

Hired as a mercenary army to rid Bellson of a band of harmless gypsies, they took over and turned the town into a living hell—and only one man had the courage to stand up to them

TWO-WHEELED SAVAGES

WHO RULED A SMALL SOUTH-WESTERN TOWN



Even Bellson's police force was intimidated once the gang gained a foothold in the Arizona town.



Brazen gang members held wild, violent beer parties on town's streets, daring anyone to stop them.

By **ROLAND EMPEY**

THE BEASTS rode into Bellson at about 9 o'clock that morning. They came out of the Mojave Desert with their big Harley choppers roaring, and their eyes hidden behind black goggles.

"What a dump."

"Do the job and pull out."

"Square, man, square, square!"

They came down Pine Street in a thunder of racing motors with big Jerry Schmidt on the lead chopper and a girl named Java hanging onto him from behind—a tall girl, her supple good looks all but hidden in jeans, boots, a black-leather Mojave Beasts jacket and dust-grimed goggles.

"Where's it at, man? Where's my friend, Hazelton, to tell us where it's at?" one of the bikers said. It was Jerry Schmidt sitting on his chopper in the town square, with the others roaring up all around him and Java staring calm-eyed across his shoulder. A thick-bodied man, Schmidt; with a torso too big for his heavy legs and a German spiked helmet pushed back on his shaven skull, a golden chain around his neck and a German Iron Cross on his chest. "Where's my friend, Hazelton, man? He said for us to be here."

The townspeople watched them uneasily. It had been rumored that the Beasts were coming, but no one

TRUE BOOK BONUS



A Trucker's Heroic Battle To Break A Cycle Mob's Grip On City Hall



Once the Beasts established their control, rape occurred with a terrifying frequency.