

Easyriders

February, 1974

75¢

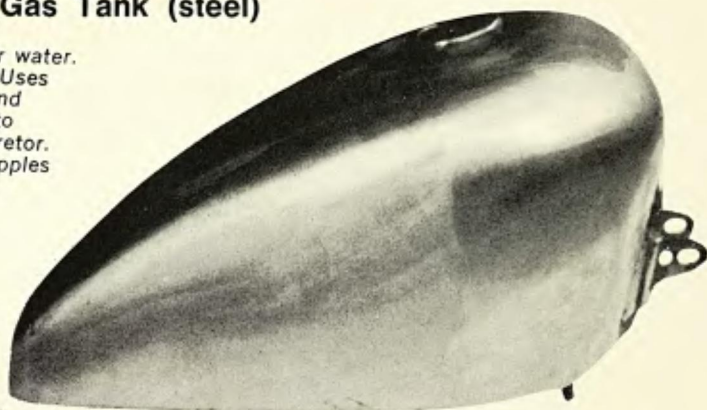
At Last! A
Guaranteed Way
of Preventing
Your Bike From
Being Stolen!

See page 57



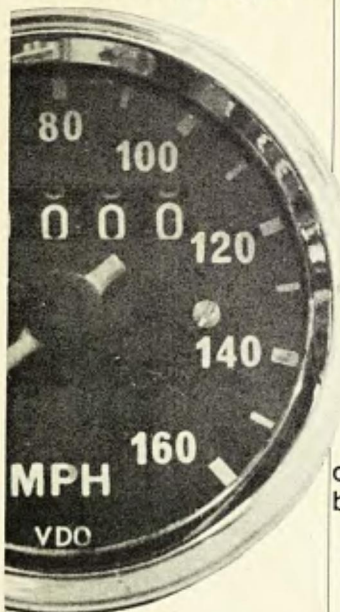
Sportster Type Gas Tank (steel)

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These tanks have no ripples
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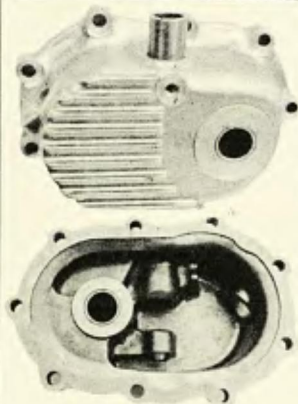


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Steel Braided Oil Lines

Aircraft type for 74s
only. Intake, return, and
breather—all 3 for only
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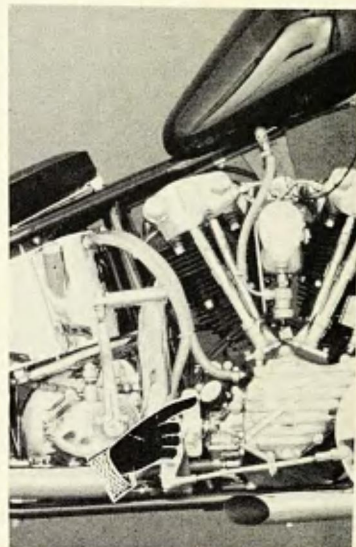
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Easy to read. 0 to 60 lbs.
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and Sportsters, but you
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Chopper Gas Tanks

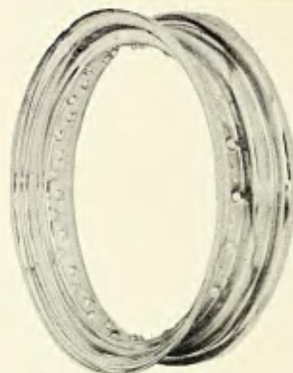


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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



Number 19

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Showin' Class Dept.: Sonny Barger's brothers rented an airplane and wrote "Happy Birthday Sonny Barger" in the sky above Folsom Prison. Can you imagine what that did to The Man's head?

File this under "dipshit": Did you read about that dude in St. Louis who got busted blowing a r-e-e-f-e-r in police headquarters? Like in an old time movie, he put the lighted joint into his pants pocket, whereupon it burnt a large hole which the police are using as evidence against him.

Cowshit again: Former President Lyndon B. Johnson wanted to have a protective state park established around his LBJ Ranch property after seeing a curio shop spring up near his ranch and start selling cowshit from his ranch at 25 cents a chip.

Paranoia file: Have you ever hesitated about signing a pro-pot petition because you were afraid that such a list could eventually find its way to Big Brother? Well, it happened in Los Angeles (and God knows where else). It was just discovered that all initiative petitions signed (supposedly in secret) were turned over to police agencies, politicians, and any private party requesting the information. They've supposedly stopped it now, and everyone, of course, is aghast at how such rotten shit could have been goin' on since 1966.

Morning physic: The New York Times recently published the following piece of bullshit: "Thefts of motorcycles in York, England, have dropped by two-

thirds since the introduction of a law demanding the wearing of crash helmets."

Here's an example of why we fight Big Brother and all he tries to do for our "own good": In Santiago, Chile, the military junta now ruling that country just issued an edict which dictates the dress and appearance of everyone attending school. No mini-skirts, no make-up, no long hair on guys, no blue jeans, etc., etc. There isn't much distance between mandatory helmets and mandatory clothing, is there.

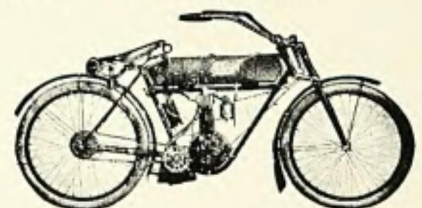
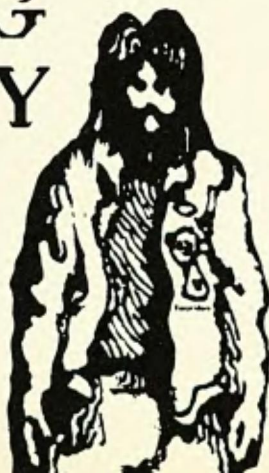
Missed out again! The University of Philadelphia Hospital rounded up 12 volunteers to smoke "massive" amounts of the Killer Weed. They'll have to smoke the equivalent of 1,000 joints in one sitting—to find out if the grass has a future use as an anesthetic for surgery. The doctors have already discovered that it made the volunteers' mouths dry. I'm hip it did.

Mark up one for our side: The United Nations' \$150,000 experiment to develop biological warfare on marijuana has flopped. They were searching for insects and plant diseases that would kill the world's supply of Killer Weed. "If an antidope bug could be found...it could be surreptitiously released and would attack the unwanted plants," said Dr. F.J. Simmonds, who came up with the idea. It appears, though, that the "antidope bug" was diggin' the shit out of it.

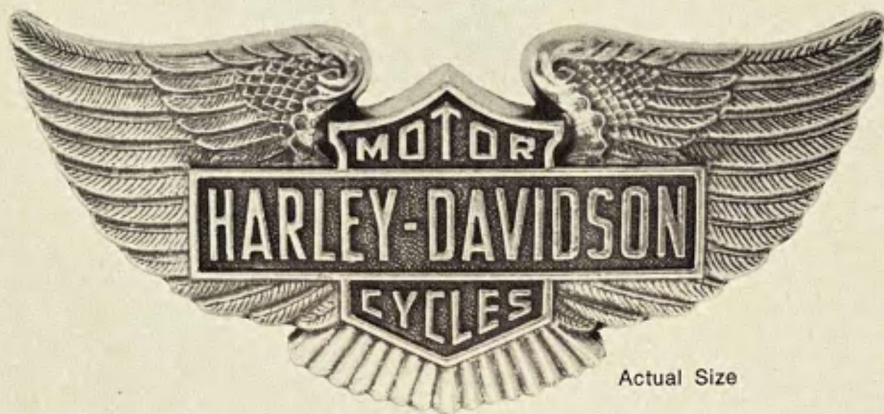
Off-The-Wall Laws Department: Apparently only men can be arrested for being a "Peeping Tom" in Mississippi. The state Supreme Court recently announced that there wasn't any law against women taking a peek because "the legislature took note of the fundamental difference between men and women and recognized that looking at persons for a lewd, licentious and indecent purpose is an activity ascribed to men rather than women." They don't know Miraculous Mutha!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



What are you waiting for?



Here's absolutely the best Harley buckle, anywhere!

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.

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HARD

Making Plans

□ The Freedom Riders M.C. of Michigan has affiliated with several clubs in our area. There are eight clubs that have joined us in Southern Michigan. The Freedom Riders are composed mostly of police officers who ride choppers and enjoy riding. We have improved the relation between other clubs in the area and are presently overwhelmed by other clubs attempting to join our affiliation. We are at this time making our plans for the spring, and I have the task of presenting to the clubs the choice of runs and bike gatherings for 1974. If you have any information concerning the dates and places of bike events for 1974 please advise me. If you do not have that information, could you refer us to anyone who would have it? Thank you for your time and consideration.

Det. David Stovall
Vice-President
Freedom Riders M.C.
Berrien Springs, Michigan

■ You're kiddin'.

Bunch of Phonies

□ I should have known from the looks of that cheap-ass rag of yours that you bastards were a bunch of phonies. I'm talking about the cartoon on page 16 of the October 1973 issue. Any brother who's a serious muff diver will tell you a chick wouldn't feel the ice cream. Here in Naptown we fill them up with crushed ice to make our own cherry slushes.

Humpin' Hal
Indianapolis, Ind.

■ That's because the chicks back there are used to playing stoop tag in the snow. Spider says you haven't lived until you've had a hot fudge snatch sundae.

Raw Men

□ I am tired of you just putting pictures of tits in your rag. For us female readers why don't you put some man on his motor-sickle, all raw with his foot-long hairy dick out?

Jennifer
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ The last time we tried to take such a picture, Spider ran over his joint and barbecued his right ball on the exhaust.

Throw Up Aid

□ I thought you'd like to know that I keep a picture of that big, fat, ugly, sweat hog called Miraculous Mutha over the shitter so it is easier to barf after I've had a hard night.

Tiny
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Saw The Light

□ I used to read your rag and really got pissed off because I got the impression that you people thought

the only bike made was a Hog. After owning a long line of limey bikes I just bought my first Hog—and now I know what the hell you've been rappin' about.

Smokey Dove
Canton, Ohio

Whee, Mommy

□ You people are a bunch of dirty, unwashed, long-haired show-offs who have never grown up. "Whee, mommy, watch me ride my Harley!"

Square Racist
St. Louis, Missouri

■ Whee, mommy—watch me break this square racist's arm.

From England

□ After crunchin' myself on my bike, I end up in a wheelchair for the rest of my natural. The bike got a smashed headlight and two bent pegs—how's that for justice? So the only kicks I have these days are getting drunk and falling

out of my chair—and readin' your rag.

After I read your rag it usually goes around the ward and I have to stick it back together when I get it back.

Dirty Dave Sharpe
Ward G
Promenade Hospital
Southport, Lancashire
England

Up At Dawn

□ Here it is. The answer to your problem about libbers writing letters and snivelling about being called chicks, broads, cunts or anything else. Print another rag and call it **Ms. Easyrider**. You could do tech articles on how to gear your Schwinn so you can pedal your ass all over town without your legs falling off and call all men roosters, a worthless piece of crowing meat. I'll do a centerfold for you and try to get my worthless piece of meat to crow for Phygaro; in fact I'll make it crow for any broad who can make it get up at dawn.

Narc
Devils Henchmen M.C.
Tujunga, Calif.

Big Mouth In Idaho

□ I have seen several bike mags come and go, and I can assure you that in Boise, Idaho, you are going to be one of those that came and went. Just as with the other mags that used big bikes and bikers as a format, you started out with a bang and have gone straight downhill ever since.

My brothers and I have stopped buying **Easyriders** and are encouraging others to do the same until you people quit prostituting yourselves to the "righteous" tennis-shoe-wearing Honda riders. Real bike people buy bike magazines to see what other Harley owners around the country are doing with their bikes, not to see a bunch of jocks with bolt-on Hondas posing with a bunch of Hollywood models' tits.

Gary Scott, President
Brother Speed M/C
Boise, Idaho

■ Kiss my ass, Gary Scott, President of Brother Speed M/C.



"Gee, honey, before I met you I thought sex was dirty!"

—Continued on next page.

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the side valve 74 and 80
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Unfit Editors

☐ If your editors can't put out a cleaner magazine, they are not fit to put one out at all. Please do not lower women and models—we think too much of their bodies to use them the way you do in your magazine.

F.J.P.
Crofton, Nebraska

■ You think that's bad, you should see what we do with them in the back room.

Another One

☐ Jesus is coming and so is Judgment Day. Those who are not ready will be lost forever. You people will find that Hell will be torment and pain and that you'll have no friends.

Unsigned
Edmore, N.D.

■ You mean this isn't Hell?

And Another!

☐ When I subscribed to your magazine, I knew what kind it was, but now I have changed my way of living and must do without things I had before. I live for Jesus Christ every day and I am growing with God's love every day. Your magazine isn't the type that a Christian reads.

B. B.
S.D. State Prison
Sioux Falls, S.D.

■ Parole boards probably wouldn't dig it either.

He's In Love

☐ Would you send me the name and address of the beautiful chick on page 33 of your December issue? Next to my 74 I think I love her, and also the chicks pictured on pages 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, 31, 32, 34, 45, and 57.

Big Al
Dallas, Texas

Blind Fan

☐ You dudes are more than likely freakin' out with this stationery. (Editor's note: the stationery was ribbed, with raised lines rather than printed lines running horizontally across the page.) This paper is used by blind persons (or by some cat who's had a little too much killer weed or wine). My ol' lady reads your rag to me

and I can honestly say it is outta sight!

Blind Jerico
Red Bluff, Calif.

■ Out of the thousands of letters we have received, yours is the first one that we know of from a blind person.

For Our Safety

☐ When I read about all the shit The Man's tryin' to lay on us for our safety, I really get pissed. I congratulate you guys for at least tellin' us what the hell's goin' on.

Vikki
North Olmsted, Ohio

Garbage Gut

☐ I wish you smut peddlers would clean up your rag—especially the covers. I'm in jail and my ol' lady left your latest issue with the jailer. When I asked garbage-gut for the righteous readin', he scratched his ass and said I couldn't have it because of the nude chicks.

I flipped out 'cause one of my cellmates just received a copy of **Playboy**. So after raising hell all night, knocking out all the windows on the north side, and threatening the jailer at shiv point, I got the rag. I immediately grabbed it, ran to my cell, looked at the picture of Miraculous Mutha and jerked off.

Tic
Wytheville, Va.

Wholesome Reds

☐ People are always picking on mistakes in your rag, but what about all those sickening fuckin' mini-whites in your Red Rider cartoon. Let's get back to the wholesome life and good old wholesome reds.

A concerned reader
San Diego, Calif.

■ That just goes to show you that you can't trust anyone. Robinson told us the whites were uppers and available only by prescription, but now that we know they're sickening fuckin' mini-whites, we'll kick his ass and make him shape up.

Biker's Revenge

☐ Just finished readin' "Biker's Revenge" and just

about shit. I'm still recovering from a Chevy wagon I took broadside in July. I still use a cane to get around and most of my ass is just about grown back. I know how he feels—I'll never forget that day and the guy that hit me.

Wild Bill Summers
St. Ann, Missouri

Somethin's Wrong

☐ What the hell's wrong with you assholes? I wrote you fuckers last month and haven't received a letter back.

Viking
Dallas, Texas

■ No shit?

Another Mistake

☐ In your December issue you show this chick standing beside a huge poster of the Hell's Angels doing their thing—but in the copy you guys fucked up and gave the poster's size as two inches by three inches instead of two feet by three feet. What happened to the guy responsible for the mistake?

Limey Soul
Camp Le Jeune, N.C.

■ Nothing. He cut town before it was discovered.

Only For Men

☐ I would like to say "right on" to Georgia from Georgia. She said my feelings exactly. I even give my ol' man breakfast in bed, when he wants it. I'm not pretty, in fact I've been called Tiny Tim with a bleach job, but I keep my man happy in other ways. I feel women were put on this earth to keep men happy and that's all.

Norene Mann
El Cajon, Calif.

■ Let's hear it for Norene.

Going Down

☐ The article "Ride on Brother" in the October issue was fantastic, but the December issue was trash. You used to have the best magazine out, but you're sure going down. Let's get back to the way your magazine used to be, when it was worth reading.

Pig
Cleveland, Ohio

—Continued on next page



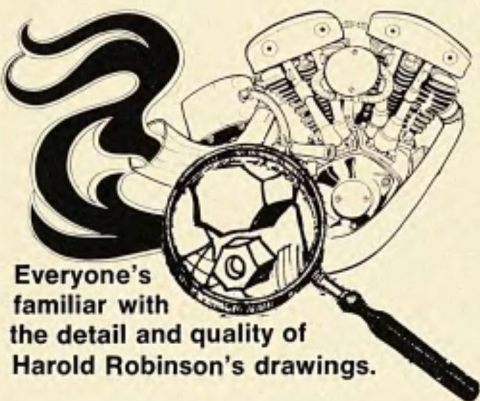
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She'll Swap

☐ I suppose you're getting pretty tired of big tits vs. little tits letters, but I'd like to add one more. As for me, I'll trade my 33s in on a pair of 37s or 38s any day. If you know of a chick who wants to trade, just let me know.

Fried Eggs
Hope Well, Va.

■ I'll speak to Miraculous Mutha—she could spare a couple of pounds of those things she lugs around.

Shoot Him!

☐ Regarding the cub reporter sneaking in the BMW—I woulda shot the bastard.

Cricket
Babenhausem
Germany

■ A "teaching" session with Armond is worse.

Win Mutha

☐ How about running a contest for guys to guess the age, weight, height, measurements, and last of all, sex, of Miraculous Mutha? The winner could win an all expense paid date with her.

Lee
Dover, New Jersey

■ We couldn't knowingly do anything that rank to anyone we like.

Rotten Prunes?

☐ I'm calling ass on all of you dudes. If any of you have balls at all, then show them and be proud. Shit, for all we know you might just have two rotten prunes hangin' down there! Give us bitches something to look at too—will ya?

Spanky's Bitch
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Spider's aren't rotten—they just smell like that.

Messed Up

☐ Dickheads: I like your rag, but someone messed with my copy — it didn't come in its plain brown wrapper. I think it was our mailman. What the fuck, man, isn't anything safe these days?

Rat
Crafton, Pa.

■ Don't blame the mailman, he's got enough hassles. It

was our printers who made the goof. Armond's had a talk with them and it won't happen again.

Missing Something

☐ I'm not certain whether I comprehend everything in your magazine. Is a chopper bike a variation of a motorcycle? Does Mutha stand for motherfucker? I feel I'm missing an entire part of life not knowing about these questions. Please fill me in.

Auntie Ginny
New York, N.Y.

■ Fill you in? Sure, baby, send us your address. I asked Mutha if she stood for mother fucker and she said, "Anyone's but hers." And any dipshit knows a chopper is a helicopter.

Channel 6 To The Rescue

☐ As the editor of a nationally read publication you and your colleagues are fully aware of the motorcyclist's plight in various legislative issues. Being a custom shop owner, I too have become thoroughly familiar with the struggle of the biker to make himself heard and acknowledged, and the general tendency of the "men at the helm" to push him aside.

In the past few weeks we in northwest Florida have been forced to contend with some "antics" on the part of one state trooper and the vehicle inspection stations to which he dictates. To be sure we were not out of order in questioning the matter, we promptly called for legal assistance. We have since been advised that we do indeed have grounds to be disturbed. Unfortunately, overpowering the system will probably prove to be another matter entirely.

Be that as it may, I feel compelled to commend channel 6 T.V.—the local station in Fort Walton Beach. I do this not only because of that organization's entire treatment of what is certainly a major problem to the motorcyclist, but primarily for the reason that they actually listened to our side and they made provisions for us to be heard on the air. Be-

cause of one exposure, the public has actually begun to identify with us. The citizen in our area may not own a motorcycle but he easily recognizes the fact that the man who does has a legitimate complaint.

We feel very fortunate to have worked with the men at channel 6 T.V. Because of their battle for just procedure in Florida motorcycle legislation, we openly applaud their contribution.

F. R. Forte
Fort Walton Beach

Needs Parts

☐ I have a 1972 650 Bonneville. Needless to say I'm having a hard time finding parts. Stock parts are hard enough to find, but is there anyone in the whole world who makes custom parts?

Jerry
219 W. Darneal
Richmond, Missouri

■ The Pontiac factory is in Michigan somewhere.

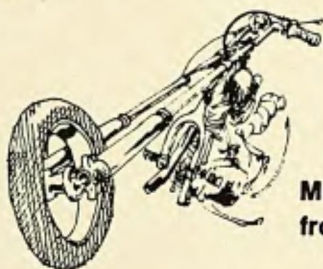
Rip-Off Artist

☐ It seems we don't have enough problems with cops playing Sgt. Friday; good, upstanding citizens running us into ditches; movies making us all out to be mad, dope crazed, rapists; and parts dealers sticking the rod up our asses; but we also have to contend with the lowest form of human existence—the bastard rip-off artists (the word artist is used very loosely here!). I was parted from my rigid '63 Panhead on November 1st (#63FL1677—a plug in hopes of locating it, even a big reward), in the middle of the night while visions of disc brakes puckered in my head! I have gone out of the motorcycle business because of you rip-off artists, back to painting old ladies' houses on Sundays.

Frank Rossmann
Oklahoma City, Okla.

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, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

A unique high . . .

"So why ride? There are, of course, impeccable reasons. Bikes are easy to park, they save gas, they pollute the air less than cars. But the impeccable reasons are not always the real ones. Buying a bike, particularly a big motorcycle, is buying an experience that no other form of transport can give: a unique high that like pot has spun its own culture around itself. The name of the game is freedom."

—Robert Hughes
Time Magazine

It's our fault . . .

"The only reason they — and they is the U.S. government, at federal, state, county and city levels — are out to get us is because we, the bikers of America, have proven we're incapable of taking care of ourselves."

—Chris Bunch
Choppers Magazine

Low and embarrassed . . .

"Why is it that motorcycling in this country has so much to face? Here it is now, looking down the bore of emission control devices. Here it is with its headlight on in the daytime, and here it is with its helmet on all the time, and here it is possibly on the verge of being ruled out of federally-held (read, held by all the people) land; here it is dragging behind it, clamped to its leg by a heavy, rusty chain, an image it never deserved; here it is viewed by absolute nitwits and non-motorcyclists in the pages of the Madison newspaper as something akin to scarlet fever and leprosy; here it is practiced by kids who ought to be whipped, I mean tied to a tree and *flayed*, because they run around town with open expansion chambers and trick collector exhaust systems and assault the hearing of normal, average, everyday people who have done them no harm beyond attaining adulthood—and who will feel from that time forward that the *bike* was making the racket, not the kid, and who will from that time forward blame the sport."

"And now this: motorcycling's only

real organization (AMA), funded completely by real motorcyclists, brought low and embarrassed, confused, humiliated, pillaged, ransacked and soiled."

—Cook Neilson
Cycle Magazine

Strict Contradiction . . .

"The city of Burbank (you've heard about the town on Laugh-in. Wait till you hear this!) just enacted a law, a city law I might add, requiring that all motorcyclists and their passengers wear helmets. This is in strict contradiction to the California state law that has no limits as to what you wear on your bean."

—Dain Gingerelli
Street Chopper Magazine

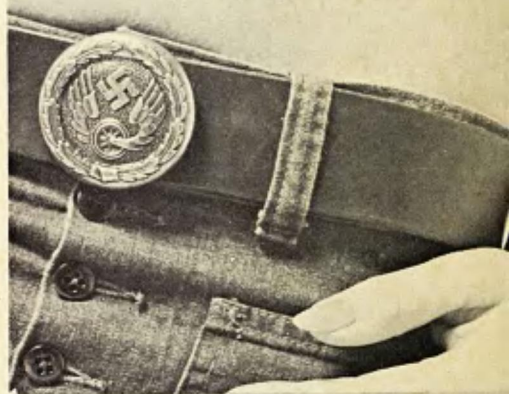
Due to the combined efforts of the MMA, ABATE, AMA, M.O.R.E., the Hell's Angels and many other bike clubs along with individual bikers, the proposed Burbank city law was killed at the first public hearing. We all packed the Burbank City Council chambers with so many anti-helmet-law people that they (the city council) wisely abandoned their proposed law. This victory was brought about by the fact that bikers and bike organizations all came together to protest in one loud voice.—EDITOR.

Industry interests . . .

"... The industry also wants you alive and kicking. Isn't that thoughtful of them? They don't care so much about your well-being for your sake as they do for their own sake. Every time a biker crashes, it's bad P.R. A lot of people don't ride bikes because of the P.R. they've heard. Too damn dangerous. You know and I know this just isn't true. You don't defy death the minute you throw a leg over a motorcycle. And the Industry knows it, too. So they don't want you to go out and break your body. To hell with your democratic rights by law... it's bad press... it hurts sales. And they want you alive and kicking so you can buy-buy-buy."

—Dick Ainsworth
Checkered Flag News

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



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

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in three colors: light brown, dark brown, and black.

Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

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

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach,
California 90740.





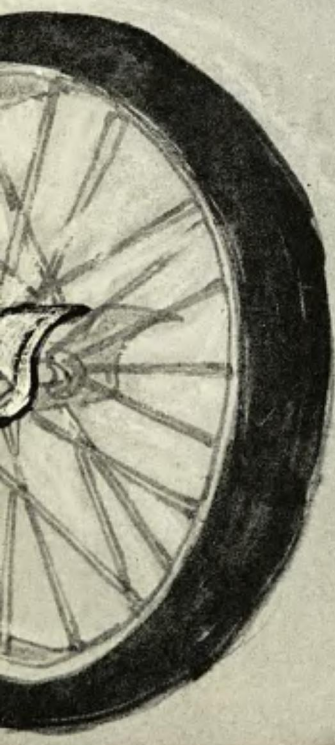
Relax is the name of the game

I pat the back pocket of my britches to make sure my wallet's still home. Yep. Can't keep it there, though, worry all the way across Texas and back again. So I pull the battered cowhide out of its nest and yank the two tens and the single. Off comes the right boot, in goes the money, followed by my foot, and the back pocket is filled again. Next I tug off the left grip on the scooter to make sure I haven't spent my trouble money—a stash of three twenties. Fine, fine. Check my gear a second time, stick my finger in the gas, and pry up the front of the seat for the oil. Who needs a seat nose bracket? Everything's okay, so the bitch gets a pat from Daddy for behaving, and I'm ready to go. Twelve kicks later and the 74's ready, too. Maybe I should've tuned her, but what the hell . . .

On the road, it's most of the usual crap from the bike—gas stops every fifty miles, gas cap shaking loose once in a while, and so on. But I sure as hell like it; there's no denying it. Every clanking, dripping, farting pound of this old hog is full of tranquilizer for me. Good thing, too, with this goddam skid lid strangling me at the neck with seventy mph of wind against it. Haven't spilled it on the street for two years now, and I'm wearing the craphead's party hat. Hey, easy, man, relax. Enjoy. I let my mind float down to where it always does on a long ride—just kind of melt into the 74 and watch from inside my head

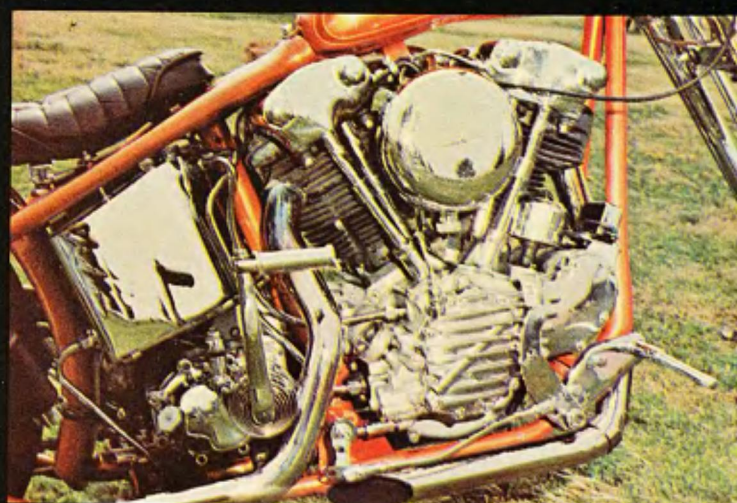
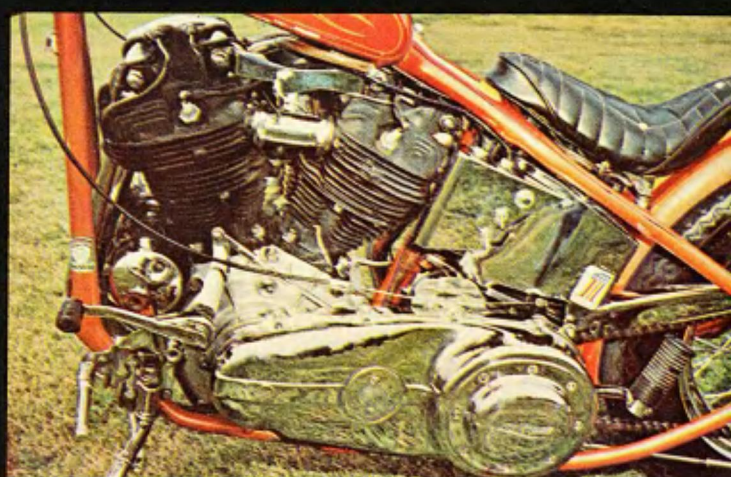
what the two of us . . . or, rather, what the **one** of us is doing. Relax is the name of the game as the miles glide by.

I pull into the cafe just as the sun hits the edge of the highway, feeling a bit rough around the edges, but I still got a ways to go—about two and a half hours and I'll be piled out on Mataorda Beach, snoring at the sand flies. But right now, some chow. The sidestand hits bottom and I'm off, dancing like a wino to the faucet at the side of the ice machines. Damn helmet—pull the strap through and skid the sonuvabitch to the bike, where it wedges between the front pipe and the asphalt. Wash most of the road crap off my face and arms, then grab a ten from the bottom of the boot and stuff it in my shirt. Fall on my ass trying to get the stomper back on while jumping to the front door at the same time, so I start a cigarette where I sit, then up and step inside. Grab a booth with plate glass so I can keep an eye on the panhead, and tell the elephant lady I want some of that Irish stew with bread and coffee, thank you. Get my coffee right away. Look around a bit and sure do wish I had a cowboy hat and pearly buttons, by golly. My stew comes and I watch the patriots watch me to see if I know what a spoon is for. Three more cups of coffee and I feel like a new man—even leave Fats a tip for smiling so much. A short trip to the head,



—Illustration by Mac Haserot

—Continued on page 62



Things get kinda loose at our juice-and-smoke sessions

When Joe first submitted his scoot to us it was painted green. In our usual super-efficient manner we proceeded to "misplace" it. The problem was traced to one of our editorial juice-and-smoke sessions. We had agreed during the session that Joe's was a bike we wanted to feature, but we must have decided it near the beginning of the meeting; by the end of the meeting, Christ knows what happened to the photos.

Months later they were discovered. I'm not going to tell you where—you'd lose respect for us. We wrote Joe to tell him about the goof and request additional photos. Not having heard from us, he had torn down his Knuckle, reworked it, and painted it the color you see here.

So he sent in new photos. We brought it up again at one of our sessions in order to schedule it for an issue. Again, we must have made the decision at the beginning of the session, for when it came time to do the feature on his bike—you guessed it, the photos had been "misplaced"—again.

Six months later we found them under Mutha's douche bag*—who'd ever think of looking there?

So here's Joe's scoot—as it was six months ago. Normally we feature black and white photos of a bike in addition to the color, but after all the fuck-ups, none of us had the guts to call him to ask for more photos. When we did call him to get more info for the chart, he told us that he has the bike torn down again and is altering the frame by adding three inches to the down tubes. At the rate we were goin', we were glad to hear he still owned it!

*She keeps it around for squeamish squares.

Owner: Joseph Vargas		City: Tulare, California	
General		Chassis	
Fabrication by: Owner		Frame builder: H-D	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Year and make: 1947 H-D	
Model: Knucklehead		Rake: none	
Value: \$2,600		Stretch: none	
Assembly by: Owner		Rear Suspension: rigid	
Time: 2 months		Accessories	
Chroming: Valley Chrome, Fresno		Bars: drag	
Engine		Risers: 2 1/2"	
Year: 1947		Fender(s): ribbed	
Model: FL		Headlight: Bates	
Builder: Owner		Taillight: Lucas	
Ignition: 6V		Speedo: none	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Foot pegs:	
Balancing: stock		Front: Owner	
Pistons: 10:1		Back: Sportster	
Cam: stock		Gas tank: banana (1.9 gal.)	
Lifters: stock		Oil tank: stock	
Carb(s): 74 Linkert		Primary cover: stock (late model)	
Air cleaner: H-D		Seat material: naugahyde	
Shifter: foot		Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: drag type		Height:	
Muffler(s): internal baffles		Material size:	
Gearing:		Forks	
Engine sprocket: 23		Type: H-D springer	
Trans sprocket: 24		Type front rail: modified H-D	
Painting		Extension: 15 inches over	
Molding: H. Englund and owner		Builder: HEP Racing Enterprises	
Painter: Henry Englund		Wheels	
Color: pearl orange, yellow, red		Front	Rear
Type: acrylic lacquer		Size: 18-inch	Size: 16-inch
		Hub: spool	Hub/brake: stock
		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: stock
		Tire size: 2.50x18	Tire size: 5.00x1
		Make: Arco	Make: Arco



Ride to Live and Live to Ride

*Yea though the night turns cold with
shivering winds
Like the chilling cold steel of a cell
And the wet rain strikes the face like
sparks from hell
The beads of wetness pierce the thick denim
And the black worn leather becomes heavy
Pavement is slick like the capsule of a red
Daring slick tires to spin even faster o'er
the surface we dread
And The Devil tempts the chrome monster
to spin closer to death
No matter God's storm or The Devil's wile
We Ride to Live and Live to Ride*

*The citizens stare in fear
As the long chrome front end draws near
In their haste and waste of Life
They watch us pass with contempt
And use their steel vehicles like sharp-bladed
knives
To take our Brothers' lives
They worship a good and gracious God
While their fellow man they tread
But we will always Ride to Live and Live
to Ride*

*Yea, our hearts are true
We love our machines and ride o'er the land
And love those who understand
But those are few as we roam
And relations dwindle till we stand alone
Our families drift away like wine bottles lost
at sea
And the long rolling asphalt becomes our
home
While we tend to forget the people we've
known*

*For our only true love is to Ride to Live and
Live to Ride*

*Those we call The Man—they follow the
rumble of the beautiful machines we ride
And try in vain to make us hide
They ignorantly despise our mounts
Seek us out and run us down
They jail us and wail us
And yet, confined and separated from our
mounts
We wait only to feel the highway beneath
us again
Because although the laws are long
And The Man's long arm is strong
They will work hard to no avail
For the long highway will forever bend
And our mounts will always fly with the
wind
And forever we will Ride to Live and Live
to Ride*

*Yea though the rain's wet slippery sheen
paves our way
And Death reaches for us at every curve
The Devil's Drugs tempt our minds
And citizens' vehicles seek our demise
While unjust Law strains to restrict our lives
Some of us still dare to brave the steeds of
two wheels
And scream o'er the highway with The Devil
at our heels
Only our Brothers know the freedom we
hold
So Ride, forever Ride to Live and Live to
Ride*

—Renegade

A Run in A.D. (after dope) 1976

by Toby Leonard

It was usually on Fridays and Saturdays that Hype rode his chopper, but this Sunday looked too inviting to waste on suds and the boob tube. A run for the day to Virginia was more in order.

Bidding his ol' lady a fond goodbye and reminding her to clean up the dogshit on the rug, he put on his mandatory day-glo orange helmet with the emergency lights on the sides and the face shield with the word **Motorcycle** imprinted on it in yellow phosphorous. Then he headed for the shed, buttoning up his mandatory steel-mesh safety jacket which also had **Motorcycle** on the back in two-inch day-glo. He couldn't find his good pair of mandatory slide shoes (steel-lined and orange), so he had to use the red ones. Ever since they'd enacted the new 1976 cycle laws he'd been feeling slowed down a touch, for some reason, as if he were weighted down. Funny...

Making his way to his bike, a good ol' '75 Sportster with the new AMF oriental engine casing unit and oriental seat and tires, he inspected the mandatory siren-and-light sissy bar and lifted up the mandatory precautionary telescopic rear flag in hot-red with orange letters and cycle emblems (also in day-glo) on it, and locked it in place.

Next, he unfolded the mandatory safety wheels and lit up the mandatory warning blinkers on the mandatory windshield and activated the mandatory safety-inflation bag across the bars, neglecting only the last few mandatory items before venturing on his brief, invigorating run: just the seat belt, 4-foot crash bars, and Telereport phone. He knew the law said he had to call in to the local police station every six miles to report his whereabouts, but he was a live-life-once type, and sometimes he'd let it slide for twelve miles. Beyond that, however, the forks would lock automatically to prevent further misconduct.

All prepared, he started up the big bike, thinking how he missed the sound since they put through Silencer Act 1119-A. But he knew it was all for his own good. Them feds sure cared a lot about bikers, he reasoned. They maybe worried a little bit too damn much at times, but what the hell. "You can't fight the laws."

Laughingly brushing off a spider that was trying to spin a web between his wheels, he set out at an evil 4 mph toward Route 13, called in with the Telereport, and shot off his first flare. No sooner had he started, though, when a police cruiser stopped him and revoked his license for "creating a disturbance, riding under the speed limit, and shooting up only one flare." He was sad, but darn it, he figured he just shoulda been more careful. The one for goin' under the limit really made him think. He'd had it at full throttle and it'd actually felt strained and weighted down, unable to do the 25 mph limit. But all that safety equipment probably didn't weigh more than a thousand pounds. Maybe the carburetor wasn't adjusted right.

Oh well. Back to the house for suds and the boob tube, after all. And start the needed six-week study of this week's new safety rules for bikers. . . .

Craps—the oldest game in the world

The game of dice has been floating around the world for quite a long time. A claim made by Sophocles, who operated around Athens 2500 years ago, is another example of local pride getting in the way of facts. He claimed that a Greek invented the game, and taught it to his fellow warriors during the siege of Troy. But archeologists, during the last hundred years or so, have found little spotted cubes dating back to caveman days, not only in Europe, but throughout Asia.

The Encyclopedia Britannica will tell you that dice is the oldest game in the world. As is the case with airplanes, automobiles, and other inven-

tions, there were weird variations in its early days. Besides the simple spotted cubes we all know and love, some were elongated or octagonal. Others had as many as twenty flat surfaces. The earliest were odd-shaped pebbles. Later came carved bone. Before the present age of plastics, dice were to be made of ivory, wood, stone, metal, glass, amber, jade, plum-pits, nutshells, teeth—any material that would hold its shape. But they all had the built-in consternation of the pretty plastic red and green dice of today—namely, the spots. And some of the earliest dice found reveal that human nature hasn't changed. Spots were ar-

ranged, shapes were subtly altered, heavier material was cunningly inserted, so as to give the man handling the dice a little the best of it.

Strangely enough, one set of crooked dice was found among the prized possessions buried in the tomb of an ancient Egyptian pharaoh.

PASSIONATE CRAP SHOOTERS

Those masters of the grand style, the Romans, were passionate crap shooters. Their "bones" were crystal, inlaid with gold, and rolled out from dice cups of carved ivory. Mark Antony, with whatever strength Cleopatra left him, used to bounce



Upper left: Roman Die made of silver.

Upper right: 11th century gambling in England.

Lower right: 16th century German Die made of boxwood.

Lower left: 17th century gambling.

'em off the wall. So did Caligula, Augustus, and Nero.

The Romans brought the ancient art of loading dice to a new peak, as is evident from some fine specimens preserved in museums. The analytically-minded wrote books on dicing. Noblemen built special rooms in their palaces for *le sport*. It is clear from the design of the tables that the rule of "You gotta bounce 'em, fella" was then, as now, an important feature of the game.

The Mississippi hadn't been discovered yet, but the Tiber gambler flourished. The professional gamblers got around, and made their forays into the homes of wealthy citizens. They must have had a good lobby going for them, because one of the special laws enacted was that a person who allowed gambling in his home could not bring suit against another, even if the high roller was caught cheating.

The Roman legions evidently found room in their togas for dice, for the practice spread among the Gauls, the Huns, and other "barbarians"—so called because of their fanatical belief that the world did not belong to the Romans. Some of these lads became nuts about the game. After losing everything they had, including their wives and female slaves, they would continue to gamble, and lose their own freedom.

In the Middle Ages, both knights and their ladies had a go at the galloping dominoes. We can speculate as to what the ladies put up after they had lost their last bauble. In those days of vast numbers of petticoats and such, a knight might well discover that a friendly game of "strip" dice turned out to be his career.

Up until the early 1800s, the rules of most games of dice were pretty simple—you simply rolled for "high," using one to six dice.

"HAZARD" WAS AN ELEGANT GAME

Most authorities credit the English for adding variety and spice to the noble sport, with a game called "Hazard." It was adopted by the French, who of course fancied it up even more. As in ancient days, dice shooting was the sport of the upper crust, since society was for the most part divided into two classes—those who had too much, and those who didn't have a damn thing.



MEDIEVAL GAMBLERS.



—Continued on page 67

The Commando

What a shitty night, no action anyplace. Might as well go to Tony's and scarf and then hit the sack.

Shit! The carb is sucking air again; that damn manifold bolt must be loose. Don't understand it. I just smothered the bolt with Loctite the other night . . . Well, I'll fix it after I eat.

Hmmm . . . guess I'll park by that Goat. Jesus, the place is packed. The show at the drive-in must be over; all the hot-sweat honeys are here.

"What'll ya have?"

"Two chili dogs and a vanilla shake . . . fries, too."

"Ooops . . . oh, no . . . I'm sorry . . ."

Shit! Just what I needed to make the night, a root beer float all over my cut-offs.

"I'll wipe it off."

Damn right you will, honey . . . Hey! you're pretty nice. Nice tits, nice face, nice ass. Kind of young though.

"I'm really, really sorry."

That's all right honey . . . as long as you keep those firm little breasts against my arm you can wipe forever.

"There . . . all done."

That's what you think. "You missed a few spots over here." Oh, I love it, honey . . . "Thanks."

Man, nothing like a sweet, young ex-mouseketeer type to get the horns up. Well, the wet dreams can come later on. I better eat and

fix that carb. Mmmm, chili dogs aren't bad. Not among the culinary delights of the world, but not bad.

Now for the operation. Yep, sure enough it's that motherfuckin' bolt again. Wish I had a little more light. Damn, it's gonna be another tight fit getting my hand and wrench behind the carb. I'm sure as hell not gonna take off the whole carb here.

"Ooouch . . . shit!"

"Hey, watch the language! I got a girl with me!"

So that's what you call that pig you're with, my friend. Dammit, wish I had a helping hand—wait a minute . . . here she comes. Mmm, I like that word.

"Scuse me, miss . . . could you help me a minute?"

"Oh. Hi. Is your shirt dry yet?"

"No, but I've got a bigger problem. My carburetor is loose and my hands aren't small enough to get behind it. Do you think you could fit your hand behind here and hold this nut still?"

"Oh yeah, I can do it . . . beautiful night, isn't it?"

"Sure is. You wanna go for a ride after?"

"Uh, no . . . I don't think so."

Yeah, I know. You were supposed to be home an hour ago and if Momma or Dada found out you were on an evil motorcycle . . .

"What kind of motorcycle is this?"

Oh my goodness, what sweet innocence. "Harley—same bike most

of the outlaws ride."

"Far out! Outlaws . . . wow!!"

Guess I struck the right note. "Yeah, I built this Hog myself. Extended the front end twelve inches, put on a Sportster tank, Avons front and rear, and the mill's been beefed up a little."

"Wow!!!"

"Yeah, know what you mean. I bored the barrels a coupla hundredths, stuffed in a stroker crank which gave me 86 cubes. It's got solids, Sifton cam . . . the works; that was an S.U. carb you helped me fix."

"Wow . . . I bet it moves!"

"Well, it'll do about 130, but I'm working on a blower setup now that should wind it out to about 150."

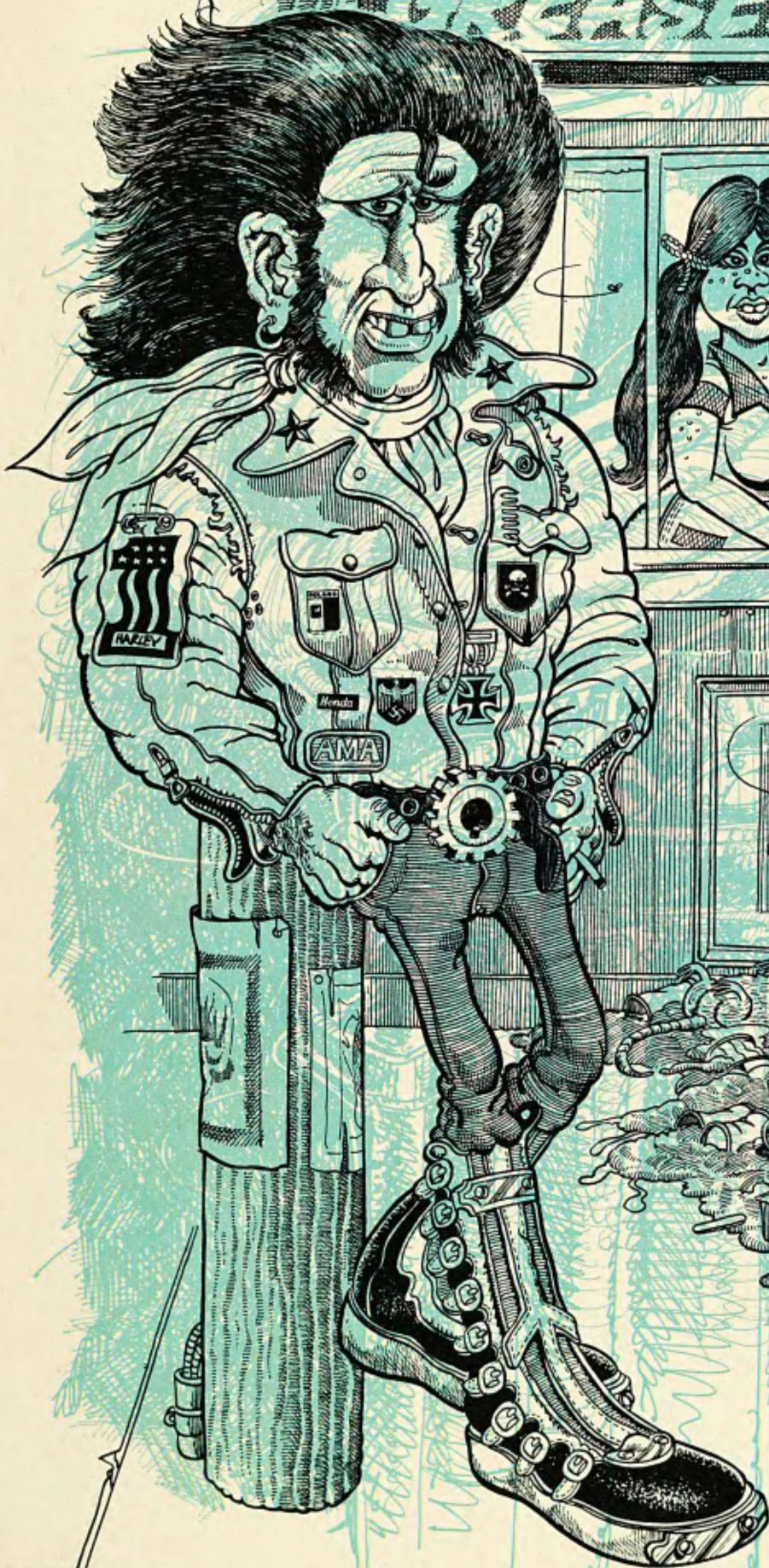
"Far, far out!"

"You ever been on a bike?"

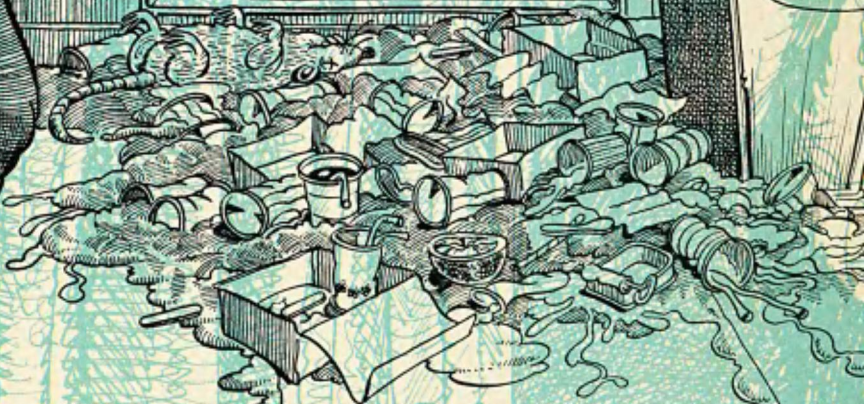
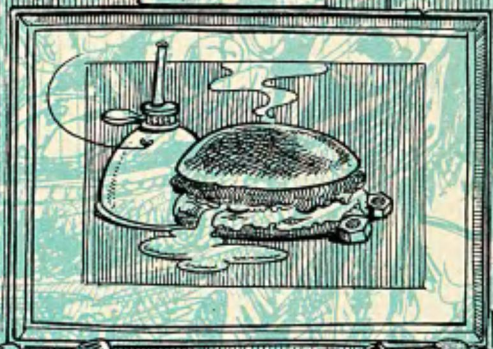
"Uh, my cousin gave me a ride on his once. I don't know what kind it was, but it doesn't seem like much after seeing your outtasight Harley."

"Yeah, I guess you kinda feel that way after you seen a real chopper." Damn it, I know she wants to plant her hot little bod on my bike; she's awful young though, might not be worth ten years. Ah, what the hell, you only live once, and like my old friend Freddy used to say, "Eight to eighty; blind, crippled or crazy; if they can't walk . . . drag 'em!" "Come on, let's go for a ride. It isn't every girl I ask to go for a ride on my Hog."

GREASEBURGER



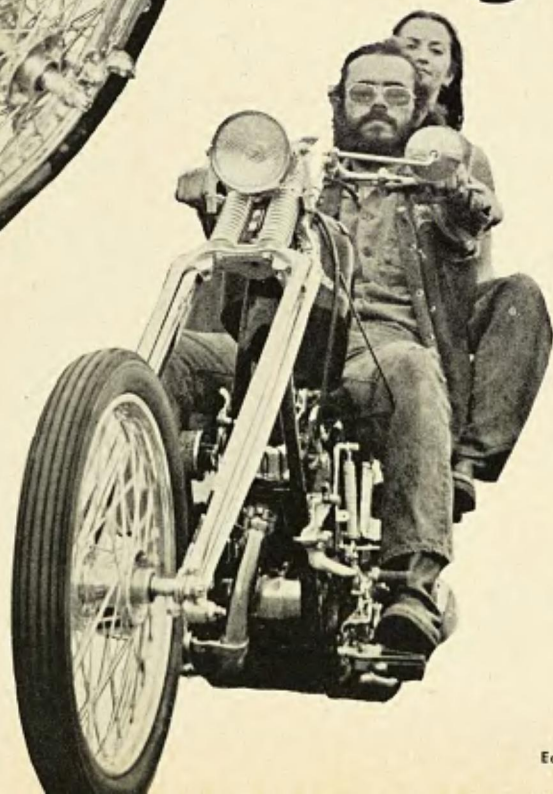
MENU



FLASH
73



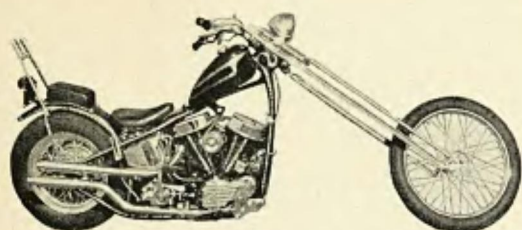
Logan's Logan Mike's Bike



You'll read elsewhere in this miserable rag about how we screwed up after a couple of editorial juice-and-smoke sessions. Although Joe (the guy we screwed up) was understanding about it, here's a guy who would **really** understand how such things could happen.

Logan Mike, the owner of the scooter you see here, attended an all-night Brothers Speed M/C debauchery one night not long ago, and while boogeying home the following morning he tried to straighten out a curve and wound up picking a fence post and barbed wire out of his ass. He broke his back (crushed a ver-





Owner: Logan Mike

City: Logan, Utah

General

Fabrication by: Owner

Year and make: 1950 H-D

Model: Panhead

Value: \$3,500

Assembly by: Owner

Time: 5 months

Chroming by: Quality Chrome

Chassis

Frame builder: H-D

Year and make: 1950 H-D

Rake: none

Stretch: 4 inches

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: Owner

Risers: none

Fender(s): flat

Headlight: Bates

Taillight: custom

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: custom

Back: custom

Gas tank: Sportster (2 1/2 gal.)

Oil tank: stock

Primary cover: stock

Seat material: leather

Sissy bar: Owner

Height: 18 inches

Material size: 1/2 in. square

Engine

Year: 1950 H-D

Model: FL

Builder: Band Cycle

Ignition: 6V

Displacement: 76 cu. in.

Balancing: none

Pistons: M.C. 10 to 1

Cam: H

Lifters: stock

Carb(s): modified Linkert

Air cleaner: Volkswagen

Shifter: foot

Pipes: shotguns

Muffler(s): shorty

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 24

Trans sprocket: 24

Forks

Type: springer (36 VL)

Type front rail: 3/4 hex

Extension: 21 inches over

Builder: Owner

Painting

Molding: Wasted

Painter: Wasted

Color: black, gold, silver

Type: lacquer

Wheels

Front

Size: 21-inch

Hub/brake: H-D

Rim width: 1 3/4 in.

Tire size: 3.00x21

Make: Avon

Rear

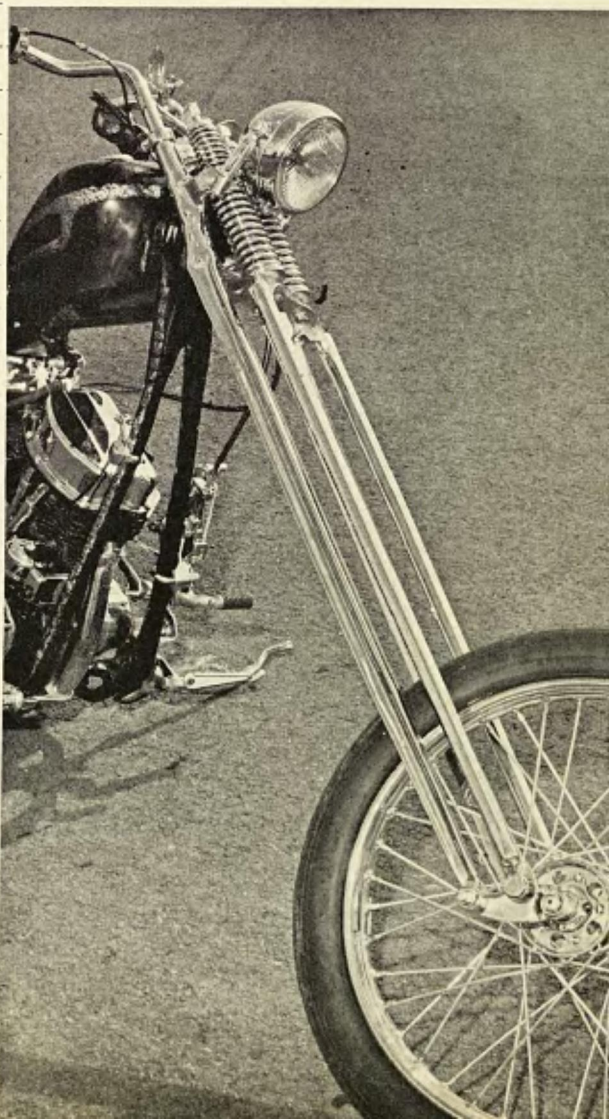
Size: 16-inch

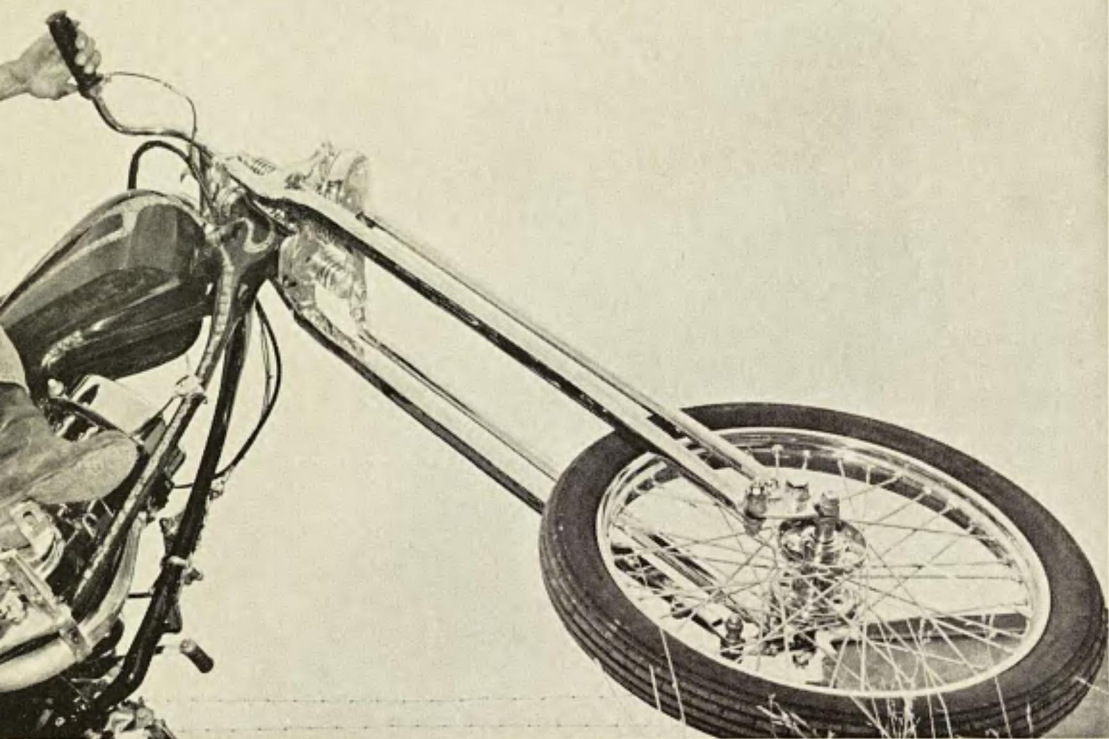
Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 5 inch

Tire size: 5.00x16

Make: Goodyear





Photos by Ted Hansen

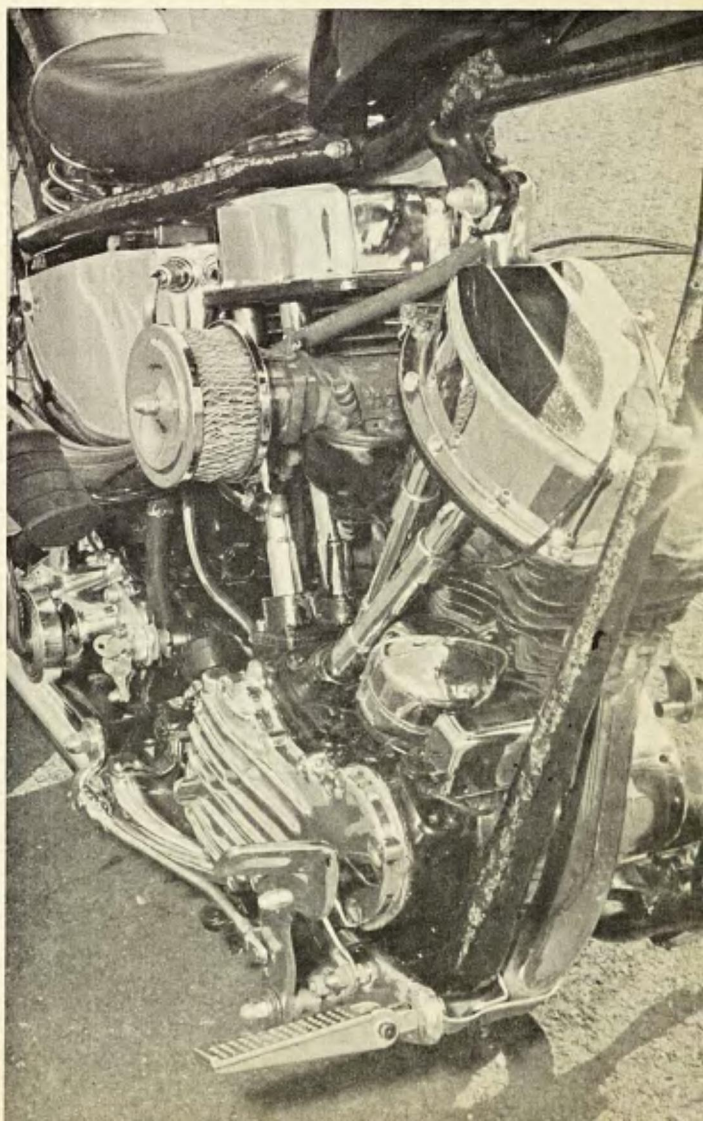
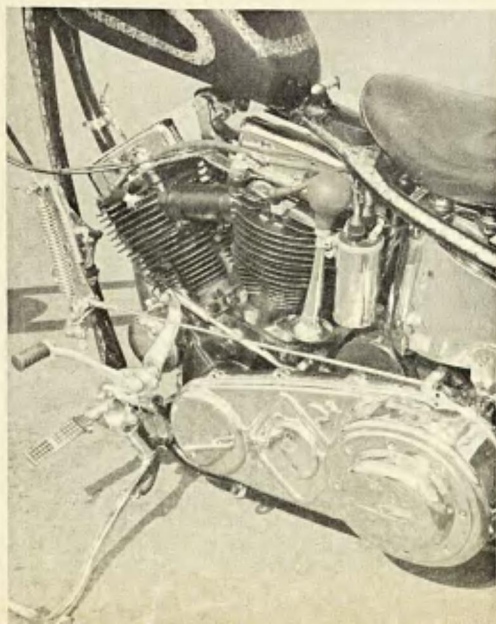


tebra), and his ol' lady (Carol) broke her arm in the abrupt stop.

With a back brace strapped to his back, Mike slowly put his scoot back together, and only four months after making a new gate in the fence, he and his ol' lady were posing for the photos you see here.

Actually, he was making cautious runs (with special attention to bumps in the road) only two months after the morning bring-down.

Mike is a member of the Brothers Speed M/C who have chapters in Utah, Idaho and Oregon. In addition to his Pan, Mike has a 74 Indian rat bike that he uses when he's not profiling on the Hog.





Pucker Time

—as we go behind prison walls to put on a custom bike show

You can imagine what the initial reaction was to a request to put on a chopper show inside a prison. The first official approached had a look on his face as if he were wiping up something a dog had barfed. It was easy to tell what he was thinking—a chopper show for outlaws, by outlaws—these assholes must be out of their gourds!

But the Chino Junior Chamber of Commerce overlooked that initial reaction, for it was expected. The Chino JayCee membership is composed of prisoners who knew it would be an uphill fight—and it was.

There were many obstacles, but the main one was The Man's inherent aversion to the chopper and its owner. As we all know, nothing flips the switch in his head faster than the sight of a pot-smokin', pill-poppin', girl-rapin', greasy, grungy long-hair on a righteous scooter. Wham—in an instant, from ordinary cop to super-right-wing redneck.

Almost all the prison guards were against having the show. Fortunately for the prisoners, the guards were

overruled—but many restrictions were put on the participants in exchange for that ruling.

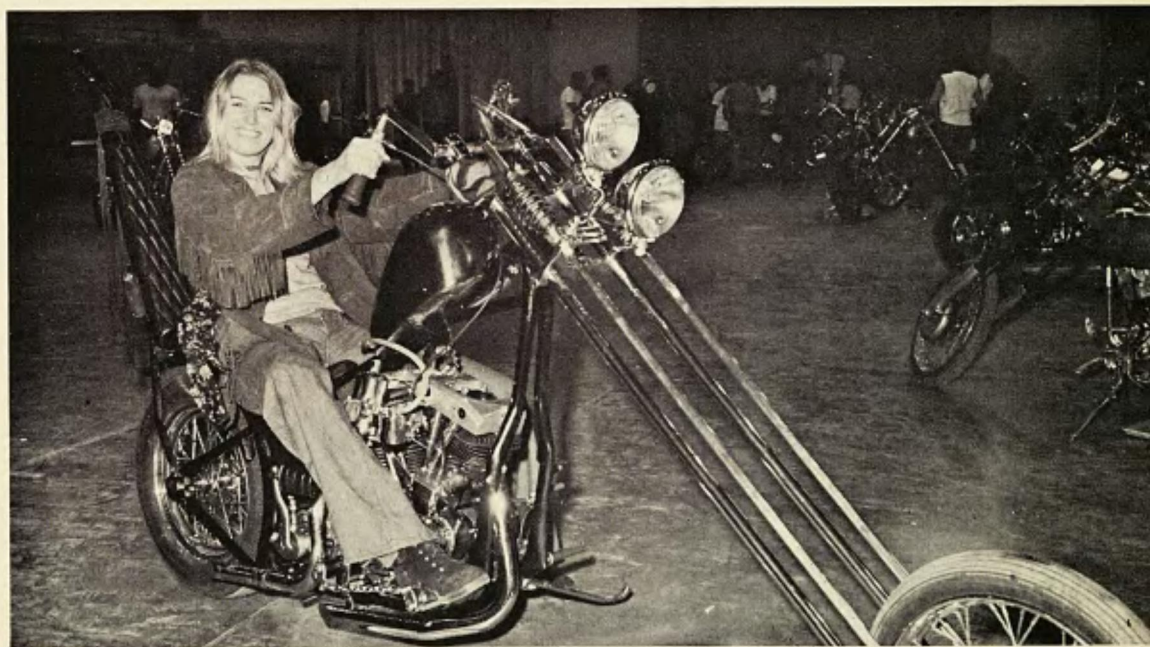
A list of participants had to be in the officials' hands 30 days prior to the event in order for everyone to be screened.

No members of any club could attend, and over half of the bikes originally scheduled were thereby automatically eliminated. Some tried to show their bikes anyway, but were discovered by The Man's computerized "club list" and advised they couldn't enter. Scratch five more bikes.

Because of some hassles another California prison had already had with a magazine-sponsored bike show, we were given a deadline of 8:30 a.m.—any bike arriving after that time, no matter what the reason, could not enter the prison. Because bikers are not famous for getting their shit together early in the morning (the prison was 60 miles out of Los Angeles), scratch another dozen scoots.

No one not on the approved list could enter the prison. Two bikes showed up that weren't on the list.







After a brief consultation, it was decided the bikes could go in, but the owners could not. The owners (Ron Kester and Ed Greenwood), thinking of the prisoners, allowed their bikes in the show while they sat on their asses in the parking lot.

Everyone entering the prison was searched and had to walk through a metal-detecting device. Their scoots were also searched closely by allegedly off-duty guards, but everyone decided they were narcs.

Once searched, eyeballed, and short-arm inspected, all were allowed to ride their scoots to the prison gymnasium—and if you don't think that was a trip—riding a chopper behind prison walls!

(In an effort to make certain that a good number got their shit together early enough to get to the prison by 8:30, the magazine had thrown an all-night orgy.)

What with all the "approved list" eliminations and the dudes that arrived too late, we wound up with only sixteen bikes—many of them being ratfucks because as it turned out the customized bikes were either crossed off the list or arrived too late. Thanks to this, the scheduled day-long show was shortened to three hours.

But even with the measly number of bikes we wound up with, the guys inside really dug the show.

The JayCees bought all of the participants lunch. Trophies were award-

ed. This rag's Bandit won the Ratfuck trophy—and it was deserved, believe me.

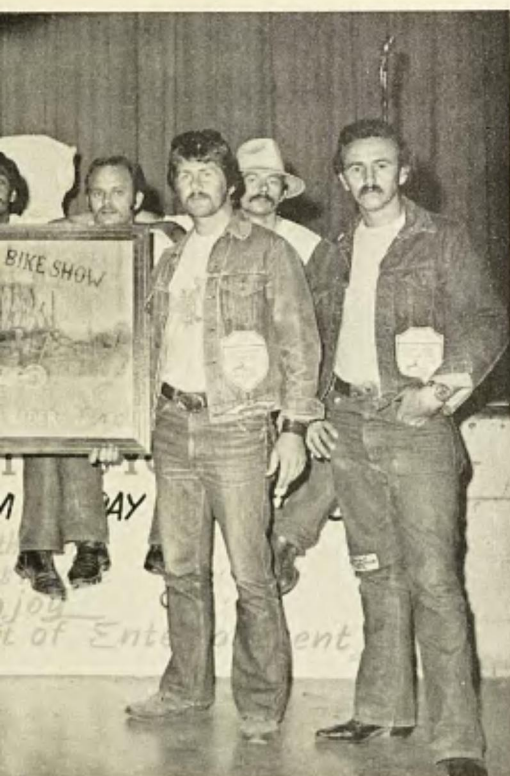
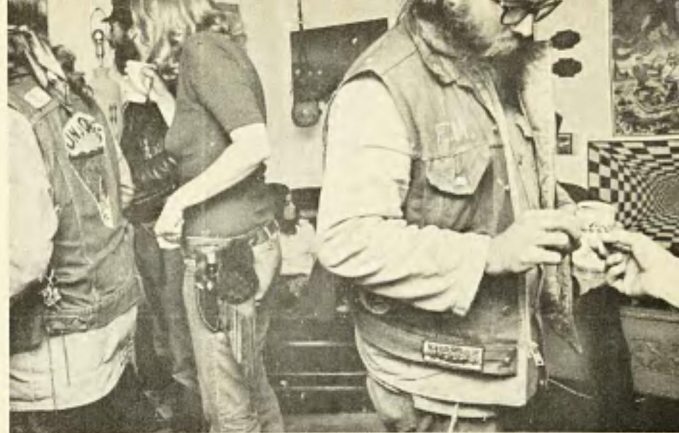
Then it was time to fire up. Much wappin' of pipes and a couple of brodies later, we were out of the gym and following the guard's car to the front gate. It was wheelie time as the prisoners in the Sunday visiting area stood up to see what the hell was goin' on.

Everyone was checked out at the gate by Officer Mandevil (as if anyone wanted to stay). Once we were checked out it was boogie time.

The show came off without a hitch. We stuck by the rules, and the people inside got to see a half-assed chopper show. The uptightness and paranoia on the part of the officials proved to be unfounded. Now that we've proven we can abide by the rules, maybe next time we'll be able to put on a really good show.

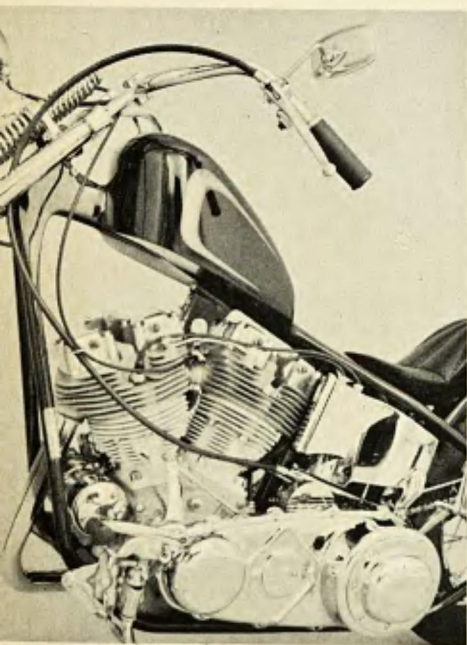
There were more hassles, more meetings, more letters than indicated here—but it was worth it. And the fact that the thing came off without one problem makes it even better, because the intent was to establish a basis for being allowed to put on scoot shows inside more prisons. We wish to thank the Chino Junior Chamber of Commerce and its sponsors Raul Mandevil and Mickey for making it all possible. And a special thanks to Richard Crandall, Walt Johnson and Louis Goforth.







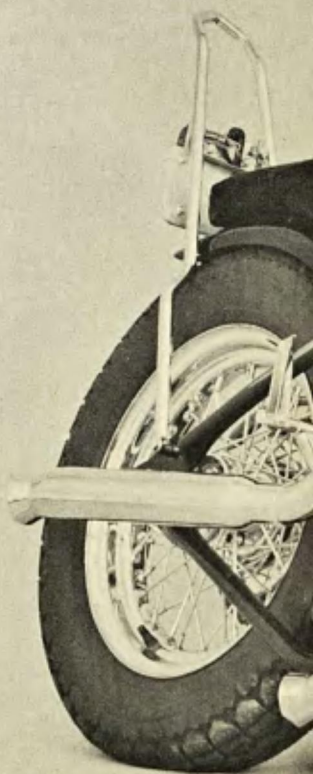
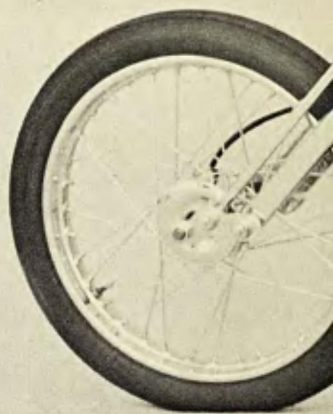
Did It Again

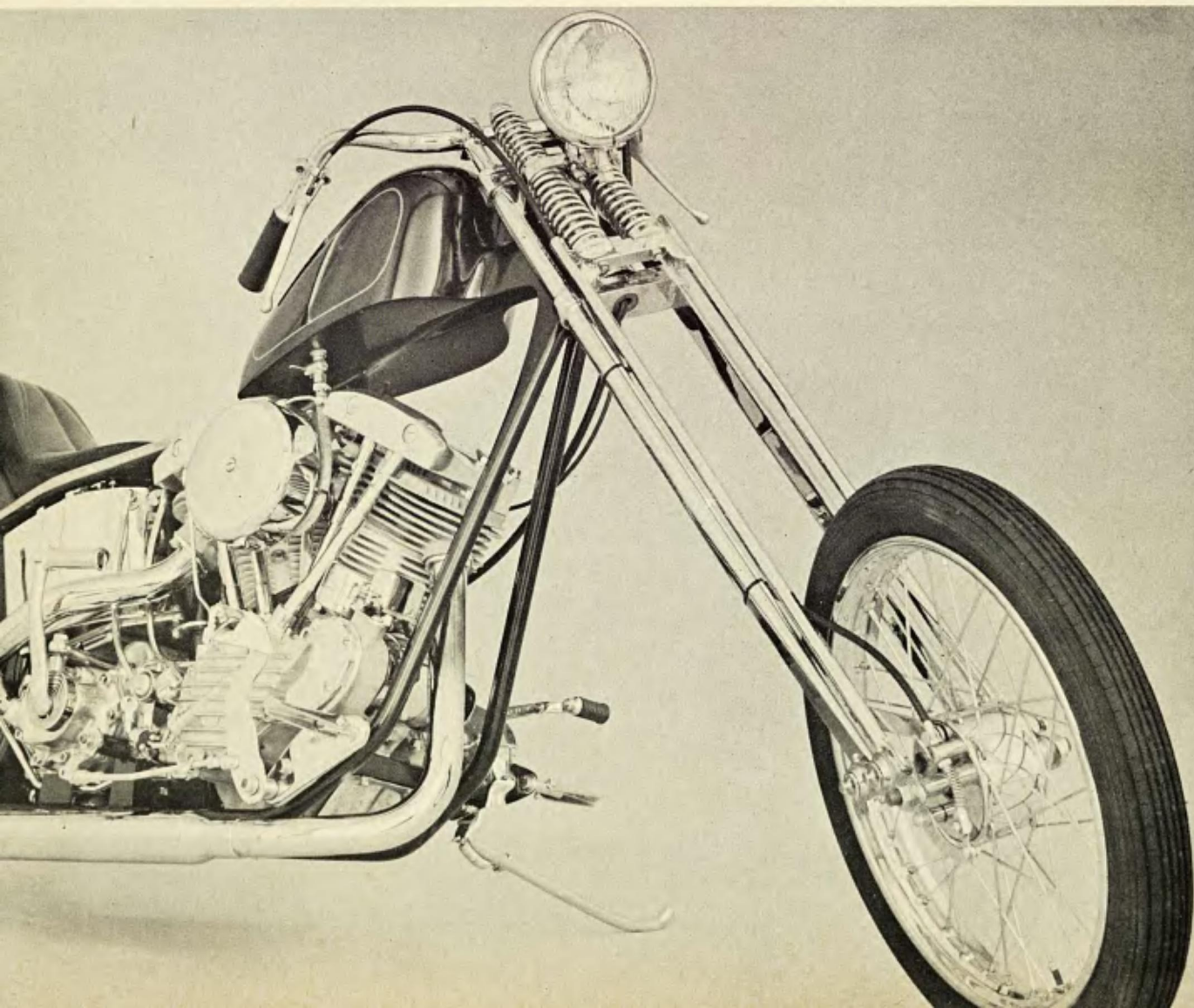
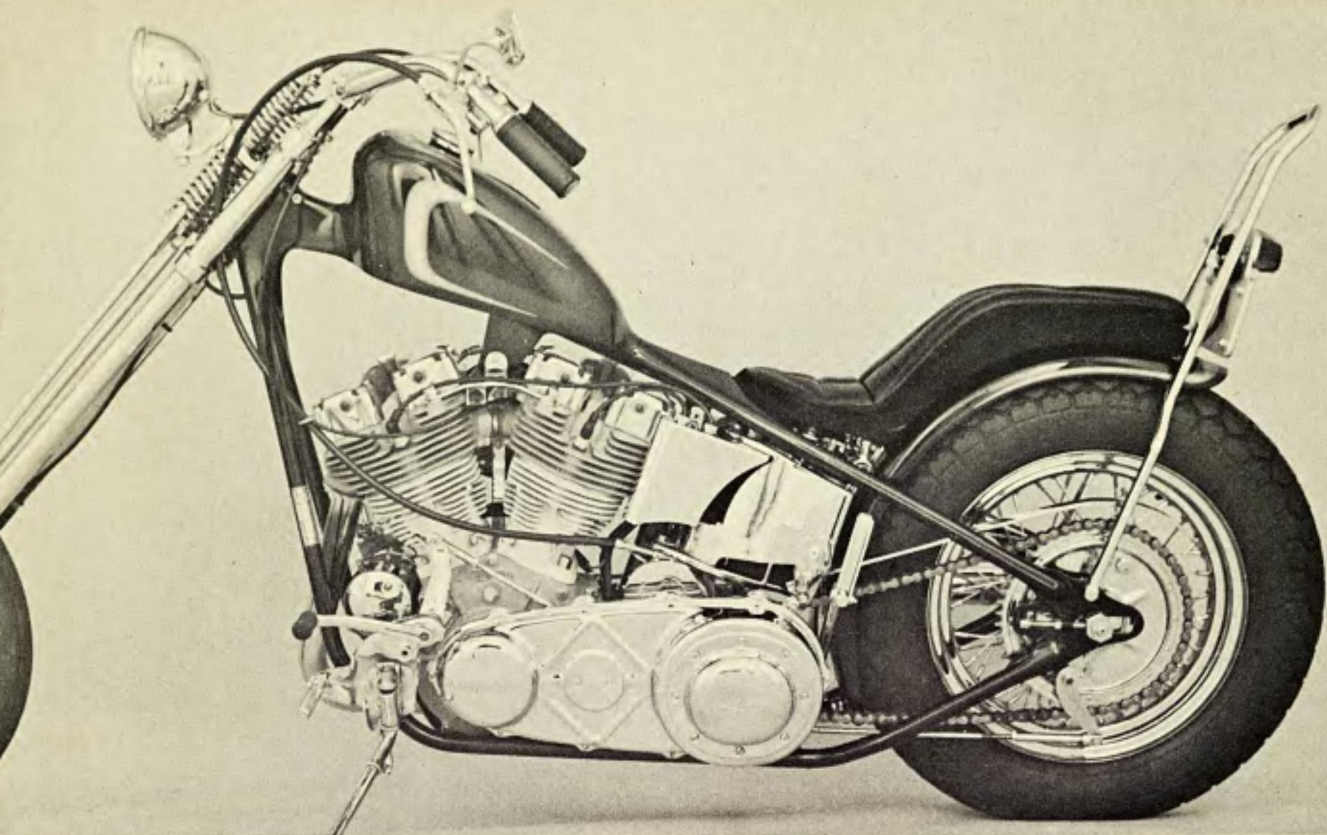


Way back in our December 1971 issue we featured a guy who built bikes in his spare time, at home, after spending all day doing the same thing for rent and groceries. He had a problem though. It seemed that after months of building a bike, he got to ride it only a short while before someone made him an offer he couldn't refuse. As he said at the time, "... as soon as I get one finished and start riding it, guys start making me offers—offers too good to refuse—and I wind up selling it. Hell, I sold the last bike I built about two and a half months after I finished it and I've already had a helluva offer on this one, (bike featured in that issue) and I just finished it three days ago."

After he sold that bike, Pat went straight for a while and shelved his bike-building-on-the-side trip, but then he slowly started to assemble parts to build the righteous scooter you see here.

Once he got it together and started riding





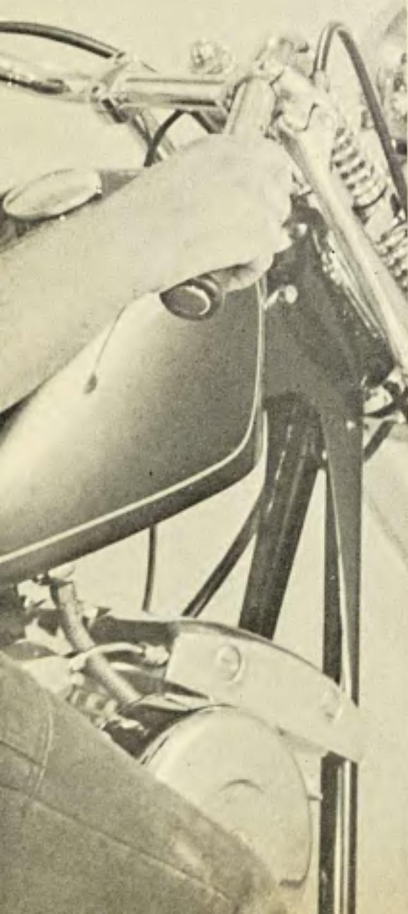
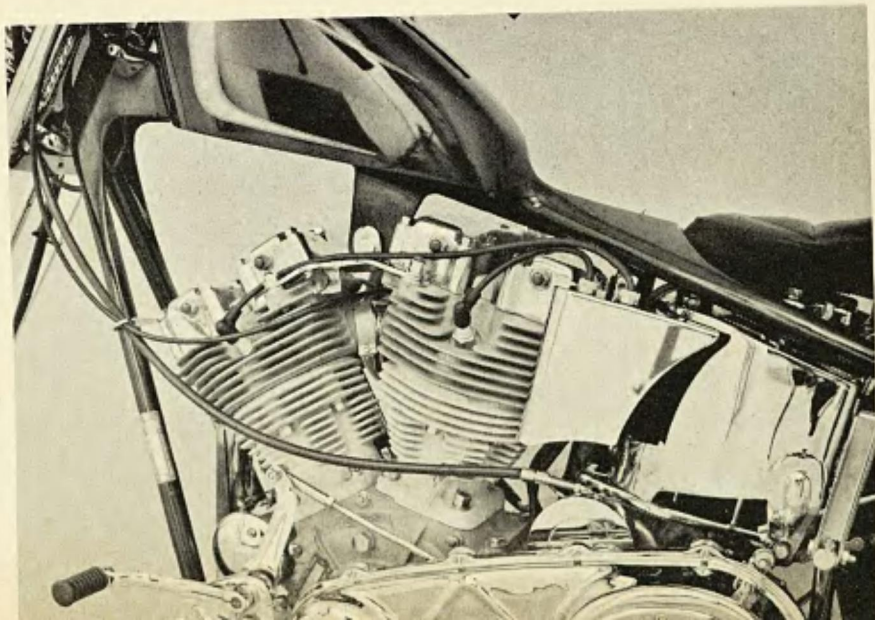
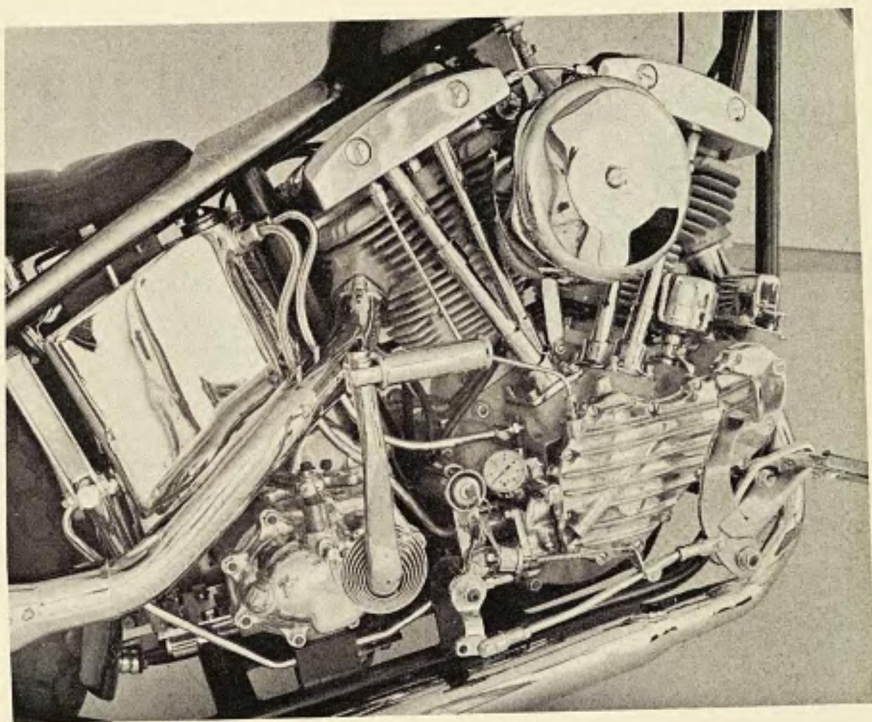
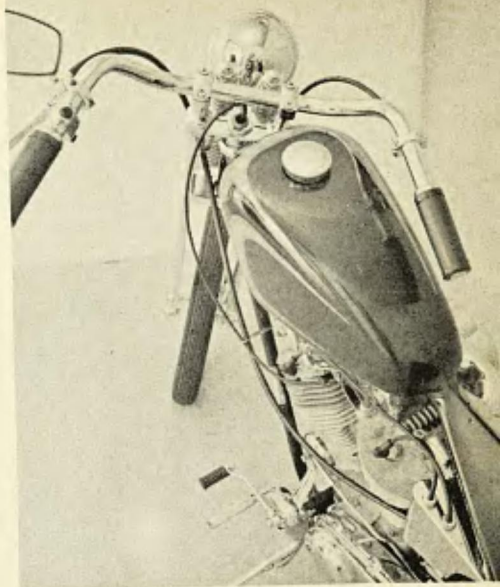


Photos by Pete Chiodo

it around, Charlie Mavaro pounced on him, and true to form, Pat sold it before even getting a chance to break the engine in.

Charlie had an inside track though, because Charlie does the molding of bikes at the same joint where Pat works. Keeping it an entirely at-home job, Pat did all the molding of this bike—and you'll notice that it's painted black. If you'll read that December issue, you'll find that Pat believes (as many of us on the staff do) that black is the only color to paint a Hog.

—Continued on next page.





Okay, okay—we were gonna get to her: Her name is Beth Williams. She's a tender 20 years of age. As you can tell from her golden tan (if the printer hasn't goofed), she digs the beach scene.

To show that our hearts are in the right place, we'll award black and white photographs of her (8" x 10") in the same pose as the color photo accompanying this feature, to the first 100 guys submitting her correct measurements.

Here's how to enter: Put your guess on a postcard or a piece of paper. Put the measurements like this, 00-00-00, at the very top (so we can see it easily). Then clearly print your name and address (including zip code) and the date you mailed entry to Beth Contest, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Contest ends on February 15, 1974. The decision of the judges is final.



Owner: Charlie Mavaro

City: N. Hollywood, California

General

Chassis

Fabrication by: Pat Ditson

Frame builder: Jammer

Year and make: special const.

Year and make: 1973

Model: 74

Rake: 36°

Value: \$3,700

Stretch: 2¾ inches

Assembly by: Pat Ditson

Rear Suspension: rigid

Time: 1 year

Accessories

Chroming by: Father & Son

Bars: homemade

Engine

Risers: Jammer (3-in.)

Year: 1950

Fender(s): flat, narrow (6-in.)

Model: 74

Headlight: Bates

Builder: Owner

Taillight: Mustang

Ignition: 6V

Speedo: none

Displacement: 80 cu. in.

Foot pegs:

Balancing: Hank The Crank

Front:

Pistons: Venolia (9:1)

Back:

Cam: Sifton 468S

Gas tank: Sportster

Lifters: solid

Oil tank: stock wraparound

Carb(s): Bendix

Primary cover: stock

Air cleaner: Paughco

Seat material: leather

Shifter: foot

Sissy bar: homemade

Pipes: homemade

Height: 32 inches

Muffler(s): 20-in. glasspacks

Material size: ⅝-in. hex.

Gearing:

Forks

Engine sprocket: 24

Type: custom springer

Trans sprocket: 24

Type front rail: hex

Painting

Extension: 12 inches over

Molding: Pat Ditson

Builder: Jammer

Painter: John Kranhold

Wheels

Color: black

Front

Rear

Type: lacquer

Size: 18-inch

Size: 16-inch

Hub/brake: small

Hub/brake: mech.

Rim width: WM-1

Rim width: 3½ in.

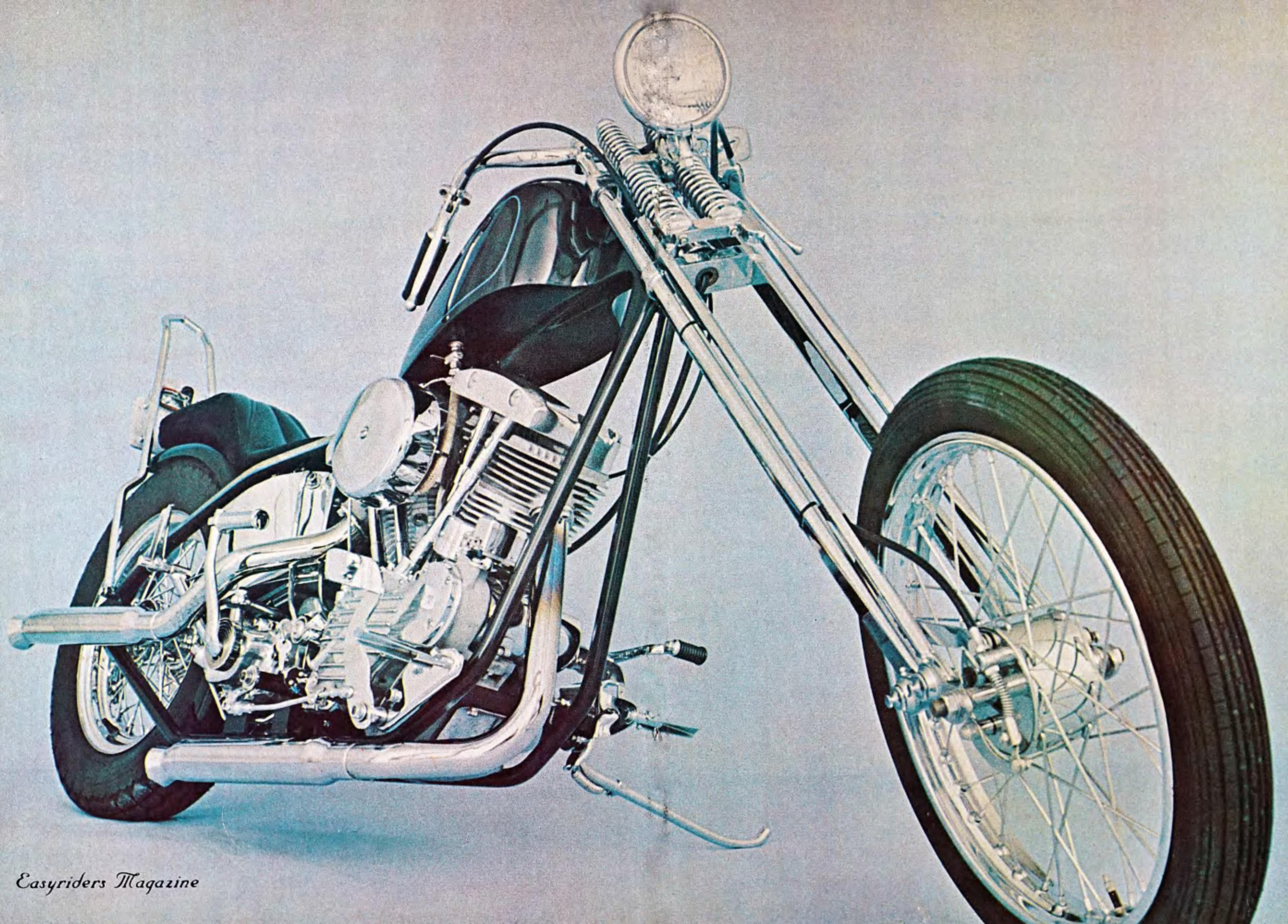
Tire size: 2.75 x 18

Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Avon

Make: Pirelli







As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use them. We can use only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4)—nothing else.

As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—

This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.



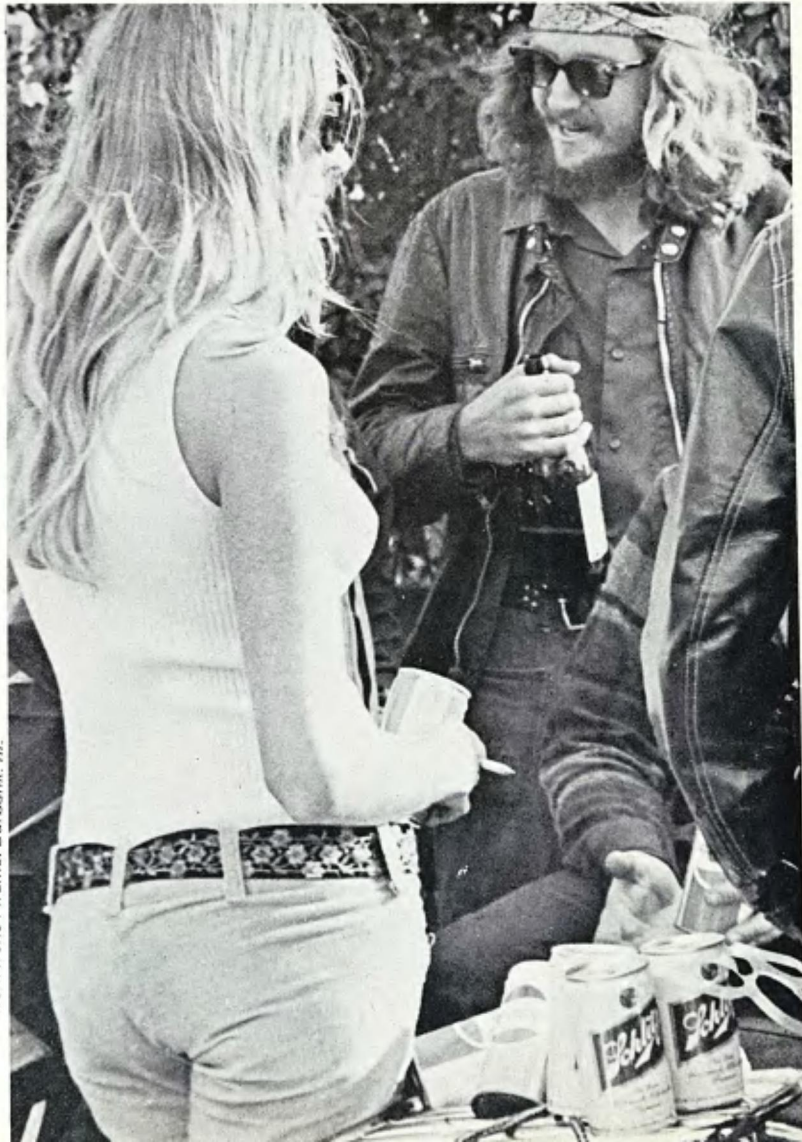
—from Irene Piraino, Burbank, Ill.



—from Terry Simmons, District Hts. Md.



—from Thomas McIlwain, Chula Vista, Ca.



—from Irene Piraino, Burbank, Ill.



from Steve Harwin, Cleveland Hts., Ohio



from Steve Harwin, Cleveland Hts., Ohio



—from Brian Reter, Clinton, Iowa.



—from James Joiner, Wallace, Idaho.



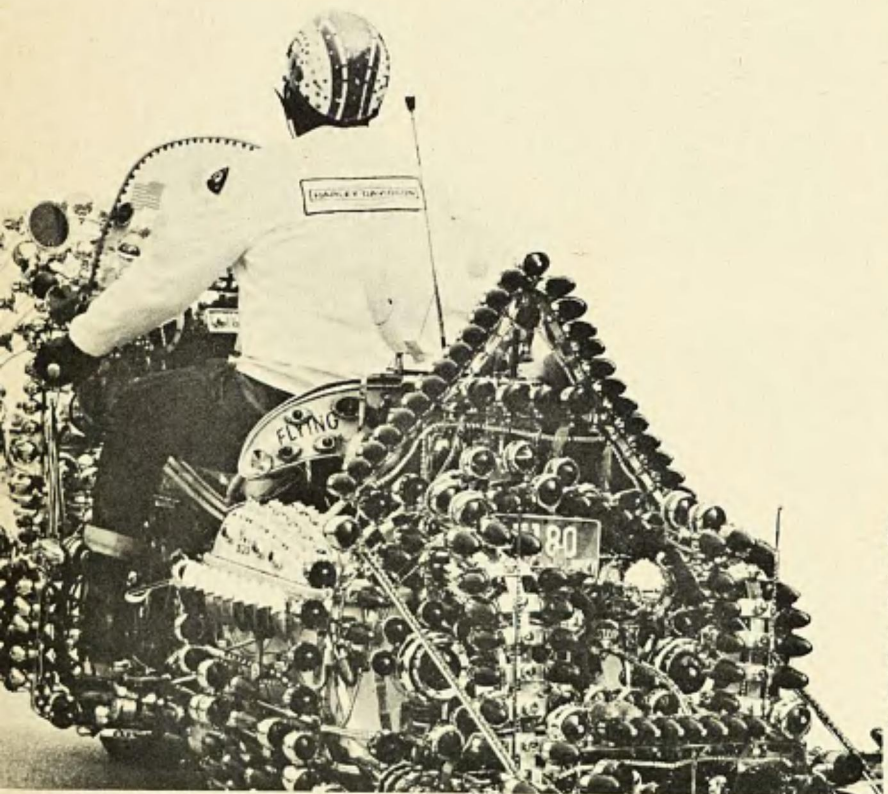
—from Jim and Molly, Sebastopol, Ca.



—from Jim and Molly, Sebastopol, Ca.



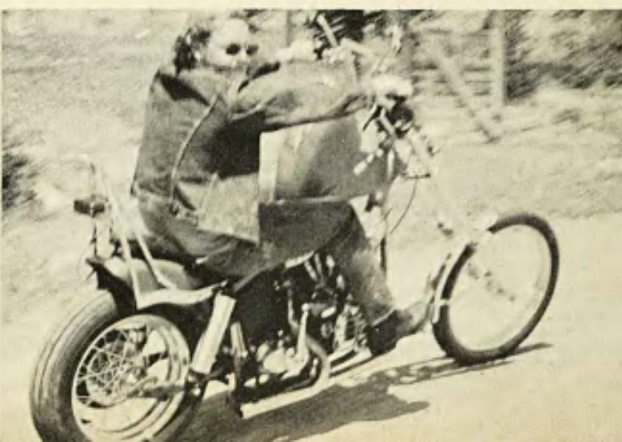
—from Jim Jones, APO, 96251



—from Bruce Harrison, N. Miami Beach, Fla.



—from Kidd Habersharm, Medidian, Miss.



—from W. Simpkins, Carlin, Nev.



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



—Submitted by S. Harwin, Paris, France.

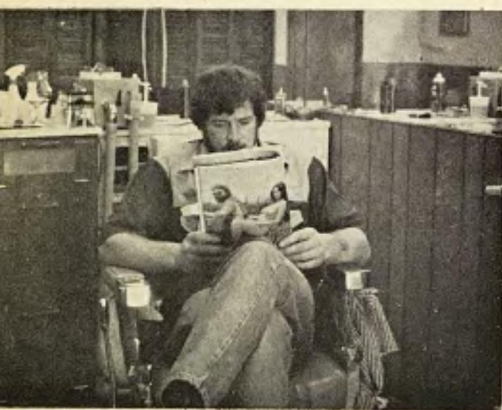


—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Ca.



Season's Greetings

—from Billy Tinney, Houston, Texas.



—from Taylor Barber Shop, Augusta, Maine



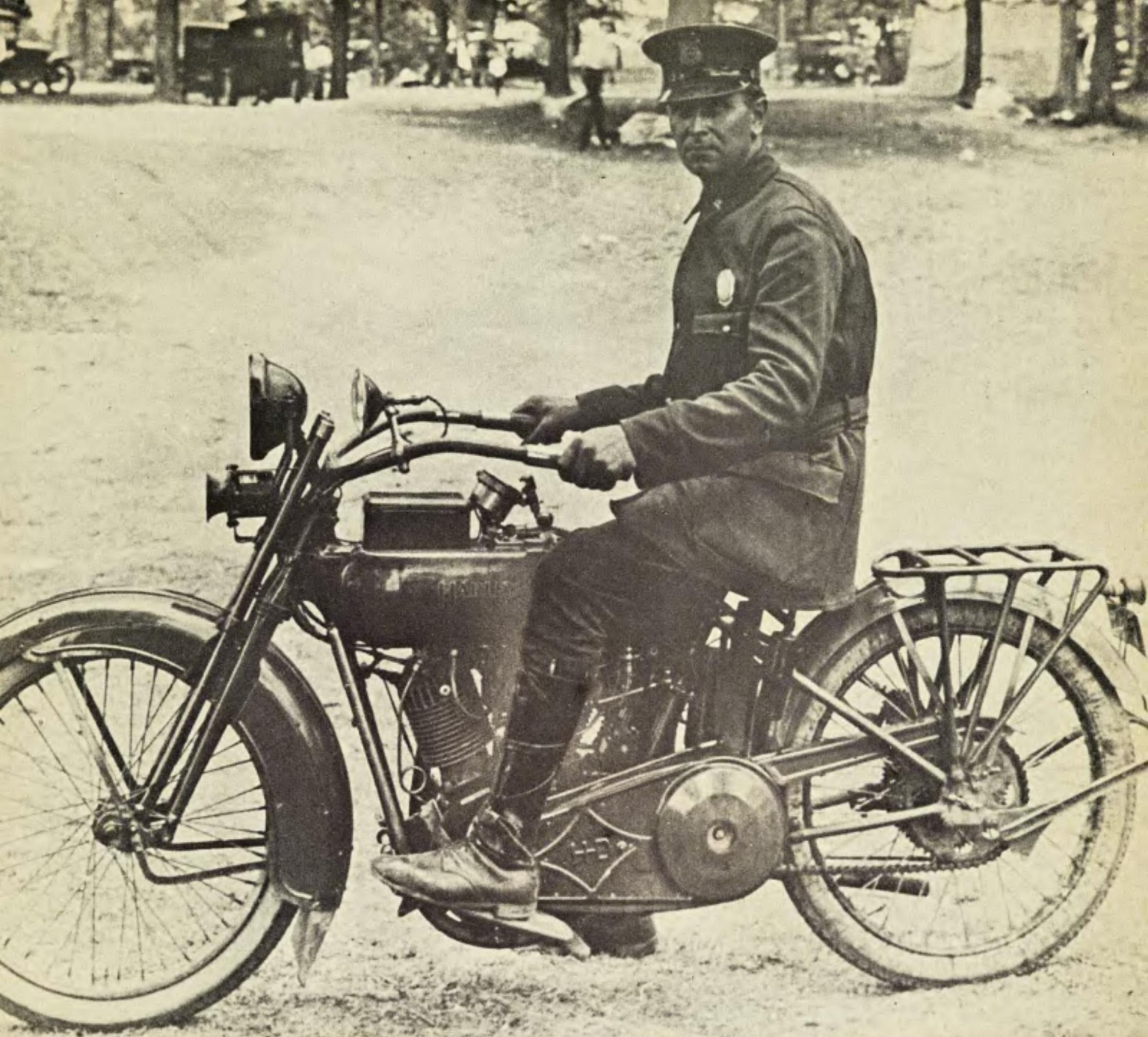
—from Leonard Sutton, Denver, Colo.



—from Bob Truesdell, Portland, Oregon.



—from Dave Fitzgerald, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.



The Man was on duty in 1921 astride his trusty "electrically equipped" Harley-Davidson. These bikes were nicknamed "Silent Gray Fellows," because gray was the standard color of HD's line during their first decade of operation. The "Silent" came from the company's campaign to keep motorcycling quiet and inoffensive. An early company motto admonished factory employees to "Keep your cycle quiet and help make friends for motorcyclists."

—Photo courtesy of the Milwaukee Public Library.



The Hell's Angels

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 10 1/2" 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.

For 25 years city, county, state, and federal governments with their law enforcement officers have united together in a conspiracy to eliminate the Hell's Angels from existence.

They have stereotyped us in the public's eye as socially unfit, dope dealing, drug crated rapists and murderers.

They have harassed us, unjustly accused us, denied us our Rights and now they jail our leaders.

Support Your Local

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

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HELLS ANGELS

The bumper stickers sell for only a lousy buck each.

★ **FREE SONNY BARGER** ★



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

Send your orders to
Free Sonny P.O. Box 5295
Oakland, California 94605
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%

For fastest service, send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks must clear your bank before we can ship your order. Allow three weeks for personal checks to clear.



Good Readin' —any time!

You won't believe this, but costly surveys have revealed that more copies of **Easyriders** are read in the can than in any other room in the house! Well, if you really stop to think about it—don't we all take our favorite readin' material with us to the throne? (And besides, we even include some photos for the dudes with hair on their palms.) We also give a decal (a spectacularly colorful, fantastically designed, gigantic, super-tough, enzyme-free decal) free with every subscription!

Think of it, one free decal with every subscription!

All this for less than five measly bucks for a one-year subscription and less than nine lousy bucks for a two-year subscription. That's right—for less than five bucks you get eight issues, and for less than nine bucks you will get sixteen issues of this unreal rag delivered right to your door by a uniformed messenger.

To take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime offer, merely fill out coupon (if you don't want to cut magazine, just put same info on another sheet of paper) and mail it, along with the bread, today.

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

19

Check one:

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$4.99 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$8.99 for a two-year subscription.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it's only a lousy penny.

- Smiley, you old pot-smokin', pill-droppin' lecher,
☐ Here's \$5.00 for a one-year subscription.
☐ Here's \$9.00 for a two-year subscription.
 Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription

Name _____

Address _____

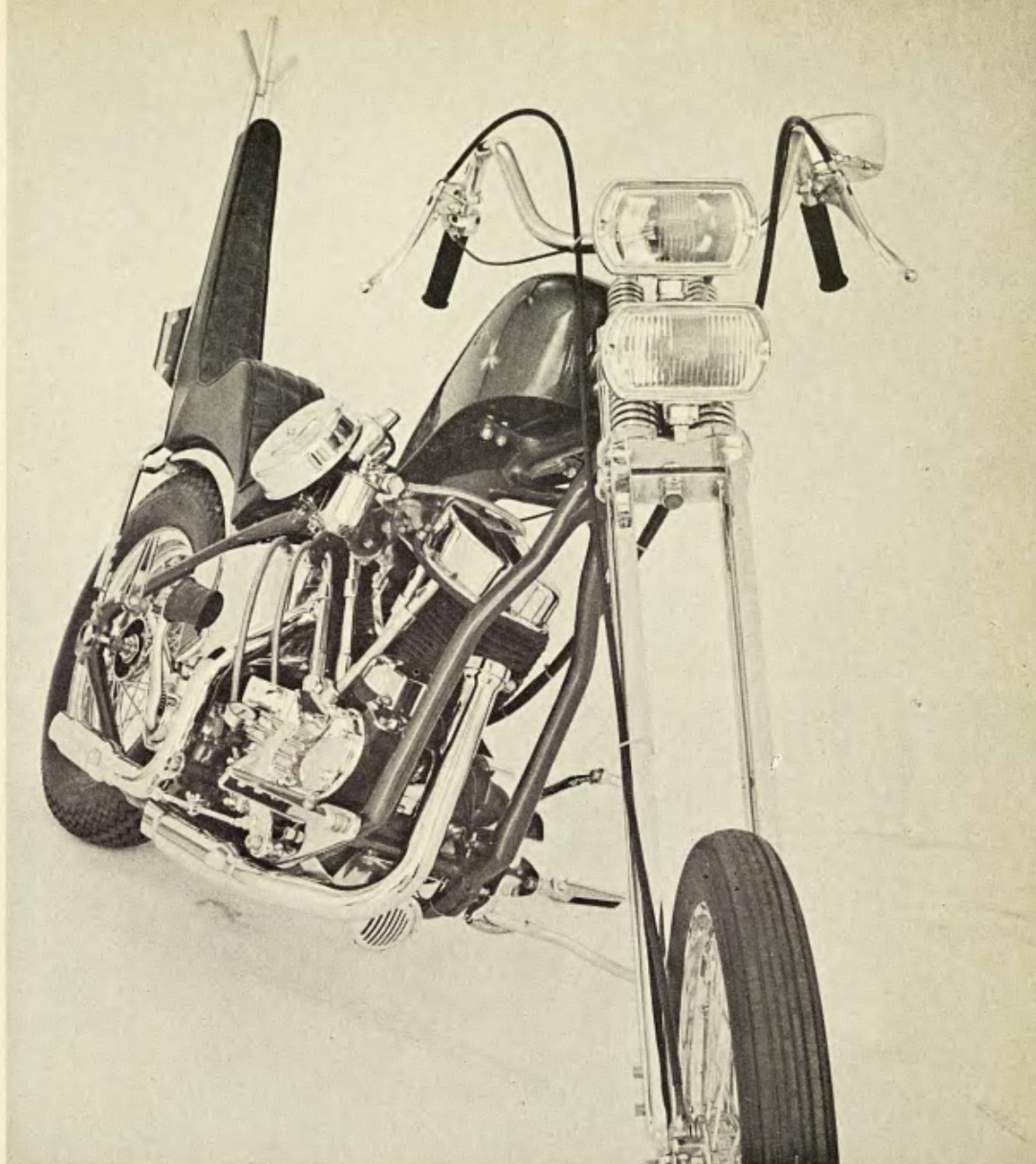
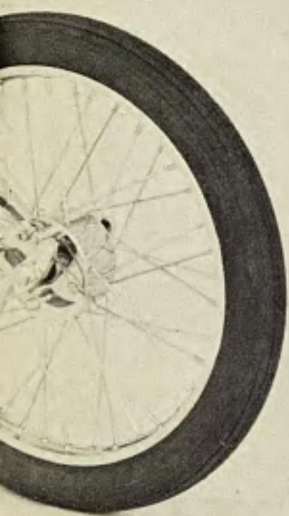
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine? _____



*High Perch Seat
and a
Long Sissybar*



Easyriders Photography by Pete Chiodo

As most of our regular readers know, we don't exactly whip our meat in ecstasy when we see a bike with a high perch seat and a super long sissybar. A quick glance through this and other issues will indicate where our heads are at. But we try, try, try to be fair, and try to remember that there's all kinds of people out there in televisionland, with all kinds of tastes—maybe even a few that don't agree with ours. With this in mind we're showing a scoot with a seat style and sissybar seldom seen around our fire trap. Now how's that for being impartial journalists?

We told Whitey about our views and he said, "Man, that's to keep the ol' lady happy." He glanced over at her to make sure she was listening. "I dig her



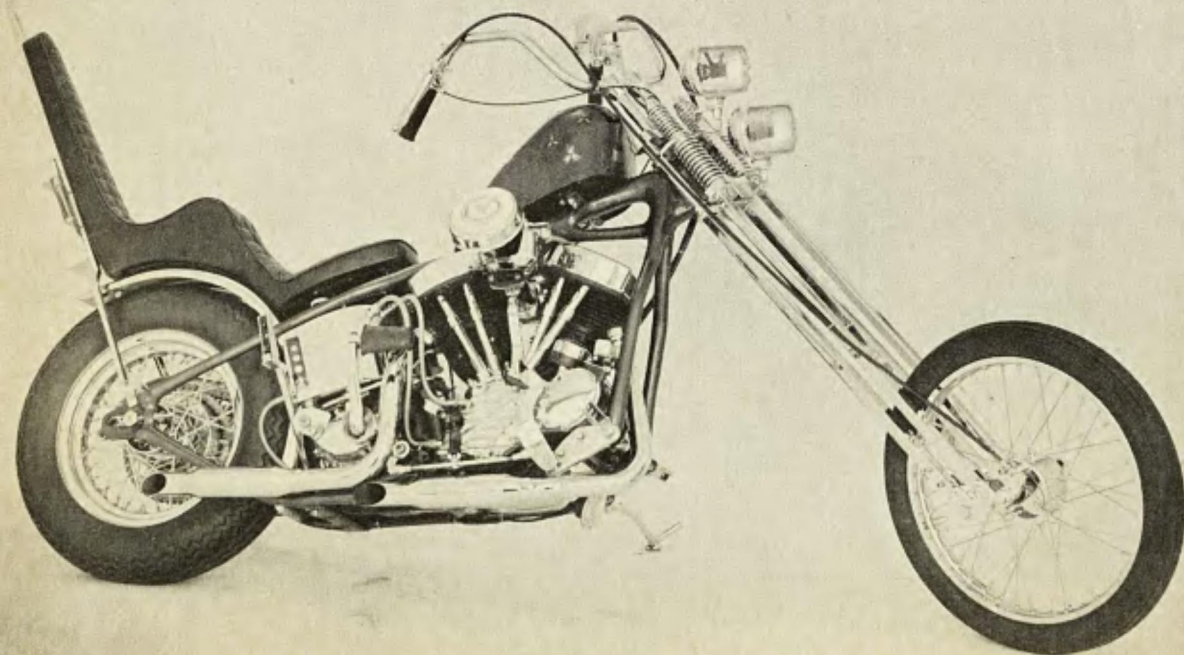
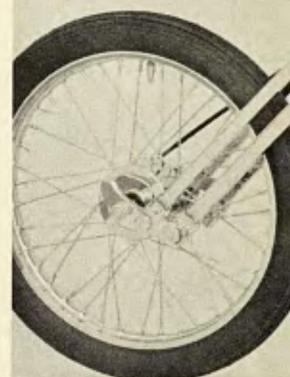


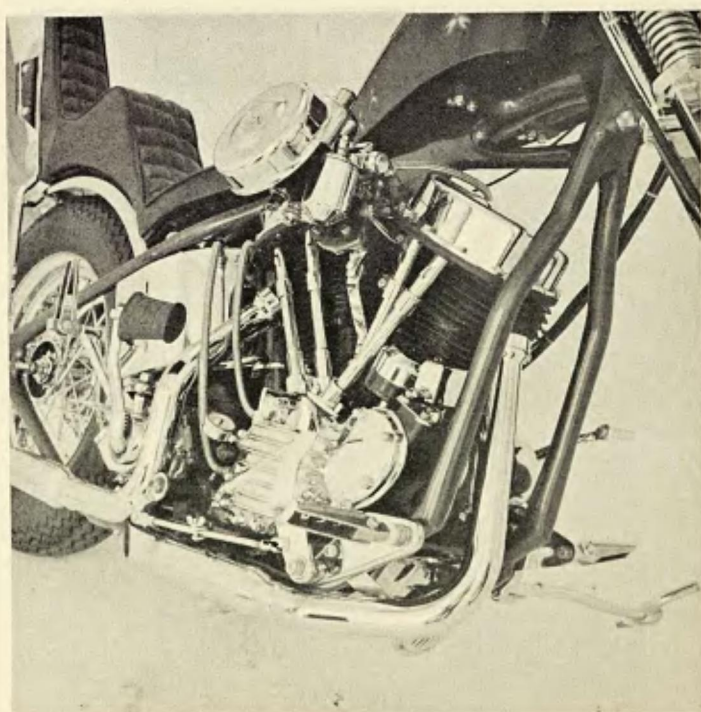
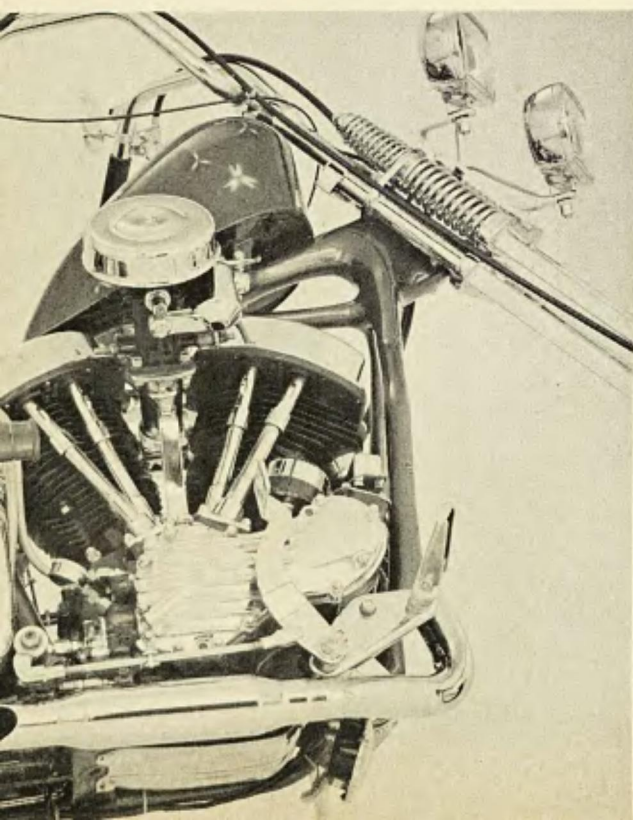
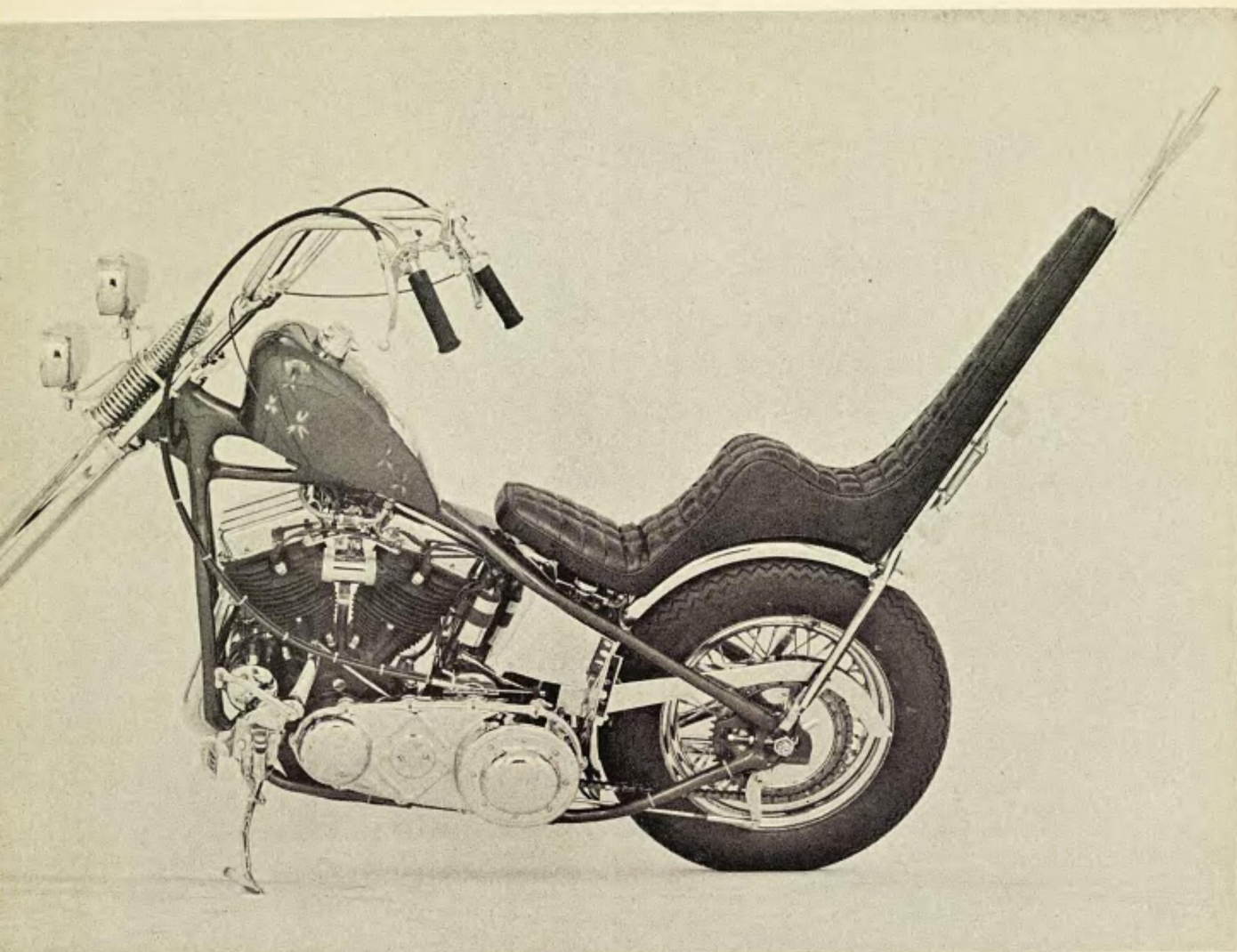
goin' along with me and I don't want her pissin' and moanin' about her ass or back hurtin' at the first gas stop."

Whitey builds bikes. He's been at it for about four years. When he's not building a bike for someone else, he's building one of his own. The scoot you see here has been completely rebuilt and redesigned twice—and like most righteous bikes, it started as a basket case.

We almost goofed with Whitey's bike (could it have been Freudian?), for after setting up a time to photograph the bike, some dipshit in the office neglected to inform Pete of that fact. It was set up for a Saturday at our photo studio—a day when the staff is either wasted on their backs, or on the road a jillion miles from the salt mine. Lucky for us, Pete happened to be in his studio that day fondling his tit photos when Whitey and his ol' lady (Leslie) showed up. Being a good guy and figuring he'd kick somebody's ass later, Pete put his photos away and photographed the bike. It was a tough session though, because Whitey made the mistake of telling Pete his ol' lady had two tattoos on her ass. He should never have done that. Pete spent most of the shooting session trying to get her to take her pants down—and that's tough to do when the chick's ol' man is in the same room. Talk about frustration—most of the photos were out of focus.

—Continued on next page.







Owner: Whitey McGuire

City: Costa Mesa, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Owner

Year and make: 1950 H-D

Model: Panhead

Value: \$3,500

Assembly by: Owner

Time: 18 months

Chroming: Orange Co. Plating.

Engine

Year: 1950

Model: FL

Builder: Owner

Ignition: 6V

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Balancing: Chopper Place

Pistons: TRW

Cam: FLH

Lifters: solids

Carb(s): S.U.

Air cleaner: Custom Cycle Eng.

Shifter: foot

Pipes: Whitey's M/C

Muffler(s): glasspack

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: 24

Painting

Molding:

Painter: Custom John

Color: blue metalflake

Type: epoxy

Chassis

Frame builder: H-D

Year and make: 1950 H-D

Rake: 1/2 inch

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Bars: Custom Cycle Delight

Risers: 6 inches

Fender(s): 5 in. Cheatah

Headlight: dual Lucas

Taillight: custom

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: Cheatah

Back: Cheatah

Gas tank: Bondurant

Oil tank: Pachco

Primary cover: Pachco

Seat material: Cheatah, naugahyde

Sissy bar: Cheatah

Height: 28 in.

Material size: 5/8-in. hex.

Forks

Type: springer

Type front rail: square

Extension: 12 inches over

Builder: Wheel Specialties

Wheels

Front

Size: 19-inch

Hub: Hallcraft

Rim width: 2 1/2 in.

Tire size: 2.75x19

Make: Avon

Rear

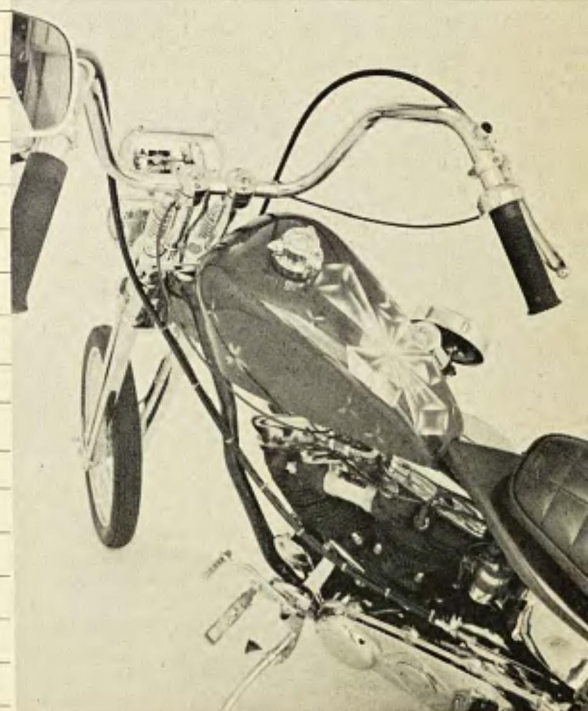
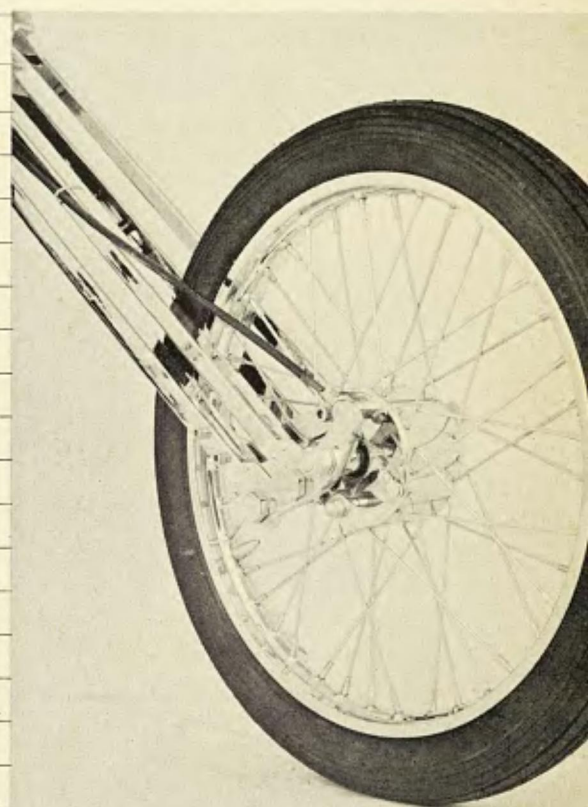
Size: 16-inch

Hub/brake: stock

Rim width: 5-in

Tire size: 5.00x16

Make: Arco



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

Disappointed

I spent my last eight cents for a stamp and ripped off an envelope from a stationery store, just to send you a stamped return envelope for your picture. But what do I get? A drawing of you by Robinson. I was very disappointed—I wanted the real you.

Hard Up
Sheridan, Wyo.

- I've got news for you—that was the real me.

Was It You?

Several years ago our dog took the biggest deformed shit a dog ever took. After he did it, he barked at the moon and took off running. As he ran off, the pile of shit jumped up and ran after him and we haven't seen them since—that is, until we saw your picture. There's an amazing similarity between you and the pile. Could our dog have been a she and that pile have been you?

Gary and Mike
South Gate, Mich.

- It depends—was it an Irish Wolfhound?

Sags A Lot

The chicks who write to you and complain about their small tits are lucky. They should have my problem. Mine sag a lot—from being hung on too much, I guess. Anyway, do you have any suggestions on how to cure saggin' tits?

Big Jugs
El Cajon, Calif.

- I suggest you take a couple of pain killers, find yourself a biker tit freak, and let him have at 'em.

Shirt Problem

My problem is I would like

to bring my scoot into prison to work on it in my cell, but nobody here will listen to me. Have you any suggestions?

Satch
Richmond, Va.

- I have problems like that too. Like I've always wanted to be balled by King Kong.

My First Love Poem

Gonna sneak up from behind you, Mutha
Gotta underhanded plan
Gonna turn your head around
Cause I'm a backdoor man
Like a pig at the trough
I know you hate it, baby
But that's what get's me off!
Gonna Boogie, Boogie
Woogie

Gonna Boogie over the wall
I'm a tailgate rider for you
Gonna drive you round the bend
Gonna drive it on in
If you turn your back on me,
Mutha
Gonna get you in the end
I'm the toughest of the teddies
I'm the meanest of the freaks
Don't you think there's a place for me
In between your cheeks?

Larry Hankins
Oregon, Pen.

- Ooooh, I just got a chill.

Stench Problem

My ol' man loves sucking, squeezing, touching, licking, kissing, massaging, and rubbing my tits—and man, does he do it right! My problem is that when I start shoving his head downward, he complains about the smell. What can I do to stop the smell and to make him (and me) happy?

Nice Tits
Riverside, Calif.

- There are a number of things you could do. You

could straddle an operating fire hydrant. Or you could buy a bottle-washer brush at the market—and use it. Or you could boot his ass out and tell 'im he doesn't have any class.

Tit Debate

I was mulling over the great tit debate running through your column, when it occurred to me—big, small, or in-between, I never met a chick whose charms weren't well received—so why fight it? Fuck it!

Chase
Parma, Ohio

- Or scarf it.

Graffiti

I was in this whorehouse toilet in Tijuana and I saw a note scrawled on the wall: "For a really good time write Mutha," and it gave your address. I was wondering, what does a "really good" time mean?

Interested
Los Angeles, Calif.

- You name it, I play it. I've got to have wide and varied experiences to hold down my job—at least that's what the guys here say when they create new sex games.

Dog Fashion

I really dig ballin', but my ol' man digs doing it dog fashion. I like to do it the regular face to face way—how about you?

Old Fashioned
Atlanta, Ga.

- Face to face? What's that? Generally speaking, though, I take it any way I can get it.

Pill Money

My ol' man took my pill money to buy a part for his Pan, and now I'm pregnant.

What can I do to get even with him?

Big Belly
Phoenix, Ariz.

- Have twins.

Clap, Clap, Clap

I picked up a dose of clap somewhere and just gave it to my ol' man. How do I explain it? What should I do? He'll kick the shit out of me.

Frightened
St. Paul, Minn.

- Anonymously turn him in to the Health Department, and when they arrive, kick the shit out of him for giving it to you.

Square Mom

My square mom won't let me ride with guys in bike clubs and I can't convince her how much fun it is and especially how much fun a chick has with a club. Do you have any suggestions on how I can win her over?

Eager
Chicago, Ill.

- Pull a train at your house and let your mommy watch.

Boyfriend's Ill

My boyfriend is really sick. He keeps wanting to suck and slobber on my toes. What can I do for him?

Cold Feet
Omaha, Neb.

- Does he have a cold, trench mouth, or what? If you expect me to advise you on how to care for him you'll have to tell me what's wrong with him.

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



MIRACULOUS
MUTHA
TELLS ALL



Mandatory Seat Belt Law Is Waking More People Up To Big Brotherism!

Well, well, well—look who's squawkin now.

A year ago when Charles Simon was pouring all his money into fighting for our right not to be dictated to by the Feds, hardly anyone came to his aid. When the battles were waged in different states to stop legislation that dictated bike riders must wear helmets, and when they continued as fights to repeal the mandatory helmet laws, hardly anyone from the straight community came to our aid. They didn't even complain when the Government out and out blackmailed states into accepting their dictates or suffer the loss of Federal Highway funds. Nope. Hardly anyone—almost nobody—aided the biker in his fight against Big Brotherism. Who gives a shit about the biker, anyway?

But Big Brother isn't partial when it comes to controls, and so after whipping the bikers into shape it was time to save the life of anyone who drives a car. First it was mandatory seat belts in all new cars. Then belts and shoulder straps. But the motoring public didn't snap to—why there were even some who got tired of sitting on them and finally flat-ass removed the damned things from their cars.

Big Brother doesn't like that. Everyone should realize that the Government knows what is best for you, and that if you don't have sense enough to take care of yourself—then BB must do it for you. So BB passed a law, regulation, standard, whatever, forcing all auto makers to install a system on the '74 cars that forces the driver, and his passengers, and his sack of groceries, and his dog, and anything else that is on the front seat with him, to be strapped in. Seat belt, shoulder strap, the whole tale, or the Detroit iron won't

budge; lights flash, and a buzzer angrily blasts away.

Now the politicians and the press are beginning to complain. Television newscasts and the daily newspapers are beginning to whine about Big Brother. People are beginning to say the things we've been saying all the time. Here are a few examples:

"... No government has the right, legal or moral, to force any American to do anything designed solely for his own good."—Rep. John Rarick, New York.

"The effectiveness of seat belts and shoulder harnesses as safety devices has been established.

"I have flown airplanes most of my life, worn shoulder harnesses before Washington, D.C., knew what they were.

"But experience also indicates that if government elects to protect me from myself there'll be no end to it. After air bags come crash helmets.

"If government is going to take care of you, then government is going to have to see that you do not smoke or drink and that you get eight hours' sleep every night, and I don't think that's a proper function for the government of a supposedly free people.

"... Government has every right to prohibit you from endangering others, but when government presumes to protect you from yourself it can't be long before a bureaucrat is watching over your shoulder to make sure you brush your teeth."—Paul Harvey

"... the law is an invasion of private rights, costwise, and decisionwise."—Rep. Louis Wyman, New Hampshire.

"... another example of unwise and unnecessary interference by the federal bureaucracy in the daily

lives of our citizens."—Rep. Charles King, New York.

Those were just a few samples; we're sure you've seen or heard more comments, columns and articles defending our rights. It's too bad they didn't hook the helmet bill and safety belt law together—at least in our fight for our right to do as we please, we would have some support.

We welcome all complaints against Big Brotherism, no matter the reason. If Big Brother can get away with doing something for one person's own good, then he'll get away—or try to get away—with trying to do it for another.

Let's hope that the attempts to repeal the mandatory seat belt law are successful—at least it will tell Big Brother his bullshit stops here. Then, using the successful arguments, perhaps we can wake some people up to the invasion of personal freedom that is taking place with the mandatory helmet laws.

They're Running Tests On Air Bags For Motorcycles Too!

Air bags—that interesting device that is set to be installed on all '76 model cars—for your own good—whether you like it or not—are now being tested as your lifesaver when you ride your scooter.

Two Department of Transportation researchers have stated that after five tests the air bag "in principle... shows promise as a technique for effecting significant reduction in motorcycle casualties." As with the automobile type, the air bags inflate almost instantly after a vehicle impact.

They stated further that while the bags "look promising," it will still be a couple of years before air bags become a safety requirement.

Pennsylvania: Another state may try to cover up the accident rates by passing another law against the motorcyclist. The State Senate Transportation Committee released a bill to the floor of the senate which would require motorcycles to have their lights on during the daylight. Penn bikers should pour in the mail to their state senators explaining to them that although the headlight may indicate that a vehicle is coming in your direction, the glare of the light during the daylight hours makes it difficult to judge the rate of travel and the distance of the vehicle. Also a lit taillight in the daytime indicates braking; consequently, if the taillight is on for any length of time, the following motorist will tend to disregard it, and if the motorcyclist then applies the brakes, the intensity change in the daylight would be difficult to detect even by an extremely attentive motorist. Therefore, the brake-light system becomes almost useless in the daylight, forming a constantly hazardous situation for anyone riding a motorcycle with the lights on during the daylight. There is also the point that this is another law directed only toward the motorcyclist and places a burden on him because of the continuous use of his electrical system and the lacking availability of replacement parts for motorcycles as compared with the automobile.

Write your senators. Express your views. It helps! If you wish to get active against this law, you may contact our state coordinator, Bill Keller, 423 Center St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221, or the Penn Cycle Riders Assoc., 566 State Street, Meadville, Pa. 16335. We have no indication of this organization's goals, however they may be involved.

Connecticut: The Motor Vehicle Commissioner, Edward J. Kozlowski, announced on Sept. 20th that the department will issue standards for motorcycle helmets which will enable Connecticut to enforce the helmet law. At the time the helmet law was enacted, the state's standards for helmets were higher than the federal standards, which for some time prevented Connecticut from enforcing their law. However, recently the Vehicle Commissioner decided to lower the specifications to meet the federal standards in order to enforce the law. ABATE is working with the Connecticut Motorcycle Association and other concerned Brothers to pre-

vent the enforcement of the law and would like Connecticut bikers to get in touch with the C.M.A. at P.O. Box 62, Waterford, Conn. 06385, so that the C.M.A. may have your support and can recommend any measures necessary to combat the enforcement successfully. Let's pull with the C.M.A. to beat this hassle.

Utah: The Feds are applying pressure on the state to pass a mandatory helmet law (at present they have to be worn at speeds over 35 mph) with their old blackmail gimmick of threatening to withhold highway funds. Normally, 1974 would be just a budget session for the state legislature, but because of the blackmail threat, they may also consider the helmet bill. Those who want to help organize a state fight against it can contact Wheelz, Road Capt., Barons M/C, 462 South 1st West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84100.

Virginia: "After reading the December issue we were awakened to the pending danger that exists for the custom biker. As with most bikers, we were content to sit back and let the other guy carry the load. However, we've had a complete change of mind and so have a lot of our friends. Enclosed is a contribution from us—we thank you for having the balls to stand up and fight as a brotherhood to aid the cause that is common to us all.—Don Moody, Al Jones, Van Shively, Wormy Echols, Jack Thomas, Ed Forrest, Jim Rodgers, John Mealer and Ray Honick."

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.

Michigan: Paul E. Sauerwald has advised us that the rules for obtaining a motorcycle endorsement have changed. A rider can no longer be endorsed simply through a written test. He must now, regardless of his previous experience, take a driving test along with the written examination. The clincher is that the driving test is by appointment only.

Arizona: The Environmental Protection Agency recently attacked motorcycles. The EPA seems to believe that motorcycles pollute the air three times as much as cars. They made that statement while failing to mention at what speed, what bike, what displacement, and compared to what automobile. Once convinced of the "facts," the EPA set out to put ceilings on motorcycle registrations in highly polluted areas. In California, for instance, they felt a ban should be put on the use of motorcycles between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. in congested areas. Obviously they are meeting all kinds of resistance to their proposals.

Maryland:

"Dear Governor Mandel, I submit the following for your consideration when enacting legislation with regard to rationing of gasoline for motor vehicles: That motorcycles be exempt from gasoline rationing because of their superior economy and mileage and that motorcycles be excluded from the definition of the term "motor vehicle" for purposes of gasoline rationing. Such an exemption would encourage the use of this mode of transportation and thereby help the overall fuel crisis in addition to alleviating the parking and traffic problem somewhat. I am a private individual, with no affiliations with the motorcycle industry. I feel that such an exemption would be a great stride in the right direction toward conserving fuel. Very truly yours, Jack Janos, Phoenix, Maryland."

Bite Your Tongue

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

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

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

Free Service for All ABATE Members

Through the efforts of the ABATE members we now have a fairly complete file on every state. The laws, the legislators, the highway traffic officials. This information is supplied free to anyone requesting it and sending along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Some noise—any noise—is better than no noise. It's the old story: if the bully thinks he can hassle you and get away with it, he will. But if

he knows that even though he is more powerful and would no doubt win a fight, but that you'd put up a helluva scrap—and he just might get hurt along with his victory—he'll think twice about hassling you, especially when there are so many other guys in this world who won't fight him and will accept any abuse as inevitable—or will even run.

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

10% Discount To ABATE Members

The following shops are giving a 10% discount to ABATE members. If other shops would like to be listed, just send us your name and address on your letterhead. **Munch Choppers** 3921 South Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60652. **Villa Park H-D** 305 East North Avenue, Villa Park, Ill.

Help is needed

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

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The Power!

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All you have to do is vote.

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.

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Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

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Silly Tilly

A BMW rider pulled up next to a Hog at a stop sign and asked, "You know what BMW stands for?" "No, what?"

"Bad Man's Wheels!" the BMW rider shouted, and took off.

The Hog rider caught up with him and asked, "Ya know what AMF stands for?" "What?"

"Adios, Mutha Fucka," and shifted to third gear and disappeared.

—Mike Bratton
Lindsay, Calif.

There was this dude trying to make points with the little chickie by showing how much he knew about wine.

He ordered some fancy brand, 1924 vintage, but when he got it, he spat it out and said, "That's not 1924—that's 1925!"

Then he ordered a bottle of wine from 1935 and did the same thing after tasting it.

Finally, the biker at the bar had had enough of this phony and went over to the table, handed the dude a glass and asked him to taste it.

He did and spat it out. "That tastes like piss!"

The biker smiled, "Yeah, but now tell me how old I am."

—Dennis Hollin
Harrison, Ohio

A fourth grade class was discussing the current energy crisis and sources of future energy, when a little boy asked, "Teacher, does natural gas have lumps in it?"

"Why no, it doesn't," she replied. "Well then," he said, "I guess I just shit my pants."

—Lloyd W. Troendle
Hopkins, Minnesota

A horny biker walked into the doctor's office and said, "I've got three whores coming to my place tonight. Can you give me something to keep the lead in the old pencil?"

The doc said, "Yeah, I can give you some pills that will make you so horny you'd rape your ninety-year-old grandmother and then chase her cat around the block."

"That's just what I need," said the biker. "Give 'em to me."

The next morning the same dude came into the doctor's office, pulled down his zipper, and flopped his tool down on the desk.

"What the hell happened to you? It looks like you ran it through a meat grinder."

The biker didn't bother to answer—he wanted help. "Do something about this, and while you're at it give me some liniment too."

"You aren't going to put liniment on that raw meat, are you?"

"Hell no, the liniment's for my arms; those whores didn't show up."

—Jamie Heierman
Seguin, Texas

A young father-to-be was chewing his nails in the waiting room of the hospital, tearing his hair—the whole routine. Finally, the door opened and a nurse appeared holding a tiny infant in her arms. Hearing his name called, the nervous man got up to go see his first-born, wondering if it was a boy or girl. But before he got to the nurse, she took the baby and slammed it to the floor, jumping up and down on the helpless little thing.

The man went into a rage, screaming at the nurse, "Stop it, you mother-fuckin' bitch! You're killing my baby!" The nurse, seeing he was really pissed, stopped jumping on the kid and calmly told the outraged father, "Relax, mister, the little bastard was born dead. I was only joking."

—Mike Reed
Slidell, Louisiana

*Heard any good ones lately?
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The Commando

—Continued from page 20

"I'd like to . . . but, uh . . . my girl friends are waiting for me."

Jesus, honey, don't you realize that you and your sixteen-year-old body are the most important things in my life right now? "Look, all your friends are staring out the window looking at you. I bet they wish they were in your place now . . . are you scared or something?"

"No."

"What's the matter, baby, afraid of me?"

"No . . . no, it's not that . . . Hey, look! A bunch of bikers!"

Shit! It's the Half Breeds making the rounds. If I don't get her outa here those mothers will move in and try to steal my meat. I'm getting no place fast; maybe I'll try a little body contact. Just grab her arm . . . gently of course. Mmmm, what nice soft skin. I think she digs—

"Hey man . . . hands off!"

Guess she doesn't. "Aww, come on. Go for a ride. We'll have fun. A beautiful girl on a beautiful bike."

"Hey! Jackoff!"

Oh shit, I'd recognize that voice anyplace. Bear of the Half Breeds. With Mongo to back him up . . . as if that was necessary.

"Honey, this guy bothering you?"

"No, it's all right."

Maybe she isn't a little bitch after all.

"He just wanted to take me for a ride on his Harley chopper."

"Ha hahahaha haahaha ha hahahaha . . . fuckin' funny or what, eh, Mongo?"

"What's so funny?"

"Ha haahaha, honey . . . ahahaha ahahaha ahahahaha . . ."

You big asshole, Bear, if you didn't have Mongo with you and you were six inches shorter and a hundred pounds lighter I'd stuff your face up . . .

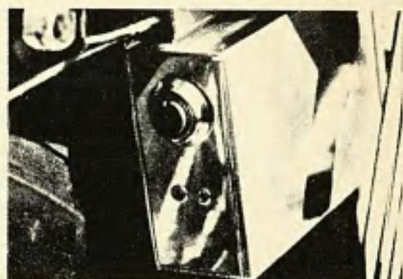
"Honey, this ain't nothin' but a mini trail bike with a sissy bar and a spraycan paint job . . . hahaha hahaha ha!"

That did it! "Well, I can dream, can't I . . . huh Bear, huh?"

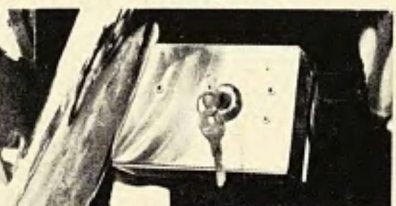
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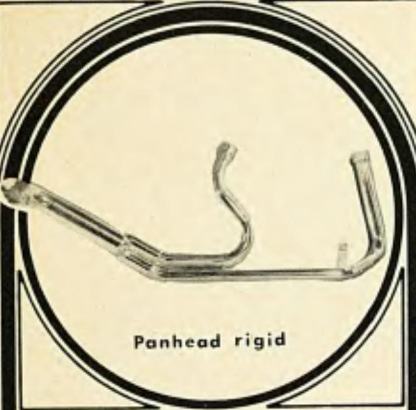
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Name of The Game

—Continued from page 13

then outside to buy my Lady some ethyl supper to keep her happy. She knows it's that time again and fires on the second kick, shooting exhaust into the helmet underneath her.

I look at the speedo—been showing this bitch down the road for five miles now, mostly uphill. Naturally had to take the back roads so I'd be stranded when the front chain snapped. Clakka, clakka, clutch in, key off and coast as far as possible. My own fault; disconnected the oiler a while back so the Lady wouldn't leak so much. Sometimes I'm a really dumb fucker. I wonder where the hell I am; last time I remember looking, I was a good piece from a town called Belleville, or Bellvue, or something. I'll smoke a few cigarettes to catch my breath, then push until I hit a sign.

Belleville—6. Crap. Wait a minute, now, pull out the map and flick the headlight on. Goddam bugs. All right, I got a cousin about forty miles away from here; all I need is a phone now and I'm set for life. Look up the road with the headlight, but there's nothing there except white lines that say I'll never make it. I'm saying the same thing myself, but it's not going to be because I didn't try.

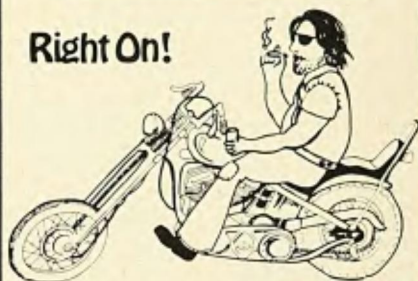
Must be around midnight by now, but the house is still awake as I park the bike at the end of the driveway. Feel like hammered shit. Now, Lady, you wait right here while I go see if these people have a telephone. Crunch, crunch, crunch up the gravel drive and someone peeks out the front window and disappears as I step up on the porch. Knock, knock, and the curtains at the window pull back to show the blackest face I've ever seen, which hangs itself out and bellows, "What de hell yo want, honkeh?" Now I don't cotton much to anyone hollering at me, but this looks like the right time to show some manners like Mom taught me.

"Telephone, ma'am, you see, I..."

"Jamus, git mah riful!"

GROW YOUR OWN!

Right On!

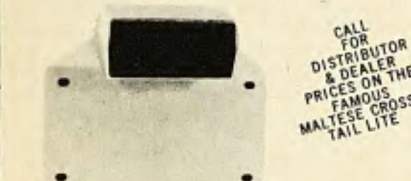


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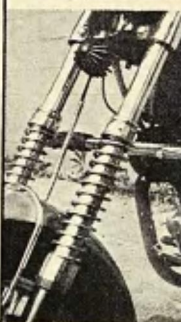
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Rifle? My ass is moving before her mouth comes together again. Just as I'm kicking that sidestand up, the door flies open, damn near ripping itself off its hinges, and this tall kid's standing in the light with what looks like a shotgun against his cheek. Goddam! He bangs one off into some trees about ten feet to my right, and man, I never knew I was so strong; that old Hog and me are spinning gravel as we light out of that driveway, and we keep going until we hit a downhill stretch and coast out of range. These country folk must not like visitors too much.

Too bad I don't have a Honda, so I could meet some of those nicest people.

I'm sitting on the Lady, watching my knees shake in the moonlight, when the sheriff hot-roads up with his lights on, **all** the lights. Giving me the Hollywood treatment with the searchlights. He comes to a stop about half an inch from my front wheel, and his door creaks open like a coffin lid. Looks like those people had a phone, all right.

"Hold it right there, son." Still sitting on the bike; can't see a damn thing with the lights in my face.

"Get off that sickle, real slow." I do, mostly because I can see the pistol now. He pats me down, and I'm clean.

"What's the problem, son?"

"No problem."

"You been harassing those nigras up there, son?" Points up the road.

"Nope." I wish he'd quit calling me son.

"Sure, sure, let's see some identification." I reach down to my pocket for my wallet. "Left hand, son." Jesus, what a clown; I give him my driver's license and grab the roof like he says while he calls me in. I watch him from over my shoulder—if there's any one cop that fits the word pig, this is him; the bastard sort of rolls over to the car, grunting and wheezing as he shifts about 250 pounds of jelly from one pudgy leg to the other, his gut flopping up and down over his belt. He cuts the searchlights

Having a Hard Time Finding Easyriders?

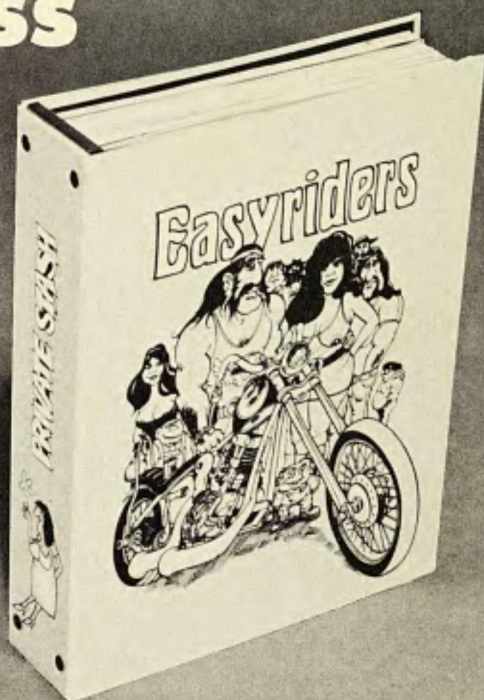
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

If enough people request a certain magazine, the dealer will usually start selling it. But with 16 zillion rags on the newsstand, he

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

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

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

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☐ 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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Name _____

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off and comes back with his gun holstered. Hands my license back to me and sticks his finger in his nose.

"All right, son, you got troubles with your sickle?" I turn around to face him.

"Broke chain."

"Going to Belleville?"

"Need a phone."

"Need a ride, son?"

"Can't leave my bike." He nods his head and grunts back to the car, where he talks to someone on the box and does a lot more nodding.

He gets out of the car, tells me, "My son will be here in a few minutes with a horse trailer, and we'll give you a lift into town."

Well, I'll be damned. And sure enough, this kid with buck teeth comes rolling up pretty soon, hauling an old stable wagon behind him. It takes all three of us to load

the Lady up on account of there's no ramp, but soon enough I'm sitting in the trailer with the 74 at my side, on our way to Belleville. My opinion of law enforcement officers is changing. A little.

Belleville looks like one of those towns that has been ready to bite the dust for the last forty years but somehow keeps hanging on. About a dozen shack houses, a town square with a post office, drug store, and a five-and-dime. Right off the square is the jail, and about this time something is starting to feel not quite right. The trailer grinds to a halt at the side of the jail, and the back gate swings open. We roll out the 74, and I can tell by the greasy grin on the sheriff's face that something not real good is coming.

"That'll be seven dollars towing fee, son." I look at him. It figures; I should've known better

than to trust a cop.

Now Buckteeth wants to be a man, too. "You heard him, that's seven dollars. Now!" He points a finger to his palm. Christ. I pull out my wallet and show the sheriff that it's empty. Glad I put my scratch in my boot; I pull out my change and hold it out.

"Sixty-eight cents, that's all I got."

"Well, now, son, you got a place to sleep tonight?"

Uh-oh. "I'll find a place."

"We got a place for you tonight, **vagrant**. Haw, haw, right, Sid?"

"Yeah, that's right, Pa, har, har, har!"

"Yup, let's go, **vagrant**." We go, all right, with me in the middle. The jail's fenced in, so I'm fairly sure the Lady will be there when I get out; I'm not wild about leaving her out, but at this point it doesn't look like I've got much

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choice—there's no way I'm going to line this fatass's pockets with my bread for a "towing fee," and anyway, he'd probably hit me up then for "harassing those nigras."

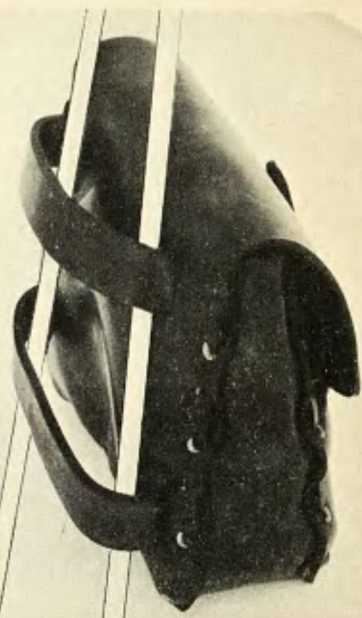
Up the stairs, through the door, into the jail we go. Cells must be upstairs; it's a two-story. "Empty your pockets, son." I dump out my wallet, change, comb, master link, ignition key, lighter, and cigs on the desk. I get my cigarettes and lighter back while Buckteeth unlocks the heavy steel door at the other end of the office. Porky Pig turns on some 300-watt ceiling lights and motions me to lead the way up the steps, while Junior gets a big kick out of acting like a bellboy showing me to my room.

They must've known I was coming—one empty cell. I notice that everyone in the joint is black. I tramp into my hotel room and pull the door shut behind me. Spread myself out on the steel-band bed and try to figure out how I get into situations like these.

"G'night, **vagrant!** Haw, haw, haw!" Clomp, clomp. CLANG! The lower door is locked, and in the blackness all there is is the sound of those two shitheads heehawing their asses off. Then the outside door closes, and I hear them leave in the patrol car. Dumbasses didn't check my boots, the first place most would hide a blade. Or money, heh-heh.



"Takin' her temperature—what th' hell ya think?"



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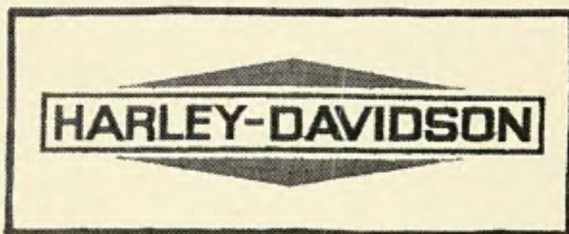
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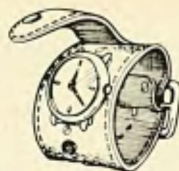
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The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing), or with Harley Davidson design as shown, or with a wheel and wings with "Ride To Live, Live to Ride" surrounding it.

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

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.

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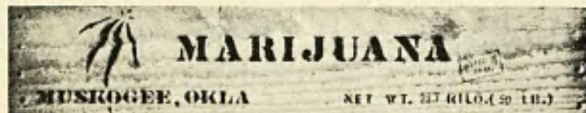


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The usual routine begins.
Deep voice: "Whattayou in for, dude?"

"You heard the man. Vagrancy. You?"

"Murder." Yeah, yeah, sure.

"Who?"

"My mother." Giggling in the background. Turns out everyone else claims they're in for: murdered father and mother, castrated a brother, raped a sister, murdered the whole family, "and I got fourteen brudders and sisters." The only ones close to the truth are two ladies in for "selling good dreams." Deep voice says nobody's going to touch the Lady because the only people that come close to the jail are the ones on their way into the jail. Good. Everyone stays up most of the night, singing about how they're going to kill all the honkeys. They're going to let me live so I can work on a plantation. I need sleep; I don't know what tomorrow will bring, but I want to be ready for it.

"Hey, VAGRANT! Wake up!" What the... "What do you want, toast and egg, or toast and bacon?" What a way to start the day.

"Well, now, sheriff, I believe I'll have two eggs, sunny side up, and not too much butter on that toast, hear? Gotta watch what I eat, you know. That'll be all, thank you." He stomps off, grumbling something about "long-haired bastards." He gets back pretty quick and slides my paper plate in. Shit. Should've got the bacon instead; that way I might be able to tell which was which. No sooner I choke that swill down when the sheriff sets me free. So long, jailbirds.

I count my change as the cop hands my possessions back. Missing sixteen cents.

Outside, say good morning to the Lady and take her to a tractor supply house, where I find a chain that'll work, and in thirty minutes I'm back on the road. Give the Belleville city limits sign the finger as we roar by, then I let my mind float down to where it always does on a long ride. Relax is the name of the game.

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Oldest Game

—Continued from page 19

Hazard was an elegant game, with all the rules of craps as we know the game today, plus a great many other flourishes. In London, it was the custom of the gentlemen in the gaming room to wear masks. Considering the high stakes—many a player lost \$50,000 to \$100,000 in a single evening—this wasn't a bad idea.

In France, Napoleon was a noted craps shooter. The plunger type of high roller, naturally. Beau Brummel had to stall off his tailor many a time because of a bad night at the tables. King George IV's enthusiasm seems to have outweighed his brains. Before he was 21, he had gambled away over \$4,000,000. He was probably consoled by the wry knowledge that the other players were more nervous winning than he was losing.

If you suspect that this kind of action attracted the sharpies, you're quite correct. They took cute advantage of the dice cup and some clever fingering. The do-it-yourself hobby of loading dice again came into fashion, if not high repute.

When the French gentlemen came to New Orleans to make or increase their fortune, they brought dice along to the new world. Soon after, the game got a new shape—the Americans stripped away all the non-essentials—and a new name. Craps. It seems that when Monsieur would roll a 2, 3, or 12 ("Crabs" in English) he mispronounced the term as "Crops." The Negro attendants, who carried the dice, and the game, into the back alleys of New Orleans, contributed their mispronouncing, and "Crops" became "Craps."

The game spread through the South like magnolias. Deckhands played it on the river boats. The white folks looked on—and were hooked. Soon the "Mississippi Gambler" came into his own. In adjusting the odds to his advantage he overdid a good thing, however, and the average citizen soon began to regard the game of dice as instant bankruptcy. When invited by a sharply-dressed fellow passenger to join in a friendly roll of the dice, the impulse would be to take a running dive over the rail, hand tightly clutched to hip pocket.

THE BONES KEPT ROLLING ALONG

For fifty years, the clicking of the cubes was seldom heard in the



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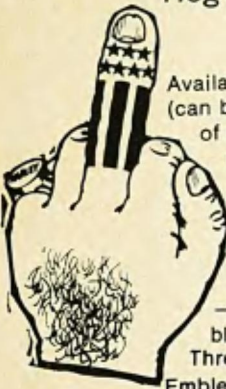
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haunts of what is called the respect-
able element. But in the backyards
and back alleys of the South, the
bones, like Old Man River, kept on
a-rollin'.

It was the coming of the railroad
that brought craps back into "white
collar" favor. On their long tedious
journeys salesmen and businessmen
just naturally got together for a
"friendly" game. Poker was king,
but crap-shooting had its points. The
action was livelier and faster. Many
a hapless drummer, who had learned
the hard way that he lacked the con-
centration, savvy, emotional control
and guts required for winning at
poker, succumbed to the illusion that
dice are purely a matter of luck. A
rank amateur could, in fact, beat a
pro—once in a while. And since
the human mind tends to select only
the memories that inflate the ego,
every crapshooter comes to think of
himself as mighty canny with the
cubes.

World War I gave a hypo to the
game. The soldiers had a few bucks
in their pockets and often no place
to spend them. In the interminable
stretches of waiting that comprise
most of a warrior's time, boredom
vanished when someone produced a
pair of dice and idly rolled them out
on a blanket, a ship's deck, a table,
or a dry spot in a shellhole.

Legalized gambling in Nevada
(since 1931) advanced the game's
popularity even more. Most of the
millions of tourists have heard that
the dice tables have the lowest house
odds of any game in the house, so
the rolling bones (made of pretty
plastic) get the most play. Cowboys
and countesses, tycoons and tarts,
debutantes and divorcees, business-
men and bums, gaudy dancers and
grandmas gather around the green-
topped altars to the God of Chance
and pray, with a fervency seldom
manifested in cathedrals, for that
quirky deity to transcend mathe-
matics just this once, and bestow
upon their sweaty hands the gift of
rolling "eight the hard way."

The U.S. has even returned a favor
by re-importing the game to France.
The post-World War II tide of tour-
ists took one look at the somewhat
seedy elegance of Monte Carlo, with
its baccarat, roulette, and vingt-et-un
(blackjack) layouts and sang out,
"Hey, where's the crap table?" The
casino owners, after briefly weighing
their sense of what is right and
proper against the profit motive,
made the same decision everyone
else does.

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this book before
I started shackin'
with my present
orangutan!" -Spider*



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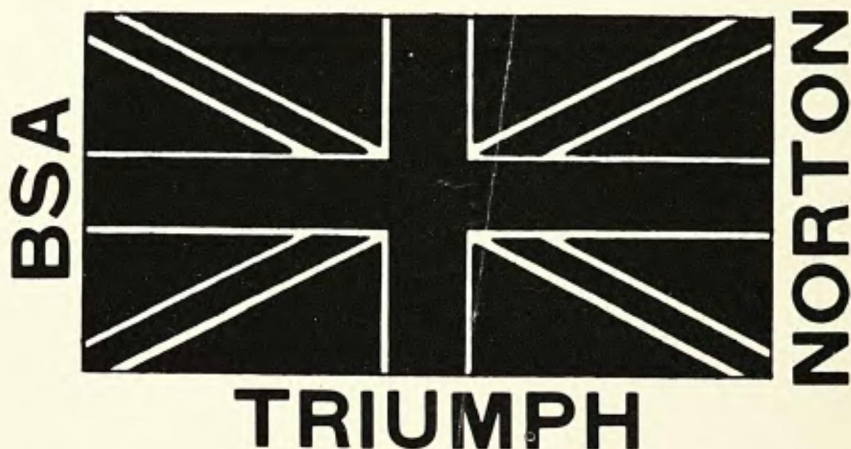
Once again we're gonna prove that we're straight arrow—to say nothing of the fact that we're also a bunch of horny slob. We're printin' the photo of the chick who won the Harley Clock Contest. Regular readers will probably recall how we groaned about the fact that we hadn't received her photo in time to get it in the last issue. Normally we woulda shit-canned the pic after it came in too late to make the issue—but after close examination of it, we decided to share her* with you.

Yep, she was the first one to send in the winning number of Miraculous had concealed between her sweaty jugs. In case you missed the last issue—the winning number was 6969.

Art Contest winner will be announced in the next issue.

*Vicky Ahmed and her ol' man.

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(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.

Could dig some scribes bad. Larry Kidd #100600, 500 Spring Street, Richmond, Va. 23219.

True to life freaks write me. Ray Weatherholt #85126, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Couple of dudes hung up in Michigan need your thoughts. Write, Jim Vigneau #114940, or Kent Gwinn #129347, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Would like some mags (bike) and some flicks of choppers if you have any lying around. Mike Maggard #129-886, P.O. Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Bro jammed on cocaine sales wants chicks to write. Guy Palmer, #86006, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Only women have the ability to overcome my depression. Write Terry Coffman H-14-T/038319, Reception & Medical Center, Box 628, Lake Butler, Florida 32054.

Have no one at all to write to. Write, Lee Hammack #111982, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

I'm righteously down and would like some women to write to. Write, Robert Luis McClintock 73/4564, P.O. Box 87, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

I'm hot-blooded and lonely. Write, Dave De Meo, SIC #41476, P.O. Box 1, Yardville, New Jersey 08620.

Could dig writin' some righteous ballin' chicks. Guy (BJ) Miller #96140, Cell 398-B; David (Sabata) Drake #100063, Cell 238-B, 500 Spring St., Richmond, Virginia 23219.

Black brother needs mail. Jerry (The Monk) Foster, Dorm D, #B-012499, 500 Orange Avenue Circle, Belle Glade, Fla. 33430.

Need to hear from a free world chick. Lonnie Leroy Cox #038238-O-unit-D19, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Wish a black sister would scribe. Leroy C. Owens K-4-Lower, A-027799, Reception & Medical Center, Box 628, Lake Butler, Florida 32054.

Need letters in this dungeon. Lynn (Preacher) Bentley, P.O. Box 391, Martinez, Calif.

Hung up. Please write. G. "Klanci" Brinner #19615-101, Box 888, Ashland, Kentucky 41101.

Need some mail quick. Gary Maness, West unit, #5 dorm, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Could really dig a letter from time to time. William Laughlin, 594, D.C. #038179, Desoto Correctional Institution, Arcadia, Florida 33821.

Please send some scribes. Graveyard Jim Schock, #129869, D-40-1st, P.O. Box 779, Marquette Branch Prison, Marquette, Michigan 49855.

Been inside 3 years. Please write. Clifford Minard, Monroe Forestry Camp, Readsboro, Vermont 05350.

Please write, ain't got anyone else that will. John Barnes, #135811, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

This 5 to 15 is kickin ass, please write. Dan Krayewski, #134063, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Dig puttin' around the country and ballin'. Please write. Glenn Garland, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, California 93436.

No one to write to. Crazy Jim Knoepfle, Dorm 5-25-B-19410, P.O. Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Like to hear from my kind of people. Arthur Duke Middleton, Maryland Penitentiary, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

Cut off from the outside world. Please write. Bill McAllen, #038023, Box 221, D-16, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

WOMEN

Inside on Possession. Shella Greer, 1034 Bragg Street, Raleigh, N.C. 27610.

Would like to hear from some righteous biker men. Kerry Wilcock 4 South St. Ipswich, Queensland, Australia 4305.

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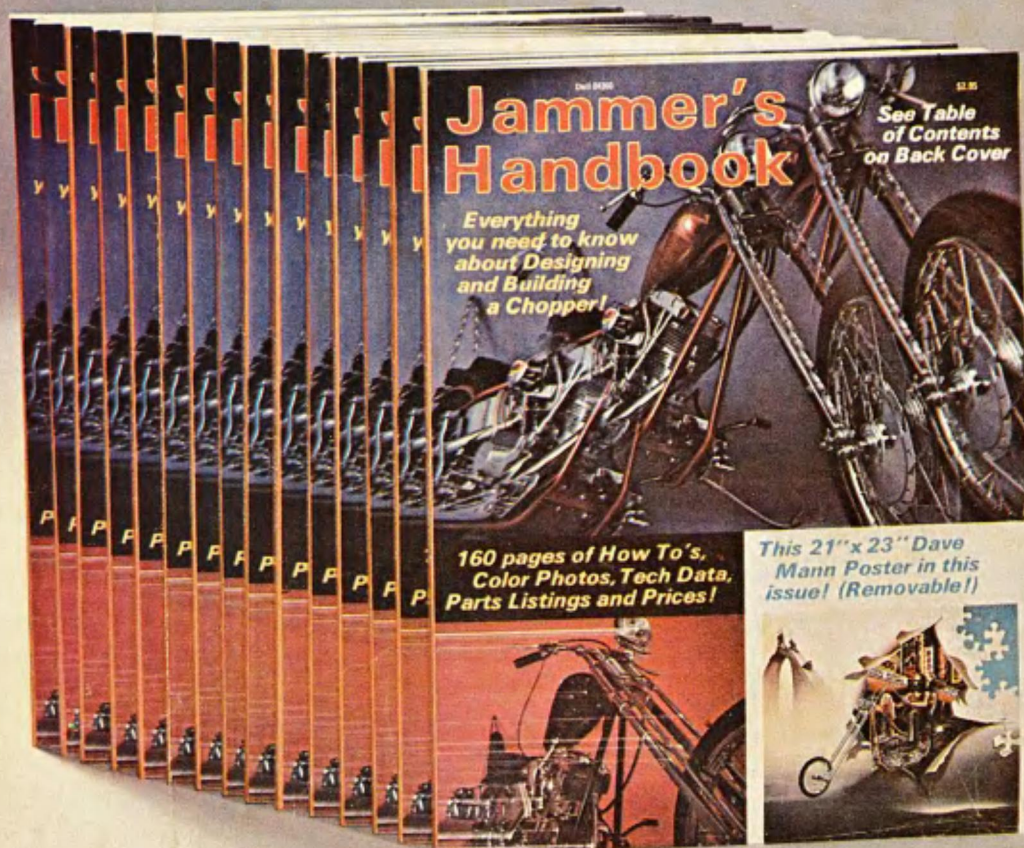
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