

Easyriders

December, 1974

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**How To Make
Home Brew**

**World's
Greatest
Choppers!**

**231mph
Harley!**

**FREE
Iron-On
Transfer**



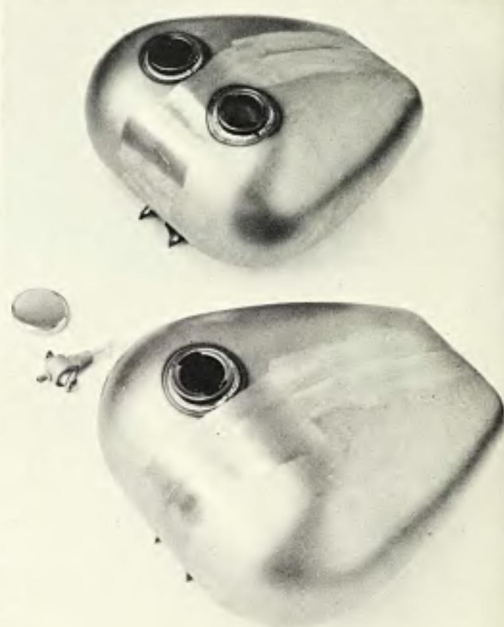
Your Gasoline Hassles Have Ended!

No longer do you have to carry canteens full of gas, strap gas cans to your sissy bar, or stash bottles of gas in your bed roll—now you can buy a **FOUR-GALLON** tank!

That's right—a big mutha that'll get you there and back and let you give the finger to the gas stations—while not screwing up the looks of your scoot. From the side it looks the same, from the top it looks wider, and it shouldn't change the overall appearance of your bike too much. But if it's too big for your taste, then use it for long runs and then put your smaller tank back on for short putts or profiling.

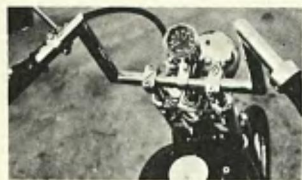
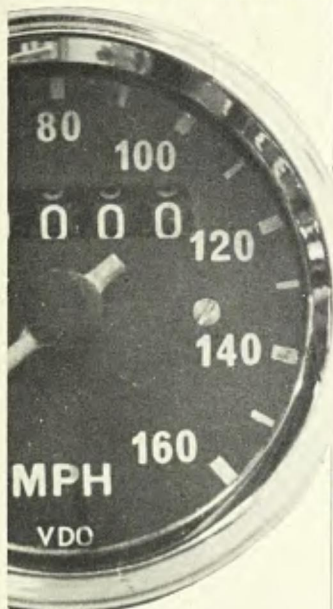
It measures twelve inches wide, nine inches deep and sixteen inches long. It should fit most bikes. It is made of 16-gauge steel and is heli-ar welded, with a Frisco style tunnel.

There are two styles available: The one-hole costs \$60. The two hole costs \$65. Chromed gas caps (\$2.50 each) and a stock Sportster type shutoff with reserve and filter (\$7.95) are also available to fit this tank.



160 mph Speedometer Exclusively for the 74 Chopper!

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

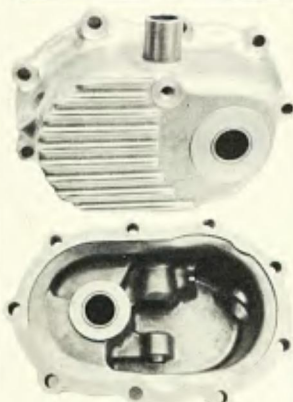


Has chromed exterior, black illuminated face with white numerals, and it has an odometer. Simple to install. Price includes cable and light.

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



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

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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers



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It Figures dept.: The day before Nixon copped out to his involvement in the coverup, The American Federation of Police awarded him the group's highest award for being an outstanding American.

Did you hear about the dude in Atlantic City who won a divorce from his ol' lady after he told the judge that her first words to him every morning were "Aren't you dead yet?" That's cold.

Them bitches are gaining on us: Twenty-five years ago the ratio of runaway husbands to runaway ol' ladies was 200 to 1. Fifteen years ago 100 men split for every broad—and today it's only 2 to 1.

Ignorant Law file: Did you know that 93% of all pot arrests are for mere possession, with only 7% for sale—and 67% of those 93% possess less than one ounce of grass?

Instead of pitchin' pennies to kill time—see who can spit the farthest. To give ya somethin' to shoot for, John Tullos just won the world Tobacco Spitting contest with a spit of 27 feet 6 inches.

Could this be the reason? Someone recently attempted to assassinate the President of South Korea but missed and wasted his ol' lady. Well, a short while before this attempt, 6,500 long-haired South Korean dudes were rounded up over a weekend in a nationwide crackdown on "hippie-style" hair. All but 100 were released after they agreed to a haircut.

There's another need for those jugs: The World Bank estimates that if mothers in India stopped breast-feeding, a herd of five million dairy cows would be

required to provide milk for the babies.

Are you ready for this? You can buy a new type of jewelry in Lowell, Idaho. It seems there's a dude there making earrings, brooches, and necklaces out of elk shit.

Do you think he had inside info? This cop in Memphis, Tennessee, got in a beef with his ol' lady and they separated. A few days later he dropped by where she worked and "noticed" pot in her purse. He arrested her ass.

If any of you brothers get raped by a chick in Massachusetts, you now can have her arrested.

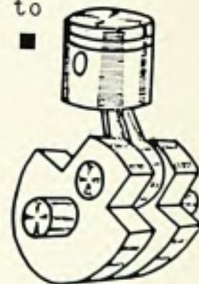
But how do you spell motorsickle? A judge in Pennsylvania recently sentenced a biker to write an essay on "The Joys of Cycling and What It Has Meant to Me." He was given 45 days to write it or go to the slam.

Great idea dept.: There's a guy in Milwaukee who goes around on a 10-speed bike putting dimes into parking meters that have expired. On the windshield he leaves a self-addressed envelope and a note: "Hello! You have just been rescued from a \$5.00 parking ticket by the Robin Hood public parking aid. Your time had expired—exposing you to the perils of a parking violation. Could you please send \$1.00 so we can continue to bring this service to you and others?" So far he says he's breakin' even.

Show some class: When your ol' lady's belly growls from that mixture of head, burritos and beer, tell her that her stomach's sure making a loud borborygmi (the technical term for the sound of a growling gut). Don't ask me how to pronounce it—I just work here. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



**We can honestly say that
it's the best Harley buckle
you can buy**



(Actual size—and it
weighs almost a half pound)

for Christmas!

The gift for that biker in your life!

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

Each buckle comes with a 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HARD

Up Against The Wall

☐ I just want to tell you fuckers to quit knockin' the pigs. I'm a military pig now and plan to be a pig when I get out. Some of us ain't out to bust every biker. And besides, who else is gonna scrape bikers off the street after they go down?

Pete Gifford
Boston, Mass.

■ It's the ones that are out to get bikers that give the others a bad name. See letter below.

Death Traps

☐ We have in our possession the July 1974 issue of your magazine. After reading "Bikes, Bikers and the Media," I feel this letter is much needed. You people come here on them motorcycles, filthy, unwashed and most repulsive. This department has maintained a policy of checking out each one for drugs, alcohol, etc., even enforcing bike safety standards. I find they are most repulsive people. You ride on death traps that can be blotted out of vision at 100 feet with a pencil in front of an eye and expect decent motorists to be aware of your presence. Then grovel for sympathy with marxist inclined articles such as this.

After repeated conversations with a psychologist friend of mine, we feel motorcyclists are predominantly masochistically inclined.

R. Adams
City of Angels
Camp Police

■ You're right—we'd have to be, to put up with the shit and unwarranted rousts that the likes of you hand out.

Staying Together

☐ Your article "Bikes,

Bikers, and the Media" (July '74) tells it like it is. I've been deliberately run off the road by assholes in cars more times than I like to think about. So far I've managed to keep bikes and bod in one piece.

Sarge
Newark, Ohio

Snake Shit

☐ I just finished reading your July rag and I really got off on Beth's red-tailed boas. I've got one myself. Beth can pose on my bike any time—snake shit doesn't bother me.

R. Owen
Rochester, N. Y.

■ Hers wouldn't bother me.

So Go Ahead

☐ I'd like to tell the West Virginia state trooper who took my knife that he's an asshole.

P. B.
Fairmont, W. Va.

Proud Ol' Lady

☐ I'm a biker's ol' lady and damned proud of it. I would like to offer some advice to some chicks on how to take care of their men:

Don't push or play mother hen. You'll lose him fast. After all, he's only human, so if he needs another woman, overlook it; he still comes home to you. So don't panic if he's not home sometimes. Be grateful that he wants you, 'cause, baby, he's got his pick. Just mind his home and don't ask questions. He'll tell ya when he's ready.

If he gets fucked up, join him, 'cause it's a release for him as well as you.

A biker puts his putt before you, and he always will. It gives him something that you can't. And, after all, it was there before you and won't bitch like you.

Don't expect things to be

easy; they never are. And if things do get rough, just polish his chrome, 'cause he's got problems of his own. Love him for what he is.

M. B.
Seaside, Calif.

■ Three tokes and a snort for M. B.!

Another Mistake

☐ Was sitting here surrounded by all this concrete and steel and reading your rag when I noticed a mistake. Or at least there may have been one. In the "Biker's Digest" column, the quote by Larry Cumferman is credited to Larry Dumferman. But considering some of the drivel he writes, maybe it ain't a mistake after all.

James Jeffrey Smith
Waupun, Wisconsin

■ Oops—it was supposed to have been Kumferman.

Spider Problem

☐ Could you ask Spider to publish the chemical (nutritional?) composition of cunt juice?

Pogie
Philly, Pa.

■ He'll try to find out and report to you later—but for openers, he considers it nectar. (Look it up.)

Legal Killing

☐ Hey, man, I've just figured out a way for a legal killing. If you want to kill someone bad enough and he rides a motorcycle, all you have to do is pull a car out in front of him when he's puttin' down the highway. The biker will probably be killed, but all you'll get will be a slap on the wrist and told not to do it again.

Dennis Williams
Chincoteague, Va.

Redneck List

☐ Hey, we went into a local market and asked the man if he carried **Easyriders** (we just moved to the area) and he said no, **Easyriders** was on a list of mags that he couldn't carry. Don't feel too bad though, **Rolling Stone** was on the list too.

Indian and Viking
Orlando, Florida

■ We have a way of buggin' some people, but most of them are hypocrites. While they reject one (rank?) rag, they'll approve of others. They decide what **you** should read according to **their** tastes, prejudices, hangups—you name it.

☐ Would you believe it's harder to pick up an **Easyriders** rag in Erie, Pa., than it is to shit a gold brick?

I went to the store that I asked six months ago to get the rag for me and they said today they can't carry it any more because of the nude chicks on the cover. Isn't that a rip-off?

Next month why don't you put a picture of Donald Duck riding a Hog on the cover so it won't be banned.

Ralph's Ol' Lady
Erie, Pa.

■ It was probably the store owner—and ask him what nudes?

More Action

☐ Instead of just showing off girls' boobs, why don't you show them fuckin' and suckin'—or some other action?

Fuck Freaks M/C
Breaux Bridge, La.

■ We keep looking for some willing chicks, but most react with "What will my mother think?"

Not Square

☐ Just thought I'd let you know all of your female readers aren't squares. I'm living with a married biker couple, and me and the biker's ol' lady both ball the ol' man all the time.

Horny
Salisbury, N.H.

666

☐ What the hell kind of trip is David Mann on, anyway? I've seen nearly all of his art work. They are all far out, but what's his preoccu-

Here's some Trash for ya



If you have read *Easyriders* for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even *Easyriders* couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the

nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — like his Christmas cards — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now
— and in time for Christmas.

Book

Easyriders Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

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Immediate Delivery

pation with the 666?

For the past twenty years, bikers have been labeled with tags such as murderers, rapists, dopers, psychos, etc., and to put it mildly, lawbreaking ruthless criminals. Within about the last five years, much has been done to clean up and change this image so we can relieve the social tension against us, if not even gain some support of the citizenry. Then they see this 666 crap and next we'll be labeled as Anti-Christian Satanists.

I've been in the scene for ten years, and I feel that basically, I know what I say. I, for one, do not wish to be associated with this idea.

Frisco Dave
Grants Pass, Oregon

How Long?

☐ I've got to know—after seeing Armond's photo, I was wondering how big his cock is. He is beautiful—tell him I love him.

Longing
Grass Valley, Calif.

■ Couldn't find anyone around the office with guts enough to ask him to flop it out to be measured—except Mutha, and she'd make it shrink.

Takes Balls

☐ Talk 'bout gettin' around! Here on Okinawa your rag sells like short times. You've got me dreamin' 'bout gettin' on the roads again. Expressing freedom the way you cats do takes balls.

Coke
Koza, Okinawa

Answers to Mad Dog

☐ You must be sucking the big toes of the local farmer's daughter. My old lady's feet have gravel rash but I still eat her out regularly.

Snatch Sucker
Caro, Mich.

☐ My ol' man doesn't mind dirty feet. All he cares about is how I handle him and the wrenches. Hell, what do dirty feet have to do with how good you are in the sack anyway?

Debbie
Tabor City, N.C.

■ In this case it's a matter of how good he is.

Facing Death

☐ To the people who are bitchin' about your recent editorial death trip. If they can't face it, then they'd better sell their bikes because a biker is always near death.

Longer
Pawtucket, R.I.

Response to Snivelers

☐ All those assholes who wrote sniveling about the articles on death should grow up. All bikers know that they ride with death at their side. That's why our lives are great and free. And like warriors of old, we must learn to live with death and not to fear it.

Bear
Atlanta, Ga.

Really?

☐ My dog does not piss on anything chromed, even if it's a Kawasaki. Yes, his name is Harley Davidson and I've spent too many hours polishing chrome to have it ruined by him. He learned the hard way.

Noriene Mann
El Cajon, Calif.

Loud Pipes

☐ In response to Moses' Ol' Lady, Lexington Park, Md. (July issue), I just want to say a loud Amen to her opinions on the feelings a dude gets for his scoot.

I had a righteous ol' lady who thought the same way till some fuckin' drunk dude in a pickup wiped her out up in northern California. I came out all busted up, but lucky. The luckiest of all was the drunk prick, though. In most places I'd have been burned worse for having loud pipes than he was for the damage he did.

Deerslayer
Newport Beach, Calif.

Hates Fiction

☐ I've got a bitch to make, not just for myself, but for all the bikers I know around here who read your mag. I mean, we all dug your mag 'cause it was a switch from the usual. We liked your "In The Wind," jokes, cartoons, etc., but most of all, the bike features. We used to think your mag was great, but now, man, you guys are way, way too heavy on your fiction and too light on the bikes. Your last couple of issues were especially bad.

Hell, some of the stuff like "The 2074 Mind Games" was dumb as hell. I'd expect to find garbage like that in the **National Lampoon**, not a bike mag.

Come on, you guys, get your shit together and have a bike mag like you used to have, a **good** one, and get off all this fictional bullshit you've been having lately.

Les Riggins
Connersville, Ind.

■ But ya gotta have something to read on the can. We knew the Mind Game bit was a little far out—but read it again, slowly. There's more humor there than first meets the eye.

On Loaning Your Scoot

☐ Dog Breath should change his name to Dog Shit! Any asshole ignorant enough to even think of loaning his scoot to some punkass two-stroke rider, or anybody else, ain't worth havin' his name appear in print—even in your rag!

Pig
Alexandria, Va.

Bible Totin' Reader

☐ In the September issue you stated there were two **Easyriders** readers who carried bibles. Well, I'm one of them. Who's the other? Oh yeah, by the way, although I carry a bible, I also ride a chopper and take no shit from anyone.

K. L.
Mendota, Ill.

■ Especially from that Devil dude.

Unbelievable

☐ I just wanted to write and tell you guys you're all right. I recently ordered from you a binder with 12 issues of your really great rag, and I got it within two weeks of mailing my order. That is fantastic. I know the Post Office couldn't have been responsible for that, so I must lay the credit with you.

Steve Sola
Chicago, Ill.

■ Don't give us the credit—the dipshits in the back-issue department are Post Office rejects. It was a fuck-up.

—Continued on next page

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The new Jammer's Handbook is the most complete catalog of latest style, safe, dependable chopper parts available . . . and you can use your BankAmericard or Master Charge to order.

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- Getting Yourself Wired
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- How To Select Accessories
- Hand Polishing
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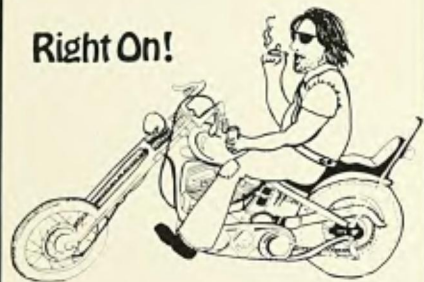
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Wants Men

☐ Your cover says, "Entertainment for Adult Bikers." I assume that's supposed to include ladies too. Plenty of us ladies buy and read your rag, and I'm sure they'd all appreciate a little more male in it—and not necessarily dicks, either. How about a real foxy papa on his machine? I sure could dig it, and I'm sure many other chicks could too.

Barbara Green
 Panorama, Calif.

F.O.W.L. Words

☐ Those F.O.W.L. females who wanna be called chicks really deserve to be called that! They hate us female bikers because they're jealous of our freedom, but they lack the confidence and pride to liberate themselves. They're far too cowardly to ride their own bikes and so brainless they think all there is to life is to trap a man into marriage. Then they can stay home with the cooking, cleaning, and kids while the ol' man is out dipping his dong into some other chicky-bopper's hot little twat. So don't put down us she bikers just because you think you can't ride, and don't begrudge our liking something you don't like (riding). Instead, why don't you give it a try? Chances are you'll soon like it as much as any liberated woman rider!

Sheila Birdwell
 Chicago, Ill.

☐ If you ladies think it's a together trip to pack behind your man, try riding alongside him! Smiling at each other, with the wind in your faces! That's love . . .

Carolyn
 San Diego, Calif.

☐ You oughta be ashamed of yourselves, printing that garbage about the female mechanic called "No, I Can't Bake a Cake." My ol' man and I both agree that a woman's place is not in the garage! I'm sure there are a lot of other chicks who agree. Chicks don't belong on our own bikes. It's bad enough that women's libbers are taking over all the men's jobs, but they're really going too far when they want to have their own

scooters. This is one chick who knows her place and digs it. Tell Carol the Libber to fuck off! That bitch thinks her shit don't stink.

Jo-Jo's Chick
 San Diego, Calif.

Another View

☐ I just wanted to thank you for printing that article by an intelligent female mechanic. I was beginning to think you were all woman-haters who thought we're all nothing but stupid chicks. I was really pissed when I saw that "Dirty Chauvinist Trick" thing where you made fun of a little teenybopper because she knew nothing about bikes. There's a lot of men who don't know a piston from a camshaft either, but I doubt you'd capitalize on a man's ignorance that way. And your "cop-out" was really insulting by insinuating that women could only do menial things like cooking. I'm glad Carol wrote that comeback and I'm glad you were open-minded enough to print it. There's a lot of intelligent, decent women who read **Easyriders**. We support you, so I'm glad you are able to treat us like people sometimes and not always feel you have to put us down. Remember: a real man knows he's a man and doesn't have to put down women to prove it. The only ones who have to protect their own ego by being chauvinistic are those who have doubts about their own masculinity. And you guys shouldn't have hassles like that.

I have a 500 Triumph

partly chopped, so I'm a fair mechanic myself.

Shawn Haskell
 Baltimore, Md.

☐ I'm gradually building myself a forty-five 2-wheeler chop—as I get the bread for the parts. You see, there really are a lot of hip chicks with a lotta smarts out here.

Frankie Kahn
 Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Nothing we like better than hip-py chicks.

More Photos

☐ What type of rag are you guys runnin'? You have this g-g-gorgeous chick on the cover of your September issue. So I naturally assume that you're goin' to have at least a black and white lay-out of her, but all I find is this little pic of her and this ugly dude and his even uglier bike. (Don't get me wrong, I dig rat bikes. Especially 91.5-cubic-inch ones.) So let's have more pictures of the cover broads inside the covers.

S. Knuckle
 Belmont, Calif.

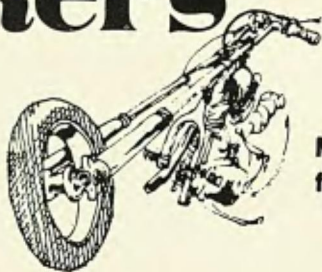
■ We didn't find out until the last moment that she wouldn't take her clothes off. If you want to see her live, go to the Los Angeles Playboy Club. She's a bunny.

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. ■



"I'll take him!"

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

What's an "outlaw"? . . .

Webster's dictionary defines the word "outlaw" this way: One placed beyond the protection of the law; a bandit; to declare to be an outlaw; defiance of the law!

One road rider has been taught to believe—with contact for years, with the people of the motorcycle world and general public—that Webster's dictionary has the only "right" definition for the word *outlaw*. The other motorcyclists? Well, there seems to be a very strong difference of opinion. This biker has a very classic definition for the word *outlaw* (such a little word too). This definition made this writer go into deep meditation about the whole thing.

One motorcyclist's dictionary defines the word *outlaw* this way: One who places individualism before the conformist customs of society; a free soul, with the right to the pursuit of happiness; called bandits because of a chosen few; sociological slang expression used as a descriptive outlet by the conformist, submissive and non-equality society; not to declare to be an outlaw, only a stigma used to describe, with fear and prejudice, the lack of understanding of the co-equal freedom the Constitution of our nation grants to all Americans: "No American is beyond the protection of the law"; not defiance of the law—only a lot of questions about the legality of some of them!

—Helen Daley
Motorcyclist's Post

For his own good . . .

The MIC *Courier* reminds us of an anti-helmet law demonstration that took place a

few months ago in Washington, D.C. This was National No Helmet Day, "unofficially set aside to protest mandatory helmet laws which are enforced in 47 out of 50 states." A group of 500 motorcyclists rode their bikes up and down between Constitution Avenue and the Capitol, all bare-headed, all of them peaceful.

We mention this because the *Courier* also mentions an editorial that appeared in the *Washington Post*, reflecting the 1972 federal court decision upholding the constitutionality of the helmet laws. "The public has an interest in minimizing the resources directly involved. From the moment of injury, society picks the person up off the highway; delivers him to a municipal hospital and municipal doctors; provides him with employment compensation if, after recovery, he cannot replace his lost job and . . . may assume the responsibility for his and his family's sustenance."

Usually the rationale given for mandatory helmet laws is simply that the state should save the motorcyclist's life for him. Now we find that the reason for saving his life is to cut down on health and welfare expenditures. The logic of all this is interesting, for it asserts that the government should control the individual's behavior for his own good. Next they will be telling us not to climb trees, because we might fall down and get hurt. We'll have to be satisfied with climbing the walls instead.

—Lester Powers
Motorcycle Industry

New Sportster . . .

Running through the parking lot of a large supermarket brought many stares from the

female population, whether they were 15 or 45. Profiling isn't exactly our thing, but the (new) Sportster *does* do a lot for the ego.

—Big Bike

Makin' a buck . . .

Because most states already, or will soon, have mandatory helmet laws, the motorcycle industry has capitalized on the action.

Go down to your local bike dealer to purchase a new motorcycle, and the dealer might offer you a helmet in the deal. Most of the major manufacturers also offer a line of helmets in their accessory line. The helmets are painted, striped and decorated to match the colors and design schemes of the motorcycles that the manufacturer offers. Makes for a nice ensemble; and of course, it's a great sales idea.

The merchandising of protective headgear has reached the big-time, with manufacturers ordering helmets by the thousands.

—Tom Beesley
Motorcycle Weekly

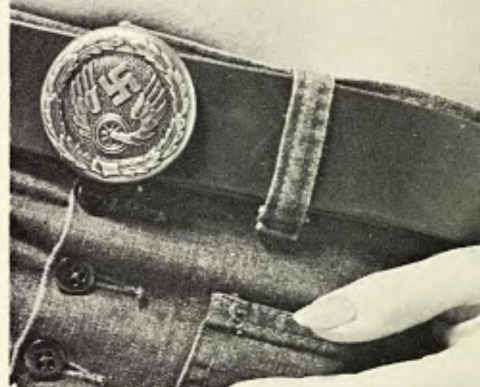
After another buck . . .

. . . cafe enthusiasts today represent not just another fragment of the motorcycle market. On the contrary, they represent, in many respects, an amalgamation of two seeming radically opposing trends, and the ranks of chopper enthusiasts have already seen mass defections toward the functional trimness of coffee bar racers.

Of course, distributors are now becoming aware of these trends and in some areas of the U.S. and Canada wholesalers have jumped on the bank-wagon with enthusiasm.

—Motorcycle Industry

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

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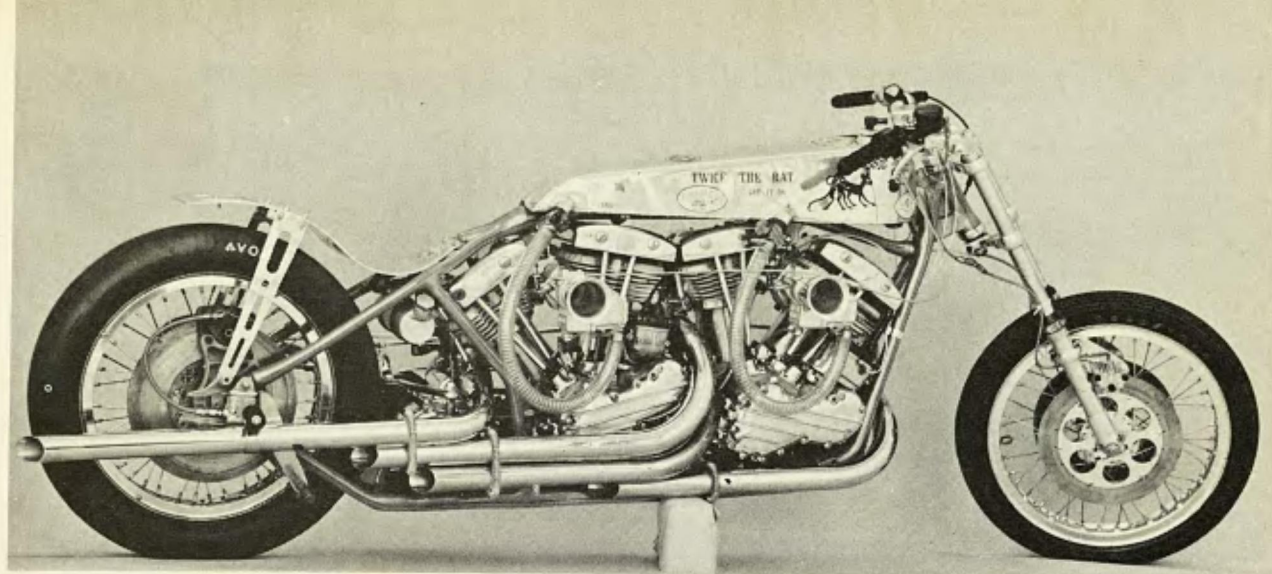
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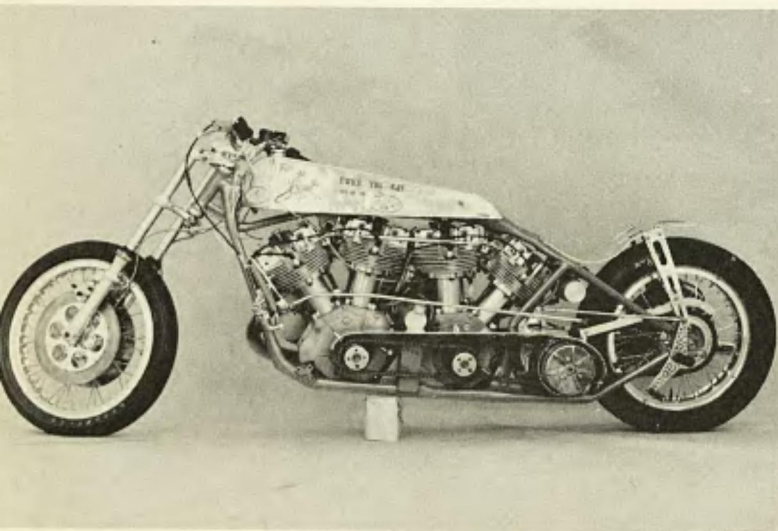




Harley Shows Some Class at 231mph!

Bob George, a big dude who is people with most of the clubs around, has managed to keep a lot of riders, including myself, on the road many times. In fact, I couldn't rebuild my own 74s and gear boxes, if it hadn't been for a great deal of instruction from Bob.

We featured Bob's double-shovel in the October '72 issue, when the bike was spinning salt at over 200 mph. But because of the extreme heat in the rear cylinder, that back piston was turning to ashes, which kept him from qualifying that year.



Well, I'm not going to get into a long technical blast, but I will mention that the two major improvements Bob made to the bike as shown here (photos shown are from the '72 issue) were water-jackets and a fairing (hand made by Bob).

After many years of beating his brains out in his garage, building almost the entire scooter by hand, including fabrication of his own barrels, with little recognition from big-buck sponsors, Bob made his mark at Bonneville. He ran his double-shovel on gas, in the partially streamlined class, to break the record with a 208mph average speed. Then he poured nitro (65%) to it to take the fuel record at 231 mph.

His rider, Dave Campos, of New Mexico, didn't realize until he was halfway down the track that he was still in third. Dave wanted to tackle the land speed record, which was only 34.5mph faster, but Bob was satisfied with the two records. He also won the Cal Rayborn Memorial Trophy for the fastest Harley at Bonneville in 1974.

Up until this year Bob had always run an open bike, which means no fairing, just a bike, like you and I run on the street. His dream was always to take records on an open bike. Well, year before last, while doing 217 mph in a qualifying run, Bob said, it was all he could do to hold his head down on the tank. Can you imagine the result at 217 if he had momentarily lifted his head? What a rush! So the fairing added this year not only paid off in speed, but also allowed the rider to stay with the bike.

This monster has gone places since it was originally created as a radical street machine (some time before the birth of shovels), a double engine pan. Just goes to show that wrenchin', bustin' knuckles and livin' in Hog grease can pay off.

—Bandit ■

Iron this Iron-On Transfer onto your T-shirt



Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work.

Get together the following materials: Ironing board and an iron; razor blade; transfer from this magazine; scissors; sheet of white tissue paper; and a used or new 50% polyester/50% cotton, or 100% polyester T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "wool" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over the ironing board, centering the upper front (or back) of the shirt on top of the magazine.
3. Place the transfer page inside down on top of the shirt, aligning it with the bottom edge

of the magazine. Place a sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer paper.

4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and the opposite bottom corner, through all thicknesses.

5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the pattern, especially to the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting rather briskly from 101 to 127.)

6. Lift the edge of the transfer page after allowing to cool for 60 seconds and peel it off, pulling straight up. That's it! Your Easyriders T-shirt is ready to wear.



Yeah—shit, we have been forced to increase the price of this rag. The primary cause was the increase in paper, printing and postage costs—to say nothing about a few slobs in the back room grumbling about wanting something more than their usual Friday night ration of raisin pie.

In trying to make a decision, we had only two choices: 1. Suckass with the advertisers in order to load the rag up with ads like the other mags (some have more ads than editorial copy), or, 2. Raise the cover price.

By increasing the cover price, we do **not** have to road test every bike manufactured in order to brown-nose for an ad, or accept schlock, unsafe advertising to raise the money required. But we **will** be able to improve our rag by adding additional pages.

We want all of you to know that we're not making an extra cent because any additional income not eaten up by rising costs is going directly back into **Easyriders**—to make it a better product.

Because of the sudden announcement of this increase, we are keeping our subscription rates at our old ridiculously low price, for one issue—perhaps two, in order that you can continue getting this rag at the old rate for at least two more years.

The Editors (and Mutha)



Remembering a Brother

By Phillip Lippert

Rapp and Tonk had been constant companions for twenty-three years. Since the first time they had snatched a handful of bubblegum from Kiser's Kornor Mart, they had been able to anticipate each other's thoughts and movements. Some people said that it was a type of ESP that identical twins often have; but whatever it was, it managed to get them out of more than a few tight spots.

Rapp looked up from a nod that had been induced by a healthy dose of valium. The man in the front of the room was droning on in a very monotonous voice. Probably lying. Rapp went back into his nod.

Probably the most memorable thing he and Tonk had ever done together was at the age of thirteen—when they broke into a farming goods distributor and stole \$125—\$50 more than they needed to purchase a basket-case Triumph 650. Although they had gone on to bigger and better from there, this had been their first combined effort toward a common goal, the first bike they had ever built together and, most important of all, this was the time that they were both introduced, with lifetime membership, to the fast-moving world of two-wheeled machines. However, a mere 650 cc's of Trophy Special was hardly enough to satisfy two scooter people for very long. Soon they were making regular midnight missions—stripping parts, stealing car batteries, and occasional B & E—forever striving towards the time when they would be financially capable of owning a pair of mighty Harleys.

The man standing up there looked as if he might be homosexual. Rapp hated him, wanted to do him great bodily harm. It hurt to hold his head up. It's better to nod. What the hell—if the doctor said to take two, six should really do the job. Right?

Once when they were both still in school, Tonk had moved fast and

intercepted a date that Rapp had made (since they were identical, the chick never even knew the difference). Rapp had been mad enough to fight—a lot of work had gone into securing that fox. The friction remained for three days—until Tonk sheepishly announced, "It burns when I piss."

It was later in that same year that they both became proud owners of panhead-propelled Harley-Davidsons. It was only very shortly after that that the pair spent their first night in jail. Drunk and disorderly as well as assault and battery. And it was all Tonk's fault. "I don't like the rack, man," he told the farmer he was shooting pool with. "It's too loose; rack 'em over." He rested his hands on his hips and chewed a toothpick with his head cocked to one side, staring menacingly at the sodbuster over the top of his wire-rimmed, mirrored shades. Oh, for chrissakes, this ain't Hollywood, Rapp wanted to interrupt. Your name is Tonk Williams, not Peter Fonda. Rapp sensed it one second before it happened—Tonk swung the cue stick like a baseball bat and connected just above the farmer's ear. Rapp hadn't even noticed that farmer John had started easing a long knife from the pocket of his hunting coat just before the moment of impact. Good thing Tonk was observant. When it was all over with, Tonk looked at his brother in all innocence and offered quietly, "I was jes' bullshittin' man. I didn't want to fight that big mutha."

What? What did that fag say? I'll kick his ass when this is over with. My head's full of concrete...

The one completely individual characteristic Tonk had was his completely off-the-wall sense of humor. One night Rapp was lying back gazing up at the evening sky and Tonk walked by without a word and mounted his huge machine. Rapp looked up, startled. What?

Going on a run—alone? Without me? "Hey, fucker, where va goin'?"

"I've got to bury the winner of a How Many Reds Can You Eat contest," Tonk answered and was off. Tonk often surprised himself with the things he said.

Their names were the subject of many jokes—it was difficult for most people to believe that Rapp and Tonk were their "christian" names. Unusual, for sure, but then the lady who named them wasn't exactly the run-of-the-mill mother, either. She had been fifteen years old when she gave birth to her twin sons, and had always been more of a sister or "part of the gang" than a mother. After her boys made riding a part of their lives, she would often ride along with one of them on short runs. It wasn't hard to pass her off as a sister or cousin—in fact, it would have been impossible to pass her off as a mother.

Rapp smiled with the memory of a sunny afternoon years before. They had made a run to Chicago and back to their cabin on the northern end of Lake Michigan almost non-stop. Moms had ridden along with Tonk. It was a long, hot ride and their first impulse upon returning was to grab a couple of six-packs and jump into the cool water. After opening his third Budweiser and taking a long slug, Tonk looked at his mother and commented very seriously, "Ya know, Moms, it's a good thing you named me Tonk." Rapp choked on a mouthful of beer and looked over at his brother. "What? Why, man?" "Because, fucker, that's what everyone calls me!" Moms poured a beer over his head and they all laughed.

What in the hell is the sonova-bitch talking about up there? I know I heard him mention my brother's name. The tranquilizer's startin' to wear off but there's still time to nod...

—Continued on page 62



Home Brew—at 17¢ a Quart!

A great many people today seem to be constantly complaining about inflation, the high cost of practically everything, and about how you just can't find any quality merchandise anymore. Well, I don't have all the answers, but I do have one. I'm going to explain to you, right now, how you can make beer—home brew—for just about 7¢ a bottle, or 17¢ for a full quart. And let me add that, with a little patience and practice, your inexpensive beer will be far better than anything you can buy in a market, liquor store, or bar. So read on.

Now, before we get down to the nitty-gritty of making our own, let's talk a bit about this great beverage. Beer goes back at least 6000 years. The art of brewing was well developed in Babylon some 4000 years before Christ. It was made by Mesopotamians and Egyptians, and afterwards by the Greeks, Romans, and Gauls. The Tartars brewed a beverage, a kind of beer, from millet seed. The Ethiopians, Arabs, and some African tribes made a beer from teff, millet, or grass seed. The Russians today make a rye beer called kvass. And brewing was known in what is now the Americas long before Columbus. It is authenticated that on a voyage in 1502, when Columbus was exploring the coast of Central America, he, and his crew tasted native American beer. "A sort of wine made of maize, resembling English beer" was how he described it.

Beer was also important, and influential, in Colonial America. If we can believe the records, the Pilgrim Fathers would have gone on down the coast to Virginia, had they had a fuller supply of beer. They landed at Plymouth Rock, according to the Mayflower's diary, because "We could not now take time for further search, for our victuals are much spent—especially our beer. . . ." Governor William Bradford, in 1621, offered special inducements to Old World brewers to come to the New

World, because of a dire scarcity of good beer.

The list could go on and on. William Penn built a brewery in 1683; George Washington had a brewery at Mount Vernon; Sam Adams was a brewer, as was James Oglethorpe. A commercial brewery was built in New Amsterdam in 1633, one in Rhode Island in 1638, by Roger Williams. So you see, there is a great precedent for brewing your own beer.

Just what is this wonderful drink we've started talking about? *Beer* is the generic term for a fermented beverage made from cereal grains. Any starchy grain may be used, but in the U.S. today a malted barley is the one most often used. Sometimes corn or rice is added, and it is flavored with hops. Since beer is about 90% water, some breweries stress their water supplies in their advertising. Many years ago a good natural water supply was essential, but today water can be scientifically adjusted for hardness, softness, or mineral content by chemical additives.

Briefly, beer is made by first malting the barley (or whatever other starchy grain). This means that the barley is soaked in water and then slowly stirred and aerated until it starts to germinate, or sprout. During the process the grain produces enzymes (amylase is the most important) which are capable of changing starch into sugar. After the grain has sprouted, it is called malt. It is now kiln-dried, which stops the germination. By heating or toasting this malt more or less, the final color of the brew is determined. (Many breweries buy their barley already malted, thus avoiding the step just described.) Next is mashing, in which the malted barley is rolled and then mixed with warm water. It is then cooked, at several different temperatures, to allow different enzymes to act. The liquid drawn off from this process is called wort (rhyming with hurt). Now the wort is cooked, being drawn into large

copper kettles and having the hops added. After cooking, it is run into the fermentation vats or tanks. Yeast is added and, working on the sugar in the wort, produces alcohol and CO₂ gas. This takes some 10 to 12 days. The beer is then cellared, or aged, in storage vats for anywhere from a few weeks to three months or more. When it's fully matured, a bit more sugar or fresh wort is added and the beer is run into pressure tanks for final fermentation and carbonation. This is where it gets its head, or foam. It is then ready for bottling, canning, or barreling. The barrel beer, or draft beer, is not pasteurized, but the bottle and can beer is.

Now we get to the good part: how you can make a fine beer right at home for one-third to one-quarter of the cost of the commercial product. I promised you a better beer than you can buy, and I'll back up the promise. However, there are many recipes—some simple and some not so simple. I would recommend that you start with a simple batch or two. Don't try to experiment or deviate from the recipe at first. Make maybe a couple of simple batches. Then try a less-simple recipe. You can make some beer with virtually no equipment, and add items as you progress. There are kits available that contain practically everything you need. The British put out a product under the name of Unican, and for somewhere around six dollars you get enough for five gallons of beer. All you need in addition to the kit is a crock, a siphon hose, your bottles, and a bottle capper and caps. You'll also need a fermentation bottle, for which purpose any five-gallon water bottle is ideal. There are other kits at five to six dollars. It may be a good idea to start out with one of these, but don't think that the beer you produce from them is typical of all home brews. These are just short-cut kits, making it easy for you, and the end result will always leave

—Continued on next page

something to be desired.

As to what you will need in the way of equipment and supplies, and where to get them: Look in your local Yellow Pages, under "Wine Makers Equipment and Supplies" or, in your area, it may appear under "Beverage Supplies" or something similar. You can also write to suppliers such as Wine Supply West, Inc., 2761 Teagarden Street, San Leandro, California 94577. Wine Supply West will answer your questions promptly and courteously, and will send you a catalogue on request. Not only that, but they have available all the equipment you'll ever need for beermaking.

Another excellent source of information and equipment is The Home Winemaking Shop at 22941 Ventura Boulevard in Woodland Hills, California.

For equipment, you'll need:

Primary fermentation container. This can be either a crock or a plastic container. I prefer the old-fashioned crock, its disadvantages being only that it's heavy and breakable. You'll also need a lid for it, either a piece of glass cut to size or a piece of clear plastic (you'll want to look through the lid at your batch of brew). The crock should hold eight to ten gallons.

Secondary fermentation container. Any five-gallon water bottle will do for this. You must have an air lock or fermentation lock for it.

Large wooden spoon or just a clean stick, for stirring.

Bottle capper and caps.

Bottles: I would suggest a goodly supply, both in 32-ounce (quart) and 12-ounce sizes. I'd stay away from the screw-tops, although they can be used. You can use either clear glass or colored. Colored glass is designed to keep light out, since light is known to damage beer. You will not, however, be displaying your home brew on a shelf such as those in a commercial establishment where light could get to it. Clear glass will make it easier for you to see any sediment or deposit left in your bottles.

Large enamel kettle, at least 6-gal. capacity.

Siphon hose, about five feet long.

You might also like to have, and could use, although they're not essential, a hydrometer and an immersion thermometer.

Any other things you'll need, you likely have already, such as a can opener, scouring pads, bleach, funnel—and refrigerator. Adjusted to maintain a 50° to 55° temperature, a refrigerator is the ideal way to keep a constant temperature for your fermentation.

All right, let's try making a batch. Here is a good recipe that's not too

complicated. You will need:

- 5 gal. water
- 2½-lb. can malt extract
- 2 oz. brewing hops (Brewers Gold, Brambling, Kent—all good brands)
- ½ oz. finishing hops
- 2½ lbs. corn sugar (dextrose)
- 2 tsp salt
- 1 tsp citric acid
- 1 tsp brewing salt
- 1 tsp ascorbic acid
- 1 tsp heading liquid
- 1 tsp fining gelatin
- 1 standard pkg. brewers yeast

Get the water boiling and add the malt extract. Stir well. Put the brewing hops into a cheesecloth bag and hang it in the kettle. After adding the salt and citric acid, cover and simmer for about two hours. An occasional stirring will help. Now put the corn sugar into the primary fermentation container, holding out 8 oz. or so to be used later when you bottle. After sufficient boiling time (two hours), remove that little bag of brewing hops and throw it away. Now carefully pour the hot mix (wort) into that primary fermentor. Stir in the finishing hops. Cover your fermentor and let it cool—down to room temperature, at least (below 65°, preferably). This will probably take twelve to fourteen hours for the five gallons or so that you have. After it is properly cooled, add the yeast, stirring well. Now secure the lid and let the batch ferment. This fermentation should occur in a cool place—between 50° and 60°. After three or four days, remove lid and skim off the finishing hops. (Throw out the hops.) Now siphon the batch into your secondary fermentor and add the brewing salt. Take a cup of cold water, add the fining gelatin, and let stand for 30 minutes. Then slowly heat it, stirring as you bring it to a boil, until it's completely dissolved. When it's cool to the touch, add it to your batch, stirring it in. Immediately seal with your fermentation lock. Now put it in a dark place where there is a constant temperature of 40° to 50° and allow it to ferment for at least a week—and up to three weeks. The brew should get clear as it ages. When it's aged, and clear, you can add that bit of corn sugar you held out earlier, along with the ascorbic acid and heading liquid. Bottle and cap. Now store the results of your labors in a dark, cool place. In two or three weeks, you can chill and sample a bottle. Good, eh? And remember, what's left will continue improving for at least three months.

And now that you've made your first batch—got your feet wet as well as your throat—let's talk about a few more items of some importance in the making of home brew. We're

talking now about lager beer, because this is the most widely consumed beer in the world. England and New Zealand are about the only countries that don't use lager. The word *lager* is German, and means "to store," so after you brew your batch of beer and set it aside in that secondary fermentation container to "age," you are, in effect, "lagering" your beer. All lager beers are made with a bottom-fermenting yeast, whereas a true ale, for example, will use a top-fermenting yeast. Lager beer must be stored at a low temperature—in fact, the lower the better, short of freezing. We talk about 40° to 50° because these temperatures are fairly easy to maintain. Earlier, I mentioned a refrigerator. This would be the ideal place to age, or lager, your beer, where you could maintain the proper temperatures.

Just a little aside: In the early days of California—and through the gold rush days—refrigeration was of course always, and ice very often, unavailable, but people still wanted to hoist a glass of brew now and then. So, steam beer was introduced. This was brewed in the same way as lager beer, but was fermented at temperatures between 60° and 70°. The term *steam beer* was coined by the brewers, and it referred to the pressure building up in the storage vats. The name still sticks today. There were literally hundreds of steam breweries in the nineteenth century, but today only one remains—the Steam Beer Brewing Company, of San Francisco. They still make steam beer in the old-fashioned way, using only malted barley, whole hops, yeast, and water. Their product is sold under the name of Anchor Steam Beer—and it's great!

Probably the most important consideration in the making of beer is cleanliness. This cannot be stressed too strongly. You can very easily spoil an entire batch by using dirty equipment, by allowing wild yeast (carried by apparently clean, clear air) to get into your product. Clean your equipment thoroughly before you start. But *never* use soap in cleaning your tools and equipment. A good detergent is permissible. I would recommend cool or warm water, not hot water. Ideally, scrub out every piece of equipment as soon as possible after using. This includes all brewing equipment, all the utensils—and especially your beer bottles. Scrub them thoroughly with detergent, using a bottle brush, and then rinse just as thoroughly in cold or warm water—not hot water.

An interesting point, while we're discussing home brew, is the fact that it's illegal! Now don't panic—

—Continued on page 62

Loyalty Quiz

Executive Order 10450 of the U.S. Security Manual defines the existing criteria for granting or denying a security clearance to a citizen of the United States. Do you think you could qualify for a Top Secret Clearance under the present government guidelines? The following test is designed to help you make that determination. Circle Y. or N. for a Yes or No answer and then see at the end of the article how well you have done.

TEST

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>A. Have you ever seen a psychiatrist for any reason? Y. N.</p> <p>B. Have you used marijuana on more than one occasion? Y. N.</p> <p>C. Have you ever belonged to an organization such as the Students for a Democratic Society or associated with any such individuals knowing that their viewpoints are contrary to those of the general interests of the U.S.? Y. N.</p> <p>D. Have any personal friends of yours or any family members belonged to such an organization in the past five years? Y. N.</p> <p>E. Do you have any sympathetic interest in any totalitarian, fascist, communist or similar subversive movement? Y. N.</p> <p>F. Have you ever been guilty of any willful violation of any security regulation including the military? Y. N.</p> <p>G. Have you ever been guilty of any deliberate misrepresentation, falsification or omission of material facts from a personnel security questionnaire, personal statement or similar document? Y. N.</p> <p>H. Have you ever been guilty of the habitual use of intoxicants? Y. N.</p> <p>I. Have you ever been guilty of any criminal, infamous, dishonest or disgraceful conduct? Y. N.</p> | <p>J. Have you ever been guilty of the excessive use of any narcotic or dangerous drug? Y. N.</p> <p>K. Have you ever used LSD? Y. N.</p> <p>L. Have you ever been guilty of sexual perversion? Y. N.</p> <p>M. Have you ever contemplated or attempted suicide? Y. N.</p> <p>N. Have you ever engaged in any reckless, irresponsible or wanton act which indicates poor judgment and instability? Y. N.</p> <p>O. Have you ever filed for bankruptcy? Y. N.</p> <p>P. Have you ever suffered any illness, mental condition or related psychosis which in the opinion of medical authorities might cause you to be defective in your judgment or reliability? Y. N.</p> <p>Q. Do you have any relatives such as a spouse, parent, brother, sister, or offspring living in a country whose interests may be inimical to the interests of the U.S.? Y. N.</p> <p>R. Is any member of your family not a citizen of the U.S.? Y. N.</p> <p>S. Have you ever refused to answer questions before a Congressional or legislative committee or Federal or State court regarding charges of alleged disloyalty or other misconduct? Y. N.</p> <p>T. Have you ever engaged in an act of homosexuality? Y. N.</p> |
|---|---|

ANSWERS TO TEST

Authorization for access to classified information of a specific classification category shall be granted or continued only if it is determined that such access by the applicant or holder is clearly within the national interest.

A yes answer to any single question listed is grounds for denial or removal of a security clearance. The most seri-

ously regarded categories are the following: A (depending on the reason), E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, P, S, and T. Generally speaking, if you circled yes to four or more answers, you will find yourself the subject of a full-scale government investigation before being granted a clearance. If you have circled less than four yes answers, you can count on being interviewed by government agents, required to submit a written statement detailing your yes replies, and having other limited background inquiries made into your life history.

For those of you who have not circled any yes answers, be advised that it is a criminal offense to deliberately lie on a government questionnaire. You are probably guilty of being less than candid in answering question (G) at least on this test and are advised to be careful when filling out personal security and work history forms with the Government. ■



By A. D. Winans

Illustrated by K. Smith



Bikes, Hash, Beer and Girls

His given names were Thomas Francis Joseph, the third in his family. His last name was long, Polish, and ended in -ski. However, the bike crowd he rode with had members already dubbed Ski and Pollock so Tom was christened Herc—short for Hercules. As is so often the case with nicknames, it was derisive of his five-foot two-inch, 120-pound body which he kept in good solid muscular trim as a construction worker who actually worked. Herc had three principal loves in his life: (1) his bike, (2) hash, (3) beer and girls. If this seems like four loves to the normal logical mind, it must be pointed out that in Herc's thinking the latter two were always lumped together, since he had never in his twenty-five years made out with the one except during the consumption of the other.

Herc was a handsome devil, albeit a small one. His brown hair was as long as the Operating Engineers Union would allow, his moustache full and drooping at the corners, his chin clean-shaven to show the cleft. His twinkling blue eyes were slightly wide-set with a small turned-up nose between (the normal arrangement). Under the bushy moustache was a neat, saucy, grinning mouth full of perfect white teeth. From the neck downward, he was equally well proportioned. Old ladies wanted to mother him, middle-aged ones tried to get him into the hay, and young ones wanted only to love him and love him and love him. All this female attention was the source of much chagrin to both Herc and his fellow bikers—they were green with envy and Herc was terrified unless or until he had a few beers under his belt whereupon he became a sex-crazed small monster. On runs, if Herc had a half dozen beers between towns, he made out at the first red light (traffic variety, that is) and wasn't seen or heard of until the next work day. Therefore, to guarantee his arrival at the final destination of a run, he was kept out of the booze as long as possible or at least was kept to a minimum at piss-calls by one subterfuge or another, usually a couple of pipes of hash which he could not resist.

The inverse effect of hash upon Herc

was a marvel to behold. He didn't want to drink anything except water or Coke and, until the munchies began ravaging his innards, would ride happily along, grinning at all and sundry while sipping his non-alcoholic beverage. When the rest reacted to hash as if it were Spanish Fly, Herc became as docile as the proverbial lamb. When others were put into hallucinogenic flights of rapture by a particularly righteous species of hash, Herc went on a laughing jag. He never had a bum trip, not even the time that Chip had passed around the green stuff (later thought to be rabbit shit) which had driven Ryan up the wall and had Rick trying to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a run-over raccoon in the middle of busy Route 64. The Limey later suggested that what they had smoked had come from a rabbit fed on a diet of raw green pot leaves and, since it zonked the level-headed Limey into becoming a near wino on four quarts of Boone's Farm's best, everyone unquestioningly assumed he was correct as always. Whether rabbits will actually eat the stuff was unimportant.

The greatest joy in being a confirmed, addicted cyclist is in the sublime, nearly religious, nearly sexual feeling of aloneness against the elements and the world. It brings out individuality. This same admirably hellish individualism becomes all too apparent when any unorganized group of more than two riders assembles. The group presents a picture of disunity, disorganization, and the general savoir-faire of the ragged-assed militia to the well-organized, society-conscious rednecks and is the basis of their fear of bike hordes. This group was no exception. When they stopped, en masse, in a small town, cautious mothers promptly locked up their daughters and loosed dozens of snarling, yapping canines. Their bikes, with one exception, were clean and shining, properly inspected by the Commonwealth, and not overly noisy. Ski, Chip, and Rick rode fairly new maroon, blue and black Sportsters, all stock; Terry had a very old chopped purple Triumph; Dealer was mounted in rather than on a black chopped hog; Ryan had a shiny

new red Trumpet 750; the Pollock clung dangerously to a one-lunger, much painted Ducati whose actual displacement was unknown but believed to have been 350cc originally; the Limey luxuriated astride a black 750 Guzzi or a chopped pale green and white 650 Triumph TR-6; Wild Willi had a 650 Yamaha, red of course.

Herc's bike, on the other hand, was the only flaw in this otherwise sterling group of happy cyclists. It was a 750cc Harley that he had bought used from Fritz, the barber, because Fritz's wife and eleven kids had pressured him into giving up riding. Just prior to selling it, Fritz had brush painted the bike an appalling kattydid yellowish-green and Herc left it that way. He even refused to give the Hog a bath because every time he had tried this, the damned machine wouldn't run for three days afterward. The Limey insisted it was simply a wiring problem, but Herc would allow no one to touch it. And so he ran it—green paint, grease, oil, dirt, mud, and with lights so faint they didn't even attract horny fireflies. He got it inspected in an underhanded and under-the-table fashion that belied his normal candor. All this notwithstanding, that scooter would really turn on, which just proves the effect a good machine can have on a true biker's soul.

In their personal appearances, the group wore their hair as long as their respective employers would allow, most had hairy upper lips, and Ryan, Pollock, Terry, the Dealer, and Wild Willi had full beards. The Limey was the exception in hirsute adornment. He was clean shaven, nearly bald, and kept the balance of his head mowed to a stubble. However, he was covered with hair from the neck down, both fore and aft. Their clothing ran the gamut of blues that only worn faded Levis can give, and their leathers were always bug-stained and in need of oil. Their state-required helmets were every color in the visible spectrum with Herc's matching his scooter. Their boots were neither uniform in color nor style. In fewer words, they looked like bikers. Most of the time they smelled that way too. They were individuals.

—Continued on page 74

Passing Time

I was pickin' my nose the other night, and after I'd examined a few choice morsels, one of the buggers bit my finger and jumped back into my nose. I'm afraid it'll crawl deeper and eat on my brain. What should I do?

Elmer
Prince George, Va.

- Snort a few rails of coke—you might OD the sonuva-bitch.

Close Call

We at the staff of **Motorcycle Product News** find you to be one exquisite chick. We all desperately want your bod—at once. We know you can handle the job.

Which brings us to the reason for this letter: Would you like a position (your favorite or ours) with the Up and Coming issues of our mag?

We pay shitty, but we throw great parties.

Howsabout it, doll? Can you handle the assignment, or are you going to stick it out with those boobs at **Easysiders**?

The Staff & Editors
of **Motorcycle Product News**

Van Nuys, Calif.

- I'm happy here. They may be boobs but they're hung.

Wrong Hole

The other night while ballin' my ol' lady, and at the height of passion I wailed out "Oh-h-h Mutha!" Now I'm lookin' for a room to rent. What'd I do wrong?

F.X.E.
La Harpe, Ill.

- You yelled there instead of here.

Love Letter

This 75¢ a day sucks. We want your picture 'cause we're tired of jerkin' off over other pictures and our cranks need a change of pace—you sweet TNT bitch.

Devil and Snake
Enfield, Conn.

- You just ruined my skirt.

Bush Hogs

I have a problem. Every time I sit down in the grass, my bush gets full of ants. What can I do?

Ci-Ci Rider
Mansfield, Ohio

- I've heard that Antrol bottles work fine.

Hang-Up

Does the angle of the dangle equal the heat of the meat when the roll of the hole is less than the crack of the track?

Stud
Piqua, Ohio

- Pass.

Interesting Problem

I have only one problem. I'm 23 years old and I'm still a virgin. I have all of the equipment. It's terrible to be horny and not know what you're missing. If you're ever in Canada, look me up.

B.J.
Ontario, Canada

- By the time you read this, you'll have already gotten the plane fare I sent you.

Rug Rats

My ol' man wants to do anything but screw. He's afraid I'll get pregnant again

(after four kids). Now he wants me to get all my teeth pulled so I can give better head. Do you think it's worth it?

Suzy
Grants Pass, Ore.

- Hell yes—for both of ya.

Me, Naked?

I'd really like to see what you look like in a real photo, and you can pose naked if you want because you don't have anything I've never seen before.

Goat
Mansfield, Ohio

- Wanna bet?

Knee-Men Arise!

Hey, I dig your rag very much. But don't let it swell your head. The last chicks in the rag weren't too bad, but you'll have to admit they were strictly for the ass type man.

Wm. Manuel
Menard, Ill.

- Us toe people are planning a revolt against the ass men. Stay tuned to this station.

Different Trip

I have a friend named The Reb. He dreams about sucking your armpits and now his lips are swelled up and he can't eat. Do you have any advice about what he can do for his lips?

Jim
Green Valley, Calif.

- Quit eatin' his heart out and dreamin'—wait on the real thing.

Not Bad

I've got a 10-inch cock, lots of bread, a bike, car, and

I dig eatin' pussy. But my problem is I shit my pants.

Winehead
Chicago, Ill.

- Do you shit at the same time each day? If you do, maybe I could go to the market every day at that time.

Possible Leak

How can I stop my ol' man from threatening to piss on my leg when I bug him?

Renee
Melbourne, Fla.

- Run around nude—unless it's your bod that bugs him.

Hit and Run

While I was home on leave I got a 16-year-old-pregnant. Her parents are out for my ass. What should I do? I don't want to marry her. She's so fuckin' ugly she'd even make you look good.

Pollack
Holland

- Sit tight. I just sent your address to her parents.

Ridiculous

Would you please send me a picture of Spider?

Mini-cycle Freak
Bancroft, Wisc.

- Eat it.

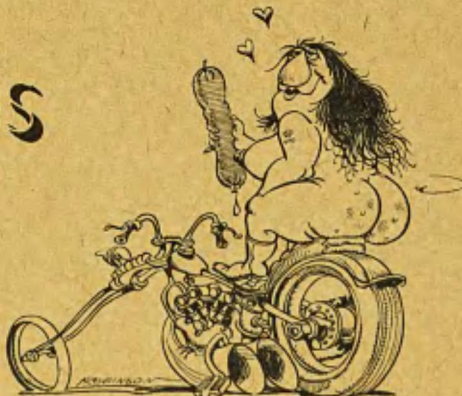
Sweet Talk

Send me your picture quick. I've got my hand all greased and ready to stroke my lizard.

Tim LaBelle
Chicago, Ill.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

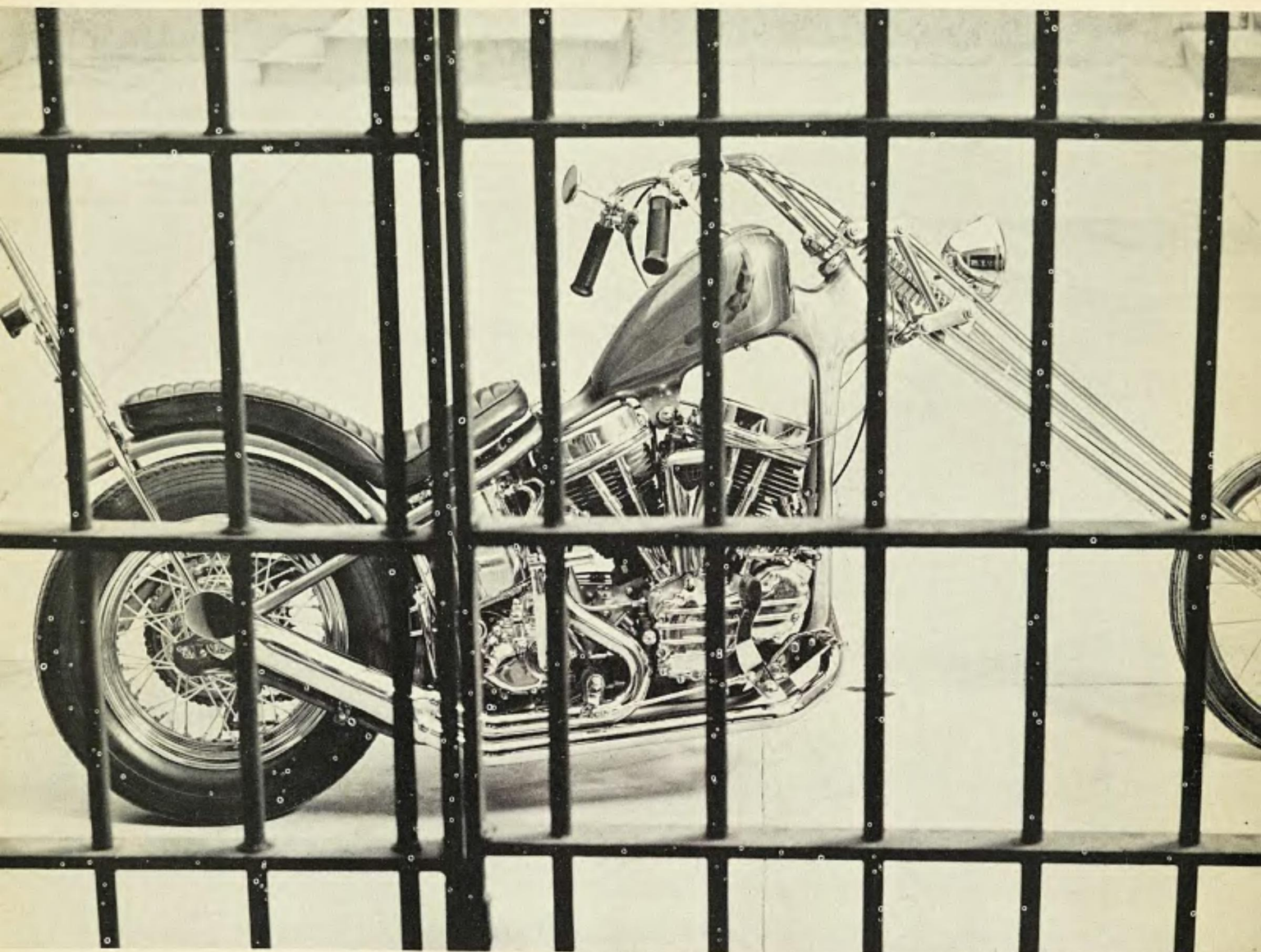




JAIL BAIT

You may have guessed by now, just from the shit you see in this rag, that we get some off-the-wall crap in the mail—old panties (women's), broken H-D parts, whorehouse coupons, juicy photos, crickets (the kind that itch and don't sing), and swill that makes even Mutha choke back her raunchies.

Not so long ago we got this crumpled letter from a dude who said he had bought an old small-town jail. And he offered the joint to us for a party. We called the dude to get the skinny (we can take a joke) and wet our legs to find it was for real. The city had sold him the jail as long as he was a good citizen and

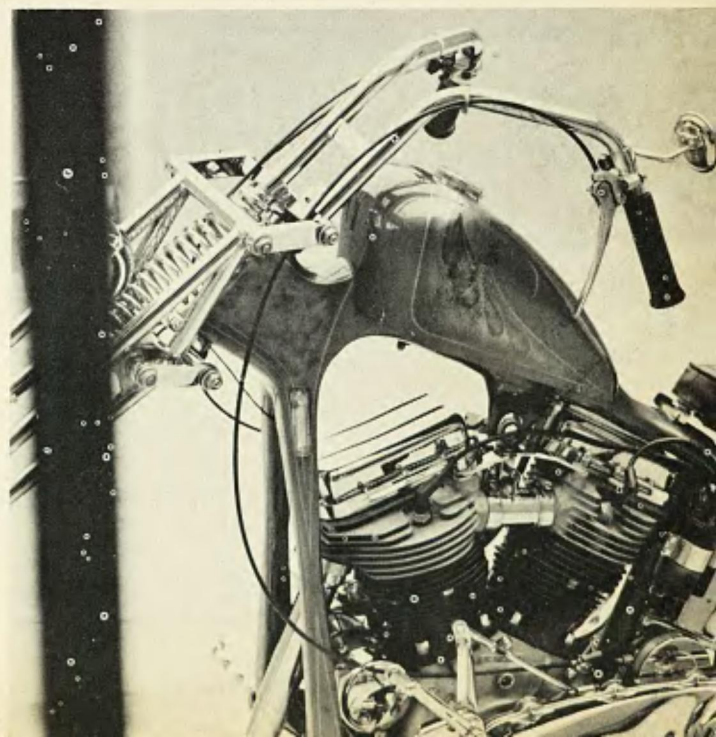


planned to do good things with it—like burn or rebuild it.

We felt that it might be a good plan to shoot a bike behind bars, so our first move was to find a bro who had been in the joint and now had a good-lookin' scooter to shoot with the prison. After 4,123 phone calls, we discovered that wasn't so goddam unusual after all—everyone we knew had been inside at one time or another, including most of the staff and even Silly Tilly's grandmutha.

Well, to make the story as short as possible (so I can split outta this hole), we finally turned up something weirder, a scooter that had been in the slammer itself.

The tale goes something like this: Mike Thomas, the owner, bought his pan engine from the local sheriff's department at an auction. Nothin' safer





Owner: Mike Thomas **City:** Riverside, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1956-57 H-D
Model: FL
Value: \$3,000
Assembly by: owner
Time: 9 months

Chassis

Frame builder: Action Choppers
Year and make: 57 H-D straight bar
Rake: $\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Stretch: none
Rear Suspension: rigid

Accessories

Chroming by: Thompson Plat'g

Bars: Corbin-Gentry

Engine

Year: 1956
Model: Pan Head
Builder: owner & "Doc" Trainor
Ignition: 6 volt
Displacement: 76 cu. in.
Balancing: flywheels, "Doc"
Pistons: 40 over H-D
Cam: FLH
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): M-74B
Air cleaner: Paughco
Shifter: foot
Pipes: Alphabet's
Mufler(s): Alphabet's collector

Risers: none
Fender(s): 5 in. flat
Headlight: Gary Bang
Taillight: Bates
Speedo: none
Foot pegs:
Front: Cheatah
Back: Cheatah
Gas tank: Sportster, fiberglass
Oil tank: Paughco
Primary cover: Paughco, compensator
Seat material: naugahyde, Cheatah
Sissy bar: Action Choppers
Height: 18 in. above fender
Material size: $\frac{5}{8}$ in. hex

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 25

Forks

Type: girder
Type front rail: none
Extension: 15 in.

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Dewey Seaver

Builder: Cycle Shack

Wheels

Color: brown, gold
Type: acrylic lacquer, clear epoxy

Front	Rear
Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Hub/brake: cust'm	Hub/brake: stock
Rim width: $2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire size: 2.75 x 18	Tire size: 5.10 x 16
Make: Yokohama	Make: Goodyear

Other special modifications: neutral light on brake pedal plate, horn button on fender, Maxi-Mini front brake and wheel.

than that—yeah, sure. When he discovered that the numbers had been acid-tested completely away by the sheriffs, just to be right-on he took the cases down to the good ol' highway patrol. And the good ol' highway patrol told him they didn't want to be bothered with them until the bike was completed. So Mike, being a law-abiding citizen, followed their instructions, took the cases home and proceeded to build the nice-looking pan that's on these pages somewhere.

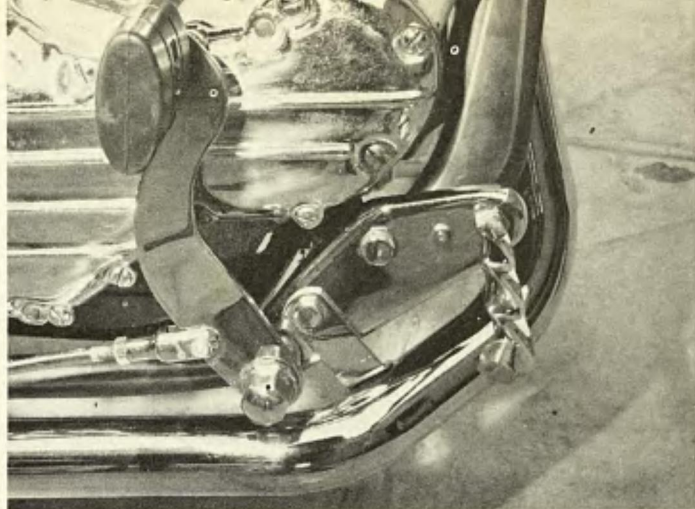
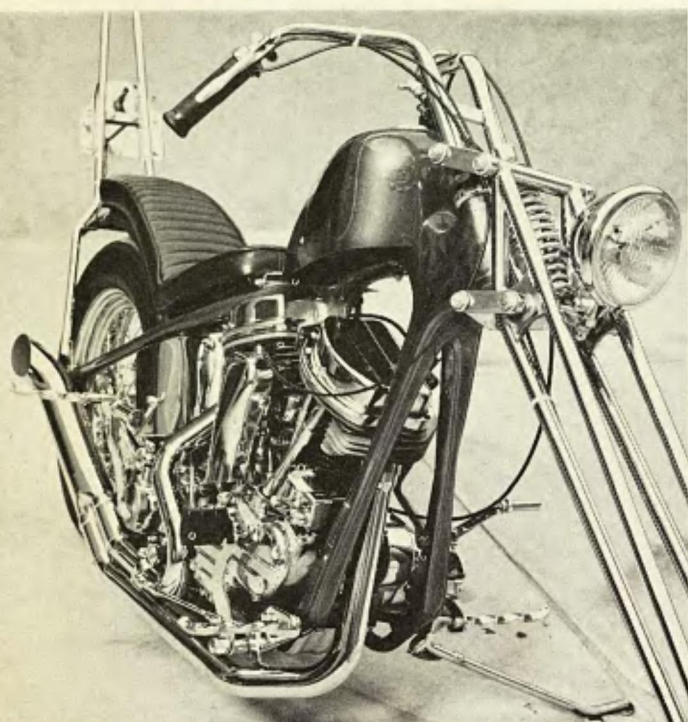
Nine months later Mike putted his finished scoot back to the chippies to have it checked before registering it. The inspecting officer took one look at Mike, his bike, and the crankcase boss and immediately ordered the bike impounded, "Due to altered numbers." Mike, dumbfounded, fumbled up the sheriffs' receipt for the mill, and held it out. The heat peered at it with one eye and then tossed it back. The man told him it was a forgery and began to read Mike his rights so he wouldn't say anything more to incriminate himself. The dude threatened to lock Mike up and suggested he make tracks—no if's, and's, or but's about it. So stammering, cussing, and gagging, Mike clumped out of the highway patrol station totally dismayed and disillusioned, while the pan went to the stockade.

But hold it, before you think that the forces of good triumphed over us evil bikers once again—Mike **did** get his bike back one long week later after he managed to get the sheriffs and staties together.

So that's the reason we decided to use Mike's scoot in the prison. Besides, it's a purty, phew! As for Linda, we had the perfect excuse to photograph her—we wanted to keep all you lechers out there happy. Can I cut out now? ■

—Snake





Note: In order that our regular readers don't get hurt with the price increase that became effective with this issue, we are continuing to offer (for this issue only) subscriptions at the old rate—a saving of \$3.00 over the newsstand price. Two-year subs will remain at \$9.00 (\$7.00 saving) for this issue only.

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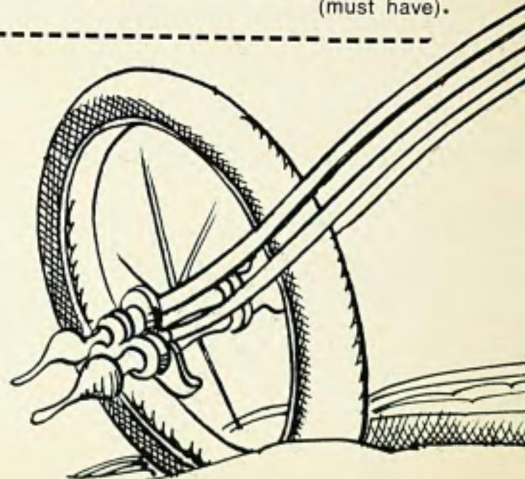
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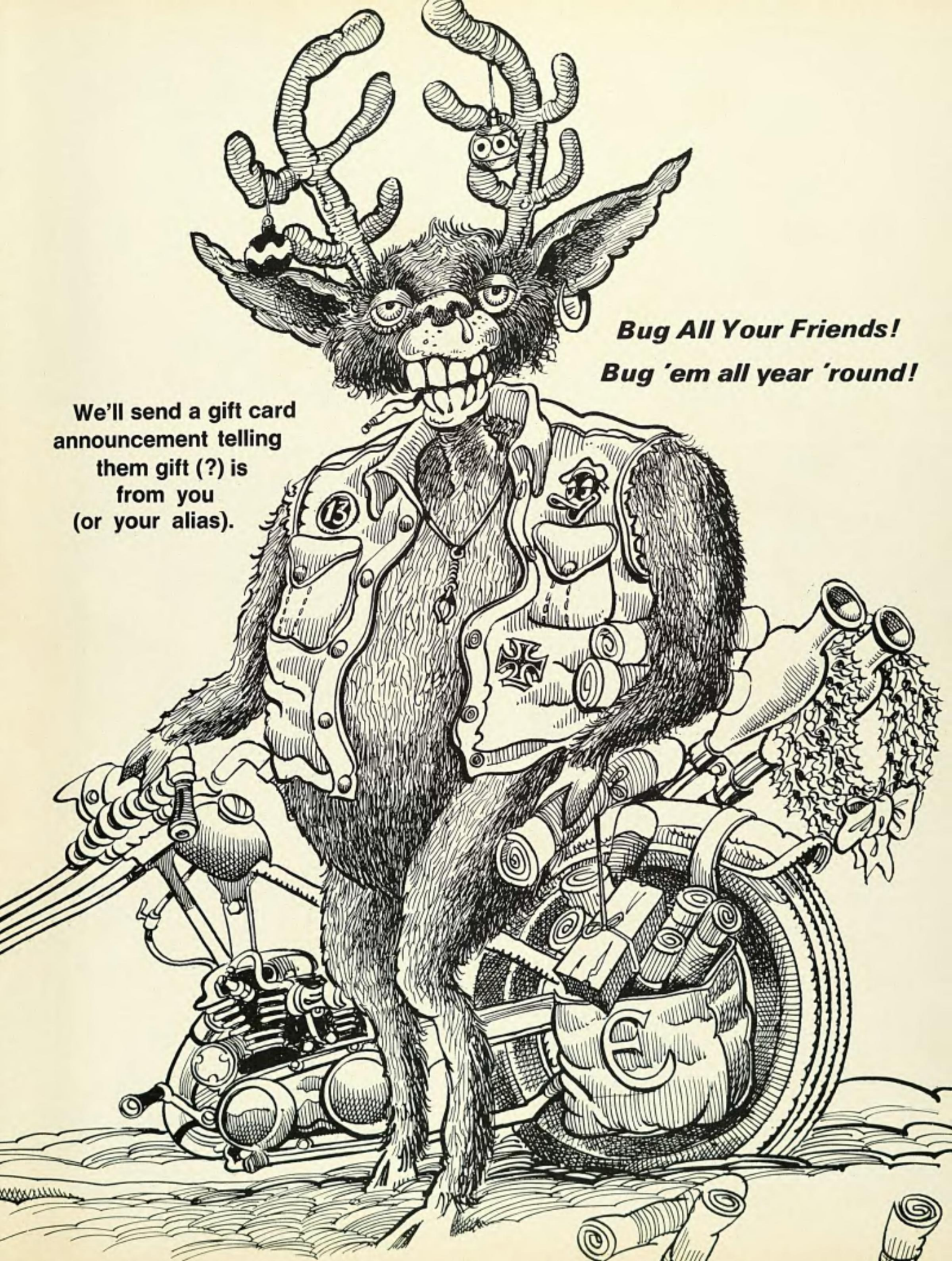
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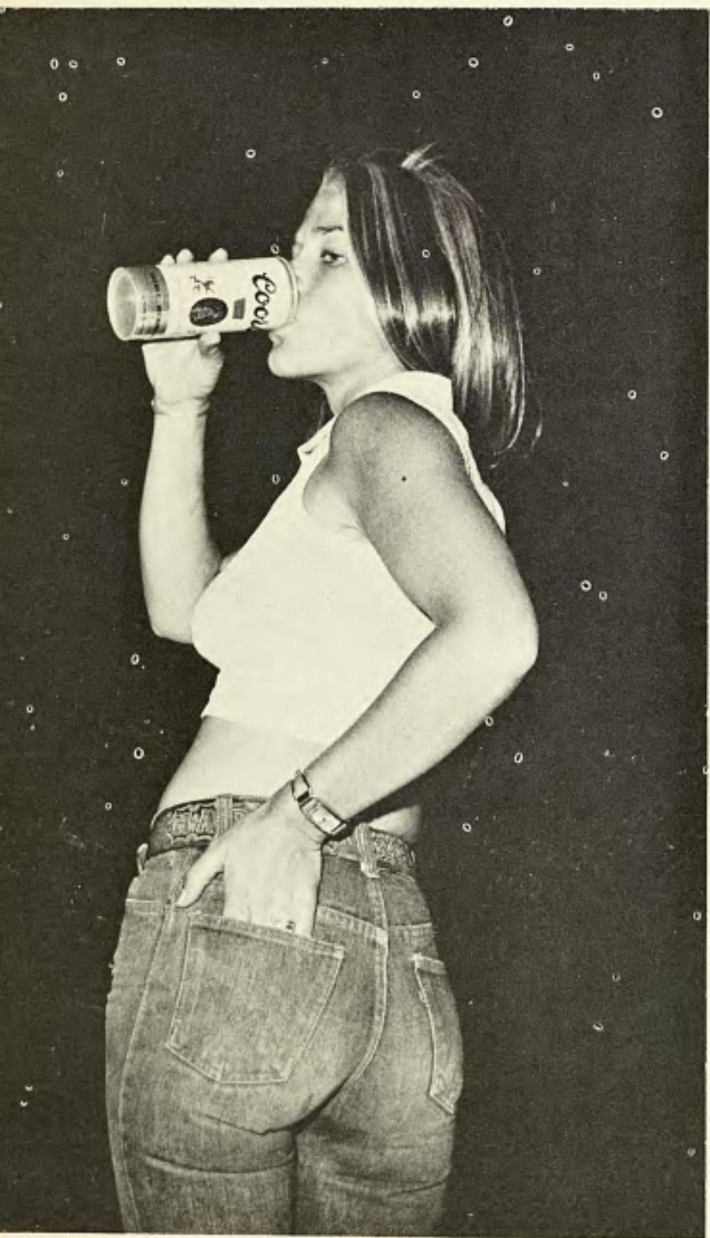


We'll send a gift card
announcement telling
them gift (?) is
from you
(or your alias).

Bug All Your Friends!
Bug 'em all year 'round!



Ol' Ladies





*Jam I may
Hundred and ten if I wish each day
Take my life in a traffic slide
Splitting lanes till I no longer have hide
Do up some shit and radically putt
Until in a box my body is shut*

*My scoot has nothing it can say
I control it, it goes my way
It cannot advise or slow me down
I'm the one that keeps it from hitting the ground
I'm the master of my machine
And of that life in the curves I lean*

*But I pause when a woman slips onto my seat
And in my brain I hear her heart beat
For now another's life I hold
No matter be she red-haired, brunette or gold
Caution strikes a key in my veins
And fear for her beauty in my heart reigns
For a woman astride my hog
Is like a bright light piercing the fog
And I want her life to stay lit
So with caution we make our trip.*

—Renegade





—Cap'n Crab

*Totally incorporeal, am I so diffused?
No; I only scatter my thoughts when I
think I've been used.*

*A biker who touched me on a full
moon's eye, touched me so softly
I wanted to cry.*

*It was a beautiful ride you gave to me,
the power of your hands and body as
they caressed and lay within me.*

*Consumed in an instant it happened so
fast, and I linger to think of you but
the distance we traveled made it
past . . .*

*Hello and goodbye my longing desires,
fill me with love if only to bring me
sweet sighs.*

*Maybe tomorrow the sunlight will
show your hands wavering torches
In eyes speaking softly with moonlight
aglow . . . And the miles
Speeding into distance behind me
while you lay in the fuse you
lighted making my fire cool . . .*

—Sheila and Southern Man



—Cap'n Crab



—Billy Tinney



*With the sky so blue and the sun so bright,
My Harley and I are in rapid flight.
Cruising the highways in broad daylight
Can be surpassed only on a warm summer night
With my ol' lady behind me, squeezing tight.*

—R.L. Middleton



—Gene Carbonell

A Man-sized Beer Mug!



Holds a
half quart
and weighs
1½ lbs!

Here's a man-sized beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white—it's a bitchin' lookin' mug. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors. Tell your ol' lady you'd dig one for Christmas—only \$4.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

California residents add 5% sales tax.

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Box 361, Seal Beach,
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Quality guaranteed
or money refunded





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 Domenick Ferro, Staten Island, N.Y.



—from Mike Baumgarth, San Luis Obispo, Calif.



—from John Zolnowski, Avenel, N.J.



—from Mary Marino, Denton, Texas





—from Paul St. Clair, San Francisco, Calif.



—from Rita Evelyn, Fresno, Calif.



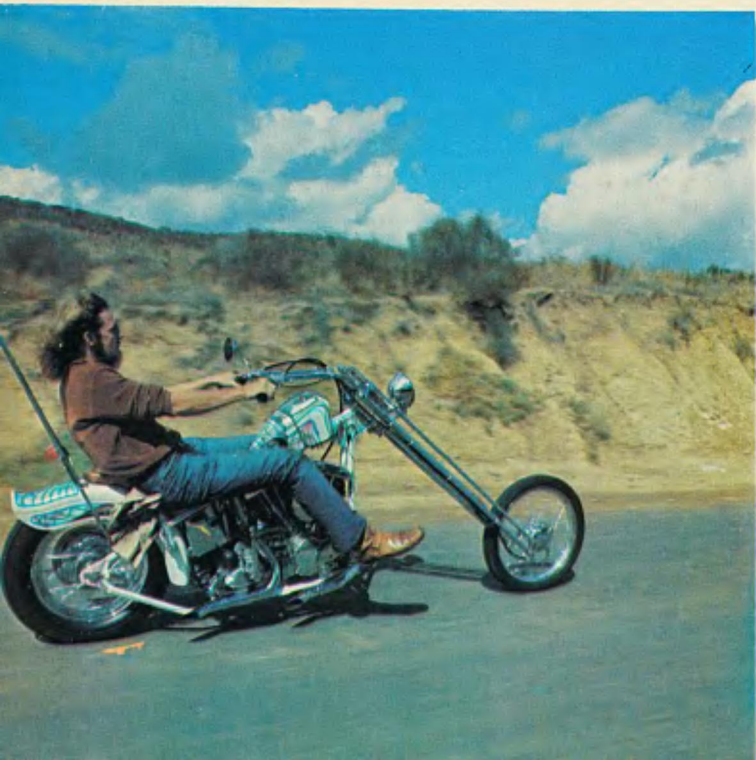
—from Wino Joe, Monterey, Calif.



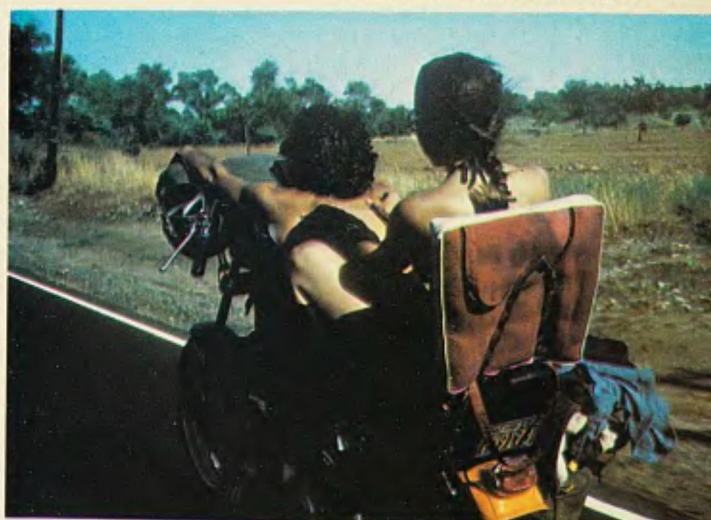


—from Chuck Flett

—from Chuck Flett



—from A.L. Lieberman, San Diego, Calif.



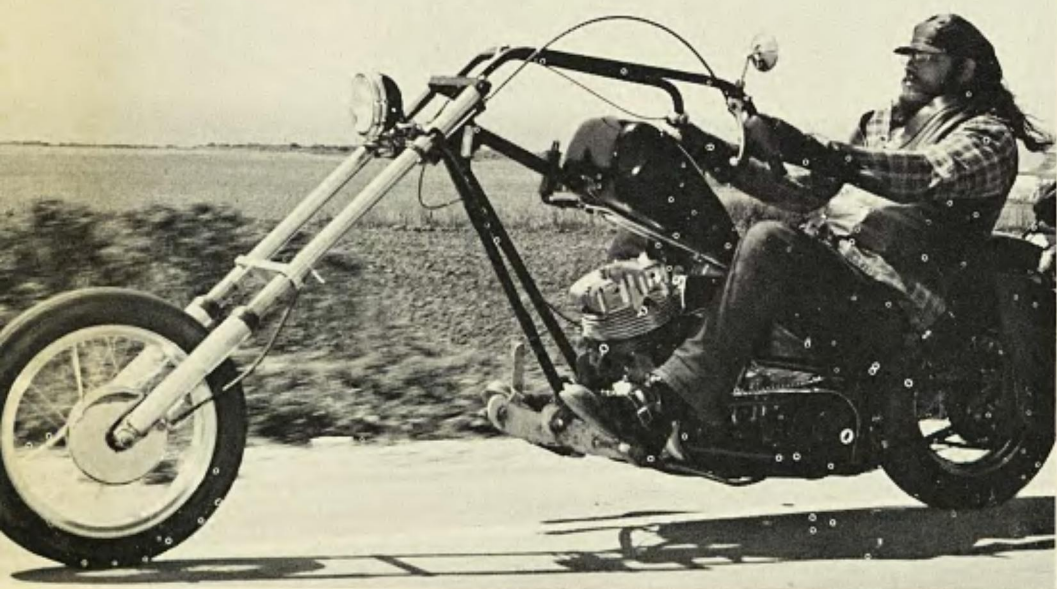
—from Wino Joe

Dave Mann's latest creation is on the next two pages. While some of you may feel it depicts a negative situation, we have asked Dave to paint biker life as it really is — and who can honestly say that getting a traffic ticket isn't part of the life of a chopper rider — be the ticket legitimate or an unwarranted roust.



—from Dave Fitzgerald, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

—from Curt Garbis, Virginia Beach, Virginia



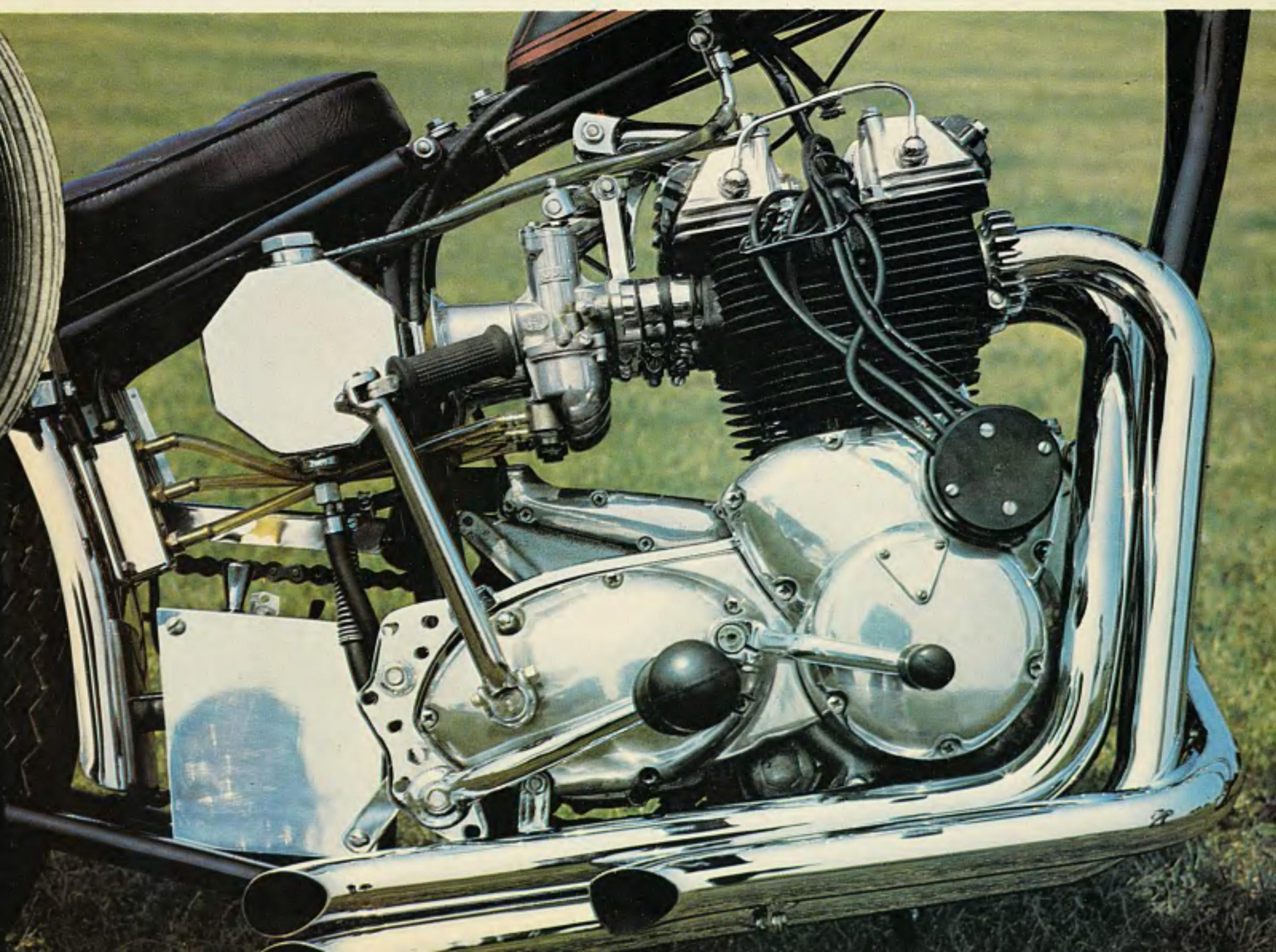




Who Says Choppers are Dead?

According to some biker rags the long, narrow, chrome front ends are growing shorter and being replaced with highly lubricated telescopic shorter forks. The comfortable, sweeping pullbacks are shrinking in favor of stubby clip-ons, and no longer will the rider be content to kick back comfortably against the soft breasts of

his passenger; but rather he will allow his chest to pound against his gas cap, strain his neck with the weight of a heavy helmet to peer at the passing scene from over his fairing—and without a passenger. That's what some motorcycle publications would like you to believe, as they preach to their readers that the chopper has run its



Photos by Dan Elmer and Ken Luedtke

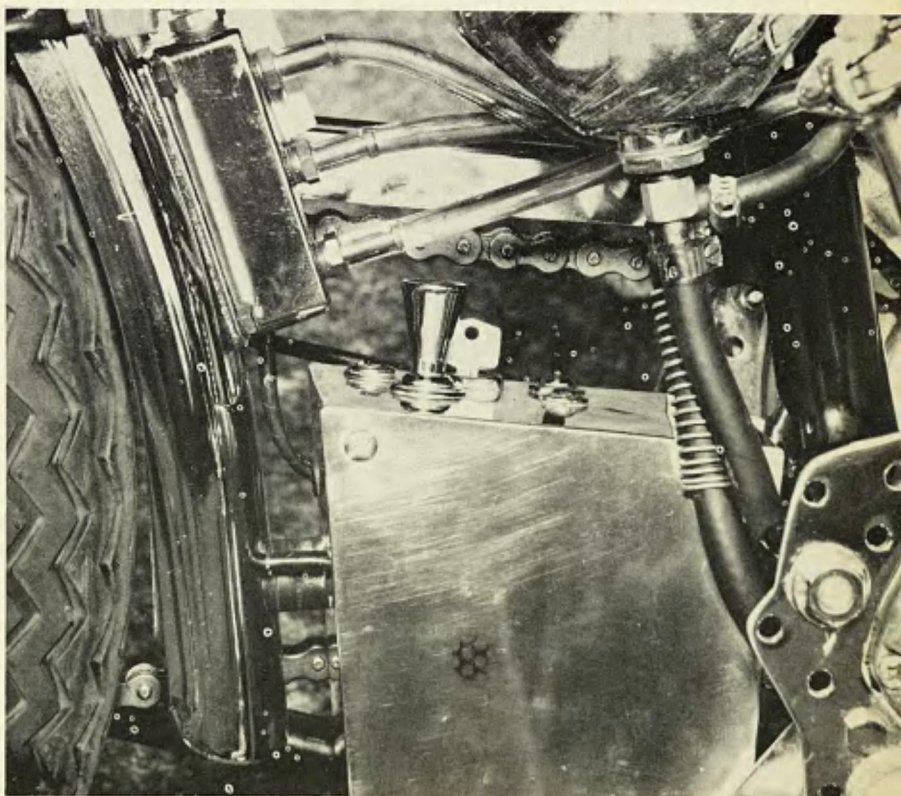
course, has gone with the wind, and no chopper innovations are left to be done.

What a bunch of horsecock! This three-cylinder Trump is a good example of denial of the new dogma. When was the last time you saw a chopped Trident blasting down the expressway? And talking about new ideas, man, this Triumph is a mass of new trips. Dick Betchkal has created a clean-looking, comfortable, smooth-handling road hauler.

With all the recent bad rapping of chops we felt that this Triumph was a good example of the many new ways the chopper field still has to go. We aren't into putting down any style of bike, and we don't dig other people putting down chops—or any other bike, for that matter.

But after a little thought it becomes evident that the cafe racer is being pushed at us by the folks with money on the brain. They have no doubt decided that if they are to sell fairings, clip-ons, and other cafe racer paraphernalia, they must first convince everyone that the chopper is dead. They don't realize that as long as the law allows, brothers all over this country will build scooters the way they please, whether it be a radical chop, stocker, rat, cafe racer, fatbob, stoplight drag machine, or restored old timer; they will form their motorcycles into the machines they desire, just as Dick did with his Triumph, and no magazine or manufacturer will ever tell them how it's gonna be. ■

—Renegade



Owner: Dick Betchkal

City: Racine, Wisconsin

General

Fabrication by: Dick Betchkal

Year and make: 1973 Triumph

Model: Trident

Value: \$3,800

Assembly by: Owner

Time: 6 months

Chroming by: Epper's Polish

Chassis

Frame builder: R&B Supercycles

Year and make: 1973

Rake: 1 in.

Stretch: none

Rear Suspension: R&B hardtail

Accessories

Bars: 4 in. "Z" bars

Risers: 5 1/2 in. R&B modified

Fender(s): 5 in. flat

Headlight: Cibie

Taillight: lantern type

Speedo: none

Foot pegs:

Front: stock

Back: folding

Gas tank: Sportster

Oil tank: octagon

Primary cover: stock

Seat material: naugahyde

Sissy bar: Drag Specialties

Height: 22 in.

Material size: 5/8 square

Engine

Year: 1973

Model: Trident

Builder: R&B Supercycle

Ignition: Sebring Electronics

Displacement: 867cc

Balancing: stock

Pistons: Routt's Cycle Center

Cam: stock

Lifters: solid

Carb(s): Amal 30mm

Air cleaner: none

Shifter: foot stock

Pipes: Art Wennerberg

Muffler(s): none

Gearing:

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: 18

Forks

Type: girder

Type front rail:

Extension: 18 in.

Builder: Durfee

Painting

Molding: M. Monroe

Painter: Ron T. Mikus

Color: black, gold, candy red

Type: acrylic lacquer

Wheels

Front

Size: 19 in.

Hub/brk.: Bill Ind.

Rim width: 2 1/4 in.

Tire size: 2.75 x 19

Make: Avon

Rear

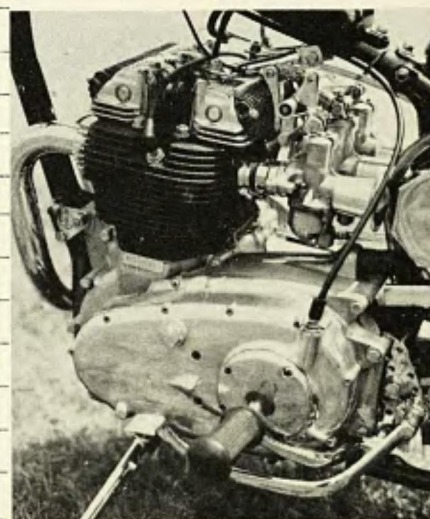
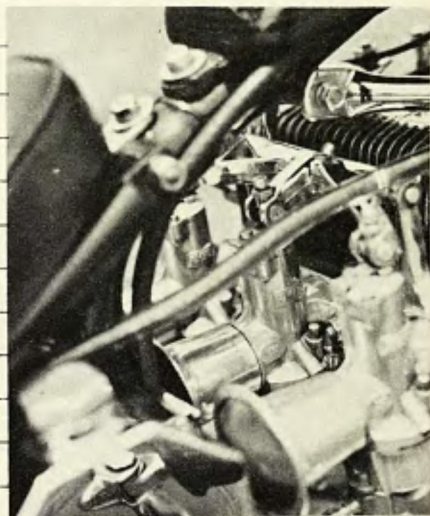
Size: 16 in.

Hub/brk.: Bill Ind.

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire size: 5.00 x 16

Make: Arco



Other special modifications: Electrical box by John Erickson, Routt 867 kit, Victor single-point distributor.



Second to Ms. H-D

By Carol Lehman

I have only one complaint about being a biker's chick: I'll have to settle for being No. 2 and accept the fact that she (Ms. H-D) will undoubtedly be mounted more often than I and be pampered and stroked in a way that I'll never know. Sigh...

But to see my man's face beam at the sight of her makes me more tolerant of the situation. After all, she is nothing more than his phallic symbol, and he is gloating over the size of his extension—right? No, I don't really believe what I just said. I see it this way: My man and his bike... He has com-

plete control. She makes no demands on him. Just keep her motor purring and her body clean, and she'll perform for him like no (human) female can. She is never jealous—or if she is, she's too smart to show it. She is patient. She waits silently in our hallway (that's right, in our hallway), never complaining, waiting to take him to freedom from anything he wishes to be free from. Never a squawk from her, only a purr. He is in control; she awaits his command. He pushes her forward with one movement of his hand, and they're off. No hassles, only a desire to please her master. He will repay with gentle caresses of love and deep respect.

And so here I sit (notice the little i) by the window watching her go off with my man, alone, to make love for hours, total freedom from inhibitions, the wind in his hair and through her body. If he could find her vagina, he'd ball her for sure. What a totally beautiful thing she is, young, tight, free, and not at all demanding.

As for me, No. 2, why do I put up with his infidelity? Oh, I don't know whether there's any answer to that except that as the two of them go off into the sun together a little bit of me goes too. I feel pleased with myself to be able to be a small part of them. They eventually come back to me—and I'll be waiting.

Enter Ms. H-D. Roaring into my hallway, settling herself down for a long sleep after a long day of making love to my man. He lovingly tucks her away for the night, wiping her young body clean of any dirt particles she might have accumulated during their escapade. She comes on my floor—heated with excitement—oil oozing from her. Damn her! I just mopped that floor too...

Good night, Ms. H-D. Hope you don't mind if No. 2 spends the rest of the dark hours with our man.

We kiss, our man and I, and one look from his eyes tells me why I don't mind (too much) being No. 2. ■

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 crazed 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.



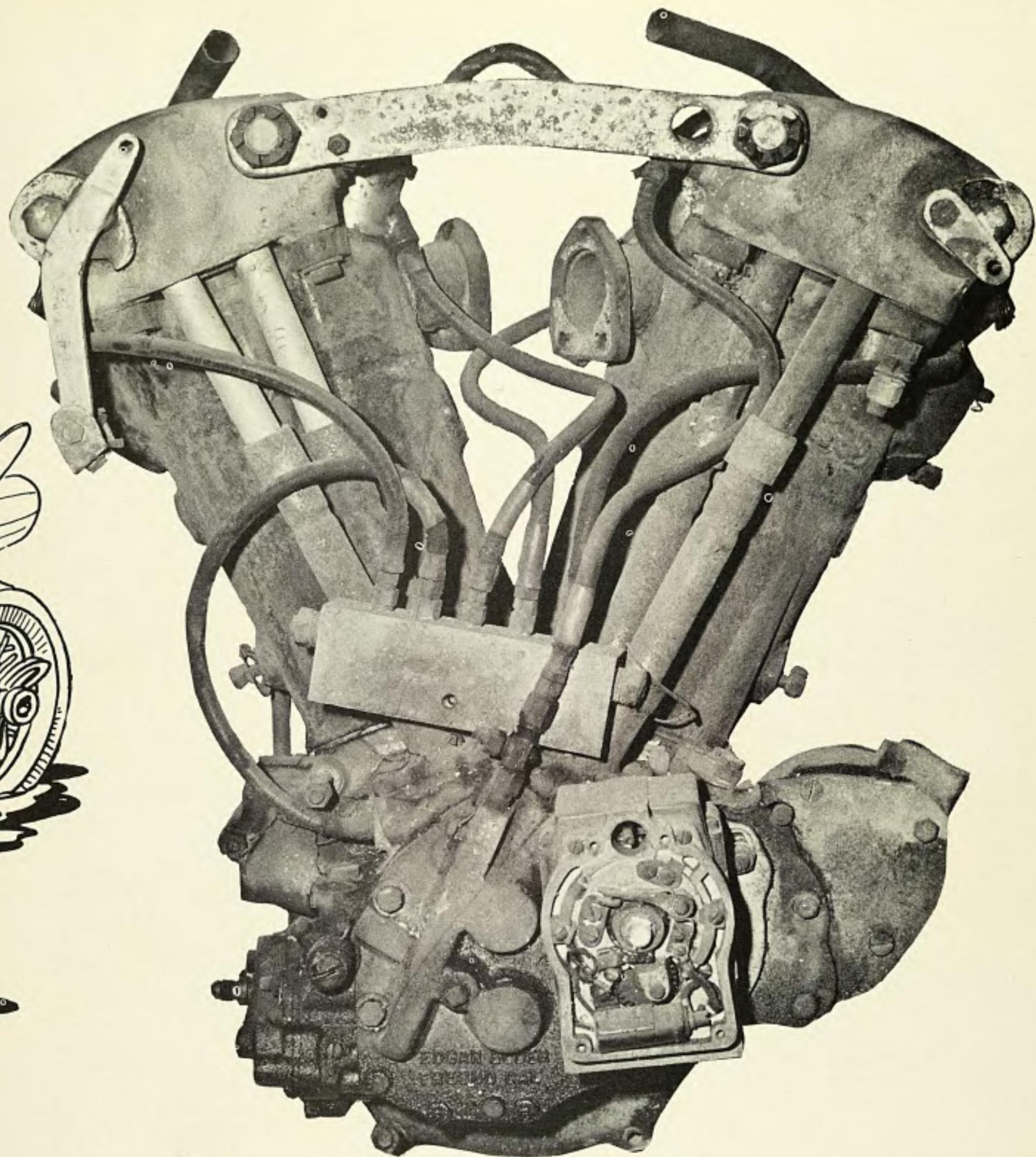
90 Inches of Water-cooled Knuckle

Oldtimer: Hey, kid, you want to see a 90-inch water-cooled knucklehead engine? (1, 2)

Punk: There never was such a knucklehead, you knucklehead.

Oldtimer: A lot you know, junior. This engine was running before you were born.

Punk: I'll show you a knuckle sandwich, gramps.



Oldtimer: You still think I'm kidding, huh? Well, pour this in your pabulum pot and snort it. Almost forty years ago, Drake Engineering began producing special Harley-based motors for racing that were used in quarter-mile midget cars. The cases were early H-D 61 OHV, usually beefed with extra

welding and fitted with steel stroker flywheels. The trans was an in-or-out gearbox (3)—no clutch—made from Ford "A" parts that bolted to the engine sprocket boss. Since the cases were spun around and mounted in the chassis crosswise, this was the "back" of the engine.

Punk: Wha??

Oldtimer: In place of the stock knuck top end, one-piece water jacketed cylinders and heads with mounts for dual 1¼-inch carbs (cast in iron by Drake) accepted standard H-D valve gear (4). With a 4⅝-inch stroke and a monster 3½-inch bore, displacement worked



2

out to 89 cubes with a 96-inch version appearing later.

Punk:

!!!!

Oldtimer: Most of the internals started out as standard Hog, but the power that the engine produced made stronger replacements necessary. Years before the factory did it, the cases were bored out for Timken type main bearings, and mainshaft sizes grew to 1½ and eventually 2 inches. Early stock rods bent like pretzels and racers used Cartwright forgings or 4130 billet units made by Barker (5). Cams were either Lightning Knuckle or Schaller regrinds. The standard generator was replaced with an Edison-Splittdorf mag, and later, with Bosch or Wico magnetos running in a special front-drive cam cover by Elder. Since the powerplant was just for racing, a number of Los Angeles area shops made special conversions for themselves. Porlugiel and Smiley produced some with steel crankcases (whit-

tled out of a solid billet!) and one of the Hoak brothers' motors had alloy valve covers like later panheads (6).

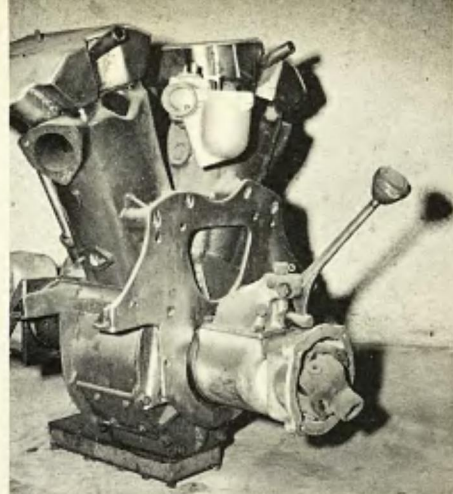
Punk:

????

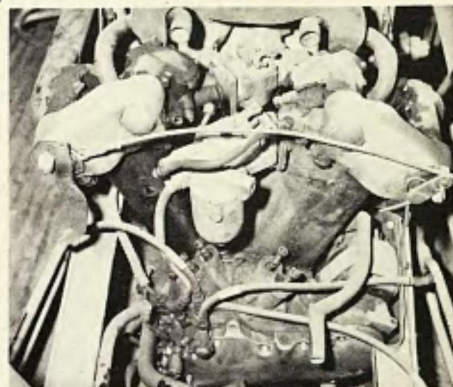
Oldtimer: The engines were used in midget car racers in the late 1930s and the post-World War II era, and their low-speed torque made them competitive with the Offy's (four-cylinder Offenhauser engines also used in midgets) on short or slippery tracks. However, on longer circuits they would overheat and lose power, because the cooling system had no water pump and depended on thermal currents for circulation through a front-mounted radiator. Another major problem was vibration. The "shakers" or "pop-pers" as they were called, would work a car to death, splitting float bowls and slowly shedding parts all over the track unless revs were limited to about 4000. A few Drake engines were used by bike drag racers in the 1950s, but most of the 400-odd produced have probably gone to the scrap yard now. The production of the engine parts passed out of Drake through several owners, ending up in 1952 with Edgar Elder, who still has the original patterns.

Punk:

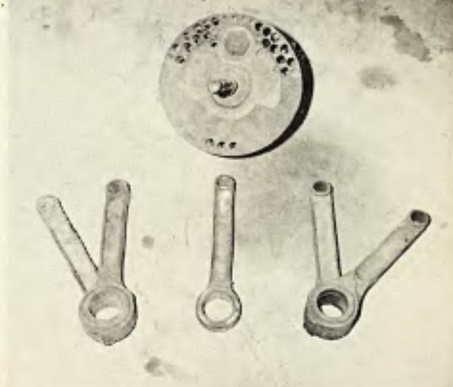
Hey, man, where can I get one of them motors for my chopper? ■



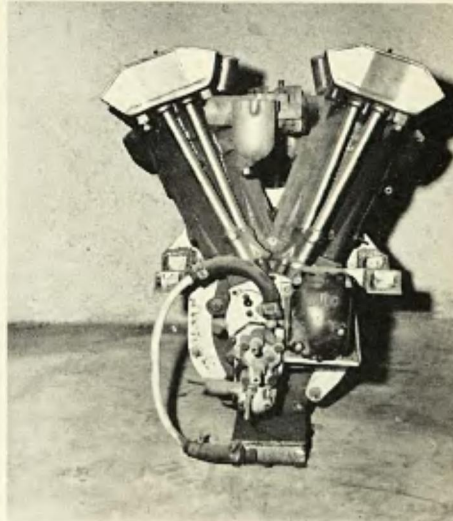
3



4



5



6



THE BELT DRIVE IS HERE!

BELT DRIVETRAIN
The all new BELT DRIVETRAIN that replaces vibration and rattle with quiet smooth PERFORMANCE from pulley to pulley.

THE PRIMARY BELT DRIVE

Takes off pounds in a hurry!

Reduces Vibration 75%

Reduces Noise

Needs no lubrication

Outlasts the Primary Chain many times over. Belts by Uniroyal.

YOU GET LONGER ENGINE LIFE

MORE SPEED BETTER PICK-UP

LESS BREAKDOWNS,

FEWER TUNE-UPS

Retail Price: from \$250 up

50% deposit balance C.O.D.

Specify Year, Make, Model

Made only by

Phase III Corporation

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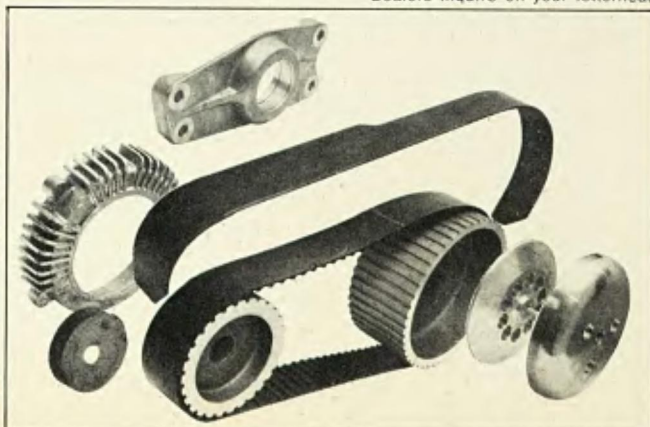
Paramount, California 90723

(213) 634-2134

This product is a precision machined unit. The pulley teeth are not a casting. They are precision machined to fit the pulley belt perfectly. Accept no imitation!

PHASE III is the first and only name in motorcycle belt drive.

Patent Pending
Dealers inquire on your letterhead





No, it's not a Show Bike!

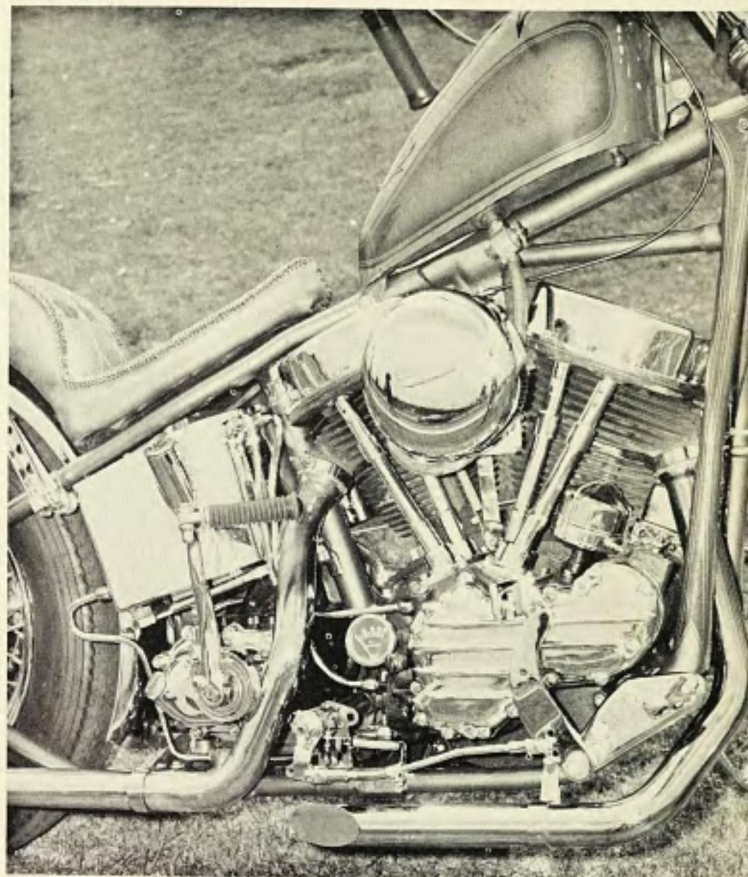
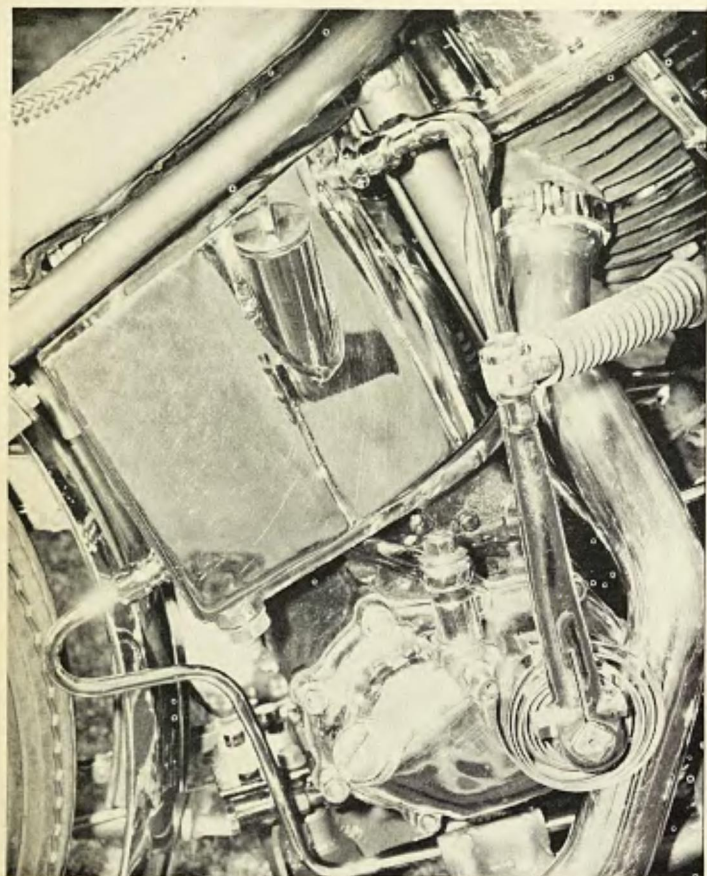


Most of the bike rags, after unveiling a feature scooter in their pages, proceed to wail about how cherry and right-on it is . . . how many trophies it's copped at the shows . . . how sano the detailing is . . . the way the owner busted his sweat glands putting it together . . . zzz.

So, to keep you dudes awake out there, we decided (after one of our juice and smoke marathons, anything sound reasonable) to lay out all the mickey-mouse and unrighteous details on Ron Tate's machine. After all, any bike has its shortcomings. For example look at Ron's . . . er, ah . . . well, there's the . . . how about the . . . uh, maybe the . . . hmmm.

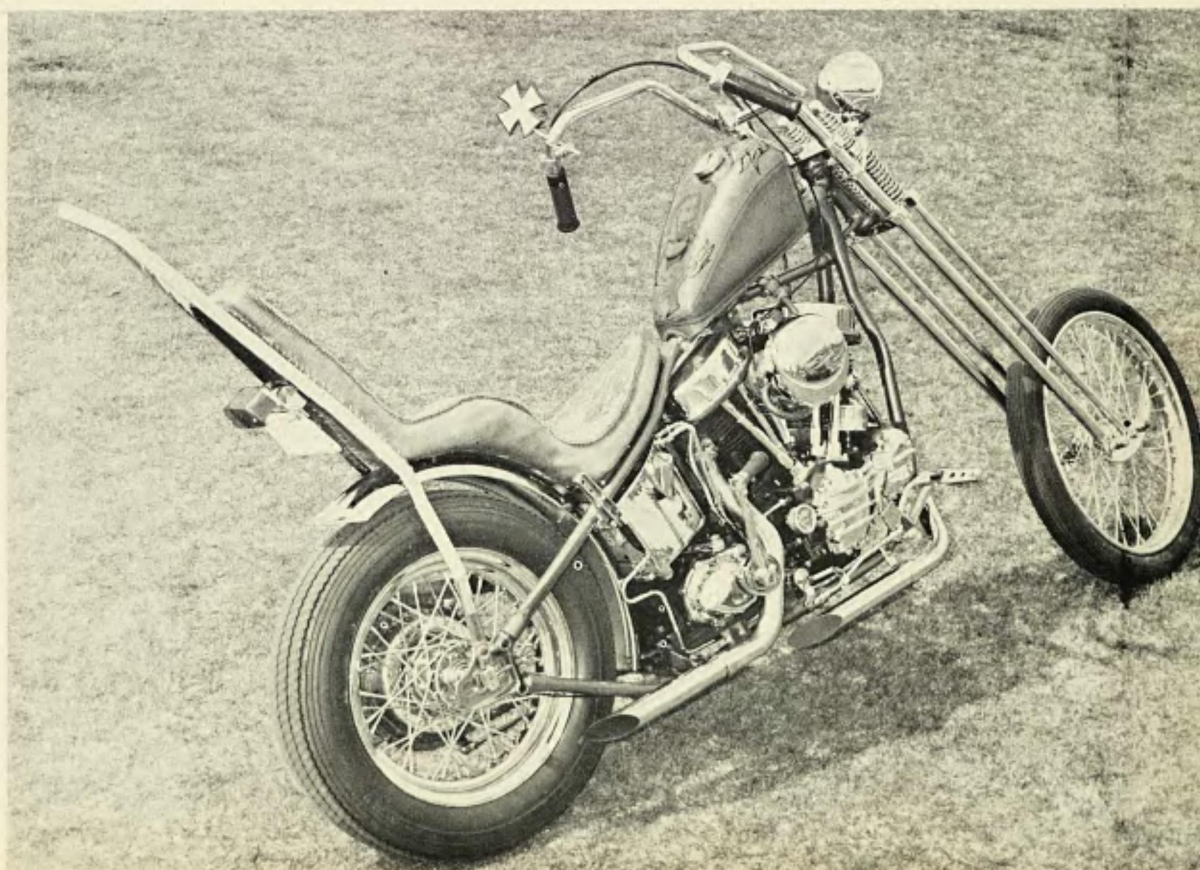
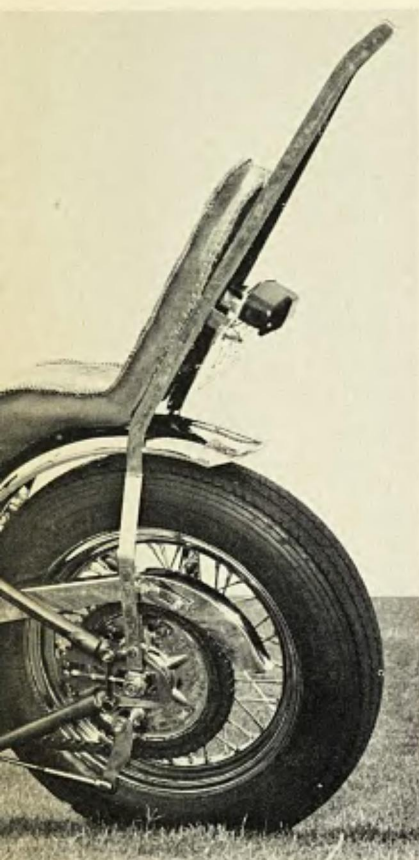
After getting good and wasted just trying to find a suitable nurd in the molding or screw-up in the lacquer, in desperation we handed the pictures to our photo editor, who is a picky asshole if there ever was one. After close to a week he finally found a coupla things he didn't like—the chromed rear fender and the mousetrap—but he just about

—Continued after two pages of photos



Easyriders photography by Jake



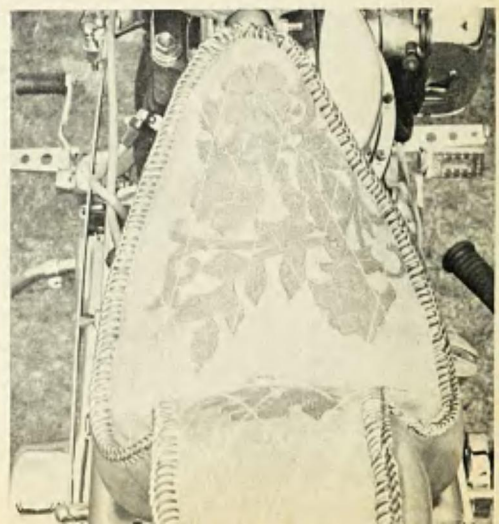


Owner: Ron Tate		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Chassis	
Fabrication by: owner		Frame builder: H-D	
Year and make: 1953 H-D		Year and make: 1953	
Model: FL 74		Rake: stock	
Value: \$3,000		Stretch: none	
Assembly by: owner		Rear Suspension: rigid	
Time: 1 month (latest changes)		Accessories	
Chr'm'g by: Lemon Grove Plat'g		Bars: rabbit ear pullbacks	
Engine		Risers: Randy Enterprises	
Year: 1953		Fender(s): Limey, chromed rear	
Model: Panhead		Headlight: Bates	
Builder: El Cajon H-D		Taillight: Lucas	
Ignition: 6 volt		Speedo: none	
Displacement: 76 cu. in.		Foot pegs:	
Balancing: stock		Front: Holy pegs	
Pistons: .060 in. over, H-D		Back: Holy pegs	
Cam: Sifton 412		Gas tank: Sportster	
Lifters: solids		Oil tank: Cheatah side fill	
Carb(s): Bendix on adapter		Primary cover: stock	
Air cleaner: early H-D		Seat material: leather, by owner	
Shifter: foot		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: drag		Height: 28 in.	
Muffler(s): baffles		Material size: 1 1/4 in x 1/4 in.	
Gearing:		Forks	
Engine sprocket: stock		Type: springer	
Trans sprocket: stock		Type front rail: round	
Painting		Extension: 13 in.	
Molding: owner		Builder: American Chopper	
Painter: Jerry Moore		Wheels	
Color: red		Front	Rear
Type: acrylic lacquer		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
		Hub/brake: spool	Hub/brake: H-D
		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
		Tire size: 3.00 x 21	Tire size: 5.10 x 16
		Make: Avon	Make: Goodyear
Other special modifications: leather patterns on seat by owner, tank art by Cathy Barrett.			

busted a blood vessel doing it. And even at that he had to admit the plating on both pieces was good, and that they contrasted well with the red lacquer paint.

With all the good things going for his scooter, you'd think Ron would be cleaning house at the shows, but he's not. We cruised down to a bike show and looked all over until we found him at the other end of town liftin' a few brews at the El Rabo bar, with his machine parked in its usual spot out front. What about the show? Shit, he'd rather ride and party than hang around a dusty auditorium any day. As for us (being lazy bastards at heart), we'd also rather party than churn on for pages about how righteous a bike is when the spec sheet and the photos tell it all. ■

—Sniveler



RED RIDER AND LITTLE BEAVER

SHA, BOOM!
SHA, BOOM!

Gauy!

★!!
CHUCK HOLE!

ROO!

CLUNK

"GREAT
SCOTT!"

"ORK!"

OOOOOOAH!
EEK

ARE YOU ENJOYING
YOURSELF, NOW, MY
LITTLE ROSEBUD

AH, HA!
SMOOTH
SAILING

DUKE DUKE
DUKE DUKE
OF EARL

R
RETARDED

WHY YOU
LITTLE....

HUH

★!!★!!
LOOK FOR ANOTHER
CHUCK HOLE
!



State-by-State News

Virginia: There is an investigation underway concerning extended front ends and the frame alterations in the state of Virginia. Brother Richard More urges that Virginia brothers write the chairman of the investigation and give a true account of how they have altered their scooters and the safe results. The chairman is John T. Hanna, Director, Highway Safety Division, P.O. Box 27472, Richmond, Va. 23261.

Modifications and Accidents

The following portion of a speech by James R. Hoag was taken from testimony presented to the Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission. Mr. Hoag is a researcher hired by the State of California to research motorcycles. The speech was given during a committee hearing in which they had planned to eliminate hardtails or rigid rear suspensions from motorcycle standards.

In 1968, the California Highway Patrol, under the direction of Commissioner H. W. Sullivan, completed a project titled "A Motorcycle Accident Study." The survey data involved 970 motorcycles representing 951 fatal and injury accidents. The results showed that for modified motorcycles, "There were so few equipment violations reported that this item was not even summarized." The same survey later showed that of 413 motorcyclists given citations, 11 were for lighting, one for brakes and only four others for equipment violations which included extended front ends. That was in 1968.

Some people weren't satisfied with the results, so in 1970, once again under Highway Patrol supervision, a second study titled "Motorcycle Accident Survey" began. This comprehensive investigation involving several police departments throughout California was aimed directly at studying the safeness of modified and stock motorcycles. This study was strongly supported by Chief Ed Davis of the Los Angeles Police Department and Los Angeles County Sheriff, Peter Pitchess.

Let me quote the California Highway Patrol's conclusion: "Although the data indicate that the modifications surveyed increase the accident potential, the number of cases is too small to be conclusive. It is estimated that of the 15,000 motorcycle accidents expected to occur during 1970, between 50 and 350 will be due to equipment modifications."

Gentlemen, those figures break down from .23 per cent to .03 per

cent of all accidents involving a motorcycle.

The study goes on to say that "About 7.7 per cent of the motorcycles surveyed had equipment modifications." Many of them had only one modification (i.e., 3.7%) and the remaining had two or more modifications (i.e., 4.0%).

The report continues: "Of the 542 motorcycles surveyed, 42 were modified. Of the 42, 7 or 1.3% of the total were deemed to have accident-contributing modifications."

I personally believe that had these studies been available to you early in your preparation on proposed minimum standards, I would not be here today.

I do not wish to imply that my presence will require you to "go back to the drawing board," but a lack of communication with all persons affected had helped to germinate the problem into the present crisis you have here today.

One other study you gentlemen may not be aware of was completed in November 1972, by Jess Krauss, Ph.D., Richard Riggins, M.D., Walter Drysdale, M.D., and Charles Franti, Ph.D. These men are from the Department of Community Health and Orthopedic Surgery, School of Medicine, University of California, Davis, California.

Quote: "In view of the findings reported in an earlier California study showing a relationship of motorcycle modifications and collisions, we were surprised to find that the significant difference with respect to modifications on motorcycles favored the comparison group rather than the cases." "Our data suggest that there may be no importance to motorcycle modifications in their contribution to a collision."

These conclusions were not reached arbitrarily, but logically after much research by analytical men who took long, unemotional looks at the problems, examining the whole, not just the parts, and then produced answers, not headlines.

It is apparent that the Vehicle

Equipment Safety Commission has spent much time, energy and resources in this sincere effort to develop minimum motorcycle standards so all states can benefit from uniform laws. California, for one, will benefit by some of these proposals. Others we have in effect now.

But two of your proposed sub-items under "Steering and Suspension Systems," I question. They are (1) Front Wheel Geometry, and (2) Suspension. From numerous letters and phone conversations with those who do modifications on motorcycles professionally, and reading the proposals myself, it is my opinion that they are too restrictive and lack sufficient evidence to support the contention that their implementation will reduce accidents. Without proper research there would be a question of validity, thus putting undue stress, not to mention financial loss, on the after sales interests of the motorcycle industry until a final ruling is made.

I might also add, in looking over the proposals, that I find no evidence that the quality of the materials used, or the workmanship involved in manufacturing front ends or frames, was ever considered.

Since the Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission's ultimate objective, other than uniform motorcycle legislation, is the prevention, partial or complete, of thousands of deaths per year, and the reduction, amelioration or elimination of additional tens of thousands of injuries, I hardly feel that these two sub-items causing such a furor will help reach your goal in the context in which they are written today.

Nothing else you can do will help more to reduce accidents and casualties than behind-the-handle-bar training. The Motorcycle Industry Council's Educational and Safety Foundation has a wealth of information, and can supply the needed training guidelines for any and all types of training programs. It's never too late to get started on the development of such a massive program. Looking back only delays our forward movement.

California: The Modified Motorcycle Association is currently working to see that Senator Craig Biddle, 6370 Magnolia, Riverside, does not get re-elected. Biddle at this time has a bill very close to reaching the Governor; the bill, SB514, if passed would require that every court clerk and or judge notify the DMV of any convictions of the following code sections: 27150, cut-outs and straight pipes; 2715, modified exhaust. The MMA requests that California brothers wire the Governor regarding this hassle bill. If this bill makes it to the streets, many brothers may get caught up in the thing and lose their licenses.

On the good side, the MMA in the last year has hassled with 5 no-fault bills in California. Currently there are two bills pending, AB50, introduced by Assemblyman Jack Fenton (Montebello), which has always excluded motorcycles, and a bill initiated by Assemblyman John Foran (San Francisco) which has recently been amended to exclude bikes. For more information contact the Modified Motorcycle Association, 2202 16th Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95818.

New Mexico: Recently in the city of Albuquerque a local judge declared the helmet law unconstitutional. A brother who caught the news on television jumped on his scooter and headed for town without his head gear on. He was busted by the local Man, because he didn't live in Albuquerque. The proclamation by the judge applies only to Albuquerque and only in areas not patrolled by the Highway Patrol!

Rhode Island: Walt Boober, ABATE Coordinator, said recently that if a brother is having trouble getting his scooter inspected, he can avoid hassles by cruising the town until he finds a hip gas station attendant. The shit we have to put up with!

South Dakota: Bro Jeff Loeb wrote his Senator to beef about all the power allowed the DOT, and to inform him of the influence the DOT's power has on motorcycle legislation.

The following is the response he received. By the way, his Senator is George McGovern.
Dear Mr. Loeb:

Thank you for your recent letter about citizens' rights and wasteful government spending.

We find, unfortunately, that many of the agencies set up by Congress often exceed in actual implementation what Congress intended. NHTSA may well be an example of such excess. However, when such an agency publishes its regulations, those interested have an opportunity to comment and object.

I have been having for the past two years or more quite a bit of mail on the problem of helmet requirements. I was not aware that the statistics varied quite so much depending upon their source. I should think that could be straightened out.

If enough complaints are made on this matter, action is probable even though it may consume some time.

With every good wish, I am
Sincerely,
George McGovern

Pennsylvania: The following is a quote from WDAU-TV, CBS Television for Northeastern Pennsylvania, 1000 Wyoming Avenue, Scranton, Pa. 18509.

"It would be hard for the mind of man to conceive a more hazardous means of personal transportation than the motorcycle.

"Injuries and fatalities among motorcyclists and their passengers are all out of proportion to corresponding statistics for automobiles.

"Yet, the motorcycle has become an ingrained part of the pop culture. It's been glamorized in song and on the screen.

"It's time we stopped treating motorcycles as toys for those who haven't quite grown up. We're talking about machines that kill or maim thousands of their riders every year and, mind you, bring thousands of automobile occupants to grief. The role of motorcycles in multi-vehicle accidents needs far more attention.

"At the least, the motorist must suffer a case of jangled nerves in the highway company of these noise polluters.

"We wish it were possible to do a lot of young people a favor by simply banning the nuisances but, short of that, the highway safety people need to get a lot more serious about licensing, financial responsibility and speed limits.

"As we said, we are not dealing with playthings."

South Carolina: A bill has been introduced in the House requiring that every bicycle used on a South

Carolina roadway be equipped with a five-foot so-called "safety flag." The Carolina Cyclers, oldest bicycle club in the Carolinas, is opposed to this bill and urges its defeat.

Any compulsion bill such as this is doubtful as to its constitutionality. This falls in the same mold as the compulsory motorcycle helmet law, mandatory seatbelt installations, the move toward air bags and required buckling of belts before ignition will function.

Such a tall flag would be unwieldy, unhandy, and a nuisance for many persons who must store bikes in small buildings, closets, halls, etc., and subject to constant vandalism and theft, causing multiple replacement with extra expense and bother.

More useful legislation would be in bikeway marking and bike path construction.

With the present energy shortage it would seem prudent to encourage all forms of non-gasoline burning, non-polluting transportation rather than putting up discouraging roadblocks.

—Ray Guest

Australia: Nine Sydney motorcyclists, including two married couples, began serving 10-day sentences at the Cape Breton County jail here on the weekend because they refused to wear helmets while driving their bikes.

Jailed were Francis Detcheverry of Glace Bay; Greg Miller of Langan; Ernesto Pozzebon, New Waterford; Wayne Shima, New Waterford; Patrick Nearing, Glace Bay; Raymond and Patsy Pembroke of New Waterford; and Mr. and Mrs. John Young of Reserve.

The refusal to pay the token fines, imposed reluctantly by Judge Charles O'Connell a month ago, was the most dramatic move yet in a long program of opposition to the helmet law by the Nova Scotia Adult Motorcyclists Association.

One association member served a 10-day sentence in the Cape Breton County jail for a similar offense last year.

Massachusetts: A regional administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, citing the growing sales of motorcycles, says his agency intends to propose air pollution emission standards for motorcycles.

John A. S. McGlennon said the EPA estimates that 2.3 million motorcycles will be on sale by 1976, compared with a projected 12 million automobiles on sale. If left uncontrolled, motorcycles represent a greater pollution threat than automobiles, McGlennon said.

Idaho: Robert and Donna Davis, P.O. Box 842, Burley, Idaho 83318,

(208) 678-0525, with the assistance of state Rep. Wayne Tibbetts, are planning a protest of the helmet law in the spring. Rep. Tibbetts has expressed a negative opinion toward much of the current MC legislation, and in order to make the protest a success Idaho bikers should support Mr. Tibbetts in the up-coming November election.

California: For the motorist with the boiled-over radiator or flat battery, it's easy. Depending on which one he belongs to, he just rings up the American Automobile Assn. or the National Automobile Club, and a mechanic is dispatched to either get his car running or towed to the nearest garage.

But now the California Motorcycle Industry Council is at work planning a similar service for stranded motorcyclists. A pilot project recently tried in San Francisco met with such enthusiasm from bikers that the CMIC has decided to look into the development of such a full-time project.

Noise Hassles

California, Florida, North Carolina, Montana, and Oregon recently initiated noise emission legislation. The California legislature is considering modification of its noise laws. The new bill will allow 83 db after January 1, 1975 (the level will be equal to that of trucks and other vehicles). In 1978 there will be another reduction.

In Florida the House and Senate now have bills, identical to the original California law, which required a noise level of 80 db by January 1, 1975. Fortunately an amendment was introduced in the House allowing a level of 83 db until 1975, which passed by a vote of 84-32. The bill now only awaits Senate passage.

In Montana a bill has been enacted that will permit a level of 80 db identical to the original California law. However, the Montana bill was written in such a way that the manufacturers of bikers and parts have no responsibility to reduce the noise emissions of their products. But it does mean that if you are caught riding a motorcycle that has a noise level higher than 80 db you will be cited. This will no doubt cause an uproar against manufacturers by those people being cited for noise violations.

North Carolina introduced two bills, one Senate and one Assembly, that were also identical to the 80 db California law—but both bills were defeated on the floors of both houses.

In Oregon the Department of En-

vironmental Quality is currently putting together noise emission levels for bikes and other motor vehicles. The regulations are too harsh (80 db by 1976) and will cause manufacturers of motorcycles, mufflers, and pipes quite a hassle in being certified.

Ohio: Westerville: With the recent adjournment of the Ohio Legislature, House Bill 273, a motorcycle lights-on proposal, has been allowed to die in the Senate Rules Committee. Rob Rasor, AMA legislative analyst, credits intense lobbying by the AMA and the Ohio Motorcycle Dealers' Association for the bill's demise. Both the AMA and the OMDA fought the legislation on several grounds, including lack of data on the effectiveness of mandatory lights-on, the inability of many motorcycles to comply with such laws and the discriminatory nature of such legislation.

Rasor pointed out that the major opposition to the proposed measure stems from the lack of evidence that such programs decrease accidents or fatalities. "The AMA cannot support motorcycle laws which are nothing more than legislation for legislation's sake," he said.

With an end to the threat of mandatory lights-on this year, the AMA and OMDA have joined the Ohio Department of Highway Safety in urging the state's motorcyclists voluntarily to turn their headlights during daylight hours.

The combined program, announced jointly June 17, 1974, by the Ohio Department of Highway Safety, Ohio Motorcycle Dealers' Association and the AMA, is designed as a voluntary attempt to slow rising Ohio motorcycle accident statistics.

Rasor states, "We are at the point where everything must be tried to reduce the accident rate; voluntary programs such as this seem to have better results and are far better received by the motorcycling public."

VESC Hearing

The Vehicle Equipment Safety Commission (VESC) held its Annual Meeting, July 31, in New Orleans, Louisiana. Following four hours of review, the Commission adopted the proposed motorcycle standard with few modifications in favor of the motorcycle industry. The MIC has previously testified at VESC hearings in strong opposition to the standard as originally proposed.

The purpose of the VESC motorcycle standard is to establish performance and equipment requirements for the manufacture, sale and

safe operation of a motorcycle on public roadways; and is intended to provide administrators with a jurisdictional guide for registration and continued conformity. As approved the standard allows the modification of motorcycles within certain acceptable limits, without the earlier objectionable requirement of manufacturer's certification as to the type of alteration that could be made to his product.

A broad certification requirement remains in the standard for any business or person identified as a manufacturer. The definition of a manufacturer, however, has been narrowed to relieve motorcycle dealers who were originally included because of their involvement in the final assembly or alteration of a cycle. This now places the burden of certification, as to the ability of the end product to conform to the standard, on the original equipment manufacturer and special

equipment and accessory manufacturers.

The VESC standard, as originally proposed, generally restricted the aftermarket product manufacturers from making modifications to the original equipment manufacturer's product. With this restriction now removed the aftermarket segment of the industry will not be adversely affected by the standard.

Melvin R. Stahl, Director of Government Relations for the Motorcycle Industry Council, attended the VESC Annual Meeting and again presented the views of the MIC with regard to the proposed VESC standard. In addressing the Commission Mr. Stahl stated: "The Motorcycle Industry Council asks that the Commission hold in abeyance, action on the proposed standard that is before the Commission today, and request instead that a task force be established with participation from our Technical Stan-

dards and Aftermarket Products Committees, and consultants as necessary, to work with the VESC Motorcycle Committee in developing not one but three separate standards: (1) OEM motorcycles (2) modified and remanufactured vehicles and (3) mopeds, each category being uniquely different in requirements for regulation. Our industry wants a standard just as does the Commission. I also know we both desire that the standard be as credible as possible and we are not there as yet."

Although the Commission refused to grant a delay of action, the VESC Motorcycle Committee was kept active by adoption of a motion from the floor to allow the industry to make additional submissions for consideration into the final standard.

The VESC standard will go into effect approximately 6 months after it is administratively released by the Commission. The majority of the VESC compact member states will then require legislative action and approval before the standard can be implemented and incorporated into law.

Active List: The following is a list of people or groups interested in or involved in the defeat of burn bike legislation. With each name is the law the brother or group is interested in. The purpose of this list is to make it easier for bikers to know who is active, or willing to fight anti-bike legislation in their state.

Bill Orce (helmet law), P.O. Box 152, Prospect Hts., Ill. 60070; Sam B. Fowler (daytime lights law), 1807 Coventry Dr., Memphis, Tenn. 38127; Kengy Powers (helmet law), 4539 Astral Street, Jacksonville, Florida 32205; David A. Shaw (helmet law), 3263 Vineyard St., Springfield, Ohio 45503; Robert Berg (no-modification law), C/O Crusaders MC, Box 202, Moorhead, Minn. 56560; Wesley L. Meyer (helmet law), 418 Cuyahoga St., Akron, Ohio 44310; Bruce "Fuzy" Davy (helmet law), 5709 Artemus Road, Gainesville, Virginia 22065; COOL (helmet law), Box 8113, Topeka, Kansas 66608. Don Bowers (all laws), 1326 Lower Bull Run Rd., West Mifflin, Pa. 15122. Jeff Biallas (helmet and modifications), 2366 Mt. Royal, Pontiac, Michigan 48055. Robert & Donna Davis (helmet law), P. O. Box 842, Burley, Ida. 83318. Perry Ihigpen (daytime lights law), 2415 Lee Street, Alexandria, La. 71301. Commander & Clap (helmet law), 6102 N. Forest Blvd., Spokane, Wash. 99208. Gary Bone (front fender law), 781 Elston Rd., Lafayette, Indiana 47905. Mykl Leonard (helmet law), 2425 Russel St., Cuya-

hoga Falls, Ohio 44221. Mike Cascaucau (all bike laws), 2202 16th St., Sacramento, Calif. 95818.

Hawaii: Here we idle, facing an energy-starved future, lamenting the lack of go-power—while discouraging the one visible means of squeezing more mileage out of our precious petrol. It would seem to be a calculated conspiracy—motivated from God knows what anxiety—by the demons of driver licensing to eliminate all but blue and white Harley-Davidson police cycles from Oahu's roads. These uncivil servants have succeeded in configuring so stringent a driver's (cum rider's) test that Easy Rider himself would fail.

Hawaii requires bikes to turn figure-8s within a circle a 500cc cycle can barely stay within even when being walked. There are six other tests, each progressively more impossible, but I cannot give a first-hand account of them because I have failed to progress past the first test—after 10 months of trying. My last time out was typical. Fourteen cyclists (those who managed to pass the written test, which is something else too) were lined up, 12 bikes larger than 350cc. None of them passed that first "easy" test. And those guys were all darn good riders.—Sam Coombs.

Illinois: ABATE State Coordinator and just plain good dude Bill Orce is managing and directing a separate chapter of ABATE in his state. For memberships, legislative information, and in general bike happening info, Bill can be contacted at Box 152, Prospect Hgts., Ill. 60070. Currently Bill is assisting Aaron Jaffee, Illinois State Representative.

New York: Hate to ruin your day, but the bills regarding the helmet repeal daytime lights-on repeal are dead in New York. S3769 and S3770 never made it out of committee for a vote. Assembly bill 2244 died in committee. A4580 went to the senate, but only one week before they recessed.

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 mate-

rial, 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.

The Power!

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

All you have to do is vote.

ABATE

Box 2280,
Seal Beach, California 90740



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

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Can you help us in your state? _____

Comments: _____

10% Discount 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. **The Hawg House** Box 2, 612 S. 17th, Mattoon, Ill. 61938. **Chopper Specialist** Box 97, Liverty, Ill. 62347. **Dan's Hog House** 425 N. 5th St., Lafayette, Indiana 47901.

That's right—a free copy of **EASYRIDERS** is yours, when you make a measly \$10.00 purchase from any of the chopper shops listed here.

ALABAMA
Wheels Inn 1808 Duval St., Mobile, Ala.
Done By Dave, Inc., 3301 Lower Wetumpka Rd., Montgomery, Ala.
H & H Customs 806 26th St. N., Birmingham, Ala.
Sporter Specialties 664 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala.
The Custom Center 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence, Ala.
The Choppin Center 2909 Huntsville Rd., Florence, Ala.

ALASKA
Barry's Custom Cycle 2439 Spennard Rd., Anchorage, Alaska

ARIZONA
Ken's Cycle & Supply 2190 E. Apache Blvd., Tempe, Ariz.
The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ariz.
Moto Tech 4406 E. Speedway, Tucson, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA
B & B Cycle Factory 2001 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Calif.
Bell Gardens Cycle 6601 Eastern Ave., Bell Gardens, Calif.
Bike Shop 1688 Locust, Walnut Creek, Calif.
D&G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente, Calif.
Custom Bike Supply 2922 Bolsa Ave., Westminster, Calif.
Energy Crisis 630 East Holt, Ontario, Calif.
Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangeridge, Fullerton, Calif.
Fast City Cycles 514 E. Haley St., Santa Barbara, Calif.
Garrett Eng. 441 N. 10th Ave., Hanford, Calif.
Jackson Motor Kawasaki PO Box 25, Half Moon Bay, Calif.
Knight Kustom of Pasadena 2315 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, Calif.
Mike's MC Shop 4025 Howard Ave., Los Alamitos, Calif.
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland, Calif.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lomita Blvd., Lomita, Calif.
Enjoy Choppers 620 Wilbur Ave., Antioch, Calif.
Vicker's Honda Custom Shop 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Calif.
C J Custom Cycle Parts 2224 Waterloo Rd., Stockton, Calif.
D&D Jammies 800 S. San Fernando Blvd., Burbank, Calif.
Elson's Cycle Center 3546 Barnett Ave., San Diego, Calif.
Carl Spott's HD 9045 Grass Valley Hwy., Auburn, Calif.
Alphabets Custom West 821 W. Gardena Blvd., Gardena, Calif.

COLORADO
American Super Bike 1936 S. Broadway, Denver, Co.
2 Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th St., Denver, Co.
Midnight Cycle 2960 S. Federal, Denver, Co.
Saks 5th Choppers 4415 W. Colfax, Denver, Co.

CONNECTICUT
DN Custom Cycle Shop 1160 Wilbur Cross Pkwy., Berlin, Ct.
The Cycle Works 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Kr. 134, Grafton, Ct.
The Other Horse 345 Forbes Ave., New Haven, Ct.
Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rte. 7, Brookfield, Ct.
K&P Cycles 2015 Stratford Ave., Stratford, Ct.

DELAWARE
Hall Cycles 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington, Del.

FLORIDA
Custom Cycle of St. Pete 2241 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Cycle Boutique 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.
L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Jade Custom Cycles 1329 S. Dixie W., Pompano Beach, Fla.
Florida MC Rebuilding 1203 S. Dixie Hwy., Hollywood, Fla.
Larry's Scooter Depot 14635 Nebraska, Tampa, Fla.

GEORGIA
The Pit Stop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus, Ga.
Cycle Acc. 2732 Peach Orchard Plaza, Augusta, Ga.
G's Cycle Shop Rte. 5, Cedarstown, Ga.
Kustom Cycles Hapeville 540 S. Central, Hapeville, Ga.

ILLINOIS
Big M Cycle 1749 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Ray's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Ken's HD Sales & Serv. 306 S. Schuyler Ave., Bradenton, Ill.
Quality Cycle Rt. 121 & Rt. 9, Tremont, Ill.
Aurora Cycle Eng. 723 Aurora Ave., Aurora, Ill.
Chopper Parts & Stuff 1515 W. Springfield Ave., Champaign, Ill.
Psycho Chopper 3790 E. William St. Rd., DeKalb, Ill.
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago, Ill.
Cycle Shop 3159 23 Ave., Moline, Ill.
Ricks Chopper Shop Rt. 1, Harrisburg, Ill.
Rats Cycle Shop 9900 Ewing Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sondays MC Supply 20335 Rand Rd., Palatine, Ill.

INDIANA
B-J Chopper 2122 Calhoun St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
B&M Performance 2404 Teal R., Lafayette, Ind.
Brandt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.

Cycle Specialties 2012 S. Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Chopper Shop 103 Hazel St., Daleville, Ind.
J.M.E. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond, Ind.
S & W Cycle Shop Custom Paint By Gene 809 Mary St., Evansville, Ind.

IOWA
Contemporary Guild 1732 S. Federal, Mason City, Iowa
Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Coralville, Iowa

KANSAS
Custom Cycle Builders 311 N. Arkansas, Wichita, Kan.
Cycle Acc. 601 S. Main, Hutchinson, Kan.
Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Kan.
TAC Cycle Spec. 909 N. 18th St., Kansas City, Kan.

LOUISIANA
Jack's Cycle Shop 720 Clairborne Dr., New Orleans, La.
Lee's Chopper Shop 2513 Mission Dr., Baton Rouge, La.

MARYLAND
Waldorf Cycle Rtr. 4, Bx 317, Waldorf, Md.
Routt's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville, Md.
Royal Palm Ice Co. 7418 Stuart Ln., Clinton, Md.
Custom Cycle Co. 5224 Fairlawn Ave., Baltimore, Md.
R & K Speed & Cycle 4806 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills, Md.
John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rd 1, Bel Air, Md.
One Eyes Custom Cycle 401 More Ave., Baltimore, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS
D.C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
The Hawk Shop 83 Laramie St., Worcester, Mass.
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy. P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton St., Worcester, Mass.
Calif. Chopper Spec. 233 Hillman, PO Box 125, New Bedford, Mass.

MICHIGAN
Huron, Mich.
Cyclent G 3274 Corunna Rd., Flint, Mich.
Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
H&D Kustom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Heavy Custom Cycles 11389 Jefferson, River Rouge, Mich.
Carlini Cycle Creations 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn, Mich.
Larry's Custom Cycle 132 S. Winter St., Adrian, Mich.

MINNESOTA
The Chopper Shop 218 E. Clark, Albert Lea, Minn.
Northern Leisure Corp 23 N. Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids, Minn.
Michigan MC Acc. 3227 28th St., Grandville, Mich.
D&D Jammers 858 Decatur Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Northeast Chopper Supply 1854 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
Valley Enterprises 5606 Chicago Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
W.A.S. Super Stock Choppers 3449 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MISSISSIPPI
Larry's Custom Parts PO Box 167, Lumberton, Miss.

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood, Mo.
Doug's Choppers 4026 N. Cleveland, Kansas City, Mo.
Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cycle & Rider Acc. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City, Mo.

NEBRASKA
JC MC Supplies 4833 Leavenworth, Omaha, Neb.
West Point Cycle 660 S. Main St., West Point, Neb.

NEVADA
Shadow Kustom Cycles 3049 Rigel Ave., Las Vegas, Nev.

NEW JERSEY
The Bike Barn 275 River Rd., N. Arlington, N.J.
Beb's Custom Cycles Inc. Rt. 38, Mt. Holly, N.J.
Competition Cycle Inc. 220 E. Blackwell St., Dover, N.J.
Middlesex Co. Cycle Sales 54 Metawan Rd., Old Bridge, N.J.
The Chopper Shop 597 Rt. 1, Edison, N.J.
Cycle Shack 602 Bear Tavern Rd., West Trenton, N.J.
HD of Camden 100 S. Blackhorse Pike, W. Collingsworth, N.J.
Swirin 2446 Third St., Ft. Lee, N.J.

NEW MEXICO
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isleta Blvd. SW, Albuquerque, N.M.
All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold NE, Albuquerque, N.M.

NEW YORK
Chopper Shop 6400 Grande Ave., Neville Island, Pa.
Choppers Unlimited 28 Madison Ave., Endicott, N.Y.
J&G Cycle 52 Boulevard Ave., Colerain, N.Y.
All Cycle Acc. Shop Box 54, Helene, N.Y.
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome, N.Y.
Bikers World 771 Dewey Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
Bob's 300 Shop 51 West Ave., Artpark, N.Y.
Brooklyn HD 160 Union, Brooklyn, N.Y.
The Chrome Link 121 Lake St., Elmira, N.Y.
Cycle Works Inc. 27 State St., Middletown, N.Y.

Frank's Chopper Acc. 16 Ball Pl., Watervliet, N.Y.
R&V Sales & Serv. 400, Walcott, N.Y.
Pete Smith's Chopper Shop 16 N. Transit St., Lockport, N.Y.
Arnie's Custom Shop 23 Box Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
B&B Cycle Works 10 Pliska Dr., Schenectady, N.Y.
Custom Fabrication 901 William St., Buffalo, N.Y.
East Coast Choppers, Inc. 352A. Broadway, Bethpage, N.Y.
Psycho Chopper Shop Railroad Alley, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
Tracy's MC Repair 530 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Wellwood Cycle Co. 748 N. Wellwood Ave., Lindenhurst, N.Y.

OHIO
Beard's Chopper City 3307 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
CW's Motor Shop PO Box 464, Co. Rd. 13 A, Napoleon, Ohio
J&S Choppers 4500 Warren Sharon Rd., Vienna, Ohio
Sebring Custom Cycle 287 N. 15th St., Sebring, Ohio
Williams Custom Choppers 831 Borston Rd., Fremont, Ohio
Ashland Cycle Supply 286 E. Main St., Ashland, Ohio
Harley-Born Rear of 538 E. Town St., Columbus, Ohio
Toledo Choppers, Inc. 209 1st, Toledo, Ohio
Custom Cycle 1609 Chaffin, Akron, Ohio
Mt. Vernon Custom Cycle 305 S. Main, Mt. Vernon, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA
Bill's Custom Cycles Rt. 5 Bloomsburg, Pa.

Dyson's E-Z Rider Shop 1011 Ehler St., Stroudsburg, Pa.
The Graveyard 8100 Germantown Ave., Chestnut Hill, Pa.
The HD Shop 311 Walnut St., Vandergrift, Pa.
Reese's HD 550 E. Main St., Plymouth, Pa.
Scotty's Chopper Shop 110 Sherman Ave., Vandergrift, Pa.
Valley Speed Center 423 Fallowfield Ave., Charleroi, Pa.
Cyclomates Inc. 158 Pennsylvania Ave., West Reading, Pa.
Coe See Ent., Inc. 218 S. Main St. Old Rte. 309, Sellersville, Pa.
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville, Pa.
Cycle Delicatessen 811 Penn Ave., Wilkensburg, Pa.
H.F. Hawkey Creations Rd. 2 Box 511, Northampton, Pa.
Kennywood Cycle Center 4111 Kennywood Blvd., W. Mifflin, Pa.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Cycle Den 3419 W. Montague Ave., Charleston, S.C.
Chopper Village Rt. 2, Box 51 Richland Ave. E., Aiken, S.C.
Columbia Cycle Shop 1925 Main St., Columbia, S.C.
Rick's Cycle Acc. 3419 W. Montague Ave., Charleston, S.C.
Southeastern Choppers 800 West Ave., N. Augusta, S.C.
CP Bassett Cycles 2672 S. Park Rd., Bethel Park, S.C.
Chopper Stockers 21 N. Pine St., Batesburg, S.C.

TEXAS
Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth, Tex.
Chandler's Cycle 3136 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth, Tex.
Mid Cities Chopper Supply 1104 Enterprises Dr., Grand Prairie, Tex.

VIRGINIA
Bonded Choppers, Inc. 836 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
Cycles Unlimited 106 E. Broad St., Falls Church, Va.
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond, Va.
Cycle & Head Boutique 9 Whyte St., Petersburg, Va.

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Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
Ro-Vin Custom Cycles 4419 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle, Wa.

WEST VIRGINIA
HD of Huntington 4900 Waverly Rd., Huntington, W. Va.

WISCONSIN
Chopper Specialties Rt. 2, Box 89-B, Berlin, Wisc.
Daxler's Custom Service Hewitt, Wisc.
Rich's Pit Stop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc.
PJS Cycle Shop 2459 Kinnickinnel, Milwaukee, Wisc.

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Chopper Specialties 605 Swannanoa River Rd., Asheville, N.C.
New England Chopper 9 Whitford 111A, Nashua, N.H.
Granite State MC Sales RR 1 Box 301, Keene, N.H.
Mels Choppers 1181-1183 Main St., Berlin, N.H.
Sam's Custom Cycle House 6133 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa, Okla.
BC Choppers, Inc. 12425 SE 82nd Ave., Portland, Ore.

Remembering a Brother

—Continued from page 17

Probably the most humorous thing Tonk had ever done was years ago. He'd come in a little late for dinner smelling like sardines, wearing a big, embarrassed grin that covered his entire face. Rapp wanted to laugh out loud—Moms was tickled by Tonk's behavior but didn't know what to say. Tonk just sat there grinning like he was hiding some helluva big secret until Rapp finally broke the silence. "Man, you ain't shit!" he said. Moms broke out laughing and Tonk turned red all over. "You better go take a shower or something," she finally told him.

The drug is almost all gone now. Moms is crying. Everyone looks so sad; that representative from Gay Lib is still rapping. Better drop another valium—it's so good to nod...

"C'mon, chickenshit! Open 'er up!" Rapp called over his shoulder to Tonk. "Last one to San Dollies buys beer all night!" It was a good night to ride. The air was slightly nippy—just right to make leather comfortable. The chill in the wind was refreshing and added a new element to the very slight marijuana buzz they both had going. Racing along the country roads toward town, it was purely a question of skill since both machines were sporting pan-head engines. Rapp had led most of the way but Tonk pulled out in front as they slowed for a curve at the city limits. He looked back with a grin and flipped his brother the finger.

Rapp could see from where he was—about a block behind his brother—that the stationwagon was going too fast to stop for the red light; Tonk's vision was blocked by some trees and shrubs that decorated the intersection. "Tonk... Stop!!" he screamed so loud that his throat was raw for weeks afterward. At 60mph, though, a voice of any volume will not travel forward very far.

The valium was completely worn off now. Rapp felt wetness on the side of his face. That faggot was still running his mouth up there. What's he sayin'? "... let us all regard the passing of Tonk Williams as the beginning of a new existence, a new hope—with no more worries, no pains..."

Time for another valium. ■

Homebrew

—Continued from page 20

as if I thought you would. After all, we all do things that are illegal. And anyway, this particular law is almost never enforced. In fact, the law is quite vague. For example, the law states that it is illegal to make beer at home. What they're really worried about, though, is tax money. The law says you must pay a tax on beer taken from a brewery. So, if you make it at home and don't sell it, I doubt that you'll ever be bothered by the IRS or any other agency. There's no known record of a bust for home brew on any individual making it for his own use.

In the recipe I gave you earlier, I mentioned a standard package of dry brewers yeast. Most home brewers prefer to use a yeast starter, which amounts to a liquid yeast to add to your batch of brew. If you decide to use this starter, it must be prepared several days in advance. Try the following:

- 4 cups water
- 1 standard pkg. brewers yeast
- 2 tbsp malt extract

Use a gallon bottle (absolutely clean—sterile) and a fermentation lock. Boil the water in a pan. Add the malt extract and boil for three more minutes. Pour the mixture into your bottle and plug the top with a clean cotton wad. Cool to room temperature, add the yeast, and cap with your fermentation lock. In about two days you should see tiny bubbles rising. Now it's ready to use, but it can be stored for a while. Try the vegetable crisper in your refrigerator for storage.

I mentioned earlier, under equipment, a hydrometer. I said it wasn't essential, and it isn't, but it will help you produce a better brew.

Let me give you another recipe, one that requires no boiling:

- 3 lbs. dried malt extract
- 4 oz. can hop extract
- 2 lbs. corn sugar
- 1 tsp citric acid
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp brewing salt
- 1 qt. yeast starter (or 1 pkg. brewers yeast)

Hold out $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups sugar. Put the remaining sugar, salt, citric acid, hop extract, and malt extract, along with one gallon of hot water, into your primary fermentor. Mix well, until all is dissolved. Add 4 gallons of cold water. When the temperature of the mix is down to between 60 and 62 degrees, use that hydrometer, if you have it. It should read between 1.035 and 1.038. At this point, add your yeast. (You can use dry brewers yeast or that bottle of

yeast starter that we made a couple of days ago.) Cover your crock. In a week or so, check with your hydrometer. It should read around 1.010. Now siphon this batch into your secondary fermentation container and apply your fermentation lock. Let it ferment for at least two weeks in a cool place. Your specific gravity (hydrometer reading) should now be around 1.000. If so, siphon into your primary container again. Take that $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 cups of sugar that you held out and mix it well into a small amount of your beer, making a kind of syrup. Stir this into your main batch again. Now the stuff's ready to bottle and store. Give it at least a month, and preferably three to six months.

And then, good drinking!

So there you have what amounts to an introduction to home brewing. Entire books have been (and could still be) written on beer, describing all the various ingredients that have been used, are being used, and could be used, in brewing. But I hope this will at least get you started. If you find it interesting, it's easy to go on from here. Remember, your beer should improve with each batch, at least for a while. There are many more-complicated recipes. And then there are ales and stouts to try. If at all possible, get well acquainted with your local beer and winemaking shop. These people will be glad to assist you in any way. They'll answer all your questions as well as supplying all your needs.

While beer is made primarily with water, barley, hops, and yeast, many other ingredients are used in an effort to enhance or alter the final product. We've used some of these optional ingredients in the recipes given in this article. In your pursuit of the perfect brew, you'll no doubt want to try others. We've already discussed barley, malted barley, hops, and yeast. Other ingredients we've mentioned, along with their functions, are:

Citric acid. This has the property of helping change the sucrose in your sugar into pure dextrose. Lemon juice works just as well.

Beer finings (or gelatin). Used to help settle and clear your beer during the lagering (storage) time.

Ascorbic acid. They say this helps to prevent oxidation, and also helps clear.

Salt. A little salt, they say, has a helping effect on the fermentation process.

Heating liquid. A decoction from a Chilean tree bark, it is supposedly an aid in keeping a good head on your brew.

The important thing now is to get started. Even if only with a kit, get started! Your curiosity and desire to improve will drive you on to bigger and better batches of home brew. ■



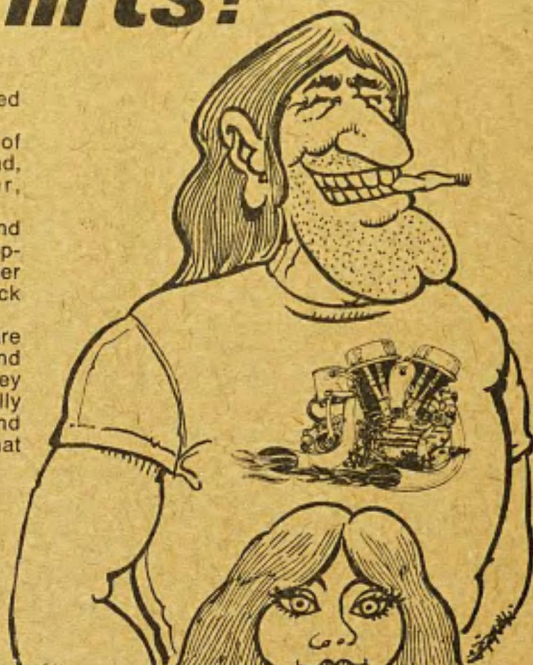
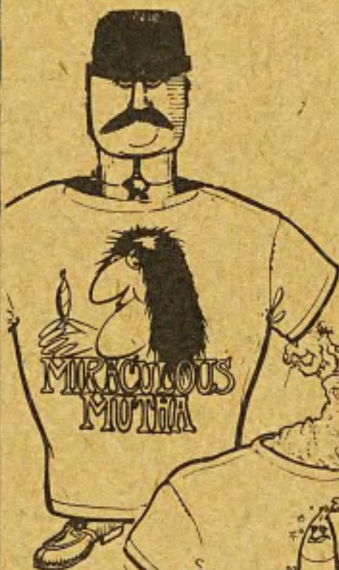
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67 Things Dr. Reuben Never Told You About Sex

By R. L. Ball

We believe in living and letting live. We don't put a dude down just because he does his jamming on a shovel instead of a pan, or vice versa. We don't hire Banacek to hide in your crapper and fink to the fuzz if you don't brush your bicuspid after every burrito, and we don't try to tell you what you should or shouldn't do with your own life.

Scoots, chicks, grass, or whatever . . . we figure everybody will be a lot happier if you just do your own thing and we do ours (unless we can find some yummy little pretty to do our thing for us!) The only time we make an exception to that policy is when some poor shit-on soul clumps into our office and actually asks for our advice. Well, that's a whole different scene: then we're not butting in, we're just giving a helping hand to a bro in trouble.

Most times, what's troubling the bros is sex. No big surprise there. Balling is a lot like building a scoot—it's outtasight once you start taking those long sweet rides, but first you gotta sweat through a million hassles getting it all together.

As soon as the poor dude admits he needs some technical tips, good ol' Miraculous Mutha always offers to give him a couple hundred free screwing lessons,

but we figure that'd be a raunchy trick to play on a guy that's already hurting. For a while we tried looking the answers up in our collection of sex books, but most of them turned out to be real day trips. They waste gallons of ink telling you more than you really want to know about half-assed technicalities, but they always cop out on practical tips you can use in your everynight fucking.

Easyriders thinks it's about time somebody wrote a sex manual that lets it all hang out, so we put together the 67 questions bikers ask most often and then we persuaded Marcus Wobbly, M.D., to provide the expert answers.

Friends, bros, and fellow fornicators, lend us your eyes. We're gonna tell you everything Reuben promised to lay on you . . . but didn't.

(1) I groove on stuffin' my ol' lady's gash full of goodies before I eat her out. So far I've tried chocolate, strawberries, and whipped cream. Got any brainstorm about new taste treats?

Why doncha cram in a stick of butter and a cup of popcorn, then munch on her clitoris until she gets so hot the corn pops?

(2) I always screw my chick for six or seven straight hours before I finally come. Is that some kind of record?

It ain't only a record, it's a bitchin' LP! But if you ever want a little variety, try screwin' your chick and her twin sister at the same time to get a stereo LP.

(3) A couple weeks ago I saw a stewardess running around L.A. International with a sign that read: "I'll ball anybody who believes Nixon is innocent." What do you think of that?

I think the poor misguided broad is gonna die a virgin.

(4) What would happen if I took Spanish Fly and saltpeter at the same time?

Your cock would go schizoid and fight a civil war with itself.

(5) My tightest bro gets it off by chaining narcs to a tree and jerking off in their faces. OK, so everybody needs a hobby, but now he's talking about rap-

—Continued on page 66

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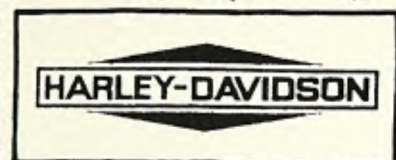
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sex

—Continued from page 64

ing a meter maid. Isn't that going too damn far?

Shit, yes! If he ever teaches the heat how to breed, we'll be ass deep in them before long!

(6) Why do I always get a terrible pain in my balls for a couple hours after I finish screwing a chick?

It kinda sounds like you've been forgetting to come before you pull out. I don't want to hassle you, but you just gotta start paying more attention to those picky little details.

(7) I just inherited \$3000 and I can't decide whether to pick up the pink slip on a far-out swingarm or the pink slip on Linda Lovelace.

Better try for Luscious Linda, pal. A swingarm would look ridiculous wearing a pink slip. I've never even seen one that looked good in a negligee.

(8) I've heard that Miraculous Mutha is gonna start touring the slams, passing out free pussy to bikers that've bought time. Is that part of the prison reform movement?

It sounds more like stomping a dude when he's down.

(9) Help! My cock twitches every time I take a shit.

Stop whining, Seymour. That's better than shitting your naturals every time your cock twitches.

(10) I'm thinking about doing some jammin' up in Canada but first I wanta know if Canadian chicks are good lays.

Are you jivin'? Why do you think the national emblem of Canada is a beaver?

(11) Is masturbation for guys only, or can chicks jack off too?

I've never seen a chick jack off, but a lot jane off every chance they get.

(12) I came home early last night and caught my ol' lady blowing the newspaper kid. She swears she only did it to save me 80¢ for the week's bill, but I think the bitch was digging it. What should I do?

Send your name and address to our circulation department and tell them to bill you for a lifetime subscription. I'll run out to your place soon to start collecting the 80¢ installment payments.

(13) Whatin'hell is "troilism"? I know three people crawl into bed together, but what do they do after they get there?

Overload the springs and void the guarantee on the mattress.

(14) Why do I cream my cut-offs every time I dream about being shipwrecked on Tahiti with Jane Fonda, Julie Christie, and Candice Bergen?

Why not? It sure beats being shipwrecked on Gilligan's Island with Miraculous Mutha.

(15) My ol' lady douches with vinegar, and her bush is starting to smell like moldy dill pickles. Will vinegar really prevent clap?

No, but if you pour in a pint of olive oil, cork her up, and shake her 5 minutes, it'll make a bitchin' salad dressing.

(16) I've heard that some British zookeepers whacked off a 6-ton elephant in the interests of biological science. What did they discover?

That you'd better be 3 blocks away when the big bastard comes.

(17) My ol' lady is a fantastic lay but she refuses to go down on me. I took her to see *Deep Throat* in hopes she'd get the idea, but she thought it was disgusting. Any bright ideas?

Yeah, rip off her cigarettes and wait until she starts getting oral cravings.

(18) I almost enlisted in the goddamn Army after I saw M*A*S*H. Then I saw *Candy* and started wishing I was a hunchback. The *Stewardesses* almost made me swap my scooter for a plane ticket. Do you think I should stop going to movies?

You don't have to go that far, but for godakes stay away from the Christine Jorgensen Story!

(19) My grandfather thinks he's an outlaw. First he asked me to lend him my threads, then he asked to ride my pan. What should I do?

Nip that shit right in the bud or pretty soon ne'll be trying to borrow your cock.

(20) I just heard Congress is thinking about a law requiring the rubber companies to buy back old worn-out tires and recycle them. What can they make from a million old Goodyears?

A Trojan for the Jolly Green Giant.

(21) My kid sister pulled the train for 34 guys last night! What would you do if it was your sister?

If I could find 34 morons that'd ball my grungey sister I'd call the nuthouse and see what they pay for new patients in quantity lots.

(22) Is there any way to tell whether I was ever circumcised?

Grab a jet to Tel Aviv, whip out your meat, and ask the nearest Israeli chick if she sees anything unusual.

(23) I've heard that too much hard booze will rot out your liver. Can too much killer weed do anything to you?

Hell yes. It'll put bulge in your balls and poke in your prick!

(24) Would you have any idea why my ol' lady gets pissed every time I

—Continued on page 69



18. Born To Die (8 3/8" x 13 7/8")



16. A Taste of Honey (8 7/8" x 13 7/8")



14. Gas Stop (8 3/4" x 14")



6. Bike Wedding (8 3/4" x 13 7/8")



1. Bike Heaven (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



3. Tijuana Jail Break (10" x 15 3/8")



15. Booze Run (9 3/4" x 15 3/8")



4. El Forestaro New Year's Party (8 3/4" x 14")



8. Ride Hard—Die Fast (9 1/2" x 14 3/8")



7. Motorcycle Funeral (9 3/8" x 14 3/4")



13. Building A Chopper (9" x 14 3/8")



17. Outlaw Motorcycle Parade (10" x 13 3/4")



20. Psychedelic Love Temple (8 7/8" x 14")



9. Hollywood Run (10" x 17 1/8")



21. Untitled (11 1/4" x 17 1/4")



10. Tecote Run (10 3/8" x 18")



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Silly Tilly

The biker got pulled over by a cop, and as the cop was writing up the ticket, a fly started flying around his face. The cop swatted at the fly and said, "Goddamn bugs."

The biker said, "Man, that's not a bug—it's a circle fly."

"What do you mean, circle fly?"

"Well," the biker replied, "back on the farm they fly around horses' asses."

"You mean," the cop said, getting pissed, "that you think I'm a horse's ass?"

"No, man, not me, but you can't fool them fuckin' flies."

—D. C. Johnson
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Two prospects from different clubs met at a bar. After assorted beers and conversation, one asked the other how his club was treating him.

"Just great," said the dude. "Last night they picked up a sweet young thing and let me eat her before she pulled train!"

"Oh, really?" said the first dude. "What did it look like?"

"Just like a peach with the pit taken out," he said.

The first dude scratched his beard and said, "You sure got it easier than me. Last night they made me eat the club mamma *after* she pulled train!"

"Far out!" said the second dude. "What did it look like?"

"Just like a horse collar with the horse taken out!"

—Larry Esposito
Chehalis, Wash.

A Pollock and a Bohemian were discussing how far each of them could make a dime reach. They agreed to try it and meet a few days later to see who got the most out of the dime.

The Bohemian bought a cigar, smoked one third the first day and

saved the ashes. He smoked one third the second day and saved the ashes. He smoked one third the third day and again saved the ashes. On the fourth day he gave the ashes to his wife to use as fertilizer on her roses. He told the Pollock, "I know you couldn't beat that for stretching a dime."

The Pollock said, "I got you beat! I bought a Polish sausage for a dime. The first day I ate one half, and the second day I ate the other half. The third day I used the skin for a rubber, and the fourth day I took a crap in the skin and sewed it back up. The fifth day I took it back to the butcher and told him it smelled like shit. He agreed with me and gave me my dime back."

—Michael Disken
St. Petersburg, Fla.

This dude wasn't having much luck with the chicks, but since he was somewhat slow above the shoulders, his buddy wasn't surprised.

"You gotta be very honest and sincere with them," the buddy advised. "Try it on the next date and you'll see a big difference."

So the next Saturday the dipshit

took out a real dog, but remembering his pal's advice, he set out to score anyway. After a movie, there was a long silence until dipshit tried to open a sincere, honest conversation.

"You know, you sure don't sweat much for such a short, fat, ugly broad."

—Mark Watts
Loveland, Colo.

Two scoot dudes were sittin' around suckin' some suds and shootin' the shit when one of them said, "Hey, man, ya wanna go fuck Smokey's ol' lady while he's outta town?"

"No, man, she's on the rag and I can't go that route."

"How the hell do you know she's wearin' the rag?"

"I saw her on the street this afternoon and she was only wearin' one sock!"

—Fetish
Los Angeles, Calif.

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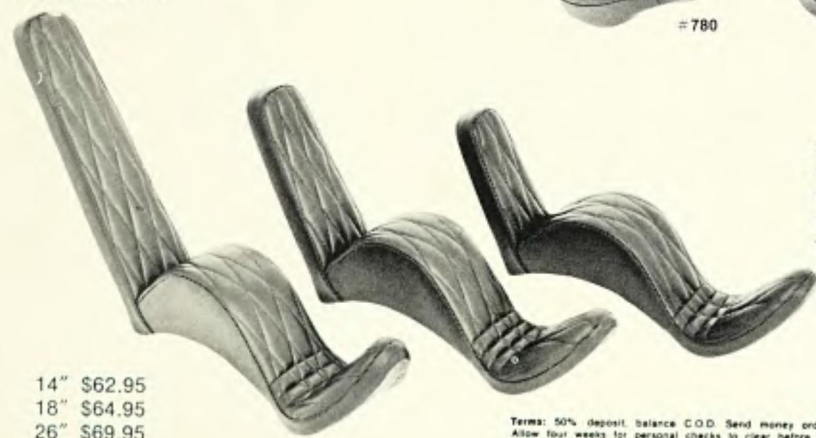
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—Continued from page 67

threaten to castrate her father and feed his meat to my airedale?

I can't imagine, unless maybe she thinks her father's meat doesn't meet the government standards for dogfood.

(25) I've always wanted to travel and see new places. How much would it cost to go around the world?

The Happy Hooker charges 100 bucks, but you can trip for free with the right chick.

(26) I was planning to have the Harley wings and "Live to Ride" tattooed on my cock but the heat closed down all the tattoo shacks before I got a chance. What gives?

They're just jealous because they've only got room for two feathers and "Li."

(27) I'm 73 years old and still horny. Do you believe in free love for senior citizens?

No way! You old farts are already bleeding us dry with your Social Security, Medicare, Old Age Welfare, and all the other freebies you get. Get off our backs and pay for your own damn pussy.

(28) I just found my ol' lady sitting in the bathtub, squirting little blasts of water up her gash with a Water Pik, and having one helluva orgasm. Do you think she mighta been masturbating?

Probably, but you better be extra careful the next couple times you screw her, just in case she really was cleaning her teeth.

(29) My bros all think my brain has gone south cuz I've got the hots for the entire Bunker family. What do you think?

I think your bros are ¾ right on!

(30) My chick always douches with Coke but she got knocked up anyway. What went wrong?

Maybe she accidentally grabbed a counterfeit cola instead of the Real Thing.

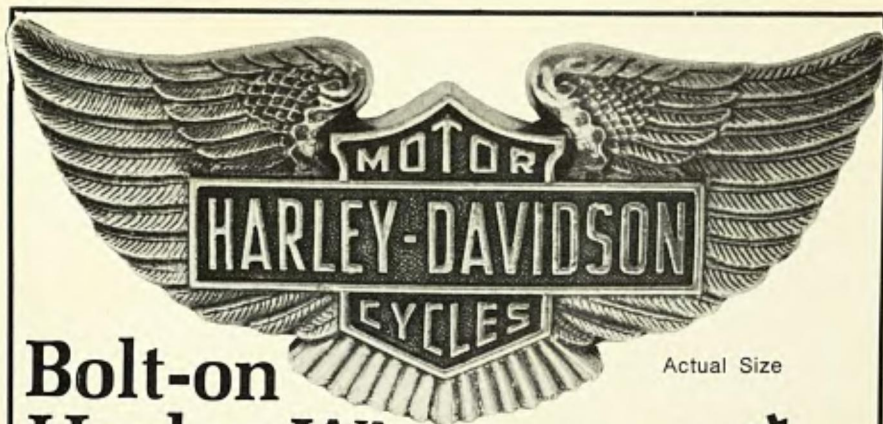
(31) I just heard that some stud in Boston is supposed to have 22 inches of meat. That's either a damn lie or just a fallacy!

It sounds more like a phallusy.

(32) My wife insists on breast feeding our kid. That'd be OK by me, except I think she's getting off that way. What should I do?

It all depends how old the kid is. If he's more than 13 or 14, pry him off the tit and buy him a quart of muscatel.

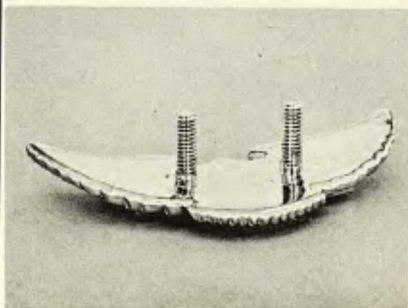
(33) I've invented a farout way to beat the gas shortage. My 74 was tapped out so I flagged down a fat-assed Caddy and told the rich old bitch behind the wheel that I'd trade her a good screw for a gallon of pump piss. She got one look at my hardware and fainted, so I



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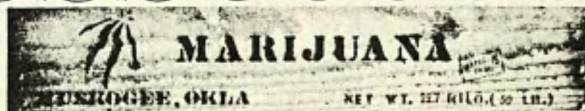
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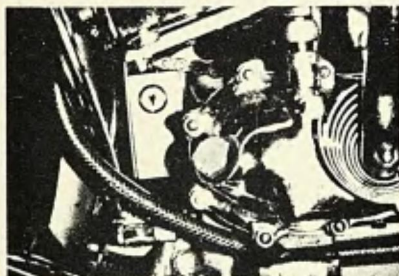
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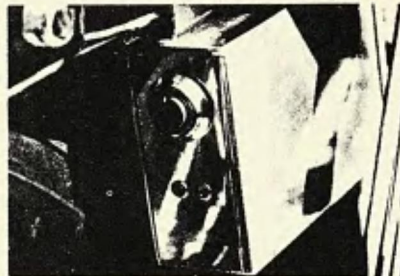
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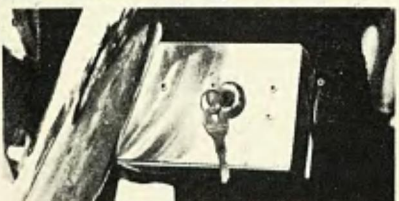
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Alarm location on Sportster.



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2.40 Batteries
1.50 Postage
\$28.85

Honda Alarm
\$14.95
(It is not self-contained)

siphoned out 2½ gallons before she came to.

Outtasight! But I sure hope you screwed the rich old bitch 2½ times before you split. Us bikers got a bad enough name already; we don't need a reputation as welchers too.

(34) Why don't you assholes wise up and start packing Miraculous Mutha's gash full of kitty litter? That'd hold down the smell for sure.

We tried it once, but Igor and White Rat started burying tomcat turds in her snatch; within two or three weeks it was back to its old smell.

(35) I get a bad headache every time I go down on my ol' lady. Do you think I might have some unconscious hangup about muff-diving and get the headaches because of some guilt trip?

No, Sigmund, I think your ol' lady's thighs are too damn strong.

(36) Ever since I saw a movie where Elliot Gould made it with Paula Prentiss in a bathtub, I've wanted to do it that way.

Any plumber can throw a bathtub into your shack, but getting hold of Paula Prentiss is gonna be a bear.

(37) I've screwed 1,378 chicks in the last 8 years. Is that a world record?

It ain't even close. Ronald Reagan has screwed 20 million Californians in the last 8 years.

(38) How did Reagan do it?

Just send \$19.95 for my latest book, Californication, and you can read all the gruesome details for yourself.

(39) One of my bros works in a hospital. He claims dudes who get wasted work up a tremendous hard-on at the exact moment of death. Seems kinda stupid. What's a corpse gonna do with a hard?

He's gotta have something to knock on the Pearly Gates with, doesn't he?

(40) If I balled Miraculous Mutha, would that make me a miraculous mutha-fucker?

No, it'd make you a camel's ass with crotch rot.

(41) Is it perverted for me to dream about stuffing my prick into an electric socket?

It depends whether the line current is AC or DC.

(42) As a birthday present for me, my ol' lady wants to invite all her girlfriends over for a big super orgy. I dig the idea of all that fresh snatch, but I'm not sure I can take on 27 chicks in one night. Wouldn't it be kinda hard?

"Kinda" ain't the right word. If you wanna ball 27 chicks in a row it better be damned hard!

(43) Is it cool to ball an abalone in a month that doesn't have an "R" in it?

Well, it won't make you sick or anything, but Marlin Perkins may stomp the shit out of you if he hears about it.

(44) I'm proud to be Greek. Why do you rotten American bastards defile my beloved homeland by associating ass-fucking with Greece?

Come off it, dipshit. Didja ever hear of anybody trying it without lubrication?

(45) I know a waitress that won't blow me unless I put mustard on my meat.

Mustard's cool. Just be thankful she isn't a tabasco freak.

(46) I like to fuck my 74 up the pipes, but all my bros are laughing at me. What's wrong with a guy groovin' on his scooter?

There's nothing wrong with getting behind a good Harley, but if it ever backfires it'll knock up every broad in three counties.

(47) I'm real interested in sex foods and aphrodisiacs. Will eating a dozen raw oysters, a pound of redworms, and a rabbit's cock make me horny?

No, but it'll make you puke the Everglades.

(48) I know a chick who's practicing to be the next Linda Lovelace, so she blows me 80 or 90 times a week. That's great, but it's a real turnoff to look at the wads of dried come sticking to her teeth.

Didn't her mother ever tell her about Ultra Bright?

(49) Is it illegal to fuck yourself?

Yeah, you're supposed to lie back quietly and let the government do it to you.

(50) I've got the hots for a little chick who's only 13. Is there any way to keep my ass out of the slam if her parents catch me balling her?

Why doncha tell them you're a Head Start volunteer and you're tutoring their little girl so she won't flunk sex education.

(51) My hawg pisses oil, and it farts every time I shift, and you can't get it started without the blessings of J.C. himself. I can live with all that, but now I'm finding funny white shit on the garage floor every morning.

Relax, your scooter's probably just been having wet dreams about some sexy Swedish Husvarna.

(52) I'm shy, and boring, and I look like a garbage disposal that backed up. Can I still get a chick's pants off with all that going against me?

I kinda hope not, cuz I don't wanna find myself standing in line behind you someday.

(53) My ol' lady had an orgasm while she was cooking supper last night, another one while she was doing the

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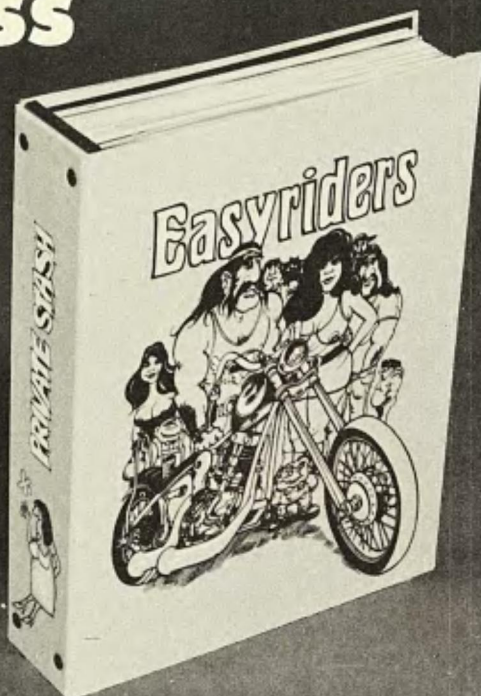
If you go to any newsstand that has sold out (which, as you know, is usually the case), or they don't handle it, ask the man to order more if he's sold out, and educate him to **Easyriders'** popularity if he doesn't know what the hell you're talking about.

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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scribblings by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

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You can get a binder free if you order twelve of the past issues at our regular back-issue price of \$1.00 per copy! See back-issue ad in this issue for issues that are still available—some have sold out.

Mail to: Back Issues

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- ☐ Enclosed is \$12.00 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) for my binder and the first 12 issues of **Easyriders** that are still available.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$4.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling for each binder I order.

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dishes, and a third while she was feeding the dog. I checked her out and found two round metal balls stuffed up her gash. Was she sneaking it off with Japanese Play Balls?

No, numbnuts, those were just bearings she installed to hold down the friction when you ball her. Why do you think they're called "ball bearings"?

(54) I've been wearing rubbers day and night for six years because the wrapper says they prevent disease, but I still caught hepatitis, two colds, and a bad dose of dandruff.

No shit? Better complain to Ralph Nader right away.

(55) My probation officer is a lousy queer. He's threatening to send me back to the slam if I don't blow him every time he gets horny.

Why doncha hone your teeth with a mill file before you blow the sonuva-bitch? If you play it right he won't get horny again for a long long time.

(56) I measure 13½ inches. Will that make chicks beg me for sex?

No way. If you're only 13½ inches tall, you must be packing a helluva puny prick.

(57) My ears always start ringing when I'm fucking. How can I stop it?

Shove a glass-pack down your chick's throat to hold down the noise level.

(58) My ol' lady and I are arguing about what comes out of my cock when I come. She says it's sperm but I say it's semen. Which is it?

Neither. It's starch, and that's why your cock goes soft afterward.

(59) I went over to a chick's house last week and we started making it on the sofa. Then we rolled onto the floor, moved into her mother's bed, and finished up with her sitting on the TV so I could watch a hockey game while I was eating her. Her mother came home and caught us, and the old bag's been throwing a shit fit ever since.

Why? Hasn't the old bag ever heard about TV dinners?

(60) My cousin likes to make it Greek style with other guys. Could I straighten him out by taking him to a shrink?

I doubt it, but you could make a million bucks by taking him to a plastic surgeon and getting a set of tits grafted onto his back.

(61) I've had the hots for a certain chick since we were kids but she's an uptight preacher's daughter and wouldn't ever put out. Now she's getting married, so I may never get into her pants.

Here's your big chance, asshole. Go over to her pad the night before the wedding and offer to lay her. If she refuses again, explain that you only want to teach her the missionary position so she won't lose her immortal soul by ball-

ing her new husband the sinful way.

(62) My ol' lady wraps her used Kotexes in aluminum foil and puts them in the freezer. She won't tell me why. What's the idea?

Why ask me? I don't even understand how Sophia Loren gets the grape juice off her feet when she takes a shower.

(63) I just found out I got the Japanese Bings. I always thought you had to be a Honda Squatter to get them.

Nope, Bings are an Equal Opportunity Disease. The 14th and 15th Amendments guarantee every citizen the right to a scabby scrote regardless of race, creed, or national origin. Kinda makes you proud to be an American, doesn't it?

(64) My ol' lady's pussy clamps down on my meat and I can't get out of her for hours. The Playboy Adviser says that's impossible, but it really happens.

You only think it happens. If you can't trust Hugh Hefner, who can you trust?

(65) How come v.d. is called "clap" when it's nothing to applaud about?

You got me right by the foreskin, buddy. But then, why did they call Agnew "the Honorable Vice President" once upon a time?

(66) What's the best way to turn on an English teacher? I got the hots for mine.

You could try being a cunning linguist, but it'd be easier to just unzip your fly and let your participle dangle.

(67) This whole fucking story is a crock! I don't believe a word of it!

Congratulations. We've been conducting a secret contest to find out which reader could recognize the put-on first. Instead of giving you an AMF clock, we're awarding you lifetime custody of Miraculous Mutha. We'll ship her to you (freight collect) just as soon as Big Armond findly gets her wrestled into her packing crate. You lucky bastard, you! ■



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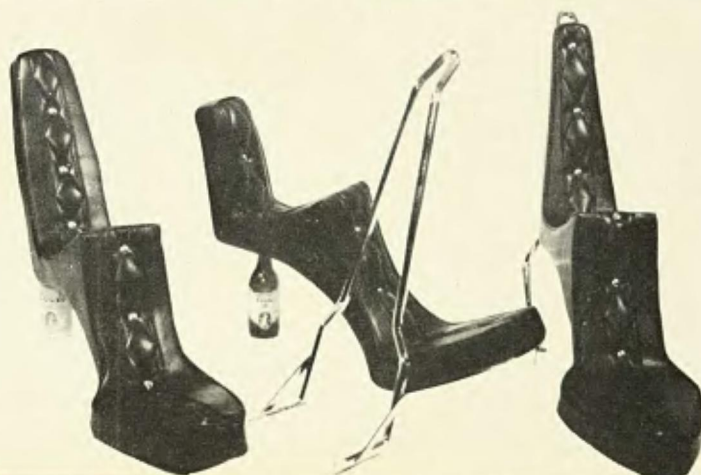
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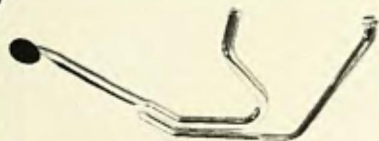
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Hash, Girls, Etc.

—Continued from page 23

For big city and California bikers to understand this group better, a description of their stomping grounds is overdue. Mountainous, rainy, foggy, snow-covered central Pennsylvania is their home. It is a thinly populated 100-mile-wide strip running from Maryland to New York. It is dotted with small towns and villages once described by David Brinkley as dreary and by Charles Dickens in even worse terms. Rivers, streams, and vacant real estate abound. In June and September all the bugs in the northern hemisphere assemble there for reunions and conventions. A motorcyclist has not really been startled until he has been splatted in center forehead by a hard-shelled, quarter-sized junebug while traveling 60mph. The effect is similar to being hit with a 30-30 slug but not nearly so fatal. The deer population is only slightly less than the people population of Los Angeles and not nearly so well traffic trained.

A word of caution to you outlanders—Pennsylvanians do not eat ice cream cones. They lick the ice cream out of the cone, then toss it along the road. Deer love ice cream cones. Therefore, when you pass the local custard stand on the edge of town, slow down for five minutes or until you pass the deer herds. This is rural Pennsylvania's contribution to the elimination of unsuspecting bikers and is considered very patriotic—a combination biodegradable litter and nuisance killer.

The raccoons, opossums, rabbits, and skunks are even more numerous than the deer but not quite so hazardous. A real night-time hazard in some areas is in the form of Amishmen in horse-drawn buggies. Real terror can be experienced upon topping a small rise on a roller-coaster road and finding your lane blocked by a 4mph horse and buggy, the other lane filled by an approaching piece of Detroit iron, and a deep ditch on either side of the road. Your hands and feet are busier than an organist doing a Bach fugue.

The group of bikers under presentation were typical of the countryside. The only two who came from the same town were Herc and Ryan. The rest came from towns that were as much as 40 miles apart, and the only convenient way to get together was to find a bar that was more or less equidistant from their residences.

Charlie's was that place. On his license and on a faded sign the place was called the Angler's Roost, a not illogical name when the large number of nearby trout streams was considered. The village to which the bar was appended contained



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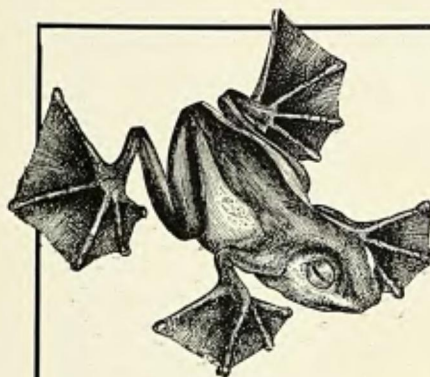
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Note: Before ordering, see back-issue binder ad in this issue

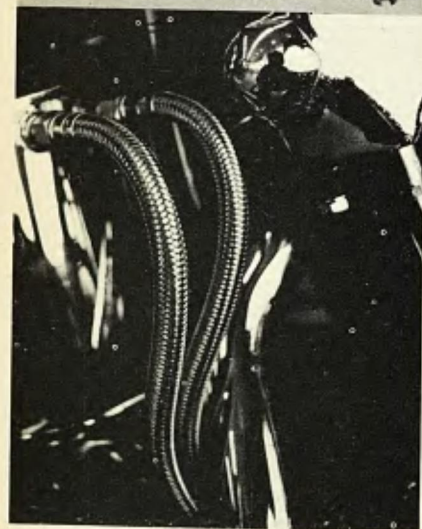
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one Methodist church, one general store, one Sunoco station, one custard stand, eleven houses; total pop. 57. The farms in the area supplied most of Charlie's custom and that was never too great. The best feature was that no one but the Limey had to ride more than twelve miles and he didn't mind. If the night became too strenuous to return home, both he and his ol' lady were content to settle down in the nearest pasture.

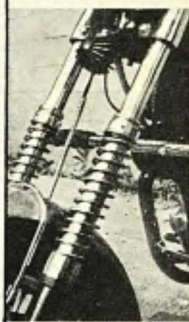
Charlie took the invasion as manna from heaven. When the bikers were in residence, the beer sales zoomed, the pool table clicked contentedly, and the jukebox played merrily and continuously. Passing motorists paused because the place looked and sounded lively. Charlie even began stocking wine and tequila. He missed his TV programs, however, so he hired a barmaid to work nights while he went home and watched the telly in peace and quiet. His choice of barmaids could not have been more fortunate.

Her name was Mary. She was a 26-year-old widow, 5' 8" tall, 130 lbs., blonde and naturally so from Scottish and Norwegian forbears, with nice legs, a good firm ass, flat stomach, a pretty face, enough brains to be dangerous but not intelligent, and somewhat smallish knockers. The Limey was once clobbered with a beer bottle for intimating that her breast size and cranial capacity were related. Her disposition was generally good and she was never intimidated by the somewhat egregious speech of her customers. She was wild about sex. Not just the old missionary style but any position in the Kama Sutra plus a few of her own for as long as you could hack it. But this lovely and desirable creature was not without a serious flaw. She refused to get on a bike. Consequently, men being fickle creatures in weak moments, the bikers began arriving in cars to take her home after closing. Except Herc. He was as determined to get her on the bike as she was to avoid it and him. This was a strange state of affairs for one so accustomed to the desire of all other females to do his bidding.

Mary devoted most of her income and free time to being modishly and attractively dressed. She owned her small home due to her late husband's untimely demise but it was sparsely and badly furnished and ill kept. She was a lousy housekeeper. Except for her bedroom. It was clean and rather gaudily appointed to show off her pride and joy—a huge antique brass bedstead, her work bench, playing field, and school room. Never was a fingerprint or speck of dust allowed to linger thereon. The bikers loved it and Mary loved them in return. Except Herc who remained aloof and unlaidd.

The bar and bikers romance remained in full bloom throughout the summer. One Saturday afternoon in early September the Limey got Mary on his Guzzi and took her for a short ride. For reasons known only to herself, she trusted that most lecherous old bastard more than the younger riders and returned

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I started shackin'
with my present
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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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from the ride exhilarated, announcing that henceforth she would ride anyone's bike, even that ghastly green one. The bikers' romance with her reached a new high—some of them even took her on Sunday runs when she didn't work due to unenlightened Pennsylvania having very few bars open legally on Sunday. Herc was still not into the act.

The first Monday night in October Herc was tilted back on his bar stool with his knees against the top of the bar. He had an ancient pair of Levis on that were threadbare in spots and split along various seams, including the ones in his crotch. He ordered a beer, and after Mary set it down she spotted this dark opening, leaned over the bar and poked two fingers through the hole. Herc grinned but never moved. Suddenly Mary stood upright, turned to face the assembled customers and announced that (1) Herc wore no underwear; (2) she now knew what had happened to the height he never grew. For Mary it was love at first feel; for Herc it was the beginning of a wild two weeks; for the bikers it meant sticking with their ol' ladies; and for Charlie it meant he was going to have to work nights real soon. Mary wanted no one but her Li'l Herc to take her home at closing time. After the first week Herc was thinner, looked like Death was kicking at the door, while Mary was more radiant and buoyant than ever. They both smiled a lot. Actually, it was rather sickening.

Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the affair was ended. The rest of the bikers arrived on Monday night as usual, exchanged the usual comments with Mary, but Herc never showed. Queries to her brought only a shrug and a short disclaimer about not being his keeper. By Wednesday the suspense was getting unbearable. No one had seen Herc and Mary refused to discuss him. At a hurried meeting over the pool table Ryan was directed to find him and get the story. All that week Mary went home alone.

Friday night about nine, Ryan came in grinning like the Cheshire Cat and called a meeting in the farthest corner of the bar while Mary was busy with the tourists and other rednecks. He had found Herc in a dark booth at the Old Oak Inn, drinking bourbon and really down, but he finally got the story.

Herc had taken Mary riding on Sunday and returned to her house about dusk. He drank a couple of beers while she fixed sandwiches and soup. Then they both had a couple more beers and headed for the brass bed as had been their habit for the past thirteen nights. There was every indication that this might be the best night yet. They were both still high from the ride in the crisp and clear autumn air and the decent grass Mary had bought from a college kid in the bar. After an hour or so of the usual groping, goosing, gobbling and trying every position from one through sixty-nine, Mary started down over his body with her tongue making small and very rapid

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movements much like the tongue of a frightened snake. Very shortly, his eyes were crossing and uncrossing in total delirium and he was gasping for breath. And then, suddenly, his ass tightened, his back arched, he gripped the head of the bed, let out a war whoop that would have done justice to a maddened Comanche, and bent the head of that prized bed totally out of shape. It was permanently distorted—ruined even.

When post-climactic peace and quiet had returned to the playing field, Mary asked him how he liked that trip. Between quavering breaths, all Herc could mumble was great, great. Mary sat up to straighten a pillow and saw the shambles Herc had made of the head of the bed and all hell broke loose. She could fight as well as she could fuck.

By now, she outweighed him by a good fifteen pounds, was a head taller, and when she started to slug him, poor exhausted emaciated Herc could do nothing but roll onto the floor and under the bed. Whereupon she grabbed a broom and began poking him with the handle. When he got to the other side, he got up, grabbed his boots and ran out into the cold October air. He couldn't get his boots on standing so he sat down on the frosty grass and the shock reminded him that he was stark bare-assed naked. He started back into the house but Mary locked the door. After much shouting, swearing and threats to ride the bike through the door, she relented enough to chuck his jacket, helmet, and gloves out of the window. Herc donned this apparel and began the ride home sans trousers and T-shirt which she kept for a trophy and a cleaning rag. Herc told Ryan it took him an hour to go twenty miles over back roads and he had to stuff his pecker in a glove to keep it off the cold seat and gas tank.

Herc returned to the bar on Saturday night amid much cheering and laughter. He apologized to Mary and the whole crowd offered to buy her a new bed, damn the cost. She would have none of it and said you can't replace an heirloom. Several weeks later she announced that she was quitting, had rented her house to a couple of fairies, made a few snide comments along those lines, and left for Baltimore with a truck driver. The last they heard she was working as a topless go-go dancer.

Charlie's bar was never quite the same. Three new dudes joined the group—Ed, Lou, and Pete—but the winter was cold and cheerless. About the end of April, the first full month of spring and Pennsylvania's worst winter month, things were back to a pre-Mary norm. The Limey had always referred to them as the Horny Hounds of the Pennsy Moors and they took this, or at least the first two words, as their collective name and decided that the first three-day run would be to the Poconos for a Rock Festival, posters for which were just appearing on electric poles. Who knew what might turn up at such a gathering of the clans?



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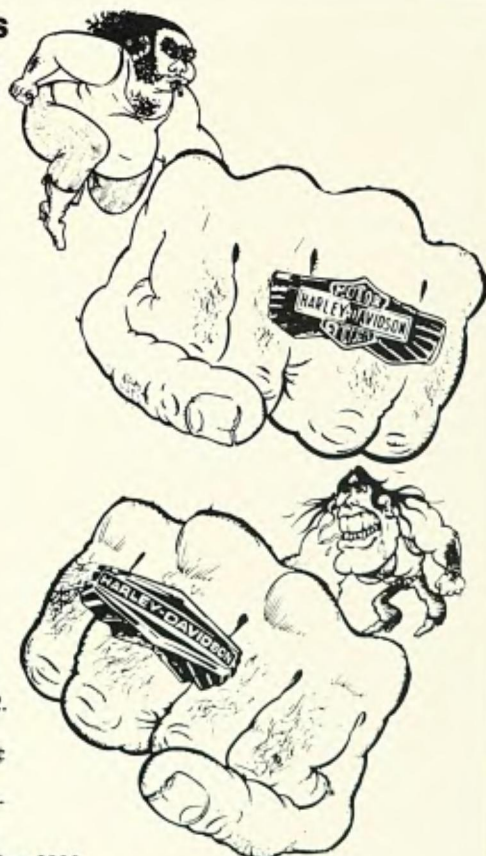


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If everyone reading this who knows (and loves) the feeling of owning your own bike and ridin' the highways would send me any contributions or Harley '74 parts. I'd be able to know it too, and there's nothing on this earth I want more. Thanks. L. W., 21 Lexington, Walkerville, Montana 59701. (25)

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Mail Call

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

Seeking bright honest chick who needs love. James Rogers, P.O. Box #B-13413, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Ol' ladies' dream, young chicks' desire. Write Henry Zglobicki #2142, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Need mail from anyone. Donald Rainey #017026, P.O. Box 221, Ralford, Fla. 32083.

What it is? Mike Curtin #B54235, P.O. Box 2530, C.T.A. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Looking for freaky ol' ladies to write to. Jim "Prince" Vigneau #114940, Charles "Chopper" Houde #135789, Larry Noble #131863, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Need scribes and photos. David Ray Swim, 123-084, C-205, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

We'd very much like to hear from some female bikers. Frank Karr #138-373, Walt Koester #138-791, Joe Lascola #138-568, James Samuels #133-338, P.O. Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Would come on some scribes. Dave Chapman B-50774, Box 608 6-38, and Mickey Perry B-9798, Box 608 6-21, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Let me know where the hell you're at. Looking for Carmel chick, Philip J.C. Ethridge, 839177 CTF-Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Small time needs letter one time. Kenneth Millsap #128469, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Washington 98584.

Take pen in hand and do this man a favor. Robert Parnell, Box 36244, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310.

Black brother looking for sincere relationship. George Henry Douglas, #106022, 4000 Cooper St., Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Cuties please write. Ralph Hopkins #137640, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Blind, crippled or crazy as long as you can write. John Taylor #38441-115, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

Vacaville brothers need mail. Robert Gibson J363, Lester Crouch J222, Jody Chapman J269, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

I'm really desperate for someone to write! Carl T. Garner #12479-116 C. P. O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Lonely prisoner needs correspondence. Robert Blansfield, R.D. #1, Box 800, Smyrna, Delaware 19977.

A letter would be like a fresh joint. Rick Lunsford #88716, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Wanted: Chicks to write. I'm doing a 4-6 at present. Jim Cotterman #81694, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Help! Could dig writin' warm, affectionate ladies. Sonny McIntire, Box B45999-A; Ken (The Skin) Goodwin, Box B25569-C, Soledad, No., Calif. 93960.

De-letter, de-sooner, de-better. Steve Jones #135621, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Could dig rappin' with hip chicks who dig Hogs. Lloyd L. Martin, 1812, Dorm E, Box 127, Plainfield, Indiana 46168.

Seven years in the joint—need mail from female. Nate Koon #9640, Box 607, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

Folsom fuckers to write. Marvin T. Smith #B-2369, John Beasley #B-6717, Richard Murray #B15875, Larry Garrett #A66904, Johnny Williamson #A-72627, T. D. Blingham #B-17741, Barry Mill #B-25528, Ralph Ainsworth #B-26737, Represa, California 95671.

I need loose letters. Ron Turner #137-333, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

14-20 years, got plenty of time to write. Anthony Santaniello #40790, Box 711, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Mail would sure be a rush. Wm. W. Files #038353, P-1-S-11, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Any small-titted chicks out there who would like to write to a convict, write to: Daniel Hopkins #135832, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Young prisoner looking for a lady to correspond with. Randy Barnhart B-43994, P.O. Box 608, Dorris 4-18, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

I need someone to write me. Kifaru Taylor #137900, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan 49204.

Would like to have all you beautiful young women write me. Darwin Ward #628051, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Could dig getting it together with some far out chicks. Richard Bone #30075-138, Fred Martin #29776-138, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808.

On ice, could use some spice. O. J. Adams, Box R, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211.

Could dig hearing from some pussy. James Walker, B-51562, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 93960, W.B. #132.

Hot and sexy female creature of our Lord please write. Louie Pirovolos RM, #75750, Box 112, Joliet, Illinois 60434.

Would like to hear from any concerned female. Troy Mansel, 96294, Box PMB, Atlanta, Georgia #30315.

Scribes relieve hives. Carl Garner #12479-116, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93436.

Collecting courtesy cards while inside. Sidney Sumerlin, P.O. Box 100, Camp Camden, Camden, Alabama 36726.

Even a postcard. William N. Perry #64004, P.O. Box 500, BK's 1, Grady, Arkansas 71644.

Middletown Outlaw and Probate needs scribes. Jon Hamm #83857, Carl Lawler #86149, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Come on, one letter would do. Kenney Smith #137-342, T.R.C. P.O. Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601.

Need fan mail. James Rosenbaum #3761, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I ain't got no one writing me. George F. Sperb #B-44994, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Need female correspondence bad! Chris Rollins #B-41261-A, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Chicks and Conquistadors from Texas, write. Bill Pich, #35218, Box 1000, Stellacoom, Washington 98388.

Need a chick to rap with through the mail. Mel Holloman, P.O. Box 47249, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Thirty, tall and thin, love C&W music. Lookin' to hear from all types of girls who are real. Tom Carrol, P.O. Box E (132726), Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Writer would now like to change his ways and write to females. (Presently in the slam for writing checks.) Tom McKinney #B55874, P.O. Box A-E, Room 4277, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

Away from the free world, in need of some friends. Louis Stevens, Box No. PME 14732-148, Texarkana, Texas 75501.

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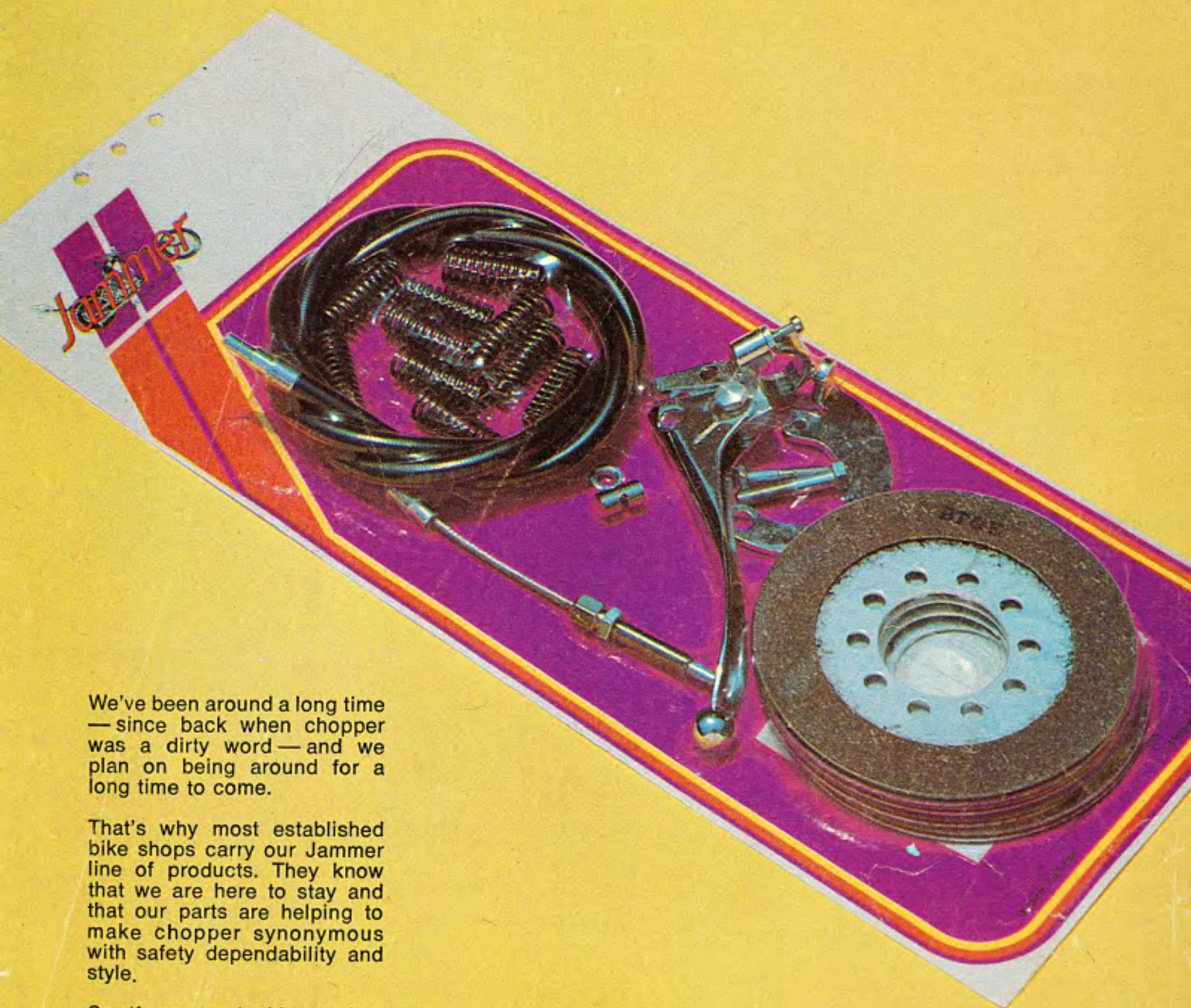
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