

RUNNING WITH THE FREAKS

Choppers magazine

34348 NOVEMBER 1975

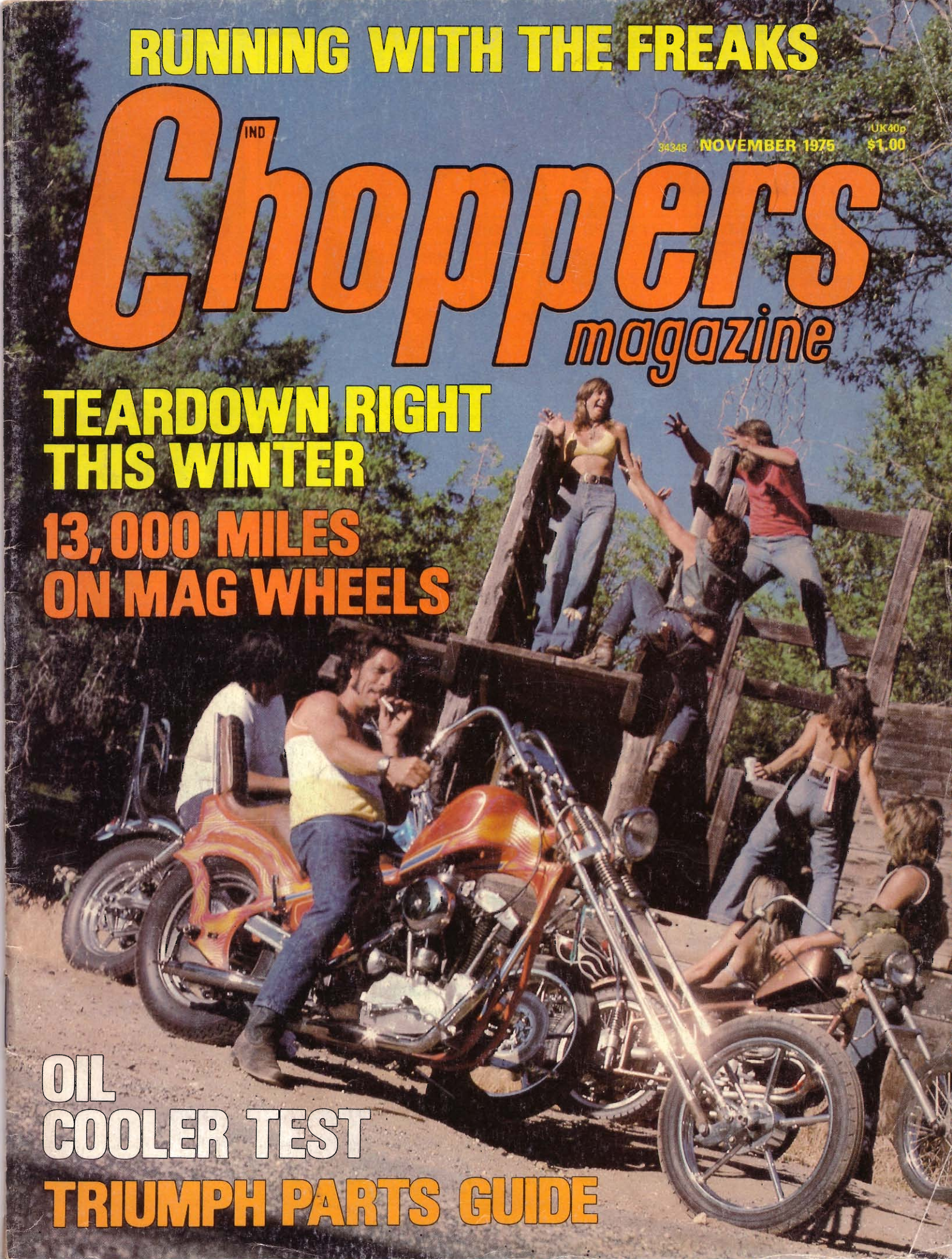
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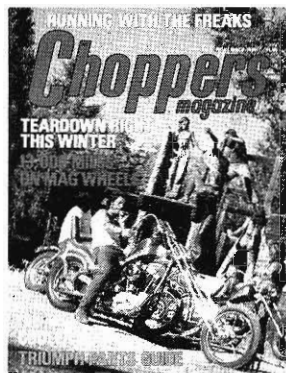
**TEARDOWN RIGHT
THIS WINTER**

**13,000 MILES
ON MAG WHEELS**

**OIL
COOLER TEST**

TRIUMPH PARTS GUIDE





Just down the road a Gila Monster's spit from the Palomar Observatory, the Quaff Barrel girl voted Most Likely to Be a Mammal strikes a stunning pose atop the ol' corral while cabinetmaker Jack Perry does his best to get up it (get it up?). Ms. Terry Holmes managed to fend off Perry until Regis "Short Spool" Moore ran out of film in his Pentax. We apologize for the fact that the subsequent pandemonium was not documented on film. Meanwhile, back at the Palomar Cafe, friendly proprietor Ralph Kulk was busy entertaining the other 150 or so odd people who'd made the journey on this Quaff Barrel Run.

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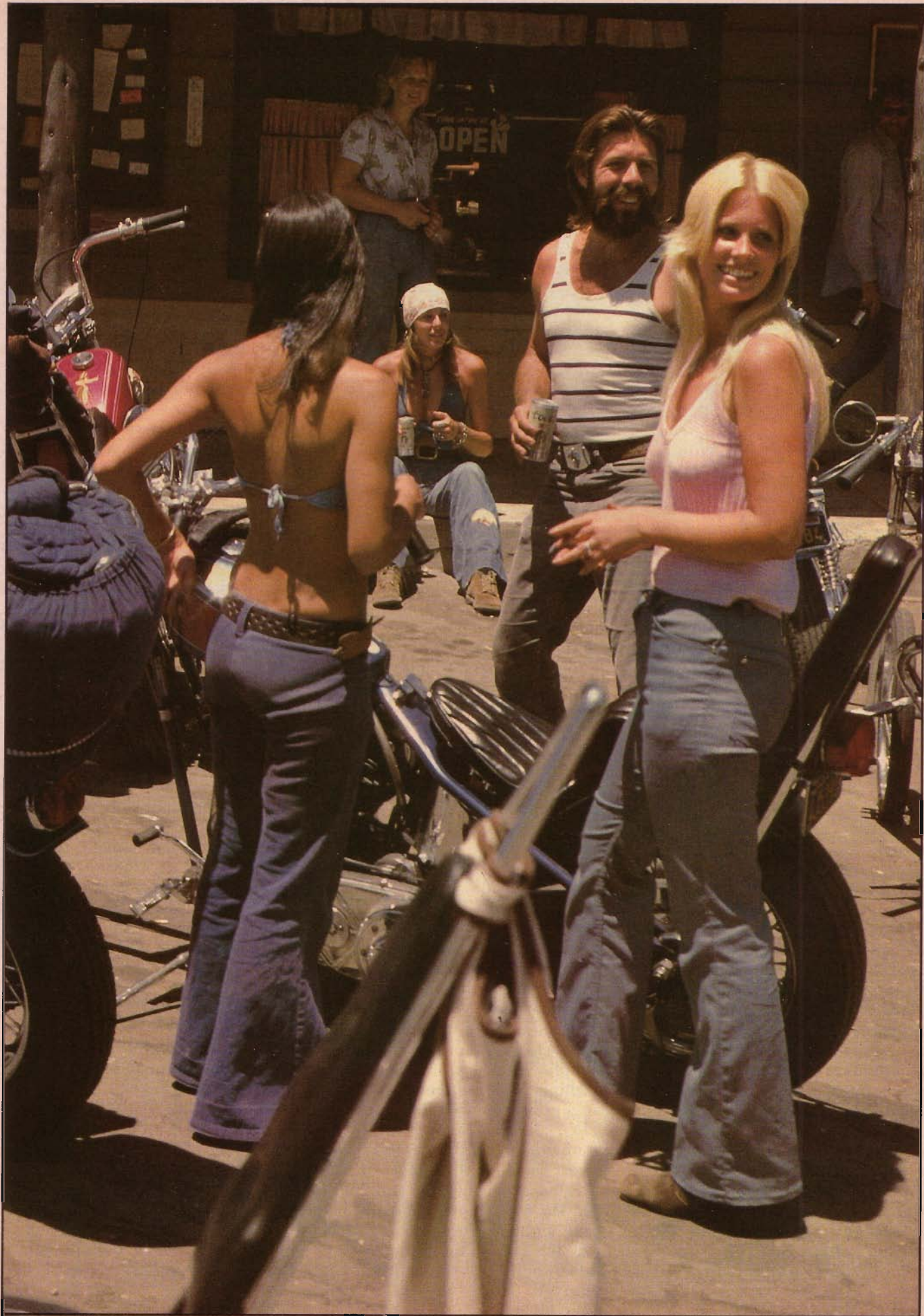
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WHAT DO YOU DO ON TOP OF MOUNT PALOMAR?

*Drink, smoke, ride motorcycles and
pinch the little girls, of course*

Story and Photos by Regis Moore

The circle of bikers grew tighter around the campfire as a cool midnight breeze moved through the cedar trees atop Mount Palomar.

Soft country rock music drifted up to the fireside from the back of the Palomar Cafe where the Smith Mountain Boys — a local group — played on into the night.

A few brazen diehards square-danced in front of a makeshift stage. Under every tree, a biker or two had crashed — completely oblivious to the party that would last almost 'til dawn.

It was the Quaff Barrel Run to Palomar Mountain and it had all started less than 16 hours ago in front of a sleepy little bar on Sunnyside Avenue in Riverside.

Marsha Parks (20-year-old entomology student at U.C., Riverside): "It was a nice, scenic trip; very organized. It felt good to get out of the Riverside smog and breathe fresh air. The people are decent and friendly. The trip let me unwind from the pressures of the city."

Sunnyside Avenue (or is it Sunnyside Street?) is the home of the Quaff Barrel Bar — a local hangout in Riverside steeped in a legacy of bikers with an exotic display of biker murals across its front wall.

Originally called "Friendlies Bar," the Quaff Barrel has been the meetin' place for weekend runs for nearly four years. The Quaff Run started out originally with 13 bikers and mushroomed over the years. Of



Designated spokesmen for the run, Dave Phillips (left) and Tom "T.C." Canterbury lay a verbal number on the Quaffers before they take off for Mount Palomar. Phillips is a Toyota salesman and Canterbury is a cop during the week, but weekends and holidays the duo ride the lead bikes on the Quaff Barrel Runs.



Cabinetmaker Jack Perry tips his bottle and squints up at Phillips and Canterbury who are perched on the roof of the Quaff.

the original 13, only Tom "T.C." Canterbury, Dave Phillips, Ned Larsen and Ted Simmons were left.

People started arriving in front of the bar as early as 8:00 a.m. on that hot Saturday in July. By mid-morning both sides of the street were lined with choppers. About one-third of the group were regular Quaff people. The rest were newcomers who had either heard about the run from a mailing list or by word-of-mouth.

At about 10:00 a.m., Canterbury — a cop from Coachella, California, who rides lead bike on the run — suddenly appeared on the rooftop of the bar. He was joined by Phillips, an auto salesman from Riverside who rides up front beside Canterbury.

Canterbury explained to the crowd in his off-the-cuff humorous style that there had been some trouble in Temecula so they had been forced to change the proposed route. Apparently either a biker or an Indian had been killed, so they were advised not to go there because the locals were riled up. T.C. suggested that if they ran into any trouble with the Indians, the ladies should toss their wigs behind and take off like a Shot Outa Hell.

When Canterbury and Phillips finally got their asses down off the roof, a column of bikes 91 strong rode into formation behind them. Still more joined in later.

Nothing but first-class for the Quaffers. A police motorcycle escort consisting of Steve Taylor, Rick Boyer and Gary Davis whisked the Quaffers out of town through every red light in sight.

The run to Palomar included three pit stops: one at a service center near Temecula; one at a cafe in the middle of nowhere; and one at Warner Springs.

The service center yielded enough gasoline to get to Warner Springs. But the cafe was a disaster. It hung in there like a bad dream and it was so small that most of the 150 to 200 bikers went away mumbling something about how they might as well hunt for wild nuts and berries as try to get a hamburger out of that kind of insane lineup.

As the column neared Warner Springs, no one suspected that tragedy was blowing in the wind which came in warm and dry off the Anza Borrego Desert.

Jack Perry packs on behind Mickey Gardner for a short stint. Gardner was the only girl who rode her own bike on the run.



Terry Holmes (the one on the left, stupid) displays the trophy she won for having the most wonderful cleavage while she consoles Corky Root. Corky is a terrific painter but he seems to have strayed a little far afield from his line of work.

The trophy winners were among the earliest to rise Sunday morning. The lucky winners were (left to right): Harry Bertrand — oldest to make the ride; Crazy Larry Dennstedt — first breakdown; and Mike Pahl — who traveled the greatest distance to Mount Palomar.



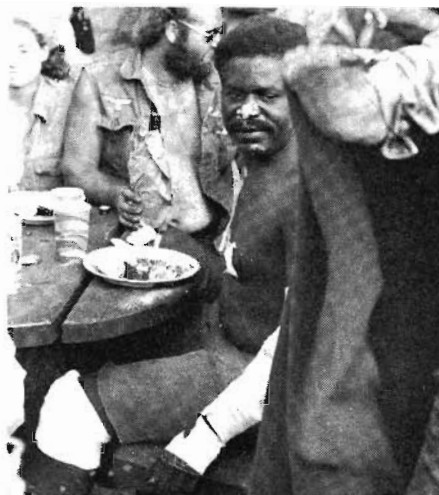
Guys and chicks had to stand in the same line waiting for the head because the ladies' head was, as Ronald Ziegler would have said, inoperative.



Scott Cato, 28, and lady, Cindy Besel, 23, ascend Palomar Mountain. Cato is a hair designer for Don Carlos in Riverside.



Crash victim Joe Goodman stops eating his dynamite rib dinner long enough to accept the kindness of a blanket from an unidentified bystander. Goodman and his wife Cheryl sustained severe asphalt burns when he wiped out on his Honda near Warner Springs.



It was the first accident that anyone could remember for a long time on a Quaff Barrel Run, and it happened at a curve in the road just outside the Springs.

Joe Goodman was packing his wife Cheryl behind him on his Honda 450 when he pulled out of the formation to help a fellow biker who appeared to have some trouble. Then, when Goodman wound it out to catch up to the Quaffers, he lost the whole thing on a curve.

The next thing he remembered was adamantly refusing to go on the police helicopter to the hospital in Oceanside. Both Joe and his wife had sustained severe asphalt burns, but they rode the rest of the way to Palomar in a back-up car.

That was the cue for a true Florence Nightingale to enter the scene.

Katherine Bazzano, 23, a student nurse at Pacific College of Nursing in San Diego, just happened to be passing through Palomar in a VW bus with Bruce and Gordon Hanke. She used the first aid kit from the bus to soothe and dress the injured couple's wounds.

Bazzano diagnosed the wounds as second degree asphalt burns. She said, "That guy (Goodman) . . . his

AN ANONYMOUS QUAFF BARREL BIKER: "That guy (Kulk) does us good. One time we came up here, he baked us a big cake with little beer kegs and motorcycles shaped out of white icing."

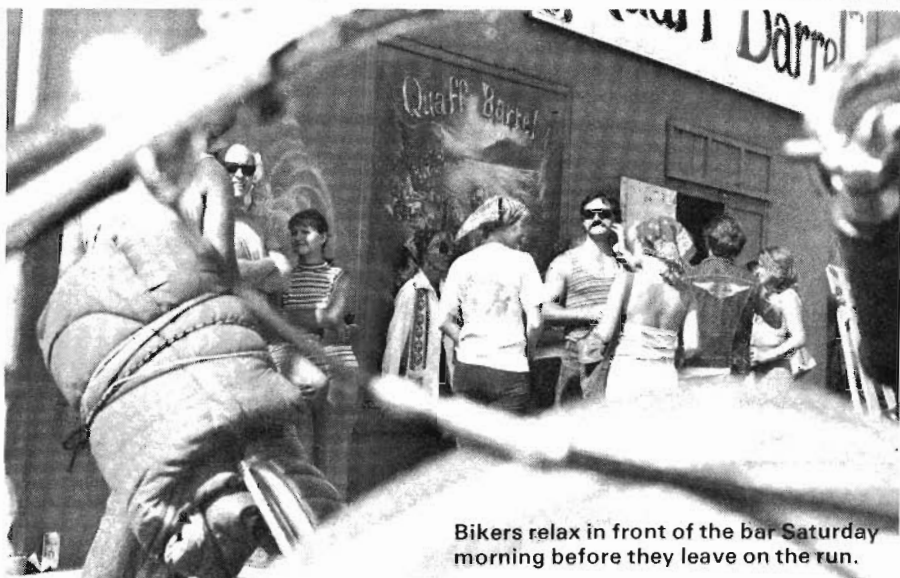
burns were really deep. I never saw road burns that deep before."

Aside from the accident, the run up the mountain had been pretty quiet.

The high point of excitement came when Ben Boggs, the heart and soul of the back-up unit, took a torch to Crazy Larry's '62 Sportster low-rider. (The two downtubes under the seat had separated 1½ inches from the frame and Boggs welded them better than new.)

Boggs — a maintenance machinist for UARCO Corporation — has been the main man of the back-up unit almost since the inception of the run. He is well liked by everyone and can fix almost anything.

He carries everything from an air compressor to an impact wrench as well as a bench grinder, a set of torches, a fire extinguisher, a 110-volt generator, power tools and



Bikers relax in front of the bar Saturday morning before they leave on the run.



Whoooooops. Some bikers almost missed the breakfast line because they were out for an early morning ride to the Observatory.

numerous nuts, bolts and gadgets. Carl Crouch of Action Choppers sets him up with plugs, cables, coils, etc.

It was no accident that the Quaff people chose Palomar for this run.

The main reason: Ralph Kulk, proprietor of the Palomar Cafe and grocery store.

It is an understatement to say that Kulk is kind to bikers. A native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Kulk arrived at Palomar Mountain via La Mesa, California. He had had a cabin on the mountain for years and eventually he just decided to move up there permanently. Clean air. Blue skies. And lots of quietude.

Kulk claims that he just loves the Quaff Barrel people. He says that he never has any trouble with them and they leave the place cleaner than when they came.

That's quite a compliment for the 200 or so people camping in the woods behind his cafe.

As Kulk put it, "We don't seem to have any trouble between tourists and bikers. As a matter of fact, the tourists mix right in with the bikers. Bikers are people, the same as tourists. But the transportation is different."

Kulk was right. Perhaps too right. In fact, some squirrely kids in a pickup truck mixed in with the bikers and walked off with three cases of Quaff Barrel beer. The kids were lucky that the bikers who caught them were nice guys. Otherwise there might have been some real trouble. As it happened, the local sheriff's department simply told the kids to get down off the mountain before morning . . . or else.

Debi McVeigh (who describes herself as a 24-year-old camp follower): "I love Quaff Barrel Runs. It's a whole different trip. We're in our own world. The best part is how friendly the people are. They're terrific."

By the time the column of bikers had rolled into Kulk's little haven, the afternoon shadows had already begun their trek to the edge of night.

Everyone picked out a shady tree and cooled off until the aroma of country-style barbecued spareribs aroused them. What a dinner. Country ribs. Baked beans. And clean air for dessert. All compliments of chief cafe manager and cook Betty Koppen.

Dinner was enough to set the

troupe resting comfortably on their asses for an evening's entertainment.

First up, T.C. manned the mike long enough to spew out a few *bad* jokes (which everybody laughed at). It must have been the booze. He even handed out trophies: one to Crazy Larry Dennstedt of San Diego for having the first breakdown; one to Mike Pahl for traveling the farthest (all the way from Point Loma on his chopped Z-1); and one to Harry Bertrand, 41, the oldest guy to ride on the run.

But what the audience had really waited for, between beer belches and bad jokes, was Terry Holmes — who won the trophy for having the best female endowment in the cleavage area. She won the award over a maze of other competitors by attracting the majority of hoots, howls and catcalls from the dudes in the audience.

There was no lag in entertainment, though, because the Smith Mountain Boys took over with a little boogie music. They took their name from Palomar Mountain, which used to be called Smith Mountain in the old days.

The Pickin' and Grinnin' squad picked up the tempo with songs like: "Thank God I'm a Country Boy" . . . "Orange Blossom Special" . . . "Turn Your Radio On" . . . "Way Down Yonder in the Indian Nation" . . . and even Elvis Presley's "Jailhouse Rock."

Most everybody boogied a little but no one could keep up to Daryl Wright and the lady who won the Big T contest (Ms. Holmes). Wright toils as a field supervisor on a construction crew during the week, so he likes to let off steam on the runs.

About 75 yards up in the trees, somebody around the campfire suggested that it would be a great idea to eat s'mores. For those of you who have never been a Boy Scout or Brownie, s'mores are delectable little goodies made from graham crackers, Hershey chocolate and toasted marshmallows. S'mores are The Great Appeaser when the munchies hit, and considering how the gang had been celebrating (early) the new law that Governor Brown had just signed, the munchies were hitting all over the place.

(Brown's Law: something about if The Man catches you with The Plant, he'll give you a citation . . . just like when you get a parking

ticket. Too bad his law can't help the zillions of people who had their lives ruined with felony raps.)

The really bad trip was that Kulk's wife, Beverly, had closed her grocery store hours ago so there was no relief in sight for the munchies.

The party was still going at 4:30 a.m. when this writer hit the rack. By then Corky Root — an ace painter in his own right — had been kicked in and out of the Quaff group so many times that he was dizzy from doing the In-And-Out Waltz.

His offense: being friendly with members of the opposite sex, or in particular, members of the opposite sex who had previous sentimental commitments to other bikers.

Lynn Thompson (Quaff Run enthusiast): "My husband and I first started going on the runs when we moved here from Pennsylvania in 1973. We just couldn't believe that that many bikers could get together without any trouble. I'll say one thing, we haven't had a bad time on any of the runs. We'll probably keep going as long as there are runs."

Corky still wasn't sure whether he was in or out when the sun cast its inviting rays upon rows and rows of tired bikers Sunday morning.

After splashing cold water on their collective faces, the ravenous group lined up in front of the cafe for breakfast. A couple of strips of bacon, scrambled eggs, hash browns and toast went a long way toward quelling a helluva lot of hung-over stomachs.

Sunday mornin' comin' down was a gas. A lot of bikers drifted out solo to climb the ascent to the neighboring Palomar Observatory which boasted a 200-inch reflector. Others left for home early, while still others thawed out in the morning heat.

The run back down the mountain was a might quicker than the trip up, perhaps because the column was shorter and the incentive was greater. The incentive? More cold beer at the Quaff Barrel. The bikers could almost taste it in their mouths as they headed back to Riverside for a post-run party at the Quaff.

The bottom line on the whole affair had to be Mickey Gardner's great one-liner: "I *hate* Quaff Barrel Runs, but they're irresistible."

. . . At least it didn't snow this time.

