



SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1975

VOL. 3 NO. 5

\$1.50

**THE
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RUNS and EVENTS 1975

	Oct. 10-12	Stallions	Autumn Stampede	Cleveland
	Oct. 10-12	Swords M.C.	1st Thanksgiving Anniv.	Canada
	Oct. 11	Praetorians	5th Anniversary	New York
	Oct. 12	Empire City M.C.	11th Anniversary	New York City
	Oct. 12	Shipmates	Carnival	Baltimore
*	Oct. 17-19	Vanguards M.C.	Oktoberfest	Philadelphia
*	Nov. 7-9	SMC-Lost Angels	Autumn Scrambles	Washington, D.C.
*	Nov. 7-9	Gateway M.C.	Show Me II	St. Louis
*	Nov. 14-16	N.Y. Levi Club	Anniversary	New York City
	Nov. 21-23	Houston M.C.	Leather Carnival	Houston
	Nov. 26-30	DC Eagle	4th Anniversary	Washington, D.C.
	Nov. 29	MC Kemo	5th Anniversary	Montreal
*	Dec. 5-7	Long Island Spuds M.C.	Horsin' Around	Long Island
*	Dec. 13	Empire City M.C.	Christmas Party	New York
	Dec. 14	Shipmates	Int'l. Charity Dinner	Baltimore

- 1976 -

Jan. 9-11	Colts M.C.	1st Anniversary	Ft. Lauderdale
Feb. 6-8	Thebans	Thebansun '76	Miami
Feb. 13-15	Ball M.C.	Have A Ball '76	St. Petersburg
June 26-Aug.	Australian Clubs	'76 Friendship Run	U.S. Tour
Sept. 11-18	AMCC '76, Inc.	The Bicentennial Run	Atlantic City

* Sanctioned by the Atlantic Midwest Coordinating Council (AMCC)

For a listing of your motorcycle or social event in this column, please forward details to: THE BOLT, P.O. Box 307, Windsor, CT. 06095. Please include all information possible — dates, location, starting time, where to write, and sponsoring group. To be sure of a listing, please let us know at least 60 — preferably 90 — days prior to the date of the event.

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THE BOLT[®] MAGAZINE

VOLUME 3 No. 5

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1975

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE THUNDERBOLTS M.C., INC.

FEATURES

- richard baron 5 ODIN SPEAKS
greg 6 LINKS OF SAFETY
greg 18 N.Y.C.'n
chuck & gene 23 BOOTS & BONDAGE
rhys 26 STUDS IN THE STARS
27 BIKER'S S&M DOUBLE CROSS

SEE HOW WE RUN

- photo review 8 ROUND UP '75
j. palmer 9 1776 - 3
greg 10 MARATHON '75
David 10 T-BOLT BIKE DAY
martin ryder 11 ROUND UP '75
stan 12 FIRST EMPIRE
photo review 14 FIRST EMPIRE

SPECIAL INTEREST

- gordon barker 6 CHILD ABUSE AND ADOPTION
7 ANNIVERSARY GREETING
norman o. 7 DOORS
guy maitre 20 THE SOCIETY
24 QUICKIES

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THE BOLT is a non-profit publication of The Thunderbolts M.C., Inc. designed to reflect the opinions and ideas of its members and friends, without restriction. It is the sincere hope of all members that this medium will serve to inform, entertain and inspire those who read it. It is the extension of a group of biking men who are dedicated to the advancement of the ideals of biking brotherhood, and who are not afraid to discuss issues or to laugh at or among themselves. We invite you to read, to laugh, and to learn with us. Happy reading!

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WHEN IN BOSTON VISIT . . .

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AMCC '76 INC.

ODIN SPEAKS

The AMCC meeting at Marathon has left the Thunderbolts with a strange feeling of uneasiness and impending doom and there are some hard questions that must be asked, and asked publicly. All of the questions concern the "super run" in Atlantic City.

1. Why is it so expensive?

Now we listened to Kelly of the Druids click off the costs; so much for this and so much for that. It was all just fine except for the total of \$299.00. Now, this is not a high figure for a week's vacation if all of the meals are added in with that total, which they are. Do you realize that at \$40.00 a run, you could attend 7½ runs for that? It will cost Greg and I \$600.00 to go to that run before we ever leave the house. The reason that this run fee is so high is that AMCC is running this like a run. Let me make one point clear, this is NOT a run. It is a convention and should be run like one. This is no mere week-end fling. We are taking over a hotel like a convention. I have some meager experience in conventions and there are a few things I know: a. Convention fees cover the room and *that is all*.

b. You are on your own for meals except for an opening or closing banquet which is billed separately.

c. You are on your own for booze.

Now, if we figure a cost of \$15.00 for a room this brings the run fee down to \$150.00 for the ten days. A bit better, eh? You are no longer paying for meals that you may or may not eat, booze you may or may not drink, and activities you may or may not attend. Meals would be up to you: : MacDonald's or Maxim's, as your taste or pocket will allow.

2. Why no split tickets?

The argument against split tickets is that it will be too much trouble checking in and out of that hotel. Well, hotels do that sort of thing every single day, so I don't see where the problem lies during that ten days. There happen to be people who work for a living and can't pick when they want their vacation: teachers, public employees, self-employed small businesses, seasonal work. These people should be allowed to attend on the week-ends if they want. I have to put in for my vacation now for 1976 and I submit three possible dates; I get one, and it need not be my first choice. Let the hotel take care of the reservations and the in's and out's; that is what they are in business for.

3. I live near Atlantic City. Can I go without paying for the hotel?

No answer as of yet, but why not?

4. While we are sitting on our duffs all summer piddling around with our one day sanctions, the non-AMCC clubs are gonig to go right on throwing runs and cleaning up? Will we get our regular customers back in '77?

This really scares us. Almost every AMCC date conflicts with some non-AMCC extravaganza. We hold our own against them, but what happens when we give up for one year? Think men, think.

5. What do one-club cities do for a run in '76?

Each club has been given a one-day sanction. If they want to have a week end affair, they must combine forces and throw a jointly sponsored run. (My typewriter breaks into peals of laughter even as I write that). The Thunderbolts have preached combined runs for three years now and with nothing but petty egocentric squabbles and insults. We are the only club within a two hour drive of Hartford so there are no clubs that are near enough for this kind of "I got a day, you got a day, all God's chil-luns got a day" type of run planning. I think that we will take our day and throw a drunken orgy and not invite a soul!

The Thunderbolts, therefore, do hereby recommend that:

1. The AMCC Super Run be reduced from 10 days to a more reasonable figure; 5 days maybe (Wednesday through Sunday)
2. The fee only include the hotel fee and a small run activity fee.
3. That split tickets be allowed.
4. That all traditional runs be permitted to take place as usual.
5. That someone with experience in running conventions be placed on the AMCC '76 committee; whether a member of an AMCC club or hired from outside our forces.

While the present AMCC Committee is doing the best job it knows how, this is bigger than for amateurs, however well intentioned. Events like this occur all of the time, but no firm in its right mind would ever plunge into it blindly as we are doing. Even a four day run with 400 people is like a back-yard cook-out compared to 10 days in Atlantic City, one entire hotel, and 4,000 people. If we're going to do it, let's do it right and call in the experts.

Richard Baron, President
Thunderbolts M.C.



EDITORIAL: Child abuse and adoption

Several recent incidents in the area of discrimination and child abuse has prompted me to write this editorial. Recently, *The Advocate* (No. 168, July 16, 1975, Pg. 5) published an article concerning the abuse and misuse of children being adopted by single gay males. The series of incidents described in this article relate to the illegal and immoral practice of placing young children and adolescents in the homes of pedafeliacs who have reportedly paid astronomical fees for those children. To compound matters the social service worker responsible for these placements has been brought up on charges for knowingly and willingly encouraging these practices. Beatings, mental disorders, rape and at least one known suicide have resulted from these placements.

I thank whomever is out there for the identification and termination of these practices. However, I ask: How many children have been likewise treated? How many homes, where these practices are not evident, will be destroyed because of these incidents?, and finally, how many future homes and the happiness of both gay males and children will be destroyed?

As a single gay male, I have been in the process of adopting a child for three years. The barrage of psychological, intellectual, physical, moral and ethical examinations and interviews has been endless. Finally, a few months ago, I was approved by the "Gods" of the Social Service Agencies. I was assured that the child, whom I've known for over three years, would be mine come late October. Both myself, my family and close friends were overjoyed. As a matter of record — "yes", they know I'm gay; "yes", they know I'm steeped in the levi/leather scene; and "yes", they know that I am an active member of an M.C. organization.

A lot of dreams, plans, and love have recently been severely threatened because of the events which have happened. A week ago I received a letter stating that all adoptions by single parents have been temporarily restricted pending further investigation. My contacts, who have been most helpful and supportive, fear that no single person will be allowed to adopt. Secondly, that all children currently placed with single parents will be withdrawn, regardless of the environment, and returned to either orphanages or placed in foster homes.

How do you tell a seven year old that you can't see him anymore? How can anyone ever rebuild in him the securities of love, care, and need which will help him survive? How do you fight the "system" which has allowed these atrocities to happen? How do you stop the hurt? I'd like to take the "freaks" who encourage or have participated in these activities with me, when I tell my "son" he is no longer mine

Gordon

LINKS OF SAFETY

In the last few issues, the Thunderbolts have presented a series of articles under the heading "Links of Safety" which has been aimed at the novice biker. This article is aimed at the biking public but to those beginners; it is important. To more experienced bikers, it will serve as review (come on guys, read it anyway. You may learn some little something).

No single group of operators of machinery is more poorly trained than bikers. The sad fact is that most bikers are self-taught, or worse yet, taught by some friend who was self-taught. The circle of bad habits and poor training is never ending. I personally was taught to ride by the dealer from which I bought my first bike. The lesson went something like this:

"This is the gear lever. You use your foot. This hand is the clutch and this one the brake. All the buttons are marked. Good luck and off you go". Off I went all right! Up and over the sidewalk, down the curb with a resounding jolt, through a red light and finally to rest in a hedge. At least that was the path of the bike. We parted company after so short an acquaintance when it decided to take to the air upon leaving the sidewalk. It went to meet the hedge alone while I got involved in a heavy scene with the pavement.

As far as I am concerned, the main problem facing a would-be cyclist is: How to learn to operate the bike SAFELY. Where, I ask, does one go to learn how to ride a bike and still keep the inventory of your body up to that which you were born with? The sad answer is: nowhere.

"Why" you ask yourself "does he go on like this?" "What" you continue "could be so hard about it?" "I drive a car, don't I?" you add. Well, sweetheart, it boils down to this:

You will be exposed to 200 events in every mile.

You will make 20 decisions in every mile

You will commit an error once every two miles

You will be involved in a near collision in every 500 miles

(Statistics courtesy of Road Rider Magazine)

You need all of your senses and mental powers working at top speed when you are on a bike.

The Thunderbolts have tried to counteract the problem by starting our "Bike School" for those new members who are beginning bikers. Under the direction of our Road Captain, we feel that this program is a step in the right direction. Also, we have been printing this series of articles on basics. They have all been carefully researched and, as author, I hope informative.

VISION

When I went to get my New York State drivers license, I was put in a line for the vision test. I stood behind about ten people ranging from a giggly 16 year old girl with her bosomy mother to a man somewhere between 90 and heaven. The woman giving the test stood in front of the line and in the stentorian tones for which I am sure all such employees are picked said: "Stand at the line on the floor and read to me line 6 on the eye chart".

"A, D, P, I, Y, T, E" said the 16 year old girl.

"A, D, P, I, Y, T, E" said the next in line.

"A, B, T, I, T, P, D" said the old man.

"Try again with your glasses on" she hollered.

"A, D, P, I, Y, T, E" replied the old man.

Well, by this time, I could have recited the letters if I was blind.

The standard for driving without glasses is 20/40. Now this means that a person with 20/40 can read things at 40 feet that a person with 20/20 can read at twenty feet. What does this mean to a biker? It means that if a person has 20/40, chances are that you are a blur to him until you can reach out and touch his bumper. The first rule of biking is to pretend that no one sees you. Always drive with your lights on (a law in some states) and keep your fingers near the horn. If you need glasses, always wear them. If you can't be seen and you can't see, your chances of becoming hamburger double before you kick the starter.

HEARING

By law, bikers are deaf. We must wear a helmet. Now don't get me wrong. I, and The Thunderbolts, M.C., endorse the wearing of helmets. In fact, it is in the by-laws of the club that members must wear one. When I lived in Iowa, where there is no helmet law, I always wore one. The problem is that people don't buy the proper helmet. A friend of mine and I went to buy some new headgear one day. We looked at helmets for hours. He finally made up his mind and went to buy it. The unbelievable truth was: he hadn't tried it on. He simply liked the color and decoration and the label said: "One size fits all". If one size fitted all, Stetson wouldn't go to all of the trouble to make hats from size 5 to 8. Rule number two in biking is: Get a helmet that fits so you can hear what is going on. Try the helmet on and wear it a bit in the store. See how well you can hear things like the musak in the store; the voices around you, other noises in the distance, etc.

While you are driving you need to be able to hear. Sound will tell you of a fast approaching car you might not have noticed in the mirror. It can tell you that your chain is loose, or needs oil. It can tell you of engine trouble before it is too late. It can alarm you to a siren approaching of an ambulance, emergency vehicle, or Paula Police and a speeding ticket.

DOES YOUR BIKE FIT?

There are certain things on your bike that must be altered to fit; like a fine suit. All of these items are adjustable and your instruction booklet that came with the bike tells you how to do it. Too many times, bikers simply get used to controls being in an uncomfortable position or reach and just let them stay. This can knock as much as a second off of your reaction time, and sometimes you only have that second to save your life.

1. Brake pedal — The brake pedal should rest right under the ball of your foot. If you ride with your foot under the pedal, you're in trouble. Bikers call this "Toe-pointing" and it can kill you. In an emergency stop, you have to move your foot thus: out from under the pedal, over the pedal, get your foot back on the foot-pegs, and then, and only then, hit the brake. By the time you have done all this, you could be the new hood ornament on some Olds. The foot-peg moves up and down, as does the brake pedal. Move one up and the other down until you can rest your foot on the peg and be in position to touch the brake.

A real hornets nest, is the subject of highway pegs. These are foot-pegs installed on the crash bar on a bike. It lets you move your feet off of the foot-pegs on the bike and stretch out on long highway stints. I use them myself, as do a large number of Thunderbolts. I know that they are a real danger because your brake and gear shift

pedal is at least two feet away from your piggies, but I still use them. If you must use them, there are a few rules. Never use them in heavy traffic or in town. Never use them in any area where there are traffic lights. They are, as the name implies, for highway use. They can only be used with any degree of safety on long stretches of lonely road when you will be maintaining a constant speed and running into no obstacles. Remember that there is still danger; if an animal darts in front of you, you're hamburger again.

2. Clutch and Brake levers — These are located on the handle bars and are adjustable. Any uncomfortable wrist bending will make it hard to squeeze the handle. Also, if the lever is too tight, your hand could get fatigued, like constantly squeezing a rubber ball. In either case, bad things could happen such as: not getting the clutch in all the way and gnashing gears as you try to change them; losing a grip on the clutch and letting it "pop" out while downshifting (causing a sudden drop in speed and you to fly over the handlebars); not being able to apply the brakes hard enough nor quick enough; a tired hand when you need a fresh one (this could happen after you are off the bike in a tent) and on and on. They are easy to adjust, so move them around so you can work them comfortably.

3. Mirrors — There is a standing argument between the pros and cons on convex mirrors. The cons say that they exaggerate the location of objects, that things, like cars approaching at 90 MPH and are now inches from your tail light seem to be a hundred feet back and no danger. What these well intentioned souls forget is that no mirror will judge distance or speed for you. You get used to interpreting what you see in the mirror. If you are used to a flat mirror, a convex one will seem to be a distortion, and vice versa. The Society of Automotive Engineers said in a paper called "The Effects of Convex Mirrors on Lane Changing and Passing Performance of Drivers" by Rudolf G. Mortimer, ". . . exterior convex mirrors . . . may be used reasonably safely by drivers and would have the advantage of providing a considerably increased field-of-view compared to currently used exterior mirrors." If you decide to try convex mirrors there are a few things to remember. First, be sure and change both mirrors. With one mirror saying that the bus behind you is a few feet away and the other mirror telling you that the bus is about to run you over, you may have a problem of information input for a rational judgment. Secondly, be sure and spend a little time getting used to the mirrors before you go riding. I promise you that it will be very different for a while.

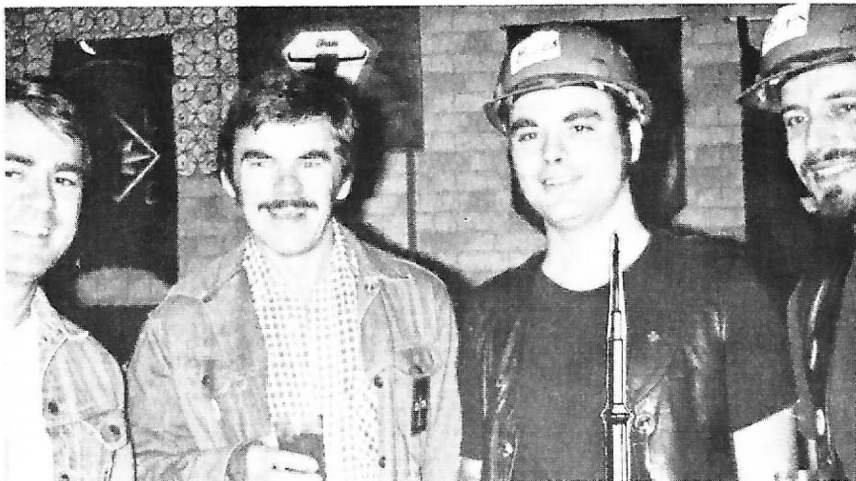
GETTING READY TO RIDE!

You would be stunned to know that many people just go outside, jump on the bike, kick it over, and ride off. It never enters their mind to check it over first. Bikes are not cars. That bears repeating: Bikes are not cars. A few moments spent checking over the bike before you start out on a ride will save you all sorts of trouble on the road.

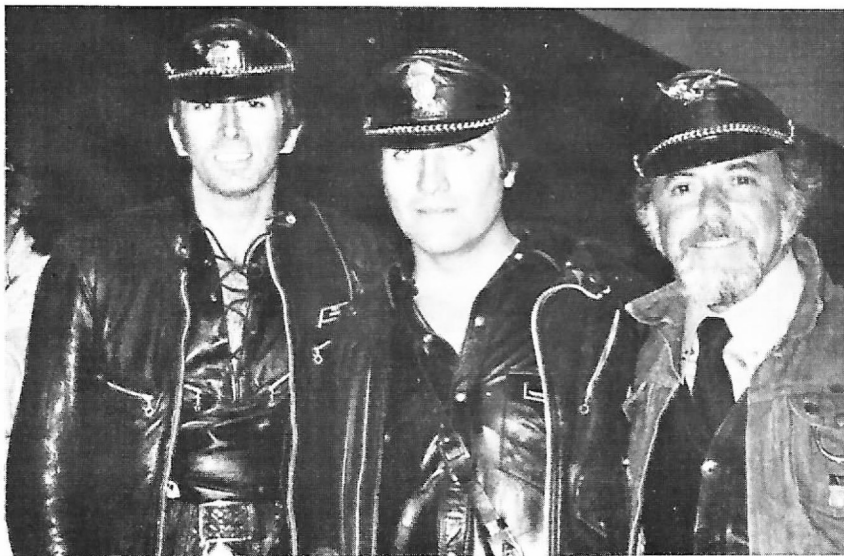
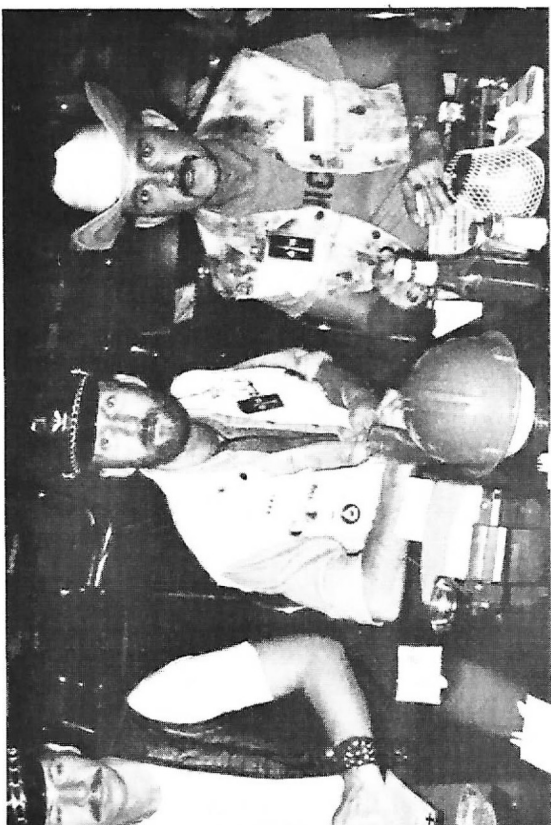
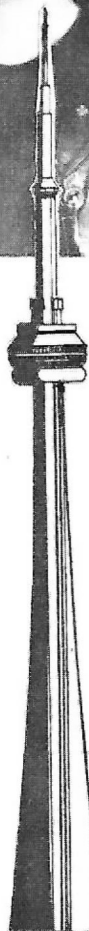
THINGS TO CHECK EVERY TIME:

1. If your bike is a two-stroke, check the engine oil level.
2. Chain tension, is it too loose or too tight?
3. Chain for oil or lack of same.
4. Squeeze tires for a quick air pressure check.
5. Brake lever, position? tension?
6. Clutch lever " "
7. Brake pedal " "
8. Headlight, tail light, brake light, turn signals
9. Horn
10. Transmission Oil
11. Brake check — Sit on the bike, put on the hand

SEE HOW WE RUN



THE ROUND-UP GANG



1776-III

Bucks M.C.

July 3 - 6 • New Hope, Pa.

When I spoke with Bill Yonke, president of the Bucks, a few days before this run and asked how things were going, he replied, "Great! In fact, everything is running too smoothly." Well, Bill, and the rest of the men of Bucks M.C., have no fear. You have pulled off one of the best organized and most original outdoor runs I've ever attended. There were four days of activities and enough time to enjoy them all!

Registration went very smoothly, and there were a number of new faces among the 130-odd participants. Among those attending were four members of Roadmasters International, and a handsome group they were! Bob of the Roadmasters and his friend, both from Michigan, took the Bike Distance trophy having added 688.8 miles to their odometers. Registration was complimented by a cold buffet and plenty of cold beer and soda. As participants arrived well into the night, some of us invaded the Cartwheel while others attended tent-warming parties.

Friday morning arrived about three hours too early. But after a cool dip in the stream, eye-openers compliments of Brian from the Druids, a hot breakfast with plenty of coffee, we were ready for the day ahead. The bike events were next and consumed most of the morning and early afternoon. My only comment on these is that they seemed to take a lot more time than scheduled. This was due to the fact that almost half of the run participants were on bike and the bike event area was rather small. When the results were tabulated we found that Mike F. of Empire City had taken first place in overall bike events, while Thunderbolt associate, Paul E. of Trash took second place. A hearty lunch of beef stew was served, and the rest of the afternoon was for people events and a little rest for the weary.

Around six P.M. a strangely dressed character with a brass bell, namely one Benamin Franklin as played by the T-Bolts own Bob Franklin, rang out the news of the American Spirit Cocktail Party on the upper run site hosted by the Druids and served outside Dale's new Open Road Mobile Estate. (What ever happened to Winnebago?) The Fourth of July was under way. A dinner of broiled steaks followed this patriotic party.

Soon it was time for the Carnival to begin, and, with our Buck dollars in hand, we played roulette with Black Pearl of the Philadelphians spinning the wheel of fortune. For a Buck, Scarlet of the Druids would kiss and grope you, while Allan of the Bucks encouraged you to try your luck at tossing cock rings at Buck antlers. Jim of the Bucks gave you a whiff of a famous chemical mixture and then had you blow up a balloon. He had more customers than he could handle. There were many other booths including John of the Bucks reading your foot. Some of us gambled on and on while others adjourned to the Cartwheel. A hot dog roast followed it all.

Saturday's sunshine poked around my tent like a floodlight in a subway tunnel. What a shock to get up that early after getting to sleep that late! The Cycle Buddies came to the rescue, I think, with Vodka Sunrises, and then it was off to the buddy events. Well, I tried, but those Sunrises were sure setting on me.

While lunch was being served, Ted H. of the Bucks gave the instructions for the poker run. A forty-five mile poker run over gravel hills sounded more like an enduro and, without a bike to ride, I decided to spend a quiet afternoon with some old and new friends poolside. That

is, pondside.

Before we knew it, it was time for the "Great Train Robbery" which was to take place on the other side of the stream where the New Hope-Ivorytown Railroad's number forty steam train was to be hijacked for a cocktail party hosted by the Philadelphians. After boarding the train, we were transported on this dream from railroad history for a forty-five minute trip through the countryside. As I stated before, these Buck were original. When we returned, we climbed back up to the upper run site for a baked ham dinner. Our last night in New Hope found some at the Cartwheel dancing or singing 'round the piano, while others stayed on the site and watched the full-length version of "Cleopatra" with Liz Taylor.

Sunday was overcast, or was that a haze over my eyes? Anyways, it was the beginning of the end of the Expose Yourself Run, and believe me, I doubt that anyone went unexposed. The awards were geared to bike events and Empire City grabbed a good number. The Roadmasters and Trash didn't get left out, however. There were two top trophies this year. The first, participation, was won hands down by Trash with seven of nine members there and five of them on bike. The second, the Sweepstakes, was for participation and attendance and Empire City with nine of twenty-three members there, all on bike, rightly took this award. I was very pleased with a Bucks M.C. Associate Membership. Banners were presented to both the Bucks and S.M.L.C.A. by Bob M., president of the New York Levi Club, and the Bucks presented their colors to the Vanguards.

If you missed this one, well, you did have your chance to go. It was a great run with good food, beautiful men, and one helluva good time!! I predict this run will become one of THE bike runs on the top of the bikers' list of MUST's on the East Coast. To the men of the Bucks M.C., thank you for a beautiful weekend in Bucks County. Peace, brothers.

J. Palmer

the New York Leather/Western Bar



"where everything's at"

394 West St.
between Christopher and 10th Sts.
929-9718

MARATHON '75

Spartan M.C.

July 25-27 • Pa.



Marathon is a run that I wish someone else had to review for the BOLT. I am a poor one for the job for two reasons. First, some of the Spartans are good friends of mine and, secondly, I had a great time. It is hard to be objective about the things that went wrong at Marathon when I have such great memories and enjoyed every moment.

There were things wrong, however. In fact, the Spartans seemed to be plagued by misfires. They were constantly running out of food and beer, two of the things I consider on top of the list of things NOT to run out of at a run. Saturday night around 11 P.M. I was starving and I talked to quite a few people in the same condition. We would have biked into the nearest town and raided a deli if we hadn't been quite so 'smashed'. Later on that same night, the beer ran out about 2 A.M. just when everyone was getting down to business. There was almost a riot and yours truly was assisting a Spartan or two in sawing off the lock on the beer truck when the key was found and the beer flowed again. It's amazing how volatile a group of guys can be when the well runs dry. Also, Spartans were hard to find if you needed help or information. Outside of Don B., Dale M., and Larry E., Spartans were as scarce as chicken lips.

Now that I've noted the problems, let me get on the way to the great things that happened. There were cocktail parties that were the best of the summer. There were also so many that I can't remember them all, but I'll try. The Vikings threw one. The Vulcans threw a Roman orgy with drinks in glasses covered by a rubber. Empire City recreated the Emerald City complete with Dorothy, witch, lion, tin man, and yellow brick road. Links M.C. and the Scorpions mixed up eye openers, but mine refused to get in the spirit and open up, even after quite a few on both mornings. SMC-Lost Angeles threw still another cocktail party, while Saturday's dinner was prepared by the Centaurs with wine compliments of the Shipmates. Plus a host of "unplanned" parties in tents all over. There was beer on tap (except for every now and then) and a cash bar in case you wanted something not offered.

The bike events were real bike events, unlike so many runs where they are just the equivalent of the driving test given at the time you get your license. Unfortunately, they were held at the same time as the AMCC meeting so Richard and I had just five minutes to run through them on a cold bike.

As far as I'm concerned, the highlight of the weekend was a trip to Gettysburg and the Civil War battleground. We made the trip on bikes, about eighty of them, all in formation. It was quite a sight as we wound our way through the sleepy little Pennsylvania towns. Some traffic lights would change from red to green and back again before the last bike went through. Once there, we were on our own for a few hours so Richard and I made it through half of the auto tour. If you are ever in the area and want something to do, take the auto tour on a bike; it is beautiful. Richard and I have scheduled a return for next year.

A few words must be said about the Druid's show, "Guys and Dolls". The Druids did a great job, as usual. The show was fast and done with a degree of professionalism that simply cannot be topped in the entire club scene. And I would venture to say in the entire gay scene. It is always hard to follow a super hit like last year's "Andy Get Yer Gun", and I must admit that this year's show was not up to that level. It was not cleverly re-written, but done basically unchanged except for a word here and there and a few names. It was also not as creatively directed, but the fault here might lie with the show instead of the Druids. Please don't get me wrong, I loved it and it was the very best show I have seen since Marathon '74. When it comes to productions, "The Druids lead the way".

The trip home was also special since Richard and I rode with UYA. It is always much more fun to ride in a group than alone. We stopped often and made a day of it. It was a perfect way to end a weekend of everything but sleep.

Greg

Thunderbolts M.C.

BIKE DAY/BAR NIGHT

Thunderbolts M.C., Inc.

Aug 2 • Ct. & Mass.

Thanks to the work of our Road Captain, Jack C., Thunderbolt Bar Night at the Quarry is well organized so our club is beginning to invite guests to enjoy the evening with us. So, on the afternoon of our third bar night the Thunderbolts and several guests from the Vikings, Entre Nous, and some independents gathered in our back yard for some socializing and a bike ride. By the time everyone arrived we were all so hot, from the heat of 100 plus degrees that Alan and I decided to lead the bikers to Salmon Brook Park in Granby, Connecticut for a cooling dip.

When we arrived we were not alone, but we did manage to change clothes and jump in the cool water. Having refreshed ourselves, we went looking for other diversions. What we found was a bridge from which kids were jumping into about three feet of water. Amazingly, everyone survived the jump and found it quite a trip. One of our members offered to soften the impact for the next diver with his fist, but he had no takers. We then relaxed in the water again, accompanied by the strains of a Latin beat provided by some musicians also there to cool off.

Back in Windsor, we had dinner and then headed north to the Quarry for a fine ending to a fine day. After the bar we came home for more fun. Thanks to the air conditioning in Carl's trailer some of us had a comfortable sleep. Some weren't interested in sleep but they had a good time too.

David Thunderbolts M.C.



6TH ANNUAL ROUNDUP

SPEARHEAD

Aug. 29 - Sept. 1 • Toronto, Canada

The 1975 theme "Construction" with everyone receiving red hard hats at registration, blueprint plans for the activities which began on site 1, downtown Toronto, War Amps Hall. Spearhead has living and breathing 105 of the most beautiful people as members. If ever the word brotherhood rung true Roundup once and for all conveyed the true meaning. Each member opened his home and heart to each of us visiting Toronto. Every site we visited we were taken to and fro by cars and made to feel at home.

Site 2, after registration, was a beer blast at the famous "Embassy" of Jean-Paul and Earl. I had the privilege of being housed with the boys and their super housemates, Jerome, Richard and Bob. The beer blast was held in the back yard under the largest cundrum I've ever seen. With the promise of rain, the boys covered the entire back yard with saran wrap and as the heavens opened, you have never seen such a load.

Site 3, Unitarian Hall, at noon for bloodies, screws, beer, and there was Ken Bates, president of Spearhead. A beautiful welcoming address by a beautiful guy. Ken brought to our attention our roundup pin with the symbol of the three tallest structures in the world. The biggest phallic symbol to be seen. Our afternoon was indeed a great trip to Ontario Place and Toronto's Fair with rides, amusements, ten (yes, ten, fellas) super T rooms and most of all the Calsburg Pavillion, with its band shell and 40 piece Scottish Highland Fling band in kilts. If not for Richard, our super guide, I'd still be on my knees taking pictures even though I had run out of film. That evening, dinner and show, and until you have seen a Spearhead show, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

Site 4, a beer blast from midnight til three in the A.M. or we had a choice of 8 dynamite baths to groove at. It seems my rain cloud from W7 stayed with us through the weekend, as site 5, 6, 7 was one beer blast after another on Sunday.

Site 8, Sunday nite at 6:30, we boarded the Mariposa Belle, for cocktails, dinner, and fireworks, with the skyline of Toronto as our backdrop. The boat was an old showboat from the Miss. gayly painted and Sunday night it had on its decks 300 magnolias and one Raphael, the captain. As a rule, we try not to talk about tragedy or near tragedy, but because of the beautiful brotherhood of the Spearheads, I would like to tell of a near tragedy that night. One of their members came out of a hospital

in time to make the roundup, even though it was too soon. Within a half hour of sailing, he fainted into a coma and the boat had to turn back to the dock. As we approached the land we could see the ambulance and police cars rushing to the dock. In a driving downpour we handed one of their brothers into the arms of the waiting ambulance drivers. With patient and lover secured, the ambulance took off and the boat proceeded back out to sea. All eyes were upon this scene watching the ambulance take a sharp right turn and suddenly disappear from sight. Within seconds the terror and near hysteria that filled the boat, will always remain in my mind. Yes, there was an accident, but not as fatal as we all thought, for the ambulance fell 5 feet down onto a lower pier and not in the lake as we all thought. The driver was seriously hurt, the lover badly shaken up and the boy in the coma, alright. I think the knowledge that 2 of their brothers were alright set the scene for the rest of the night which was the blast to end all.

Site 9, Monday, the St. Charles for drinks, food and the Mr. Roundup Contest. The beautiful blond boy, Jean from Montreal, my congratulations for Mr. Roundup 1975, but a mighty low bow for Fernando who's super in my books. Speaking of very low bows, we all had to take off our hard hats to Dick Baron, president of Thunderbolts, M.C., and Greg for their monumental trip to Roundup from N.Y.C. on their bikes. Their last 12 hours coming into Toronto was in a driving downpour.

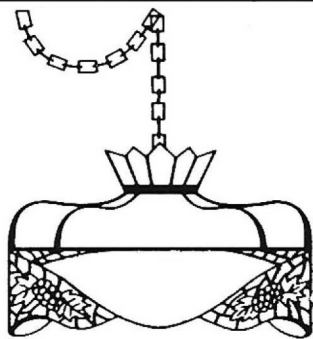
As he opened Roundup, Ken Bates brought the ceremonies to a close presenting 9 Plus of New York with a cup for having seven out of nine of the directors present. A trophy for the longest distance participation to someone for making the trip from London, England, and to Roundup's most active member a pair of roller skates, for his knees, which brought the house down.

Ken's closing address was so poignant and sincere and beautiful, that I found my eyes wet, and I had to reach for my yellow handkerchief in my left pocket to dry my eyes. I looked throughout this fantastic jam-packed room made up of over 27 different clubs from Canada, United States, Alaska, and England, to see the many red, navy, green, brown, and black handkerchiefs. There wasn't a dry eye in the room and thank God not a white handkerchief.

Tony Bennet may have left his heart in San Francisco, but I left mine in Toronto.

God Bless all of you Spearheads for being so nice to Dick, Greg and me.

Martin Ryder
Thunderbolts M.C.



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THE FIRST EMPIRE

Empire City M.C.

Sept. 19 - 21 • Catskills

It's been said that in order to have a successful run there has to be planning. After having had 10 years to work out the details THE FIRST EMPIRE run obviously had to be a success.

The T-Bolt contingency arrived late Friday evening after winding our way along the hair pin curves and through periodic pockets of mist clinging to the mountain side. We we met with a sea of smiling faces, hot buffet, plenty to drink and the camaraderie that makes these weekend trips worthwhile.

Once room assignments were out of the way and head count made we settled down to relax and partake of the evening's activities. The agenda included discotheque, slide show and a late night movie. Those of us searching for other diversions ended up in the lodge's attic.

After eye openers compliments of the Druids and a hearty breakfast we gathered for the poker run. Our better than fifty mile ride found us in a quandry over viewing the countryside, local inhabitants and last but not least, looking for clues which some of the people watchers managed to miss.

The afternoon saw some challenging biker and buddy rider competition with plenty of well planned people events to keep us all occupied. Personal recognition in these areas is acknowledged under Award Presentations.

As the afternoon drew to a close we all had the idea of hitting the showers early in hopes of getting some hot water but alas, there wasn't any. After a "quick" shower our group dressed and joined the Centaur M.C. for cocktails followed by entry into a candle-lit dining room and excellent bill of fare. Throughout the dinner and entertainment that followed our unofficial Master of Ceremonies was "Pearl", Road Captain of the Philadelphians. His "I'll drink to that" chant echoed throughout the building.

After dinner the Spartan M.C. served Black Russians on the porch. We then returned to the dining room for entertainment, disco and later in the evening a full length movie.

Sunday morning the T-Bolts were hustled out of the sack at 7:30 to set up for eye openers. Our thanks to T-Bolt Ben Franklin and those who assisted him in designing, building and hauling the Western Saloon, Golden T-Bolt that greeted participants on the northeast lawn. Special thanks also to Kitty and Trudy, who acted out the part of dance hall girls. They attempted to separate the golden nuggets mined along the poker run trail from their prospectors as well as hustling some of the cow-boys.

Brunch was followed by awards which brought a tear or two to some of these closely knit men. Once final remarks were made the Empire M.C. invited those who wanted to linger to do so and those who felt that they weren't up to making the ride home to spend the night.

Once thank yous and goodbyes were delivered we started out on the trip home. The ride back provided the solitude for me to reflect back over the weekend. What impressed me most was that the familiar faces that seem to follow the run circuit were missing. They were replaced by a group of bikers and bike enthusiasts that blended well together both in competition and in play. When the final tally is made it really isn't quantity that counts but rather quality that makes a truly great run.

Stan
Thunderbolts M.C.

AWARD PRESENTATION

BANNERS:

From Nine Plus To Empire City

PURPLE NOSE:

David B. — T'Bolts

APPRECIATION:

Druids
C.A.B.
Spartan
Thunderbolts
"Smoky" — G.D.I.

BIKE EVENTS:

Motorcycle Skill Course
Carl F. — T'Bolts
Yellow Brick Road
Jay M. — G.D.I.
Virginia Reel
Rusty O. — Centaurs
AMCC Cloverleaf
Richard B. — T'Bolts
Lowest Score
Alan M. — T'Bolts

PEOPLE EVENTS:

Crack the Wip
Paul D. — Spuds
Eggs Benedict
Art M. — G.D.I.
Water Sports
Paul D. — Spuds
Blindman's Bluff
Dean S. — Excelsior

OVERALL BIKE EVENTS:

1. Richard B. — T'Bolts
2. Carl F. — T'Bolts
3. Greg I. — T'Bolts

OVERALL PEOPLE EVENTS:

1. Paul D. — Spuds
2. Art M. — G.D.I.
3. David B. — T'Bolts

BEST PARTICIPATION TO G.D.I.

Robby G. —

SPECIAL AWARD:

Limp Dick
Tim T. — SMCLA

POKER RUN:

Paul D. — Spuds

BUDDY EVENTS:

Yankee Doodle Dandy
Gerry W. — Druids
Baker's Surprise
Tim T. — SMCLA
Boston Baked Beans
Pearl — Philadelphians
Whiffle Ball
Stan S. — T'Bolts

DISTANCE ON BIKE:

John T. — Roadmasters

MR. FIRST EMPIRE:

Rusty O. — Centaurs

MOST MEMBERS ON BIKES:

Thunderbolts

PARTICIPATION AWARD:

L.I. Spuds

SWEEPSTAKES:

Thunderbolts

(Note: See Quickies for G.D.I.)

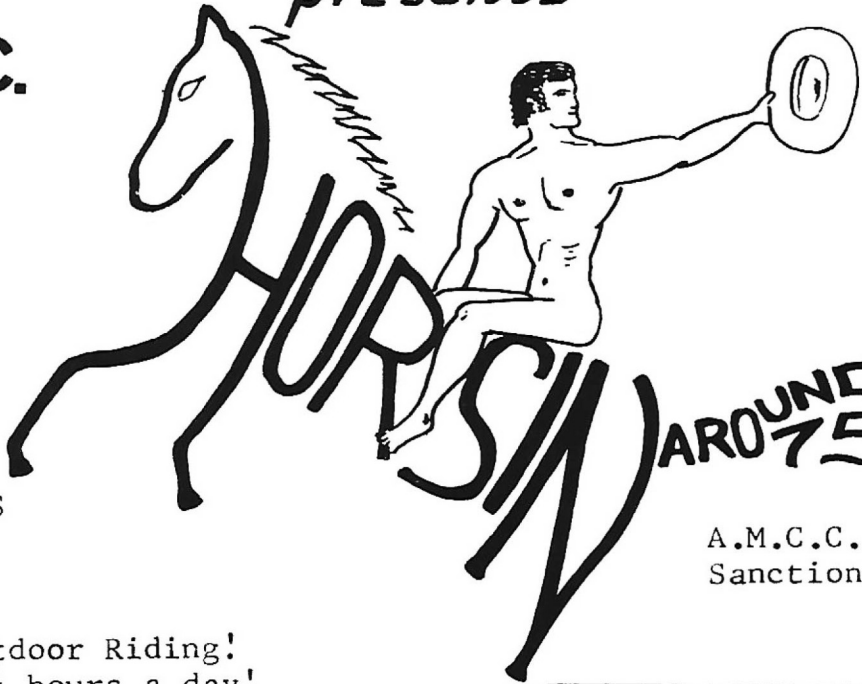
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SUNDAY: Western Chuck-Wagon Brunch, Awards & Farewells.

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State or Province _____ Club (if any) _____

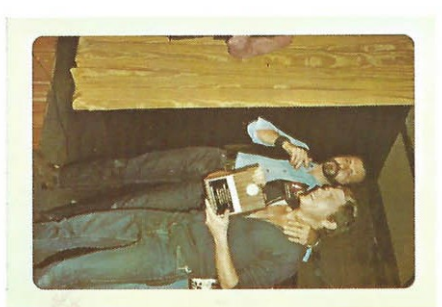
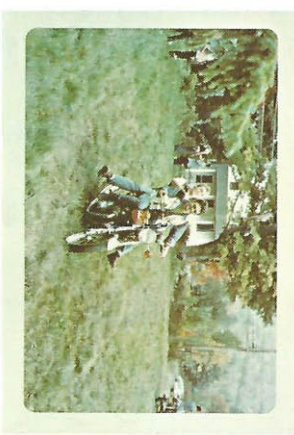
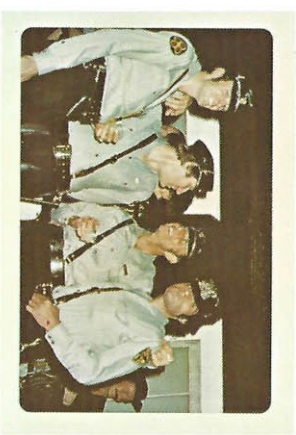
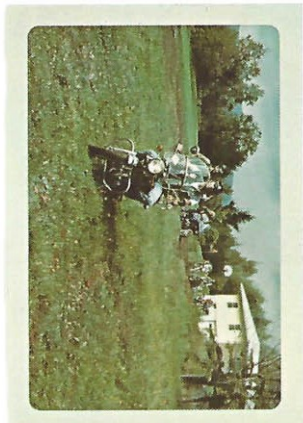
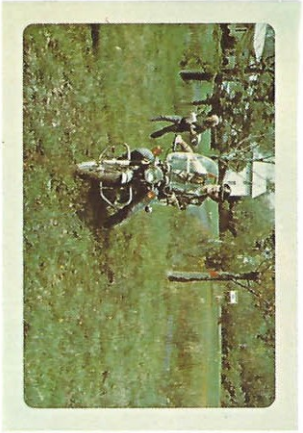
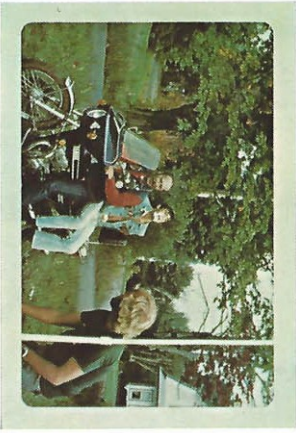
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Empire City M.C.
Sept. 19 - 21 • Catskills

ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS TO

SEPTEMBER

BALL M.C. — FLA.	1ST
ENTRE NOUS — MA.	5TH
PACIFIC COAST M.C. — CA.	3RD

OCTOBER

CELTICS M.C. — MS.	3RD
CELTICS M.C. — LA.	1ST
EMPIRE CITY M.C. — N.Y.	11TH
PRAETORIANS — N.Y.	5TH
STALLIONS — OH.	2ND
VANGUARDS M.C. — PA.	7TH

doors

rainments of leather and denim strangling
an urge to close doors
but others hold the keys to open them

i doubt if i have ever known love either way

past molding into present, future uncertain
i scream alone
trapped

what is my fantasy?
my fantasies?

truth within myself no longer helps
for still i am dependent upon others

my own weakness plagues each day as i try
to find new images
i know it is too late for new dreams

i thought i had escaped
each day i try to find something new
there is so much to see, so much to feel

some beauty against shit
that juxtaposition of scatological outpourings of words
like love, hate and sex — — recrimination?
they are all the same

why do people hurt each other?

funny, you can cry in a poem — — — without tears

once i saw life as endless doors
now i know it is always the same door

it's called the past

Norman O.

Reprinted from the July-August 1975 issue of TREAD.
(Wheels M.C., N.Y.C.).



114 CHRISTOPHER ST.

NEW YORK CITY

LINKS OF SAFETY CONTINUED

brake, try to roll the bike forward. I also check both the foot and hand brake within the first few feet of my trip. Nothing is more unnerving than going down a hill 70 MPH with a train crossing the road at the foot of said hill and the brakes pulling a job action.

There are things that should be checked every so often like: Air pressure, battery water level, chain wear, chain rust, cable stretch, etc. but this will be the topic of a future article.

Now, I know that this sounds like a lot to do, but once you get it down to a routine, it will only take a few seconds and will pay dividends in safety.

In this issue, I have tried to present a few things that should help before you ever get on the bike. In the next issue, Part 2 will deal with actual riding hints. Things such as distance judgment — how to measure yours and how to improve on it, situations and solutions, and repairs while in motion.

Greg

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ATLANTIC CITY

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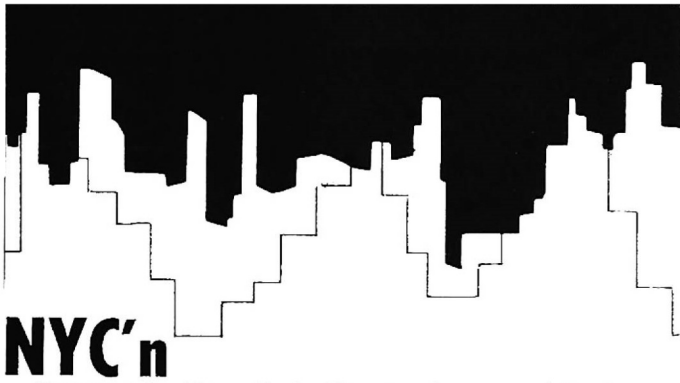
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NYC'n

Summer in New York City is always a bit strange. Most people try to be anywhere else; Fire Island, The Hamptons, Upstate, Maine, anywhere else but hot NYC. Summer is also the time that people from everywhere come to NYC for a visit. So . . . as a result, the bars are full of new faces. The other night, when it was near 100 degrees, I saw some poor number dressed in full leather. I mean he had on the whole works: chaps avec codpiece, leather shirt, heavy-type cycle jacket, Canadian cap, and (get this) gauntlets. Well, with all of that on (which is not in the winter), I thought that he must be in a similar position to those who, wanting everyone to think they have air-conditioning in their car, drive around with the windows up—melting. Well, as if to ice the cake, the number put on a pair of sunglasses (it was close to midnight) and swaggered into the Spike. Maybe he was trying to loose some weight and couldn't afford a trip to the sauna.

Clubs in New York City are a bit like weeds this summer. At this writing there are three new ones. I say that because I haven't checked for two days and there might be a few more in that period of time. There is the Iron Guard. This is an offshoot of the New York Levi Club, and was founded, as are most offshoots, by the officers voted out of office at the last elections. It seems to be gaining momentum and Tom S. told me that they now have over 40 members. Another newy is Nova. I know absolutely nothing about this club except that I met two members one night in the bar. The hour was late and they only chatted briefly so I'm afraid I have little to report. I will, however, do a bit of checking and fill in the gaps on this club next time. The Last Newy is Excelsior. Now this club threw a cocktail party to introduce itself to the rest of New York. Richard and I were pleased to accept the invitation and arrived on the given date at an apartment house which was as yet unfinished. At first we thought that we had made a mistake on the address. No one, we thought, lives in an unfinished building. Soon, Paul of Trash arrived and we mulled over the situation. After a few more club types arrived, we all decided to brave it. Once inside, we saw a sign that said "Excelsior — Up stairs". This sign was the greatest understatement since I heard someone say "Did you hear, D.D. was reelected". At every landing, there was another sign that proclaimed the motto of the club "Ever upward" which also applied to the steps. Once upstairs, we discovered that the building was finished, it was just the stairwell that was under construction. The party turned out to be quite nice. Mixed drinks were served and bowls of munchies were everywhere. There was also an interestingly equipped bed in the back room but, except for a demonstration, there was no use made of it. Pity. Any party where the officers of all of the New York Clubs are invited is bound to be a trying experience. I wish that just once I could go somewhere and talk about something other than club politics. Other than being constantly button-

holed about the Thunderbolts status at Leif Erikson, Richard and I had a wonderful time and left quite impressed with Excelsior.

One of the newer baths in Town, The Barracks, is trying to turn all Western/Leather. It would be great if they could. They have been the first bath in town to make any effort to woo the club people by giving club officers VIP passes in addition to handing out passes galore in the bars. The Barracks is on 42nd street in the same building as the Harris Theater. If Baths are your cup of tea, give them a try. There is new management and they seem to want our business.

Speaking of new management, Camrod Cycles has some. This place used to be the rip off of all rip off joints. I was burned there on a few occasions and swore never to go back. As it turned out I was treated so badly at Village Cycle that I decided to give Camrod another chance. Imagine my surprise when I found them to be a totally different organization than before. First of all, they proved to be the most reasonable about prices for repair. Secondly, they have any kind of accessory that you could want and the prices are in line with anyone in the business. The big surprise is that they were nice and helpful, two qualities that were lacking at Village Cycle and at Camrod last year. If you haven't been there recently, you haven't been there at all. Stop by and be surprised.

August has been Trash month at the Ramrod. Not that every month isn't trashy at that bar, but for the month of August Trash is taking over the Thursday night bar from UYA. By the way, for those of you who don't know, the Ramrod serves food: dinner and Sunday brunch.

There is little else to tell. The summer has been full of runs, which are written up else where in this issue and thus, have no place here. There is still some bike weather left in the fall so if YOU feel like visiting NYC that is the time to do it. See you then.

Greg,
Thunderbolts M.C.

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THE SOCIETY

by Guy Maitre

He was definitely getting too old to run the place. He just wasn't up to all of the problems, and there were many when your organization is not only illegal but of the utmost secrecy. He had started it twenty years ago and it was a modest beginning for what was to become one of the most dreaded of names. However, none but the chosen few even knew of its location. The populace heard rumors enough, but most facts were fiction. The true facts were bad enough (or good enough) depending on your point of view, but the fiction was really amusing to him. There is nothing he enjoyed more than to be out socially with friends and hear them talk about it in hushed and scandalized tones. He would shake his head and say something like "It's beyond belief!", or "Too horrible for words!", or "How do the police let them get away with it!" He knew damn well why the police stayed away; they didn't even know where to begin to look. He had hidden the Society House well. The entrance was so complex that neophytes sometimes took a few hours to find their way. First, there were ten bars in the city with initial access routes. These were secret doors which, unknown even to the owners of the bars, were installed by the Society in some out of the way spot. The doors led to a tunnel which in turn, led to a central cavern deep in a lost subway tunnel. Here was a rusty old car on an even rustier old track. However, looks were deceiving and the rust planned, because the car was in perfect running condition. It would move swiftly on its path, twisting and turning like some convulsive snake so as to confuse the passenger. There were no windows and it would not operate unless the door was shut, so the passenger had no idea where he was going. The car would arrive at a large underground garage, pull up to a door marked "Member's Entrance" and let out its contents. The member would then press his hand on a glass panel in the door, and if he were indeed a member, the door would open. If he were not a member then the door would send an electric charge though him strong enough to leave him quite dead. The door read fingerprints through an optical scanner so it was foolproof. He had worked it all out when he first opened the Society in a clubroom. Back before that, they had used an abandoned old farm house, but after the first police raid (from which he had barely escaped), he decided that the precautions were more than needed. He, of course, merely walked to the clubhouse and went in the front door. He was the only one that knew its location; the only one that arrived any other way but the rail car. From the outside, the building looked like any other in the section of New York in which it resided. Just another broken down brownstone where a quiet middle aged man lived alone. He was that man. Inside however, was the clubhouse of the Society. Even the windows were a facade to the outside world. There were no windows on the inside and the walls were quite thick and soundproof. The windows existed only from the outside of the building. They seemed to look in on a typical brownstone: curtain that needed washing, a few plants, lights that came on and went off, shadows moving around, and an ancient air conditioner that appeared every summer. All of this was done with a clever arrangement of projections behind false windows; expensive, but most effective. More expensive than the clubhouse was the stable of slaves and "M's" that lived there. It was a never-ending problem to keep the members supplied. He had to keep a stock from eleven to forty. Some of the members were "M's" themselves so

a few "S's" were kept also. All totalled, there were Fourteen in the stable at present, which was down a few. The young boys were the hardest to find and keep. He would find runaways in youth hostels. He sent his agents out regularly, but the crop was always lean. It would work like this.

The agent was young and handsome, he would pick up the boy and trick with him. He would start to see they boy regularly, shower him with presents, buy him clothes, tell him he loved him; he would do anything to find out the information needed. Once he had the answers to the following questions — — —

1. Does your family know where you are?
2. Do they care?
3. Do you have any friends around here?
4. Do they know where you are?

the boy was accepted or rejected. If accepted, he was drugged and loaded on the rusty rail car and that was the last he was seen of, until, years later, he would be found wandering the street. It was the ones released that told the tales the public would hear. Tales of years of torture at the hands of a secret society of sadist-homosexuals who kept a hidden house filled with everything from prison cells to the most incredible collection of medieval inventions that made the rack look like a four poster bed. The boy would have scars to prove his story; scars left by whip, knife, razor, teeth, and anything else that would cause pain and draw blood. There would be a big flap in the papers and then it would die down until another "graduate" was found wandering around. There was rarely a problem with the older members of the stable. They were there because they wanted to be.

The stable was kept like a sultan keeps wives. They were fed well, had the best medical and dental treatment, were dressed well, had television, movies, books; in short, they had everything but freedom. They were available to any member for anything, anytime. Members had some limits; no stableboy could be hurt so badly that he had to rest more than two days. If this limit was not respected, the member was fined \$1,000. If the stable boy was killed, the member was fined \$20,000; and was responsible for finding a replacement. Dues were \$5,000 per year and membership was limited to thirty. The major bulk of the income for the support of the Society was from other means than dues, however. One was porno. Magazines and films were made regularly with the stable as cast. These were then distributed through a dozen cover companies to the markets around the world. Another was drugs. Many pushers and middlemen involved in selling not-so-hard drugs to the gay population bought from the Society without knowing it. LSD, Mescaline, pot, uppers, and downers were the mainstay. All told, the Society did very well. After expenses and his salary of \$100,000., there was still plenty left to store away in a safety deposit box for emergencies. He was getting too old to run it all. He knew that he should step down and let a younger man run it — take his place as elder statesman. The only thing that stopped him was the thought that he would have to let someone else in on all of the secrets; like the location, the key to the front door, the salary, the dues-free status. No. Better think on it a bit more. Yet, he knew that he was getting too old to run it.

A buzzer interrupted his thoughts.

"Come in," he said to the box on his desk.

"Yes, master," it answered.



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THE SOCIETY

The stable master entered. If he had ever had a name, no one remembered it. He has been the first live-in slave, back when the Society was still using the farmhouse. He wasn't exactly young, but he was one of the greatest "M's" that they had ever had. You could whip his back until the bone would show through the mangled flesh and he would still beg for more. Only when he would pass out would he stop saying "harder, hit me harder". He was rewarded with his position of stable master when he was too old to continue. Besides, he was good with the newcomers, some of which were into a S & M scene for the first time. He always seemed to help them through the break-in period.

"Master, an agent has reported a new boy is on the way in," stable master said. "Good, have him brought here when he arrives. I will inspect him. Arrange to have the commission paid to the agent if I approve of the merchandise," he said waiving his hand to indicate that he was through with the interview. The stable master bowed and left quickly, knowing better than to hesitate. He pushed the buzzer on the box.

"Yes Sir?" it said.

"I am going to my quarters. Have the new boy delivered to game room #4 and notify me when he is there," he barked at the box.

"Yes Sir," it said, as if those were the only two words it knew.

Later, as he was just getting out of the shower, there was a tap on the door.

"What is it?" he shouted.

"The boy is in game room #4, Sir," said the voice behind the door.

He dressed for the occasion; chaps and vest, both of black leather. The chaps were left open so both his strongly muscled ass and mammoth cock and balls were uncovered. The mass of black hair, iced with gray, seemed to burst the vest open as it trailed down his broad chest, over his hard belly, and down to surround the heavy cock. The curly mat moved on to cover his ass and lower back. However beautiful the strong hairy body was, it was hardly noticed . . . that cock stole the show everytime. It hung 10 inches soft, with a massive head the size of a fist, heavy veins twisted around it like vines on a tree trunk. More than one asshole had ripped up the middle as he rammed it home in one deep lunge; he often pulled it out with a covering of blood to testify that it had been too much for the victim.

He walked into the game room. It was darkly lit. The walls were covered in leather and the floor was a wall-to-wall mattress also covered in leather. Chains hooked to various devices hung down from the ceiling and were attached to the wall in storage, waiting for the call to duty. A table stood to one side covered with favorite toys: whips, knives, lashings, restraints, a few hypos filled with drugs, amyl inhalers, masks, dildoes, paddles, chains, tit-clams, needles, and the brand of the Society in a small electric heater, which kept it glowing and ready should the boy be accepted. Everything was ready, he noted. The stable master had been efficient as usual. He looked over in the corner of the room at a small pile of flesh. The boy must still be under the effect of the drug given him on the trip to the Society House. He walked over for a closer look. The boy was masked with a leather hood; he liked that, so they were always delivered to him hooded. He would look at the face later. They were always handsome; all he cared about was how they performed.

The boy was beautiful, and was about eighteen. The strong chest was already showing signs of being naturally muscled and was covered with a coating of black curly hair that promised to thicken with the years. This was a beautiful body, there was no doubt. He reached for the cock and was surprised to find one as large as his own, not quite, but close — damn close! What a find! He could feel excitement start to grow as his giant cock began to swell and throb. He grabbed a hypo and jammed it into the boy. The drug in it was a stimulant and also contained a small bit of LSD. He wanted this boy wild and ready. He lowered one of the sets of chains from the ceiling and attached them to the arms and legs of the boy. This would hold him in spread-eagle position in the middle of the room. The device would also lower him to the floor later for fucking. The boy started to moan and his eyes flicked open. He could tell that the boy was only half awake and he knew that the entire session would seem like a dream to him. He raised the whip and saw the terror in the boy's eyes. He loved to see the pleading looks; that was why the mask left the eyes open. The mask covered the mouth with a gag and the rest of the face with leather, but the eyes were free to beg for mercy and beg they did. The whip descended with a crack and a red trail of blood followed its path across the boy's chest. He put his finger of the boy to trace the cut. It bled nicely but was not very deep; a good sign. He raised the finger to his mouth to taste the red product of his effort. He was like an animal in that the taste of blood drove him on. Crack! The whip landed again, and again, and again. The boy was now crossed with red welts, his eyes wide with pain. The boy's chest hair was matted to his young body with a combination of sweat and blood. He rubbed his hand over the cuts, gathering the mixture in his palm — he rubbed the gore on his cock and smeared it on his balls and moved behind the boy. The boy knew what was coming and frantically tried to break loose. Whack! the whip landed hard on his back, opening an ugly gash. The boy stopped struggling out of fear or another reprisal. He lined his cock up with the quivering hole in the boy's ass and pushed hard. He could feel the muscle tear as the ass split under the force of the cock's entry. The boy was screaming now, so hard that it was audible even through the gag. He sunk his teeth into the boy's back and bit until he felt the warm red blood spurt into his mouth. He pumped harder and harder; ramming his massive cock in and out of the ravaged hole. He bit again in a new place on the boy's back searching for a fresh supply of the red liquid. He grabbed the amyl inhaler and drew deeply on it. As the rush hit, he rammed the cock in as deeply as he could. He pounded on the boy's back with his fists and dug his fingernails deep into the flesh and the relentless cock battered the torn and bleeding asshole. He felt the cum start to rise in him. It started deep in his loins and started to boil up. He looked down at the boy beneath him: bruised and cut, bleeding and battered. He reached for the brand. Then end glowed red and the emblem of the Society stood ready to claim the spot where it touched. The hiss and smell of burning flesh occurred at exactly the same moment that he felt the cum rise and explode in thick spurts deep into the bowels of the boy. The boy let out a strangled scream, muffled by the gag, and passed out. The mark of the Society stood out red in the blackness and blistered ass of the unconscious boy.

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S&M "DOUBLE CROSS"

The answer to the clues for our July/August puzzle in alphabetical sequence are: Sade, Sacher Masoch, "Justine", Townsend, voyer, "Story of Q", amyl nitrite, box, whip, fist, toys, dildo and gay. The puzzle's author, an **S**, and our somewhat bruised proof reader, an **m**, advise that if the puzzle had been correctly arranged it's message would have read: Even though SM has been around for a long time it is the least understood and studied aspect of sexuality. It is a base of all sex and is only different on degree and intensity level.

He stood up weakly and tried to catch his breath. It had been a long time since he had been so excited. Cum dripping from his cock head and his body was smeared with the sweat and gore from the boy. It was a good thing that he was exempt from the fine system, because he knew that this boy was hurt and would require more than two days to heal. The boy was one of the most beautiful that he had ever seen in the Society and he planned to keep it for himself for awhile. He reached down to remove the mask for a look at what the face was like. He removed the mask and saw the mass of black curls, and turned the head over for a look at the face. He felt his heart stop for an instant and his lungs refuse to breathe. He choked on his own saliva and collapsed screaming over the body of the boy.

The boy was his own son.

BOOTS AND BONDAGE



by Chuck and Gene

Continued from last article:

The next person I expected to see standing in the doorway was the number I had been cruising, but it wasn't. A knock came on the half opened door and a smiling attendant informed us that it was 10:30 a.m. and our time was up. I really wished that it wasn't cause we both are pigs and would have stayed until we dropped. But a new day had started and we got our shit together and went down to the car (half expecting it to have been towed away).

Back at our friend's apartment on 22nd street we had a snack and slept until about one. We had previously made a date with a friend of a friend to have brunch at the Eagle and get to know each other. We had never met before but each had heard about the other. He was from San Francisco and really into S & M and Bondage out there. We intended to give him a dose of "East Coast Hospitality" if things worked out right.

At the Eagle we met Ken and enjoyed a good meal. After a few beers, Ken suggested we go out to the car. He had brought some pictures with him that he wanted to show us. Outside we went over to his new Mercedes Benz and he got out a photo album. We sat in the car as it was starting to rain. The photos Ken had were all of himself in various types of bondage situations. He explained that he made up the album to show people like us what type of scenes he was into. It's easier than talking for an hour. It's also a good turn on; Gene and I had a roaring hard on in no time. Ken spotted the bulging crotches and put a hand on each. Leaning over he asked "Sirs, may I invite you to my New York apartment for the rest of the day?"

It turned out that Ken was quite well off and had a good size apartment in New York just for sex. In the rear of the apartment a spiral staircase went straight up to the attic. Upstairs was finished with just about anything anybody could want for a scene; racks, fucking table, crow stands, whipping post, etc. Ken explained that he has been into S&M for 12 years and has been building and collecting toys ever since. Starting out as an M, but now goes both ways with equal pleasure. Gene was like a kid in a candy store walking around looking at things. Ken and I talked a bit and I asked about a piece of equipment I saw. It was a working model of a rack type thing that swung from the center and held a victim hanging in space. I had seen a drawing of it once in Leatherman's Handbook #4. It was a turn on in the book and a hard on to see in real life. Ken

QUICKIES

* * *

During our attendance at the Stampede 3 run in Dallas, TX. we observed a banner with the initials G.D.I. Upon investigation we discovered the banner encompassed all those beautiful God Damn Independents who not only participated but worked their butts off to make the run a success.

* * *

Much appreciation to Larry P. of the Vikings and John H. of Entre Nous for both their attendance at our August biking weekend and for their hospitality thank you which read: "Many thanks for allowing us to share the good time of your 'once monthly 2 day event.' It is affairs like this that demonstrate that Brotherhood can be practiced instead of the usual lip service it is given."

* * *

Welcome aboard to T-Bolt Associates Dick S., Gary B. and Larry P.

* * *

We have been asked by Jack Collins, V.P. of the Iron Guard to state that he had no connection or prior knowledge as to the content of the N.Y. Levi Club Spotlight featured in our last Bolt issue (Vol. 3, No. 4). The group photograph included with the article was taken prior to his resignation from the Levi Club.

* * *

Anniversary Greetings to the Chicago Hellfire Club as they celebrate their fourth anniversary. Although the Bolt gave credit to July for this event we understand the stork actually arrived in August.

* * *

When reading N.Y.C.'n we couldn't help recall a situation when the author was wearing a tight fitting leather shirt during a warm summer's evening. You can imagine his surprise upon removing the shirt to find his torso had turned blue.

Vol. 1, No. 1 of **THE RANCH**, published by Colts M.C. in Fla. proved an interesting addition to club publications. Although overall content, layout and photo reproduction are to be commended we particularly enjoyed the poetry of Peter Thomas and "Psychology of Leather" written by Lee Albert. Keep up the good work guys.

* * *

We understand that when the President of Wheels M.C. disembarked from his flight up to **Lief Erikson** his only comment about the trip was that the going got a little rough when the plane passed over Hartford, Ct. and someone opened fire on the aircraft. We thought it might have been D.D. but understand he is in Europe on Cycle's second or is it third scheduled "event" of the season????

* * *

Speaking of **Lief Erikson**, we regret not having a review for this truly great run. Unfortunately those of our members who were signed up to go ran into Sam Johnson a weekend or two before the run and walked away with the distinct impression that T-Bolts were not welcome. Rumor has it that all in attendance enjoyed themselves and that the theme for the weekend was "dirty sex."

* * *

Greg and Richard send special thanks to their hosts during Spearhead's **Round-Up '75**; Jack, Bill, John and Danny.

* * *

While on the subject of **Round-Up '75** Greg reports that the little blond with nicely muscled body chosen **Mr. Round-Up '75** was equipped with an ass that could squeeze a quarter into two dimes and a nickle. Our congratulations to Jean from North Lights on "all" of his conquests.



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BOOTS AND BONDAGE CONTINUED . . .

nodded toward Gene and I said "Hell yes!" We walked over to gene and firmly grabbed his arms; gene struggled some but we got him over to the corner where the rack was. Clamping a pair of handcuffs behind Gene's back, Ken handed me a leather hood which I pulled over Gene's head tying it tightly. We walked Gene over to the middle of the square and uncuffed his hands. We pulled his hands over his head and fixed them into position on the rack. After his feet were likewise fixed, a belt was passed around his waist and the wooden 4"x4". Gene was now firmly in place in an upright position. His cock was standing out from his crotch like a fencerail. I walked over and gave him a shot of poppers and hung two clamps on his tits. Gene shivered as the toothed edge clamped into his flesh and his cock jumped a bit. He started to struggle now, and pulled at his bonds causing the weights on his tits to swing; bring even more pain to aching tits. Ken walked over to a table and selected a short leather paddle with sharp studs on it. He looked at me and walked over and stood behind Gene.

The first blow took Gene completely by surprise, he let out a yowl and pulled and yanked at his bonds. Knowing that a second and third blow was to follow, Gene turned himself for it making all the muscles in his body more defined and very sexy. The second blow struck and all Gene did was his "you motherfuckers". Third, fourth, fifth, Gene's ass was glowing pink, with swelled red dots where the spiked studs were puncturing the skin. Ken paused for a moment and walked over to stand close behind Gene. He slowly rubbed his hands over Gene's bleeding ass, stepped back a step, and let go with a stream of piss that hit Gene square on the ass. The hot piss stung Gene's ass and he started to squirm all over again. The scene I was watching had me very hot and I pulled on Gene's balls for all I was worth. Gene sagged down further on the rack and groaned and cursed me. His cock was half hard and hanging semi-limp from his crotch. I pulled a piece of rawhide out of my pocket and tied it around Gene's balls, then tied the other end to an eye ring on the bottom 4"x4". I motioned to Ken that I wanted to swing Gene down to a horizontal position, so he stepped over to the side of the rack and pulled a pin and allowed the whole square to slowly turn over. As it did, Gene's own body weight made the rawhide around his balls pull tight. He squirmed and cursed us both, but all the time his cock was getting harder. It stood straight down now and the veins on it stood out like lines on a road map. I stepped inside the square and pushed my cock towards gene's mouth. He opened it, but only after Ken put more pressure on his balls. I plunged my cock about half in and started to face fuck Gene. Ken had also stepped inside the square and was now playing with Gene's ass. Gene was starting to enjoy my cock too much so I pulled it out and got out of the square. I walked around and untied Gene's balls and then got a vibrator from a table and strapped it to his cock. I moved the peg on the square one more notch so that Gene's ass was just level with Ken's cock. They both got the idea and Gene started to pull his ass up and away from Ken. Ken grabbed his balls and pulled him down with them. He held his swollen cock near Gene's ass and waited for me to get into the square. I switched on the vibrator and got in front of Gene. Pushing my cock into his mouth wasn't hard as he was lost in a fantasy caused by the building vibrations of his cock. Ken pulled on his balls a little harder and about half his cock slid up Gene's ass. With this his mouth opened wide and a deep groan came out as the rest of my cock went in. The weights that still hung from his tits were swinging from the motion of Ken's fucking. I could see

CH 3 - 1907

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by Rhys



STUDS IN THE STARS

Jocks born between 22 August and 22 September

You are an enigma! You want it and need it but you wouldn't let another guy know for sure. If the other guy makes the first move and takes you in his arms and kisses you breathless, you can turn passionate and really get it on but *only* after you are sure that he is committed. Then, in the middle of a really first-class fuck, you can louse it up by saying that he needs to take a shower — and still wonder why his bone goes limp! Although the thought of being hepatitis might turn you on, the prospects of getting hepatitis would keep you from doing him. In other words, you tend to be a little fussy about being clean; you worry about your health; and you say what you think without bothering to figure out how it's going to hit the other guy. You have a good memory and you tend to be one or two thoughts ahead of others around you. And even though you can be the life of the party when you get with it, you tend to be a loner and to stand on the sidelines watching others making out. For the next three months keep your prick in your pants, your hand firmly on your wallet, and your doctor's phone number handy. I hope that just being alert to these problems will help you avoid any difficulties in these areas.

SINCERE APPRECIATION TO T-BOLTS

Alan, Carl, David, Jack, John (Vt.) and Marty (N.Y.) for giving up evenings, weekends and vacation time to paint and to Chuck, Gene and Carl who gave up their Labor Day weekend to help us move into our new home. Get ready for the house warming guys, it'll be a great one! — Stan & Gary

BOOTS & BONDAGE

Gene building to a climax as his body became hard and he tensed every muscle. His cry was like that of a person just defeated with pleasure. His body bounced and rocked as the boiling juices shot onto the floor. My own cock was filling his mouth with cum and it ran down his chin onto the floor. Ken fucked even harder and pulled his cock out just as the huge thing spit out his cum all over Gene's back. He relaxed against the 4x4 and then stepped out of the square. We got Gene upright and down from the rack.

Later, sitting downstairs, we made plans for Ken to come to Connecticut to see our playroom and we agreed on the next weekend. WAIT!!

Jocks born between 22 September and 22 October

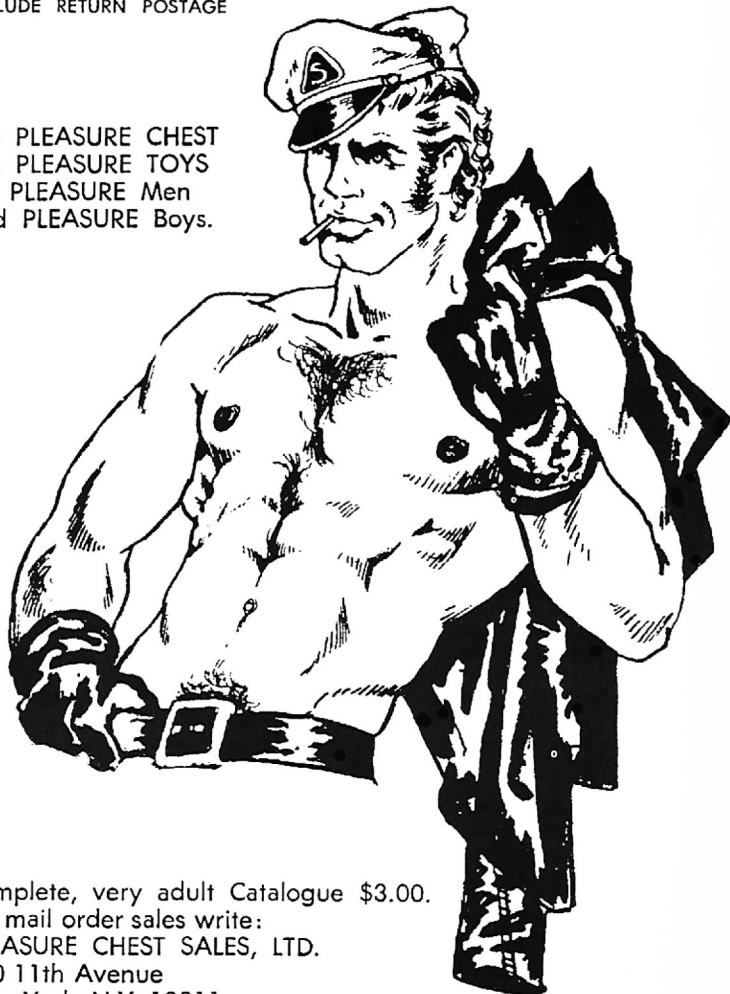
Chances are that you have been bothered all your life by being "pretty". Although you are all-man and have a lovely cock to prove it, you tend to look soft and delicate like mama's boy. You also have a lot of difficulty making up your mind. You can work up a sweat trying to decide whether to stay home with your guy or go to an orgy; whether to wear leather or levi's; whether to wear your keys on the right or on the left. You like people and really want to be loved and this makes you agree to things that you may really not be into. For example, S/M is really not your bag but because seeing belt marks on your lovely pink and white gives your guy the world's hardest rod, you go along with it. And if getting tied up and pissed on is the only way he can get into being fucked, you do that too even though you hate to see him so submissive. But you have your limits and nobody is going to push you past them. More than one fucker has been shocked right off his bike by your thunderous NO! when you have finally had enough. Life would be easier for you if you could force yourself to be more positive and to send out consistent signals that other guys wouldn't misinterpret. Others can't be blamed if your actions say "Fuck me" when you are really planning to shove it to them. For the next three months stick with your lover (which may not be easy) and keep a sharp eye on your friends. They are apt to try to fuck you in a way you wouldn't enjoy. And if you have a tendency to put on weight, you had better redouble any dieting effort because "here comes the fat!"

These are just Sunsign readings and don't apply to everybody born between these dates. If you want in-depth analysis, write to:

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S&M DOUBLECROSS

H5	K1	D3	F3	K3	I2		C2	I1	D1	K1	K6	A5		
A2	B1		E5	A4	I6	I6	E1		A6	B1		C4	F2	K1
F3	K3	A5	A8	L4	K1	B1		D2	F6	K3	B1	K3	K2	L1
K5	D2		H1	K3		D5	H8	J7		J6	K1	K11	K1	H5
B6	D3	L1	K9	C9	K4	C3		C1	G2	H5	K3			
I6	E2	F1	D3		B2	I6	J2	F2		C3	G1	K1	E3	
K5	I7	F5	J6		C2	D3	K3		A3	J2	B4	K2	F3	
K9	F4	A1	K3		C3	J2		H5	K1	K4	K3	I3	H3	K1
H2	I1		C3	G1	K3	B6	H5		G1	H4	H8	K11	B1	

Solve the clues below, then fill in the squares above with the letters in the corresponding clue answer. The black squares separate the words and you will find a quote from "Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man" by the Marquis de Sade.

BIKE QUIZ

A.

— — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Makers of the Z-1

B.

— — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6
Maker of a bike with a radiator

C.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Drive shaft driven bike

D.

— — — — —
1 2 3 4 5
Maker of a new drive shaft bike called the Gold Wing

E.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6
These bikes won all of the awards at Daytona

F.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6
A chief of bikes

G.

— — —
1 2 3
Pork on wheels

H.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
What the "B" stands for in BMW

I.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
English bike

J.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
The name of the Norton 850

K.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Harley's top of the line

L.

— — — — — — — — —
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Vetter makes one called the Windjammer

