigarette

"Now this is the reason they call it a jump seat, baby."

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Forget your fears of your bike being ripped off. Chain it to a tree, a pole, or any stationary object with this hardened 5/16"chain and revolutionary anti-crowbar, circular, hardened steel lock, and then snicker in contentment.

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on the right end. Now, if I can just put the filter in my mouth . . . WOOPS! DROPPED IT!

UP BOY UP WHERE IS IT IT'S BURNING MY BACK THERE IT IS THE WATERBED SPRUNG A LEAK GODDAM CIGARETTE BURNED A HOLE GOTTA PLUG IT UP BEFORE WE GET WASHED AWAY BETTER PLAY LITTLE DUTCH BOY AND STICK MY DAMN FINGER IN THE HOLE DAMN BROAD LAUGHING HER FOOL HEAD OFF TOO DUMB TO REALIZE WE'RE IN DANGER OF DROWNING . . .

"What the hell is so fucking hilarious!?!"

"Giggle! Now that you've got your finger in the hole, what are you gonna do now? Giggle!"

"Smartass broad, got any ideas, Einstein?"

"Giggle!"

"C'mon, Miss Brain, you're so smart in deducing the situation what do I do now?"

Rummaging through a bag. Must be hers. Goddam smartass giggly broad. What's she got in the box?

"Giggle, here, giggle!"

Holy shit! A tampon!

Smartass broad!!!!!

"Okay, brain. If you'll stop laughing so hard, you'll see there is a minor drawback to your solution."

"Giggle, what's that?"

"I ain't never operated a tampon before! And I sure as hell can't figure it out with one hand holding back the Red Sea waters. Show me!"

"Giggle, here, giggle, you hold this and push on, giggle, this and . . ."

"Okay, I've got the general idea now. Do me a favor and stick it in when I pull my finger out, okay? I am not gonna try it alone!"

"Giggle, okay!"

"Ready, here goes!"

SPUSH!!!

"Plug it, goddammit, plug it!"

"I can't, giggle, the water is too strong, cap it while I get better aim!"

"All right, ready?"

"Ready!"

"Easy now. Go!!"

"Got it!"

"There, that's fine!"

WHEW!!!!!

Good Lord! What a night! What a hangover! What a bed! What a smartass broad! Oh, my head! What can possibly happen next?

"Let's ball again!"

Oh, my head! Ohhh, my head! Ohhh, my—ohhhhh. ■

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"If only I had this book before I started shackin' with my present orangutan!" -Spider

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How to be sexy
Best places to meet girls
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World's greatest pickup technique
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How to get women to approach you

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How To Pick Up Girls
Box 711 Burbank, California 91503

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CONVERTS SHIFTING AND BRAKING FROM ORIGINAL POSITION TO THE HI-WAY BAR.

WHETHER COMPLETELY RE-WORKED OR FACTORY STOCK, THESE CONTROLS WILL MAKE YOUR HIGHWAY RIDING SAFER AND MORE COMFORTABLE.

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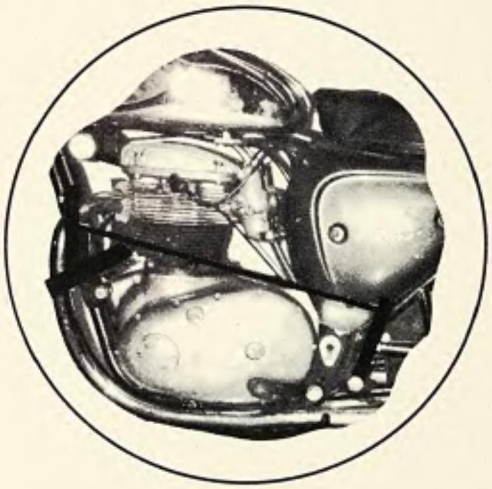

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Thank you, my people! Love, Brother Juice. (18)

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WANTED—for 1941 Indian Scout: Original, instrument panel, tail light, headlight, choke lever, muffler, ignition switch, tag bracket, and original factory color code. Mike Yarbro, (601) 353-3112 or 353-4291. (18)

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.

Gets his gun riding, but inside. George Snyder 33799, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

All I want is a chick to write to. Steve Bailey, Box R, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

Drop me a line. George Steine, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Rode a fiery 74; please write. Steve Bell, Montgomery County Jail, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040.

Been inside a long time; need some scribes. Bill Mellor #25993, Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

Dig hearing from chicks who don't mind writing to some scooter trash. Joe Tum Clark #50726, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064. Also James (Jinx) McClary #1358.

Hey, just scribble down a few lines. Rod Paris #135654, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Lonely dudes need some mail. DeWayne B. Schevling #027751, Charles W. Sanders #036774, Clarence F. Ennis #021297. P.O. Box 221-E-35 U-C-I, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Looking for a lady to correspond with. Rick Silverthorn B-42436, P.O. Box 608, Dorm 4-48, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Need a pen pal. Russell Oyler #134-199, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Could use a letter or two. Ben Allison 131535, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Need people to relate to. Elton L. Wilberg E-006871, Jerry W. Williams B-024570, Jimmy C. Riggins 022237, Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

I'd like to hear from some people. Craig Rooke 95562, Box PMB, Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Take your pick; just write somebody. Coston Watson, Kanney Harper, Thomas Owens, 257 Pleasant Hill Rd., Lenior, N.C. 28645.

Got no one. Please write. James Black #021372, Cell H-9, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

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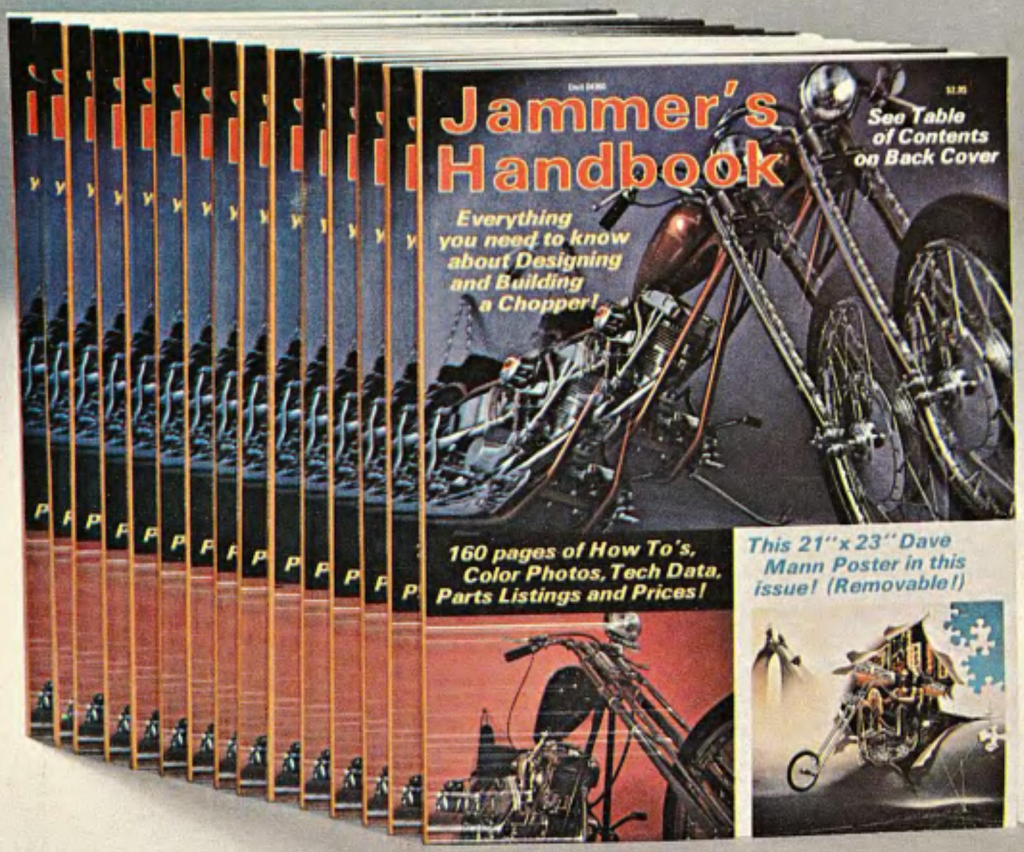

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