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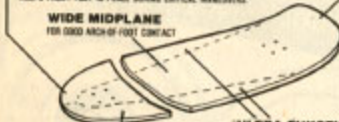
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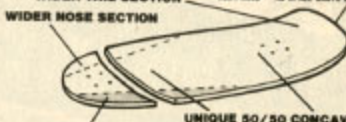


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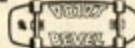
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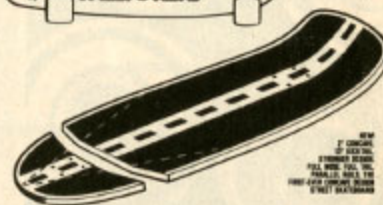
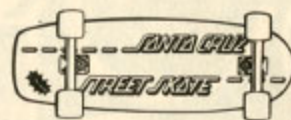
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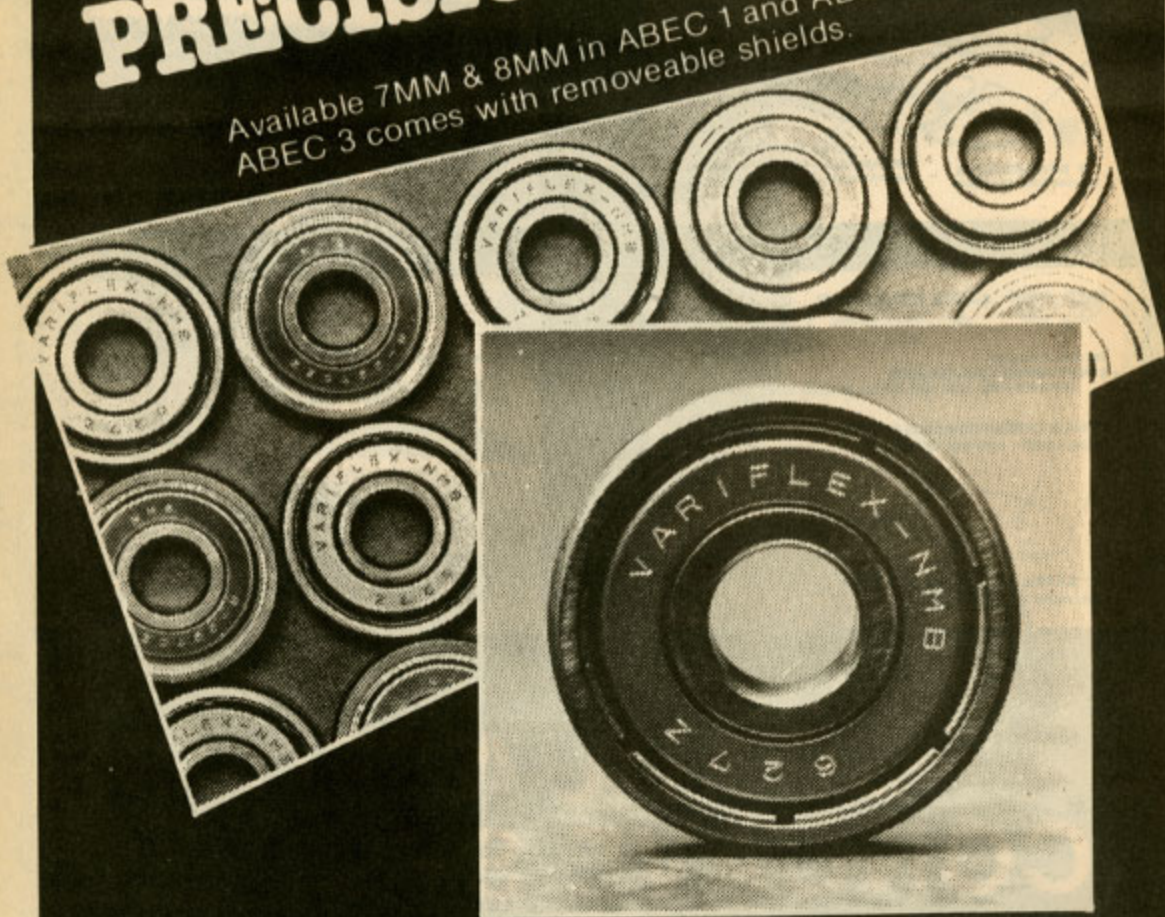
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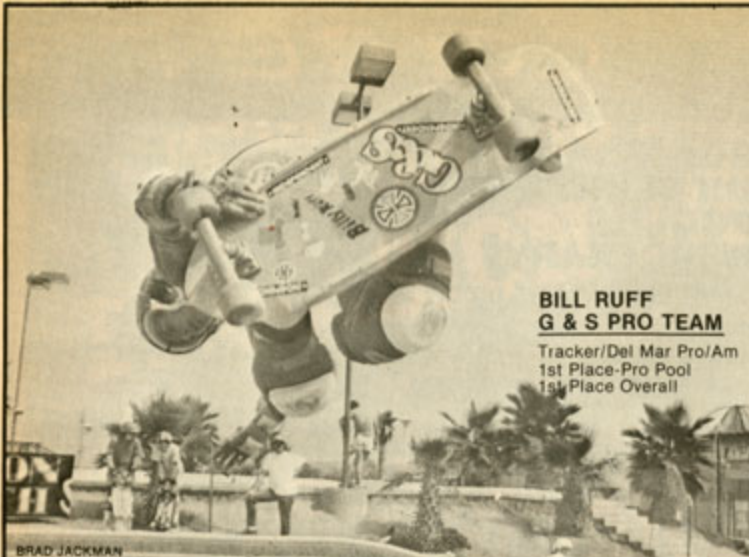
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BILL RUFF
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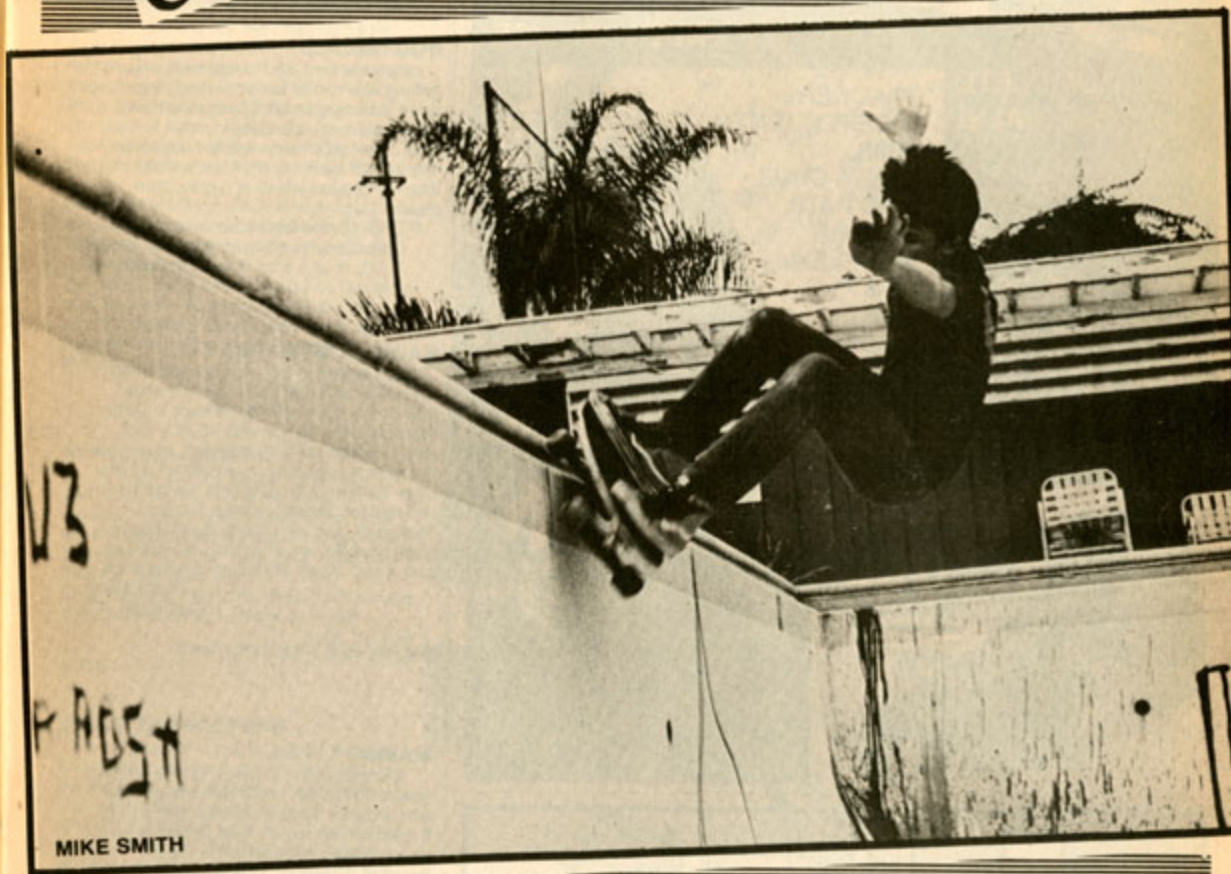
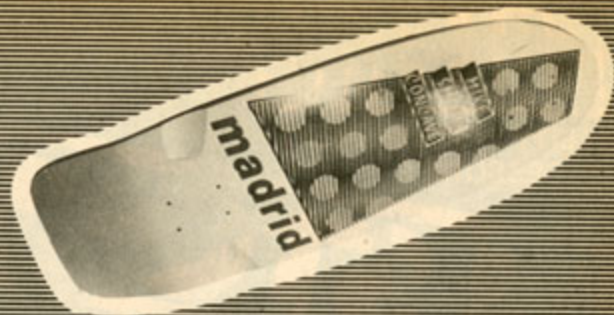
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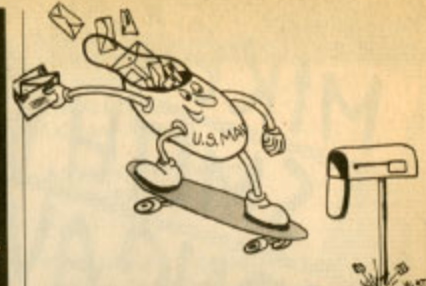


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MAIL DROP

DUG DEEP...

Lately me and my friends have been getting way rad in street skating. Ever since Winchester went under we have terrorized every skateable terrain in the area. After your ramp article I dug deep into the old wallet to produce a small but intense 1/2 pipe, which is nearly completed.

P.S. D-13 and the Midtonians shred.
Chris Cooper and assorted shreddsters
Palo Alto, California

RADICAL EVERYDAY...

Just wanted to tell you that your mag really rips and that there are still about four or five serious skaters here in Baltimore city. My friends and I built a nice small vertical ramp in my alley, so we can get radical everyday. I want to tell all the other Baltimore skaters that we still have two radical places to skate. Crofton Skatepark and the Liberty Bowl (empty pool) provide lots of vertical. So get out and shred. Keep Thrasher coming at us.

Frank Petrik
Baltimore, MD

Are you sure there's only five?

—ED

MAMBO LIVES...

Your magazine is great. Unlike others it seems to identify more with the people who actually keep skateboarding going, the kid on the street. Wild Riderz is an open minded effort which is much overdue. However, in your September issue there was a very close minded half-effort in Notes From The Underground. I mean anybody can list names of classic heavy metal bands and songs and then say all the new stuff is crap. I'd like to ask Vladimir Blutoroir if he walked five miles to school in the snow everyday.

I can just picture this guy sitting around listening to Inagaddadavida over and over, thinking of what his name will be next month.

P.S. The photos were tasty.

Mambo King
Honolulu, HI

(I MEAN...)

I think your magazine is way rad. It is the only pure skateboard mag. I mean, what do skaters and kart racers have in common? Nothing. At least you have "pure skating, way rad." I am a local of the once Winchester Skatepark, home of Stevie Caballero. It was the raddest park I've ever shredded (I've been to Big O and Del Mar). Speaking of Del Mar, now I remember what I wrote for in the first place. I just picked up your RAD October issue. It has the gnarliest scoop on the Del Mar Pro/Am. Photos to the max and an excellent story. (I liked the part when Morizen told the old man that he might miss his stop, that stoked me totally.) Also that pic on page two of Billy Ruff getting max air upside down. And that one of Mike Smith on page 15 (That guy does the raddest hand plants). But the one that really stokes me is the one of Eric Grisham doing that El Rollo Neck Plant.

Your mag is what really keeps me in the move of things since all the parks around my house closed (there used to be about 15), and the only other, so called, skaters around here are all VALS. But soon I will move (possibly to Del Mar) and there will be a whole new skate scene, hopefully a park, so I could shred. I guess I've said enough for now (I think?). Later.

Miki "Thrasher" Vukovich
Cupertino, CA

MAKE BELIEVERS...

I've been skating about a year and a half. I live in Texas and we skate on wooden ramps. We do have a mall and we do make believers out of people. Skaters Rule. Your mag is the greatest, keep up the good work. We keep shredding but this town doesn't. Punk and Skateboarders and Thrasher Rules.

Mark Bridges
Longview, Texas

PRINT THE PICTURE...

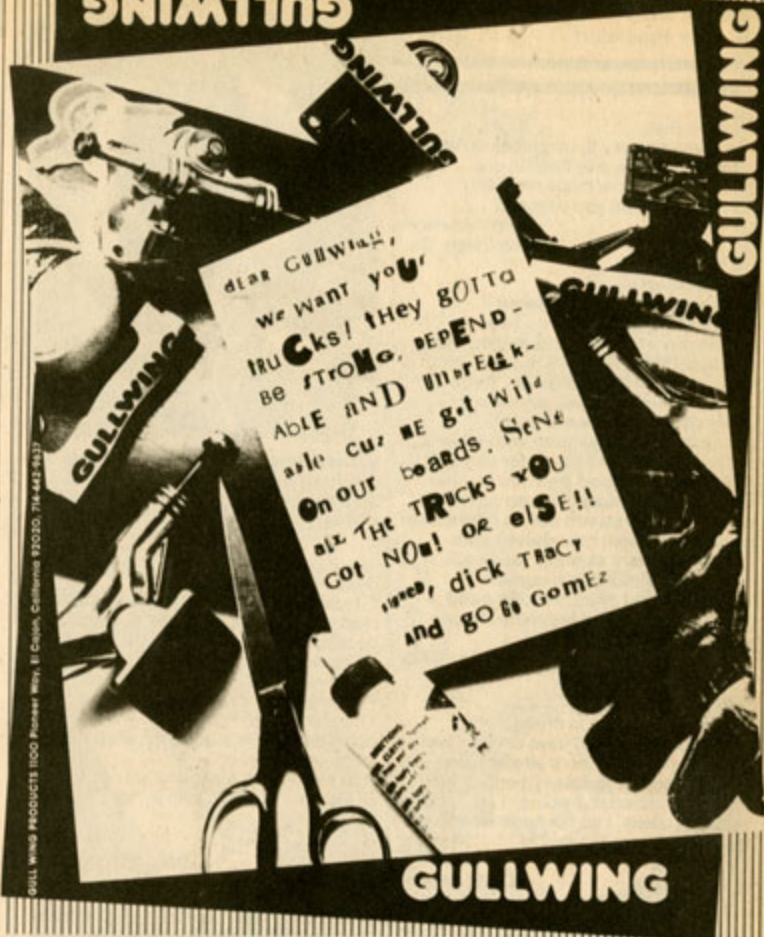
Hey, Thrasher. I got this 3x5 I took at Winchester last year. It's an okay picture, not the best, took it when I first started taking pictures. I used to have a lot but they got shredded. So this is the last one, the soul survivor. It's Geep Terranova doing an aerial in the former washboard. The kid's real rad and got style, give him a chance. I should have taken it farther back. Print the picture, I be stoked, he be stoked and maybe you will to. Your new mag format is rad, looks better than those Rolling Stone type papers. Keep the mag just skating. Your mag is only a dollar and I can still afford it. Keep the mag for skaters and by skaters.

Howard Ogawa

See, we print anything. Even sketchy photos of dead skateparks.

—ED

GULLWING



GULLWING



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ASK THE DOCTOR

Dr. Rick Blackhart

Dear Dr. Rick:

Is there any way to stay loose during competition? I've only been in one contest, but people made me pretty nervous. What do you suggest?

Kevin Johnson
San Diego, Ca.

Dr. Blackhart:

Staying cool during heated competition is tough. You have to skate your very best and pull off every move with perfection. It is something that comes with experience. There are ways in which you can prepare yourself though, mentally and physically. When skating with friends, push each other to the outer limits of radicalness. A good practice routine helps a lot because you can get tricks wired so that you will not be distracted by crowd noises, etc., during competition. Always skate to loud rock 'n' roll as this simulates a contest situation. Most of all, keep in good physical shape and concentrate on your skating.

DRB

Doctor,

I have a half-pipe in my backyard, which I used to ride 6 days a week. Well, yesterday the neighbors attacked and said we couldn't skate anymore, or they will take us to court. I wouldn't mind, but it costs big bucks. I do not know what to do. Do you have any advice?

Sincerely,
David Selfried
Deerfield, Illinois

Dr. Blackhart:

Well, I'll tell ya, David, almost all backyard ramps are, of course, going to be plagued with problems concerning neighbors, dogs and other skate rats. Finding a good spot to for a ramp other than in your own backyard is tough and usually what started out as a little quarter-pipe ramp in the driveway ends up being a full-scale backyard scatology. Complete with stereos blasting and boards flailing into the neighbor's yard. That reminds me of when I had my backyard bowl and the neighbors came down about the stereo being too loud late at night. I just laid low for a while until they realized their sour attitudes were useless. As it happened, my board flew over the fence one day and killed their dog so they finally moved.

But, anyway, as far as this court battle scene goes, I wouldn't worry about it. The worst thing that can happen is that you'll have to take it down and relocate. It is usually better

DRB



to back down in a neighbor against neighbor situation because your ramp may not be legal under certain building codes.

DRB

Dear Dr. Rick Blackhart,

I just received my Thrasher Mag and read about you on page 42. I'm writing because I would like you to tell me how many skateboard magazines there are. And please give me the address of them. Please include the price if you know. Thank you very much. I like what you're doing and you're a great life saver. God bless you.
P.S. May I have a photo of you on a skateboard? I would love to have your autograph.

Mike Khuu
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dr. Blackhart:

This is it, Mike. You're tuned in to the only 100% pure skateboarding magazine available. And we've only just begun to give you the radical coverage. However, there are a few regional publications that you might be interested in. Check out: Skate Fate, 4418 Station Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45232 for local Cincy coverage. Also look for: The Alabama Skate Report, 1937 Greenbriar Road, Florence, Alabama 35630 for the latest on the Bama scene. I'm sure they would be happy to send you a copy for the price of a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Another one you could write to for news on the UK and the European action is the Scottish Skateboarding Association magazine called Skateline. Available from Dee & Ian Urquhart, 16 Scone Gardens, Edinburgh, Scotland EH8 7DQ. They would appreciate hearing from any skaters out there.

Meanwhile, keep reading and Thrashing.

X-APPLE SKATERS...

Our skateboard park is called the Concrete Oasis and is a mogul-park with a 10-foot wall with 4 feet of vertical. We also have a Firestone half-pipe, 16' x 16' x 16', with 3 feet of vertical on each side. Sorry we could send no photos (park closed for the season), but we are supposed to take some later this month.

Also, I want to thank all of you for producing such a great SKATEBOARD magazine that beats the hell out of Achtung Rag. Your support of the sport is not going unnoticed in Mid-Ohio.

Please let all the X-Apple skaters know that there is still one place in Ohio that has vertical terrain and invite them out for next summer. The Concrete Oasis is located just off of Route 33, 2-3 miles north of Lancaster on Collins Rd. Can be seen from 33.

Thanks Mucho,
Dean A. Jones III

HUNGRY TO LEARN...

We are very sorry to hear that a lot of parks are closing in the U.S., because we originally planned to visit California in the next year. Now we want to visit all the good half-pipes, of which there are a lot here in Germany, and go to the U.K. and try their parks. The skating energy is on a high level in Germany, with the German Championships held a few weeks ago and all the other contests and the people who are totally into it. I'm sure that it will never die. I think your mag is the best ever. It does a lot for the best and most radical sport in the world. It would be great if you would print an article about new moves and boards. Since we have our half-pipe, we are hungry to learn new tricks.

Keep up the good work,
Christian Eggers
West Germany

KEEPING IT ALIVE...

How's it going? Just received my September issue in the mail and I haven't come back down to earth yet. The Kona article was superb, give my compliments to Mike. I was saddened to find out that Milpitas and Winchester are now history because I was going to be out that way possibly later this year. I am going to send some photos and an article on the skatin' in my area. Some shots of my ramp, downhill, terrorizing one of the malls in nearby Augusta. It's very, very lame in my area, but me and two other guys are keeping it alive, although everyday I'm seeing more and more street cruising. Stay rad and keep up the good work.

Chip Creamer
Jackson, South Carolina

DON'T NEED 'EM...

I'm a 19 year old skater from Kent, Wa. (a few miles from Seattle). I've been skating for 5 years now and ain't never gonna stop. I've never been to a skatepark. There used to be a park in Olympia, but no more. Parks helped the sport a lot, but it doesn't need them to survive. I skate streets, banks and ramps. The local skate place is a bank called "Rad Wave." We got a 1/2 dozen skaters who skate there. If there are any more skaters in the area, gimme a call.

Thank for the Adam and the Ants review in the May issue. Your Mag is the raddest.

Stay Rad,
Mario Enriquez
Kent, WA

OUCH...

I am disappointed in Westwood Arenas here in Toronto. Just recently they filled in our last skatepark with dirt and plan to make it into a flower bed. I asked the owners of the Hockey Arenas why they had done this and they gave me three reasons. First of all if someone was injured they could be sued as no one patrols the park. Secondly, they were not making any money as no one ever bothered to pay. No one ever came to collect the money, so I think this is unfair. Lastly, they say that us punk rockers ripped the fence down. I have no comment on this other than to say that they could have left the gate open (only kidding). I understand the first reason as I knew the person who caused Toronto's best park to be destroyed (Markham Skatepark). He hit his head on the cement there. (He still skates, by the way). But I think it is unfortunate that this had to happen. Now I shall be forced to either street skate and find new terrain or build a ramp. I built one earlier but the transition was poor. I would appreciate an article on ramp construction.

As for your mag, I think it is Alvmazing! Your articles are well written. Hopefully, next summer I'll ride down to California on my RD 350. Only problem is that it is illegal in the U.S. Oh well, my subscription is in the mail—I hope our Post Office in Canada gets it down to you okay.

Best Wishes,
Steve Belch

P.S.—Thrasher: cool name!

You know what you have to do Steve. Check out the August issue for an article on ramp building.

—ED

ALMOST NO FUN...

I've sent some photos and some advice you may want to use in your unusually



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bitchin mag. I found this pool about one month ago. It's located in some apartment complexes. Here's the scam:

—the owner/manager lives fifty miles away.

—he only visits once a month to collect the rent.

—the assistant managers, young and cool as they are, let us skate as long as we keep it cool, i.e., don't hassle tenants, vandalize, etc. ...

—the pool is so rad and such a non bust it's almost no fun to skate.

So if you're sitting around bummed because you have no place to skate, can't build a ramp, whatever the excuse, GO

EXPLORE! We did and it paid off!

Thanks much,
S.C., Katen, Ray G., Roy W.,
Slam, J.R., Sgt. Steve, Gumby
and Pokey

There you go boys. Check out our backyard pool coverage this issue. You'll be stoked.

—ED

Go ahead, gamble a stamp and tell us where you're at. Tell us where skateboarding is at! Send newsworthy items and related black-and-white photos to: THRASHER, P.O. Box 24592, San Francisco, CA 94124.



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SHOWCASE



ITEM: Folmer E Concave—Tracker Sixtracks—Sims "The Wheel" II

The Mike Folmer E Concave deck is a serious pool and vertical board. This model is well contoured, strong, lightweight and definitely flash with its purple, 5-color graphics and die cut grip tape. This deck is one of several in the new "E" line from Sims Skateboards. 7-ply Maple construction provides added strength for today's vertical demands. We found that the size of the board, 29.5" x 10.25" down to 9" at the tail, could be handled easily by smaller skaters as well as handle larger riders. Also available, a fiberglass-epoxy (FE) design (8 oz. fiberglass, 6-ply Rock Maple).

The Tracker Sixtrack Truck from Tracker Designs Ltd. is a good recommendation here. Smooth turning action, good stability, and a variety of tune-up accessories make Trackers a good choice for any type of terrain. The addition of Copers on both trucks and a Lapper on the back provides a dual purpose, protection of your equipment and extension of grinding and sliding maneuvers.

Rounding off this set-up is "The Wheel" II from Sims. Measuring at 63.5 x 58 mm. and available in an assortment of colors, including the popular two-tone shown here, "The Wheel" II exceeds its own specifications in respect to rebound, speed and durability.



ITEM: Santa Cruz Concave Street Skate—Independent 131 Stage II—Park Rider IV Wheels.

Santa Cruz Skateboards has been involved in the many different facets of skateboarding for quite a while.

The first company to market a board for street use (the original Street Skate) have combined the best design characteristics from their quiver of models and come up with the new Concave Street Skate.

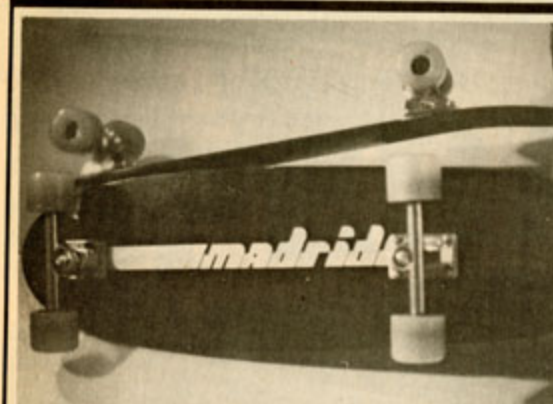
Basically the same shape as their previous street board, but with a fuller nose and tail, the board measures 30" long by 9.8" wide. The kicktail is set at a 13-degree angle and the concavity is a slight 2 degrees. The bright canary yellow paint job and bold, black Santa Cruz lettering looks sharp too.

Set up with Independent 131 Stage II trucks, for quick turning ability and a wide range of adjustment, this board is ready for streets, banks and pools.

The choice of wheels for this board really remains up to the individual and the type of terrain. The Park Rider IV's shown here offer a size and shape well suited for this particular set up and the harder durometer of these wheels provided for some lengthy street sliding as well as freestyle precision.



A general guide to the latest in skatedecks and accessories

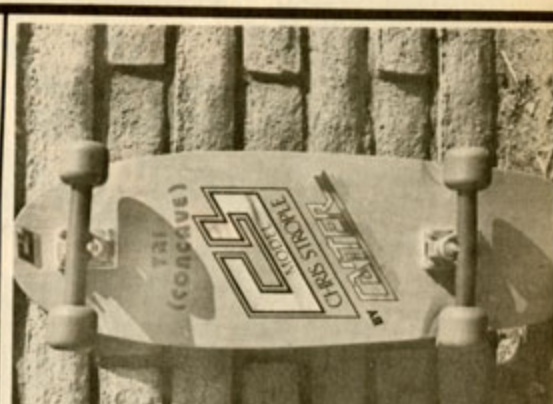


ITEM: Madrid Street Model—City Street Wheel—Independent 131's—Grindmasters

The Street model from Madrid is proving to be one of the best on the market today. Measuring in at 30 inches in length and 9 1/2 inches at its widest point, this Madrid Street Model is versatile in many modes of skateboard activity, especially banks. The 30-inch model is one of three street boards offered by Madrid. The other two measure 40 inches and 28 inches long, respectively. Construction consists of 7 plies of quality hardwood pressed into a flat deck with a 13-degree kicktail. New board graphics soon for a more distinctive look.

The wheels are a new product on the market. From Smoothhill Skate Distributors comes "City Street" wheels. This 64 mm x 50 mm, 82A durometer wheel, comes in two colors, green (as featured here) and blue with a black core. Since many of the parks have closed, street skating has been on the increase. "City Street" wheels have been formulated for the street sessioner, allowing itself to good speed and traction on rough surfaces.

Independent 131's round out this set-up. Fitted with grindmasters, these trucks wail in hairball situations, lending themselves towards great stability.



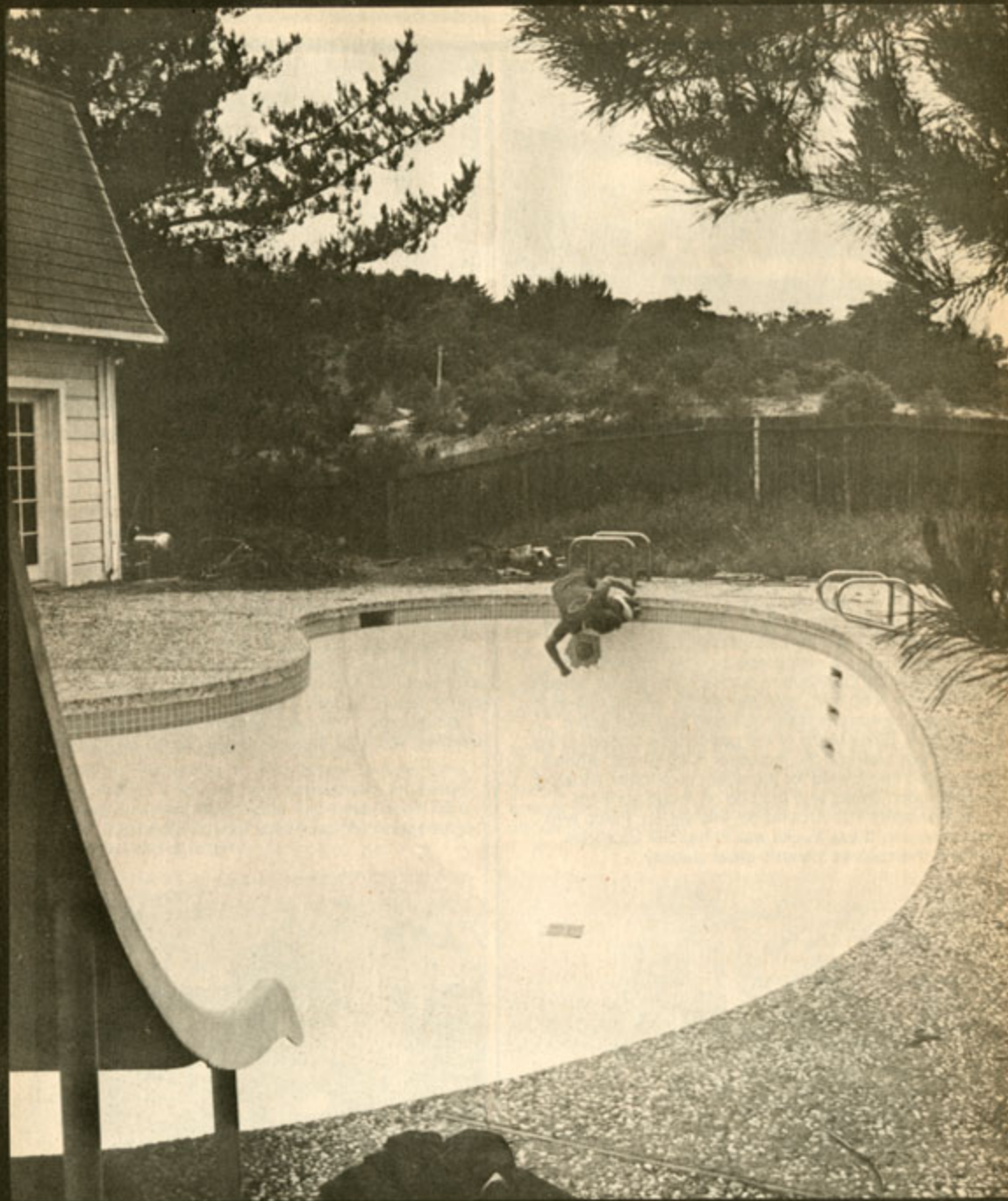
ITEM: Chris Stropole Model by Caster-Powell/Peralta Bones Mini-Cubics Independent 169's

A transparent yellow paint job and sharp graphics make the Chris Stropole Model by Caster one of the most attractive boards on the market today. This 5-ply, pool/park board is constructed of maple/fiberglass for a combination of lightness and durability. The concave, set to Chris' spec's at 3 degrees, and precise configuration allow for exacting foot placement for extensive maneuverability. Dimensions set at 30 1/2" x 10 1/4", with a 14-degree kick make for a more sufficient deck surface.

Landing gear consists of Independent 169's and Powell/Peralta Bones Mini-Cubics. The Mini-Cubics, an excellent pool and ramp wheel, have a durometer of 93 and measure 64 mm x 57 mm.

Independent 169's compliment this combination with exacting width for these dimensions and components.





SKATE FICTION...

OPERATION: INFILTRATION

IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU...

I turned the ignition off and coasted the rest of the way down the street, stopping three doors before our objective. The air was still except for the faint sound of crickets over in the nearby marsh.

I motioned silence to my companions, Ivan, Rex and Rycky. We must remain quite still for a period of time so as not to give ourselves away. I yanked at the velcro Crystal Cover Strap of my Indestructable nylon Commando Watchband, revealing the luminous dial. 0200. The Websters should be right in the middle of their weekly Satanic ritual over on the other side of town about now. That leaves us with about two full hours of skate time in their empty 12' kidney.

We have been monitoring the Websters for about three weeks now, and have come to the conclusion that they are devout members of a satanic cult. It doesn't bother us though, because their beliefs take them out of the house once a week for meetings and sacrifices.

Our crew was pretty bushed, me included. We had been on maneuvers through the hottest part of the day over in the now famous, lower Eastside, behind the tortilla factory. We were functioning at about 75 percent bodily strength level and if not for a stop by 'The Manor' to visit the mainman, we would be pretty much out

of commision by now. The Grade C coursed rapidly through our veins, more and more as we anticipated zero-gravity.

"Smoke em' if ya' got em'", I said to the rest just before the vows of silence were taken. We crept down the sidewalk, evenly paced.

Upon reaching the Webster's back fence, Rex and Ivan held a board between them, making a makeshift step. I went over the wall first, lightly touching the ground. Thirty seconds was the interval time. One thousand-three, one thousand-two, one thousand-one. I gave the high-sign and soon everyone was on the inside.

We sprinted to the far side of the pool, so as to have a full view of the house, just in case our information proved imperfect.

I was crouched next to a patio table. On it a curious looking centerpiece. I picked it up for close quarter examination. The centerpiece, as they are called, was a perfectly intact skeleton of a cat sitting on its haunches. The skull was painted blood red, with a white symbol emblazoned between the eyes. I put it back down with disregard. We weren't here to sightsee.

The area seemed pretty secure, so we scrambled into the pool. Ivan's pain was becoming evident. He was favoring the leg that got hit with a thrown bat at a stupid game of over-the-line that we broke up yesterday afternoon. We got

chased all along the beachfront. Rycky stole the ball from a volleyball championship, in progress, and impaled it on a surveyors stake. We got chased some more, but this time by two groups of people.

The terrain was etched in our minds and we knew all of the byways, as opposed to our persuers, who must of been from the valley or other related tourist bases.

The ensuing chase led us right into a belly-flop-distance-contest, where Rex tripped and fell onto the runway, landing on the head of a trendy-jock. Another hoard of persuants on our tail, but we were trained for that type of action and soon eluded the enemy.

In the bottom of the pool, I assigned positions with the simple waves and gestures of my hand. One man in the pool at time, with a man positioned at the face wall and the other two on the right and left walls to shag flailed boards, keeping them from clattering on the deck(which would in turn blow this whole operation).

I was the first to take the sacred virgin run. It(the transition) was as smooth as silk. Gliding into a lengthy carve grind, my rear coping device wore through and demanded attention with the sharp barks of metal against coping. In the shallow end, I grabbed a freshone from my utility pack and snapped it on with the swift motion of my heel. It snapped on healthily.

(On cue with the snap, a russle in the bushes went unnoticed near the house as three dark hooded figures elevated above the shrubs and remained still.)

I shoved in for another run and gyrated for what seemed like forever. We went in rotation, shifting positions and keeping a close vigil in the event of intruders. Ready at all times for the sudden dash for the seeming sanctuary of the suburbanlandscape of driveways and backyards. So far. All quiet.

I peeled back the velcro once again to see how much time remained. 0318. I figured about a half hour to be safe. I snapped my finger once to get their attention, then twirled my hand above my head, signaling them to speed up the pace between runs.

Rycky started to take stronger and stronger pushes, getting higher and higher air each run. The same with Rex and Ivan in other moves.

I was on face wall duty when Ivan was taking his last run. He flailed about intensely, no cinder untouched. Upon re-entry from a lofty one, he hung-up on the coping and snapped a main-bolt. As I leaned over the side of the pool checking to see if he was alright, I sensed a movement 90 degrees to the left. I took an unflinching glance in that direction and froze at the sight of the three hooded figures standing abreast not twenty feet away.

The center figure I could see was holding some sort of bloodied spiritual knife, that was still dripping slightly. I assumed that the sacrifices had finished early this evening. I then broke the vow of silence shouting, "ABORT!"

I turned back towards the pool to help Ivan as the figures drew closer. Ivan stuck the able trucked end of the board up for me to grab. Grabbing the hanger, I hoisted Ivan out of the pit. Rycky and Rex were already at the fence



holding a board out for the retreat. Ivan went over first while I started chucking the remaining boards over the wall. I was just about to sling the last board over, when Rex pointed behind me and told me to duck. Not a second to soon too, for no sooner had I ducked four inches, I felt the brush of cloak across my back as it whistled past my ear. I responded with a quick twisting motion, bringing the tail of the board around and swiftly landing it in the hooded figures stomach area. A hissing sound came from under the cloak where a face should be, as the figure slumped over and onto the ground. One down and two to go.

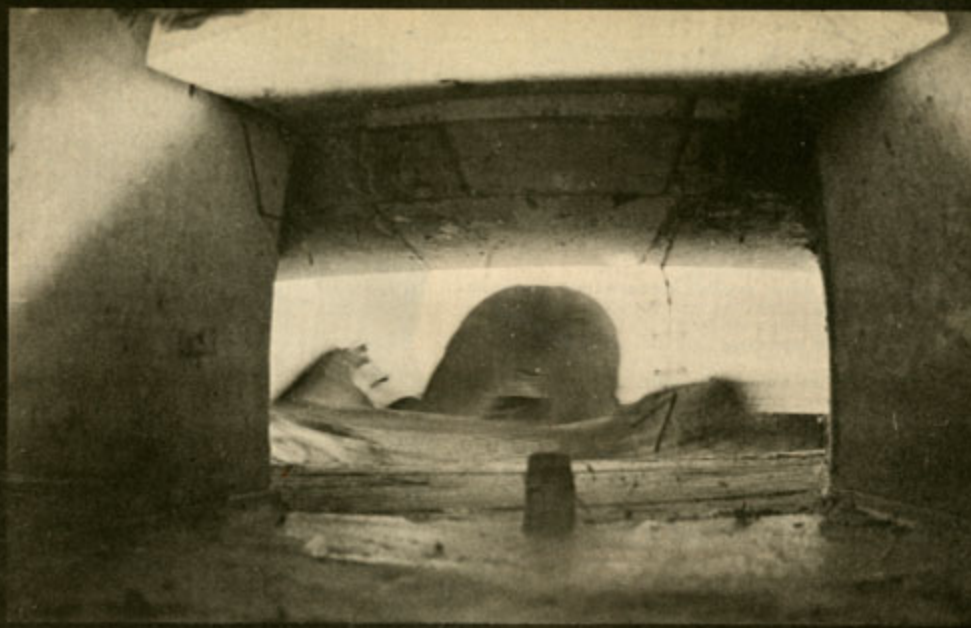
We had to work fast because the other hooded creeps were closing in fast. Rex made his way over the wall and yelled that there were more on the other side. So me and Rycky smashed our two hoods into submission and scrambled over the wall to help our buddies out. We were just in time. There were four of them and four of us. That's the kind of odds I like to see.

As I clambered over after Ryck, I spotted another of the things coming around a far corner of the house. I waited until it was just below me before I pounced on the unsuspecting sucker, letting him have it in the center of the back with the rail of my board. I planted my knee between its shoulder blades to check to see if it was still breathing. Satisfied, I moved in behind the other aggressors, surprising them.

Over by the driveway, another knife wielder had slashed up the side of Ivan's face and had him on the ground ready to administer the coup de grace. Ryck spotted this and reacted quickly, running across the lawn, jumping into the air with his board and pressure dropping onto it's back. The thing collapsed immediately. Ivan was holding his face in mute agony, not uttering a sound. Ryck nudged the figure with his foot, checking for signs of life. Nothing.

We have beaten them back for a while, but it looked as though they were regrouping for another assault. We used this precious time to make our exit.

After we all piled into the car, I started it up and took off. We started flashing on the



close call and how we probably wouldn't of made it out alive, when suddenly, the power in the car ceased. I tried to start it again, but to no avail. The rear-view mirror showed me that our hooded friends were less than a half a block behind us and were rapidly closing in. Our ass was in the sling once again.

Those occultists were pretty determined mothers. I wonder if this has anything to do with those cat bones I picked up? It doesn't matter now, nothing does, except getting out of this tricky situation NOW!!

We decided to ride it out on our boards. We bailed out and I gave Ivan my board to replace his thrashed model, while I grabbed my street board from the back seat.

As I pulled out of the car, the first hooded figure came running up to me. I winged the thrashed and broken board at its feet, immediately knocking it down face first into the street. More hissing.

The bottom of my board was all covered with the blood from Ivan's bleeding wounds. I tossed it onto the ground and mounted, pushing off to catch up to the rest of the guys who were pumping heavily down the street.

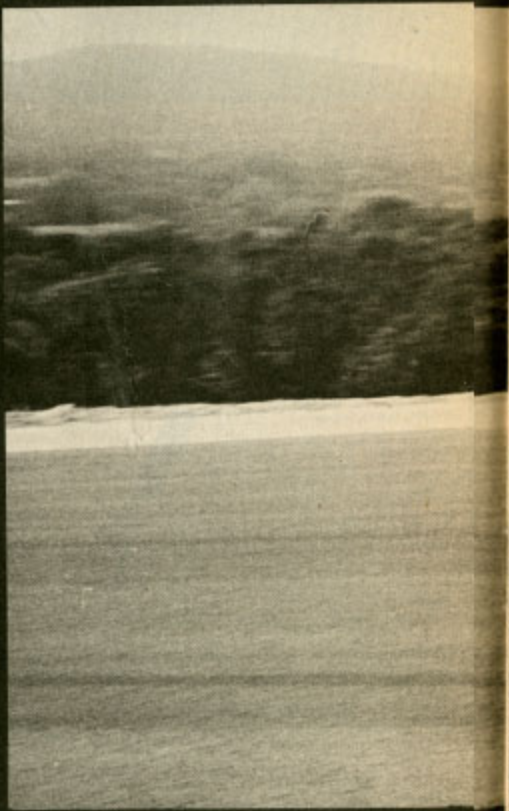
We thought we were scott free when we rounded the corner, but running at us from the other end of the street were seven more of the Websters using the scattered assault formation.

We excelled with a few more strong pushes. The figures provided excellent obstacles for effective street slalom. We sliced right through their line of defense like butter. All except Ivan. He stopped to get a little redemption for his wounds. Satisfied, he sped away.

We skated for miles at a steady clip, frequently checking to see if we were being followed. Finally we split up and went our separate ways. I was sure glad to see the old neighborhood. I stopped by a lightpost for a brief rest.

Leaning against the phonebooth beneath the light, I looked up at the stars and pondered the infinity of space. How some things are harder to perceive than others. "Where will I be tomorrow?", I thought to myself. Then the phone in the booth began to ring, yanking me back from the haze of deep thought. I let it ring, but it persisted. I walked into the booth, closing the door behind me. The phone continued to ring. I slowly reached for the receiver at the same time noticing the drastic drop in temperature inside the booth. I put the receiver to my ear. Nothing. It was silent for a moment and then a soft ticking sound started as if the mouthpiece at the other end was being tapped upon.

I listened as the sound increased in volume, louder and louder until it vibrated the structure of the phonebooth. It was then that I realized that I was not alone. I was surrounded by at least ten of those hooded things. Trapped by the ringing phone in the phonebooth. Oldest trick in the book, and I fell for it.



The noise increased to unbearable levels. The Websters pounded on the booth in cadence with the loud ticking noise. "That was it. I can't take this much longer."

I wedged my board against the door so those creeps couldn't get in. Ice crystals were forming on the walls of the booth, but I was sweating profusely. I began to feel faint and dizzy. Everything was going dark and I felt as though I was losing control of my motor nerves. Everything went pitch black. I was helpless. All I could sense now was the ticking. It was echoing inside my head reverbally.

TICKING.
TICKING.
TICKING.
TICKING.

I awoke with a start. Someone was banging on my bedroom window. My bedroom window? I was home. It was all a stupid dream. I went to the window and drew the curtain. It was Rex. Today we were going to skate that pool at the Websters. That's right. They're out of town for the weekend.

I gave Rex the five-minute signal and turned to put on my clothes. I looked in my closet for my pool board. Nothing. Probably in my car. MY CAR!!

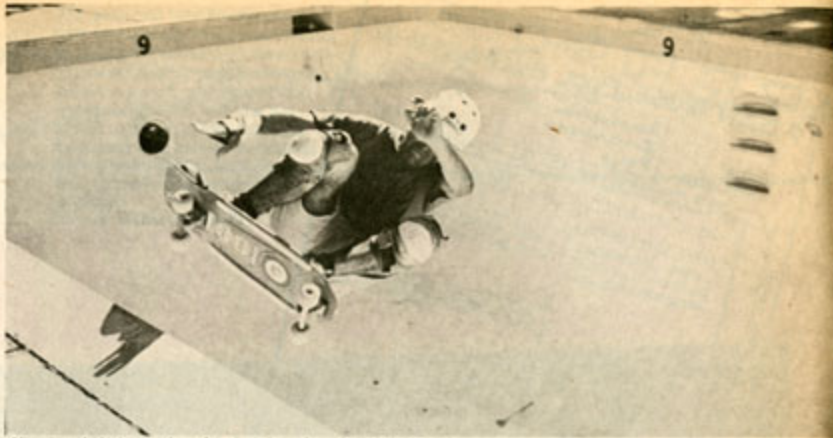
I grabbed the rest of my gear and flew outside. My car was in the driveway where it always is. I opened the trunk to see if the board was in there. Nothing. I checked the backseat. No pool board, but my street board was lying right there on the seat. I grabbed it to put it away in the house and continue my search for the other board.

The street board was wet to the touch, I turned it over to see and dropped it in an instant. I fell back against the car, staring in horror at my stained hands. My street board was covered with blood.

-Johnny Tough-



The untrained eye may not notice even the most obvious pool clues. To the boys from the pool exchange this 8-story billboard was a slap in the face that led to hours of sessioning. Photo K. Thatcher.



All around skater and professional pool seeker, Bob Denike, samples a recent pool exchange acquisition. Early release frontside air at S.T.A.R. pool. Photo Richard E. Garcia.

Different pools, different methods of attack. Keith Meek slaps one over the splash gutter tiles at D.A. Photo K.T.



pools on a street map. If you can't get a plane, go to a high rise building or foothills and look for pools with binoculars.

Large mansion-type homes in the foothills always have pools and are often drained. Just drive around in the hills and scam.

Keep your ears open for news of fires and/or damage to houses in rich neighborhoods, and you will undoubtedly have a pool until the home gets fixed. If you use your mind and become skatewise, you'll find a pool, no problem.

When you do find a pool, don't rush things. Scan the possible escape routes, see if it's a bust and scope the area for owners, managers, large dogs, etc., before you skate. Be quiet, no large ghetto blaster tape decks or shouting of any kind. Let no one onto you or your scam. Be clean, no trash or graffiti, and don't smash out steps or coping. Nobody should even know that you have invaded their space. I suggest you contact the owner eventually and trade yard work or odd jobs for skate privileges—but be diplomatic in doing this.

Last but not least, respect the law. You may be trespassing, and the 18 and over crowd, you could pay the price. Skate with someone you can trust in a pressure situation (i.e., dogs, owners, cops). There is nothing worse than getting busted because some KOOK fully jelled under pressure.



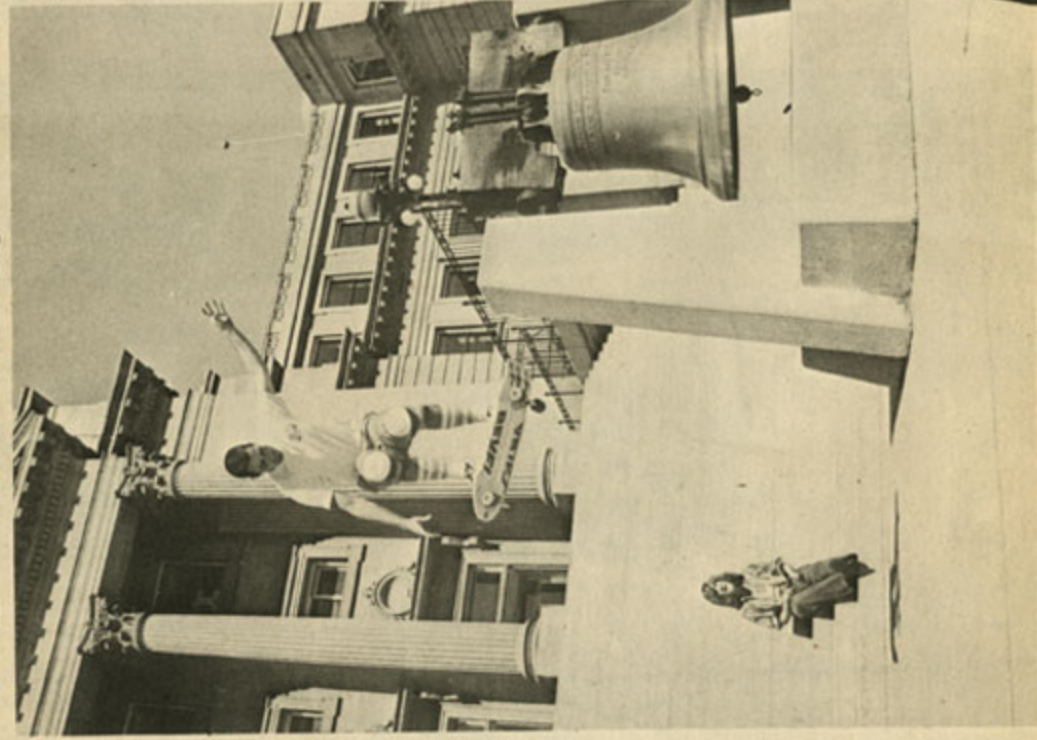
Pools are the last great frontier, and they are waiting to be put to good use. All of these techniques have worked for us, and they may very well work for you. Use your imagination, brains and available resources, and go out and find a pool. Be skatewise and you will survive.

—Bob Denike

Radical backyard pool sessions are the proving grounds for new moves. Some are made, some are never tried again. Backhart in control of a frontside 50-50 grind at D.A. Photo K.T.

At a neighborhood pool the sessioning is casual. Steve Caballero finds a line where none should exist, frontside corner air on a freestyle board. Photo K.T.





Kerry Hines, "7 ft. Isaac Newton off the Bell of Liberty."

Rolls

PHOTOS/MIKE BATES



Skate architecture is everywhere. Brad Johnson, free tail layback.



Mike Mullock, "Gasher Flip."

Aggressive attacks of freestyle creativity in architectural dimensions of concrete. Moves are made to take advantage, imagination progresses skate survival. The League of Wimpy Skaters inventive ideas keep a dying sport alive. If it dies, it's your fault. Forget the cash and stardom, skate for fun, survival!



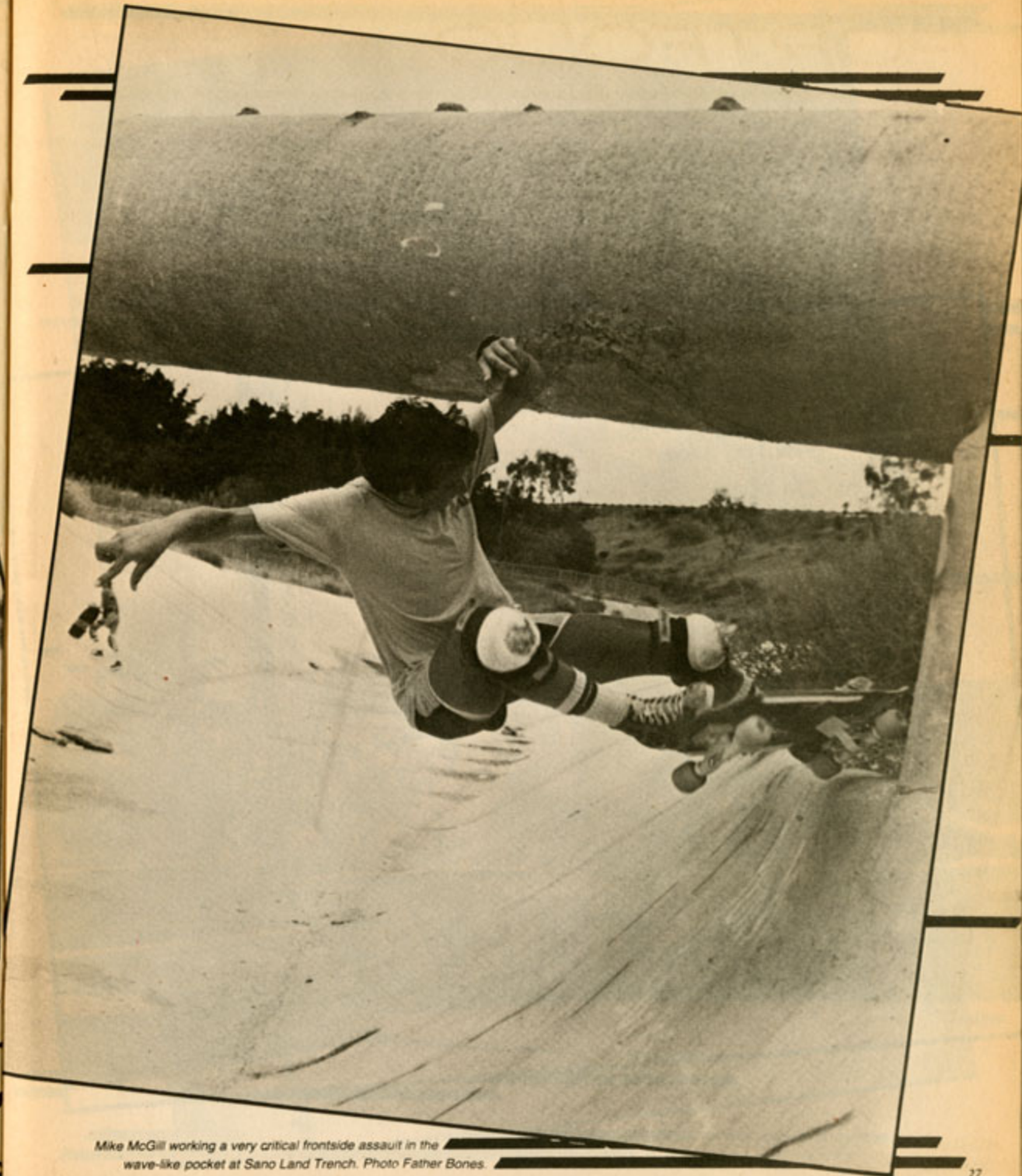
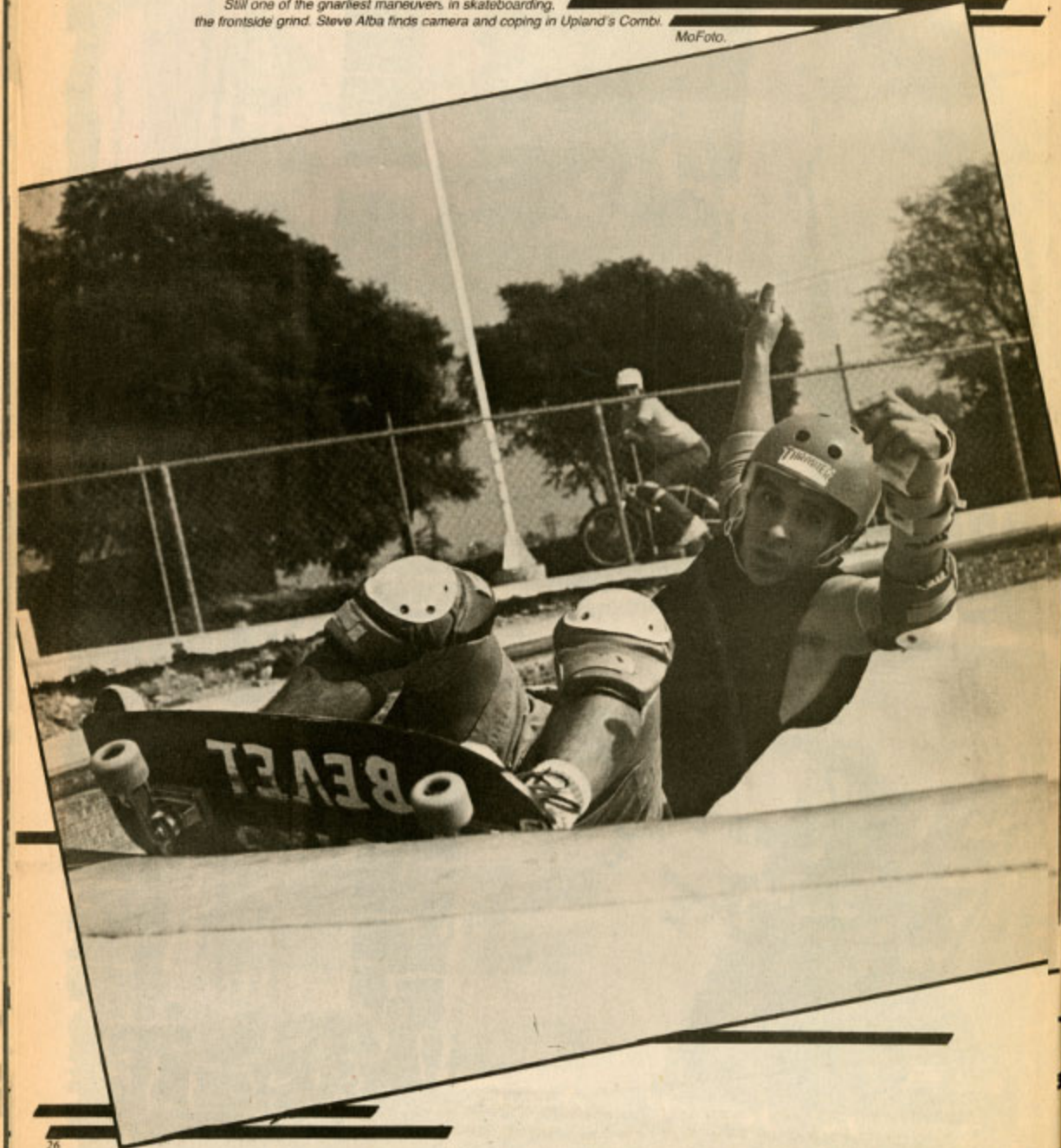
Modern skater, modern moves. Deviant walkover drop-in by Jeff Morris.

PORTFOLIO

FRONTSIDE ATTACK!

Still one of the gnarliest maneuvers in skateboarding,
the frontside grind. Steve Alba finds camera and coping in Upland's Combi.

MoFoto.



Mike McGill working a very critical frontside assault in the
wave-like pocket at Sano Land Trench. Photo Father Bones.

As if carving imaginary coping, Mike Smith blazes a high speed
frontside ollie across the canyon of Lakewood's new pool. MoFoto.



Frontside edgework in the shallow end.
Scott Foss at D.A. pool. Photo K.T.

Pool Exchange founder, Craig Ramsay, tests the coping of a newly found pool with a frontside edger. Photo Richard Garcia.



JANUARY '81



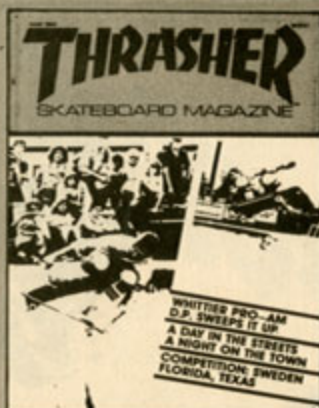
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ALABAMA

Author Patrick Wachter floats through an innovative footplant cesslide in Get-A-Ways' 13 foot pool. Sequence by Tom Ledbetter.

Whenever Alabama is mentioned, people usually think of tobacco-chewing rednecks, honky-tonk bars, and the Ku Klux Klan. Underneath all the hype and stereotypes associated with the South, there is a civilized skate scene thriving in Alabama.

The first signs of energy were evident in the sixties, when Alabama skate pioneer, Jon Woodridge (who later formed the Pipe Dreams Team in the 70's), cruised the streets of Birmingham on his clay-wheeled Hobie.

Huntsville, Mobile, Gadsden, Florence and Birmingham make up the five major skate communities in Alabama with Tuscaloosa and Montgomery still showing signs of dedicated skate activity.

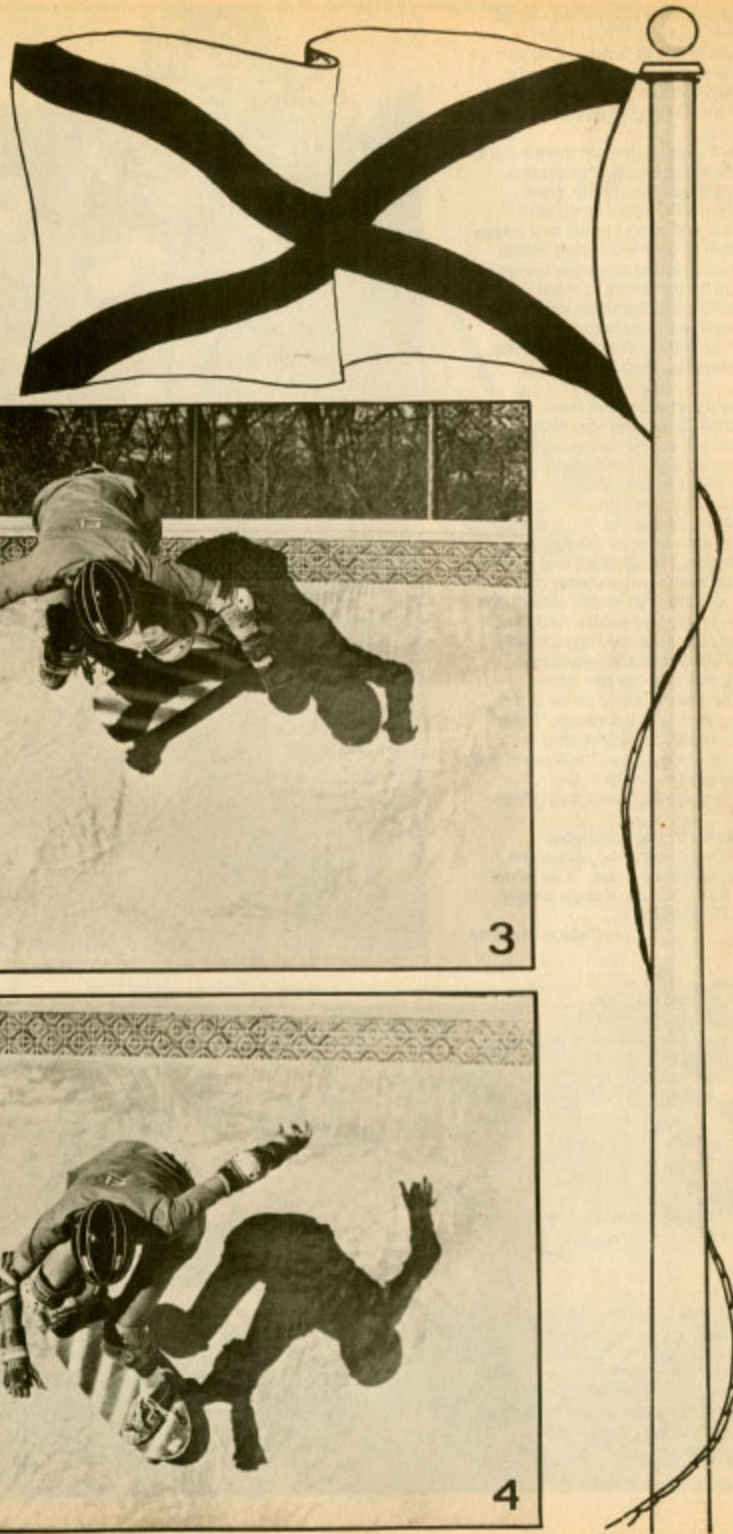
Huntsville (in the North-Central part of the state) is the location of Get-A-Way Skatepark. Bill Underwood's design efforts, Bob Mead's quality control and Duane Bigelow's (Apple, Cherry Hill and the Upland combi-pool are among his credits) concrete work has made Get-A-Way the hottest park in this area.

Since H'ville locals spend most of their skating time at the park, ramp and ditch sessions have almost diminished. The Get-A-Way has fostered some of Alabama's best vert skaters. Buddy Rawls (SIMS), Paul Gierow and Kurt Jose are just a few whose skate talent has excelled since the park opened its doors in '79.

Down on the Gulf, Skatewave Skatepark in Mobile, is closed due to poor design. For Dana Buck, Todd Smith, Greg Bloodsworth and the rest of the locals, it's back to the ramps. Along with winter surf sessions, there's still energy to be tapped in Mobile.

Located in the East-Central part of the state, Gadsden's main skating attraction is Flying Wheels Skatepark. At present it is closed due to insurance and vandalism problems.

Built on the banks of the Coosa River, the park features Duane Bigelow's concrete work and what locals hail as one of the best half-pipes in existence. Designed by Mike Williams and owner Dave Norton in the back of a van in San Diego, Flying Wheels came to exist in '78. Alabama was put back on the map when Di Dootson directed a major contest there in the fall of '78.



Reigning Alabama slam-dance kings, Bart Burgess and Jon Moyer have rekindled the downhill fever in Gadsden, producing good racing at the Country Club and Alpine View. Gadsden's young skate crew are taking full advantage of their environs.

Although Florence doesn't have a park, there is a dense population of skaters. Florence, located in the North West corner of the state, offers along with intense ramp and ditch sessions, a heavy concentration of downhill racing. Steve Desters skateshop occasionally brings in touring Pros for the locals to meet.

A city sponsored skateclub keeps over 3 dozen members busy with a regular program of activities; monthly meetings, trips to skateparks, demos, contests, etc....

Early skate pioneers, Jeff Held, Greg Hodges, Scott Sloan and Max Russell, got the Florence scene rolling back in '77, and it shows no sign of letting up.

It's back to the streets for B'ham skaters. Alabama's first park, Wheel A'Wave, opened in '77. It was bulldozed in the winter of '80 due to its outdated design. Ramp, ditch and street skating have become the steady diet of the B'ham skaters. Hot locals, slalom ace Mark Eddings and freestylers Andy and Tim Spinosi (all of the old Pipe Dreams Team), are still your daily hardcores.

Alabam's skate scene has gone unnoticed for years. Mike Folmer put it best during his first tour through, "I didn't know it was here!" Skateboarding in Alabama has come of age because of the everyday dedicated skaters, too numerous to mention, that made it happen.

Most reading this are probably expecting this piece to end with some typical Southern dialect like, "Y'all come see us" or such. Not so. It ends simply, "WE LIVE TO THRASH!"

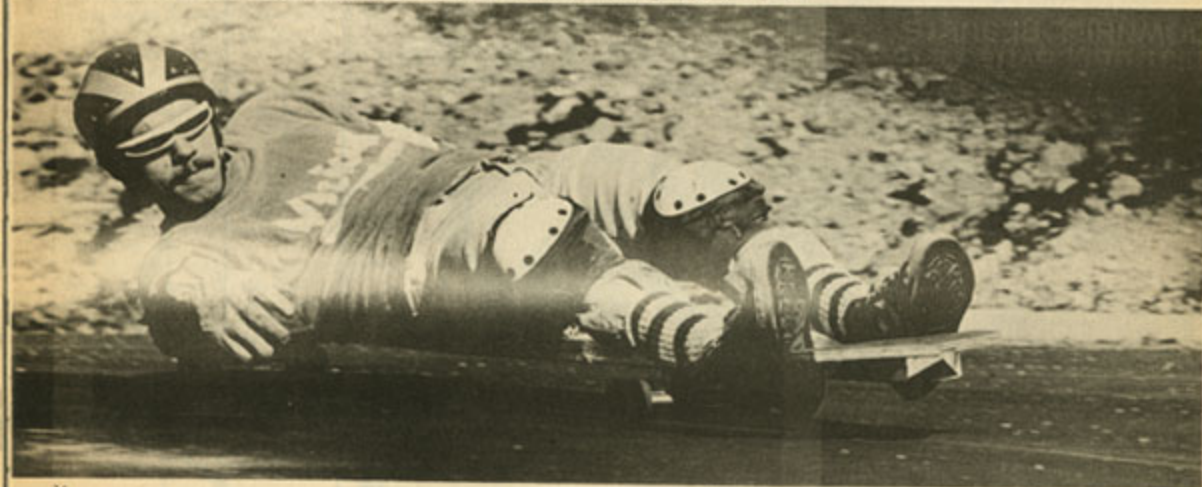
—Patrick Wachter



Vaniflex tourist, Lance Mountain enjoying the extremes at Get-A-Ways' 13 foot keyhole.

Joanna Graham

Florence Hardcore, Max Russell, cranking a right hander in North Alabama during the winter of 1980.



Eric Grisham blasts skyward and tip toes back into Get-A-Ways' 13 footer.

Photo Jeff Newton.

1981 BELLEVUE OPEN



Overall winner Byron Miller, Giant Slalom.

Darlene Sporn

In one of the most grueling, demanding and intense races in recent years, John Hutson proved to the world that he is still "King of the Hill," by beating the best racers that skateboarding had to offer at the 1981 Bellevue Open Skateboard Contest on September 13th and 14th.

The setting for the multi-event contest was in Bellevue, Washington—just minutes outside the metropolitan area of Seattle. Pulling the difficult duty of both professional racers and contest organizers, Rick Fike and Byron Miller picked the ultimate weekend for the race. Slated right in-between two thunderstorms, cloudless skies and near 90 degree temperatures prevailed.

Twenty-five of Washington's and California's finest assembled on Saturday morning to begin the first of two days of intense racing on College Hill. The Cal contingent consisted of—from Los Angeles: Roger Hickey and Perry Fisser; from central Cal, Paul Dunn (of sandboarding fame); Santa Cruz's own team of Hutson and Tim Piumarta; San Jose's pride and joy Bob Denike and Berkeley's Chris Pettyjohn.

The two events to be held on Saturday were slalom and Giant Slalom. Slalom was first, and 24 year old Byron Miller—who is also a top ski racer on the National Ski Circuit—won the pro event easily. Byron said later about his victory on the

near 70 cone course, "I hadn't really skated cones in about a year. I guess everybody was pretty rusty."

Hutson had just arrived from the airport minutes before the slalom event started. Expecting to race only downhill that weekend, the Hut brought only his speed equipment along on the trip. That didn't make any difference to the locals, for they conned John into racing anyway. "I had just stepped off the plane," Hut recalled later, "and I didn't know what else to do, so I unconsciously borrowed some slalom equipment and raced. I was just trying to be nice!" Hutson's fuzziness showed, and the once mighty slalom racer just couldn't put it together on rented gear. The best



David Wood out in front of John Hutson.

Darlene Sporn

he could pull was a low 7th place. Recapping the slalom event, Miller collected \$60.00 with a winning time of 18.181, Art Morrison took home \$30.00 for second place and Olympia skater Rick Bates skated away with third and a \$20.00 spot.

As the morning wore on the sun warmed things up, the racing grew hotter, too. The next event was the Giant Slalom, the giant it was! One run down the course took just under a minute to complete, and the winner was none other than Byron Miller again! To win you had to have the fastest two runs out of three tries. Byron's time of 107.426 was a good two seconds ahead of number 2 place Rick Fike, and number 3 Hutson. Miller received a slightly bigger check of \$75.00 for first, while Fike earned \$40.00 and Hutson \$25.00. Without a doubt, the most memorable event of the Giant Slalom came from Perry Fisser. The California

luger went into turn two just a little too fast for his own good, and pulled off a perfect triple back flip-slip.

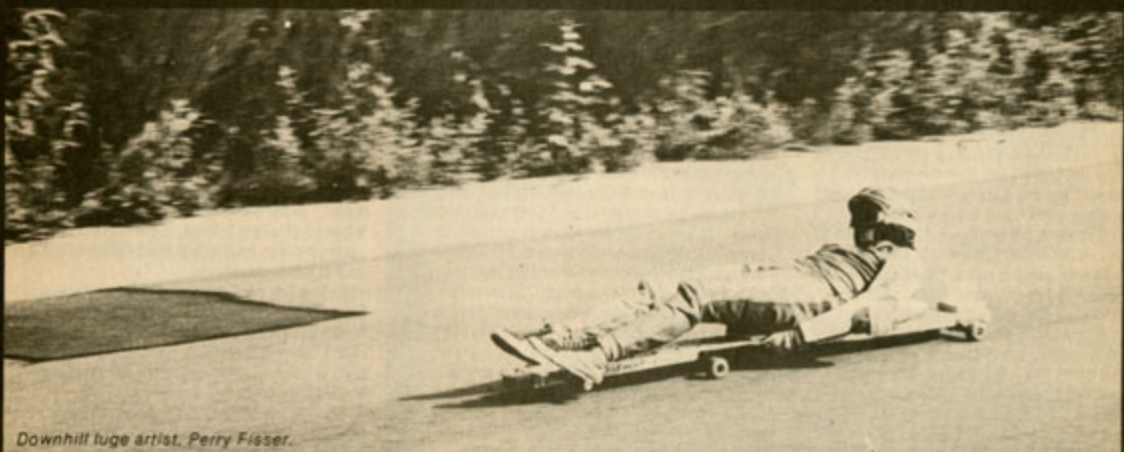
Practice for the Premier event—the Downhill—started immediately after the completion of the G.S. Downhill road racing was the name of the game and the players were the best in the business! Although these were the same racers that had squared off at Capitola and Laguna Seca earlier this year, this was not destined to be just another race.

College Hill far surpassed the previous contest sites in intensity and degree of difficulty. The hill was like none other ever raced in an organized contest. A fast 36–38 mph starting with a super hard push-off, then into three turns. The first turn was a 90 degree left hander, then a flat 100 yard section that set a racer up for turn number 2. Turn 2 was a sharp 90 degree right hander that emptied into the steep drop off that made up the fastest

part of the course. At the bottom of the shoot comes turn number 3, which turned out to be the most difficult part of the course. This turn shoots by at around 34 mph and then the straight shot to the finish is only 150 yards long.

"It's a tight turning road race that demands the most control, the most accuracy, the most skateboarding ability you can muster. This course demands everything, straight line speed, balance, judgment and control..." Hutson described the course further after taking a few practice runs in this way, "You could just roll down from the top and still have to think about making turn number 3 at the bottom. Although I'd just like to mention that we were pushing as hard as we could at the top!"

For Bob Denike, who had just one week earlier at Capitola nearly beat Hutson on an easier course, the hill posed a very interesting problem. "Each time I went to



Downhill luge artist, Perry Fisser.

Darlene Sporn

the top of the hill after a run, I kept asking Hut "where do I hit the turn?" You know, I just kept asking him questions." The problem was, Hutson may not have known himself. Byron Miller, full knowing that he had somewhat of a "home turf" advantage, summed up the course in just three words. "Isn't it NICE?"

Sunday morning the racers woke up to the ultimate in high cholesterol breakfasts. As everyone congregated at the bottom of the hill, it was easy to see that there was a separate faction of skaters already using the hill that morning. Laydown, luge, butboarders, or whatever, many of these guys were really moving down the hill. Some of them had sophisticated pieces of machinery formed out of sheet and bar aluminum, while others had simple skateboards with handles bolted to the nose. Five of these luges squared off against the infamous pair from the Underground Racers Association—Roger Hickey and Perry Fisser. While the rest of the stand-up skateboarders looked on, these seven laydown artists first qualified then went head to head in some very exciting racing. While the Washington racers had sleek and short laydown machines, the boys from L.A. had long, rattling monsters that seemed to wobble all over the course. Evidence this by Perry Fisser's near miss of the curb, sidewalk, bushes and finally a fire hydrant. Although it was the general consensus of the crowd that the local Flying Wood Brothers looked faster, the clock proved differently. Fisser and Hickey qualified almost a half-second ahead of the pack. After all was said and done, Roger and Perry faced each other in the finals, with the "kid w/no respect" coming out on top for his first victory since Laguna Seca. Hickey took home \$125.00 for first, Fisser got \$75.00 for second and local Dave Wood took third and \$50.00.

And now it was time for what everyone had waited for—the Downhill. A fair sized crowd had assembled, complete with some of Bellevue's finest on hand. There was also a police squad on video, radar and band aids (actually complete mobile medical unit, which later proved invaluable...thanks go out to the Bellevue Police Dept.) After a half-hour of practice, the qualifying began. Everything was going smoothly, until on his first qualifying run, the "Masked Man" Hickey blasted across the finish line with a very fast time. His only problem was that he couldn't slow down for the last turn in the run-out. Roger then executed a very beautiful superman dive off his board and onto the asphalt at 36 mph. Luckily for Hickey, the Metro/Medic squad did a "bang-up" job of repairing the fallen racer. The "masked man" received a standing ovation from the crowd (they were standing anyway, so what the hell), as the shuttle took a shaken up Hickey back to the top of the course.

Washington local Charlie Cohan, who was rumored to have practiced the hardest for this race, also had a slight mishap on his first qualifying run. Charlie unfortunately drifted out of turn number 1

and onto the pavement, severing some arteries in his chin and keeping the Metro Medics very busy. He too, got tough, and tried a second time to qualify. But alas, the fall was just too much to overcome and his time was not fast enough. The rest of the qualifying went without a hitch, and the top 8 who went on to the head to head finals were:

1. Byron Miller
2. John Hutson
3. Dave Wood
4. Rick Fike
5. Bob Denike
6. Chris Pettyjohn
7. Roger Hickey
8. Perry Fisser

near the finish, the local guy made the crowd proud. The victory went to Wood, the energy went through the crowd like a lightning bolt. Their racer had handed Hutson his very first loss of the contest. "I really should have concentrated more, for he was getting great times in qualifying!" Hutson said, looking completely amazed.

The second race proved even more exciting. Hutson told himself, "There's no way he's going to get in front of me this time!" He was right. The very next race he pulled out all the stops and scored the fastest time of the day—36.737 seconds! The two were very close through turn #1 and #2, but then it happened. A slight slip in turn #3 and Wood was on the asphalt skidding to a stop. Immediately after winning that race, Hutson checked the video replay to see exactly what happened to Wood. "I watched the replay of Wood's fall, and believe me...the guy couldn't have traveled any farther if he'd been on a 'slip-slide' covered with Wesson Oil. It had to hurt." Hutson has a unique way with words. Wood, remarkably, wasn't too shaken up on the fall, for he went directly to the top to battle it out for third place with Bob Denike. Denike won the first race with a time of 37.657 and Wood was victorious in the second. Wood's time, however, was not as fast as Denike's, so the pride of San Jose took the third place trophy home (along with some cash). C.R.A. racer Wood finished the day with a very respectful fourth place.

So it was finally down to the last set of races. Hutson, who just before recorded the fastest time of the day, versus Miller, who had led the competition up to that point. These races, unfortunately, were not to be as dramatic as the two previous ones. On both races, Hutson got out in front at the start and remained there all the way down the hill. The two last victories by the 27-year-old Californian had an obviously sobering effect on the once exuberant partisan crowd. Byron Miller, settling for second place, said at the awards presentation, "I'll be in top shape next year, and I'll definitely beat him... (laughter)." Miller couldn't have been too upset though, for he easily won the overall prize with victories in the Pro Slalom and G.S. plus his second in the Downhill.

son." But it wasn't going to be a repeat for Denike this time at Bellevue. Bob bumped into Miller's skateboard while pushing off at the start, fell off and was disqualified for that race. The only possible way Denike could have advanced to the finals was if for some reason Miller had fallen off his board too. Byron didn't, and he advanced to meet the winner of the Wood-Hutson matchup.

John and Dave both got tremendous pushes from the start of the first race, and Wood pulled ahead for a good lead near the middle of the hill. The crowd, obviously rooting for their homeboy, sensed a victory over the California Kid and went into hysterics! Through turn #3, Wood was yards ahead of Hutson, and although the gap was closed somewhat

In the first round of eliminations, where a racer needs the fastest time of two runs to beat his man and advance to the next round, Byron Miller shut down Perry Fisser and Bob Denike outdistanced Rick Fike. Chris Pettyjohn came close but the Berkeley speedster couldn't quite keep up with Dave Wood, and Wood advanced to the next round with Miller and Denike. Hutson squared off early against Hickey in a quasi "grudge match" race, a remake of the Laguna Seca matchup. John later described the first run in this way—"The first race with Roger at Bellevue was hair raising. I had some trouble on the hill. I got ahead of Roger from the start and was leading him. But going into the second turn I tried to take a new line that I wanted to experiment with. I tried to go from the middle of the road (instead of from the extreme outside) into the apex of the turn and travel further out into the exit than I normally would have. I knew that this was the line that Miller and Fike were taking...they had it wired and they were going faster than I was."

So Hutson tried the new line, with some interesting results—"I totally missed the turn! I came up off the pavement and on the sidewalk, in a full standing position and nearly blazed right through some brush. The only thing I thought of was that I still had to beat Roger down the hill. It was pure luck, but I pulled back onto the pavement, and for some strange reason I was still ahead of Hickey." The two raced through turn #3 and on towards the finish line, with Hutson leading Hickey by about a yard. Roger, in his straining to beat John to the tape, fell just after he crossed the finish line. "It wasn't that close," Hutson pointed out later, "and it certainly wasn't worth diving for!" Hutson defeated a badly shaken Hickey on the second race and the Hut advanced into the next round of eliminations.

In the second round, it was Miller vs. Denike and Wood vs. Hutson. Bob Denike had some special comments on the first race: "One of the best moments for me that weekend, and I'm sure for Byron too, was when we were first paired off. Standing up at the start, getting ready to go down, we looked at each other and kind of laughed. For we were paired off in the exact same position and situation one week earlier at Capitola. That time I had

After the race, Hutson's victory celebration was sweet, but all too short. The King and His California court jesters had to catch a 6 p.m. flight back to S.J. and it was already 5:35 p.m. Martian heard this and immediately went into a full-on panic when he realized that it took over 40 minutes to get back to Seattle. No problem, Fike said with a smirk, as he piled everybody into his 320i and hit the HYPERSPACE button. Fifteen minutes later they were safely in their seats on the plane and loaded, headed home for San Jose.

On the plane trip back, there was plenty of time for the Hut and crew to think about what had just happened that weekend. The Cascade Racing Association proved that they could pull off a major downhill contest as professionally as anyone in California. It was also the first time since Colorado that John Hutson had not had the 'Home Turf' advantage when racing. He proved that it made no difference to him. As Doug Hitch, head official for the weekend and one of the founding fathers of the C.R.A., put it, "If any race showed that John Hutson is #1, it was Bellevue. The 'Hut' is certainly the best in his profession!"

In closing, the most important aspect of the weekend was that the contest showed that events of relative magnitude actually do happen outside the boundaries of California and that they are quite worthy of magazine coverage. The Downhill world now looks to the Los Angeles area to support and to complete this circuit. The last major downhill contest in the southland was the blood marred Signal Hill, and it's time for something important to come out from promoters and sponsors there...

MARTIAN

1981 BELLEVUE OPEN DOWNHILL RESULTS

PRO DOWNHILL

1. John Hutson
2. Byron Miller
3. Bob Denike
4. Dave Wood

PRO SLALOM

1. Byron Miller
2. Art Morrison
3. Rick Bates

AMATEUR SLALOM

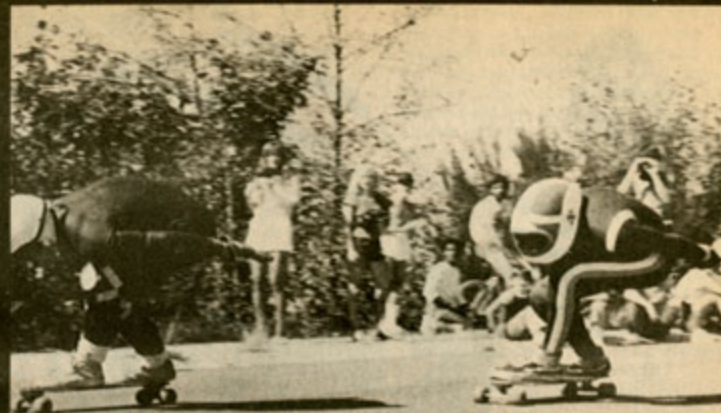
1. Kyle Finn
2. Doug Hitch
3. John Bismuti

PRO GIANT SLALOM

1. Byron Miller
2. Rick Fike
3. John Hutson

PRO LUGE

1. Roger Hickey
2. Perry Fisser
3. Dave Wood
4. Scott Wood



Bob Denike applying the pressure on homeboy, Rick Fike.

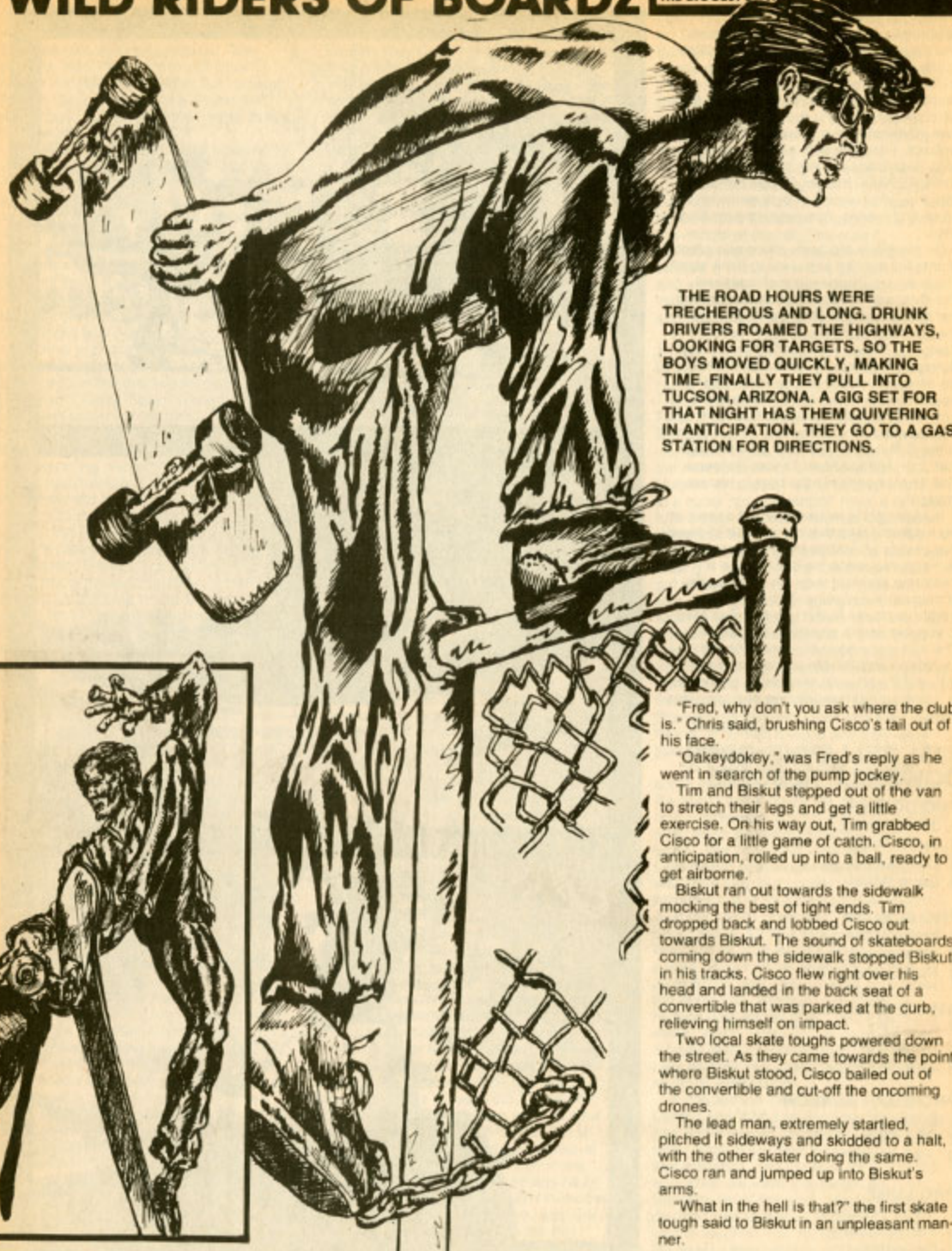


John Hutson, back to the top.



WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ

THE BIGGEST BOYS BOUL



THE ROAD HOURS WERE TRECHEROUS AND LONG. DRUNK DRIVERS ROAMED THE HIGHWAYS, LOOKING FOR TARGETS. SO THE BOYS MOVED QUICKLY, MAKING TIME. FINALLY THEY PULL INTO TUCSON, ARIZONA. A GIG SET FOR THAT NIGHT HAS THEM QUIVERING IN ANTICIPATION. THEY GO TO A GAS STATION FOR DIRECTIONS.

"Fred, why don't you ask where the club is," Chris said, brushing Cisco's tail out of his face.

"Oakeydokey," was Fred's reply as he went in search of the pump jockey.

Tim and Biskut stepped out of the van to stretch their legs and get a little exercise. On his way out, Tim grabbed Cisco for a little game of catch. Cisco, in anticipation, rolled up into a ball, ready to get airborne.

Biskut ran out towards the sidewalk mocking the best of tight ends. Tim dropped back and lobbed Cisco out towards Biskut. The sound of skateboards coming down the sidewalk stopped Biskut in his tracks. Cisco flew right over his head and landed in the back seat of a convertible that was parked at the curb, relieving himself on impact.

Two local skate toughs powered down the street. As they came towards the point where Biskut stood, Cisco bailed out of the convertible and cut-off the oncoming drones.

The lead man, extremely startled, pitched it sideways and skidded to a halt, with the other skater doing the same. Cisco ran and jumped up into Biskut's arms.

"What in the hell is that?" the first skate tough said to Biskut in an unpleasant manner.

"It's an armadillo. Hey y'all. We two are skateboarders. Yeah, we're from Texas. Austin to be precise. How is the skate scene 'round these here parts?"

The toughs looked at each other, then at Biskut then back at each other, wondering if this guy was for real. It was then that the other tough spoke up. "We has got good skate scene here. None better, eh. We got da pool, thank god. We always skate aggressively you know man."

Biskut's eyes lit right up at the sound of "POOL." "Hey, would y'all tell us where your pool is? We haven't skated a ground pool in ages."

Then the second tough came back with, "Look man. You don't understand from how we come, eh. This our town. Our territory. Our turf, man. You don't skate nowhere, no how in this town, 'cept unless we be dere with you and make sure you follow our rules to ride in dis here town."

Half-way through this guy's speech, Tim walked up and, along with Biskut, became confused as all hell. They looked at each other, then at the pair in front of them, wondering if these guys were for real. Finally Tim spoke. "Hey, you guys wait over here and me and Biskut will go talk it over with the rest of our GANG. Then we'll let you know."

Back at the van the decision was easy. They hadn't skated in a pool in so long, that they were bound and determined to skate at any costs. They motioned to the toughs to come and hop into the van to

show them the pool. Five minutes down an old abandoned road brought them to an old condemned health club. The van was parked and the crew made for the fence. Scaling the fence in determined commando-esque style and vigor, the small skate mass halted at the edge of an olympic-size square pool.

The Big Boys hopped into the seven foot deep shallow end and readied for skate heaven when the second skate tough stopped them and said, "Remember what I said it was how for it to be, so you can skate here. You be skatin' to our rules, our standards. No Gold Cup maneuvers here, bub. Straight on full aggression name of da game here, I tell you neighbors."

This suited the Big Boys right fine and dandy, fo' sho'. Chris wailed away into the environs, kicking up the scum-line dust as he surpassed the transition, up the five feet of flat wall with barely enough speed to pull off a meager two-block frontside grind. Then hair balling out of that vert, down to ground zero. The first skate tough snapped his fingers, pointed at Chris and said, "That boy knows from what we talk."

Skate havoc ensued. Wild impressions of common moves, taken beyond all pre-conceived impressions. No limits. No room for stupid little mistakes, only full ballsy commitment. Corner air was the main contesting move. Everyone was trying them, drawing away farther and farther as they progressed in accuracy, some covering four or five feet in distance.

The session blazed on for hours and hours, as the entourage powered the divine strokes. After the Boys skated fully, they had to bail because they suddenly remembered about the show that they had scheduled for the night. All piled into the tour van and headed 'em up and moved 'em out to the club. The skate toughs definitely were invited to the show with the promise of putting them on the guest list.

Five minutes before they are to go on for the first of three minute sets, Biskut prepares himself for the show donning ghoulish make-up and pink cowboy boots. The rest of the band is busy setting up and gets it just in time for showtime. The band comes onstage as, at the door, two young skate toughs spoke to the lady at the ticket window, "Hey, lady. We are on the stinking guest list, eh man."

"Yeah. The guest list man. We know the band."

Rushing to the dance floor, the toughs performed the volatile Tucson Slam. Fingers snappin' and eyes a-poppin'. The band crazed on. "Identity crisis, who am I. Identity crisis, I wonder why. Identity crisis, what's my name?"

THE EPISODE GOES ON UNTIL THE BAND IS FINISHED. AT THE END OF THE LAST SONG YOU MAY RESUME CONTROL OF YOUR READING FACILITIES. THIS ENDS ON A CALM AND FESTIVE NOTE. SKATERS SKATE TOGETHER NO MATTER WHAT AND PARTY TOGETHER MORE OFTEN THAN NOT.

MOFO?

TEXAS 1981 FALL SERIES

OF SKATEBOARDING

ON BOARD

ON THE POLITICAL FRONT



Recently the Florence (Alabama) Skateboard Club lost a battle with the city government to use city vans on the weekend for trips to Get-A-Way Skatepark (Huntsville), an hour away. A local businessman, Neil Jackson, sympathetic to the club's transportation dilemma, donated a vehicle to the club. A 1961, big, black, Cadillac Limousine. Yes, a Limo.

Another local businessman, Wayne Tippett, donated a new battery and challenged other local businesspersons to do their part and help the club put the Caddy back in mint condition.

Now the club lowrides, and for FREE. When club member Tim Burnett was asked about the stroke of luck, he responded, "I'm stoked, I didn't want to ride in their stinking vans anyway." The club is thinking about renting the Limo to local bands to help pay for the gas.

COMING EVENTS *****

FOURTH ANNUAL PEPSI TEAM CHALLENGE Sensation Basin, Gainesville, Florida

The fighting "Gators" from the University of Florida are challenging any collegiate teams who wish to compete for the Collegiate Trophy. All 5-man teams are welcome—any individuals without a team, call for openings. This unique event takes place over Thanksgiving weekend, on November 28th and 29th. Come and join those Gators for a great fun time.

Contact Chris Baucom, Contest Director, or the staff at Sensation Basin, (904) 377-9503, for more information.

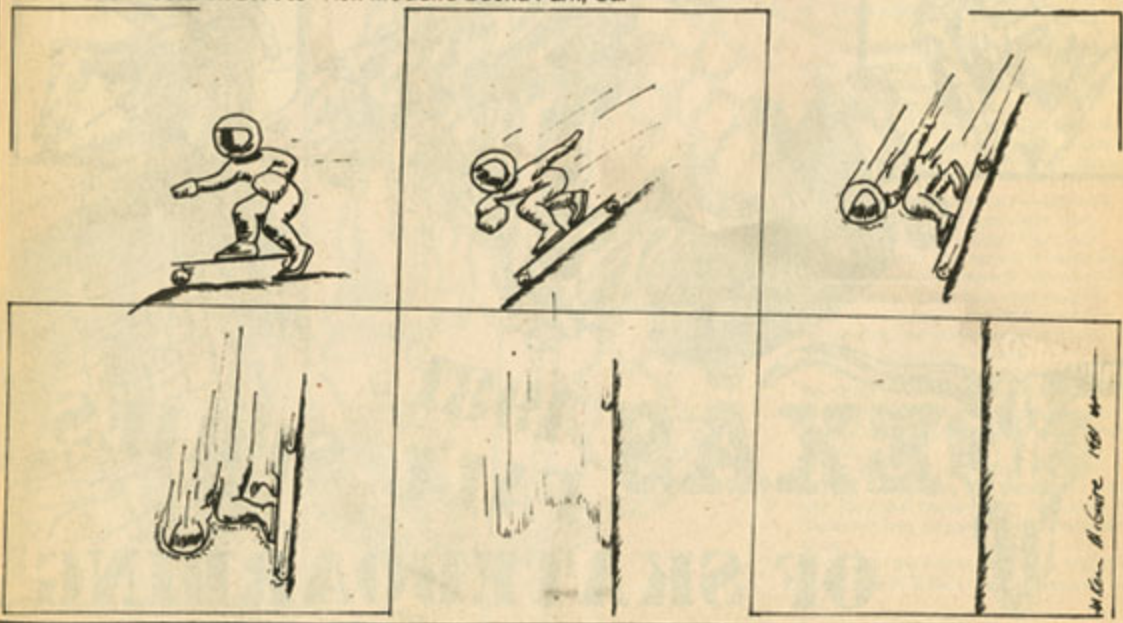
Thanks, Neil Jackson, for opening up new avenues of thrashing for this future generation of Alabama skateboarders. This is yet another example of what a little drive and initiative can accomplish for you and your skate crew. It happened in Alabama and it could happen to you, whether it be donated wood for a ramp or even land for a small scale community skatepark. It's all available, sometimes you just have to reach out and grab it.

PATRICK WACHTER



Runner Up Ted Alb Riverdale, Md.

COMIC OF THE MONTH Ken McGulre Buena Park, Ca.



ON BOARD

Coping Devices Go On Strike

Plastic coping devices of the skating world have announced that they are going on Strike this week. It all began a mere nine days ago as copers from every corner of the globe secretly detached themselves from axes during non-skating hours and gathered en masse at a confidential meeting spot. Led by a self-styled martyr cop, the multitude began shouting cries of protest against extended grinds and excessive curb rides. Later, after the meeting, a spookscoper talked to this reporter to explain the reasons behind the strike.

Exactly what has provoked this strike?
Coper: Well, the general gripes among all brands of us copers are basically on the same tone. We are tired of being over-worked. We have no chance of survival if these negligent, rowdy skaters continue to constantly burn us down with ultra full-duration axle slides.

What do you hope to gain from the strike?

Coper: First of all, we demand shorter grinds on vertical and banked edges, and we want to outlaw curb grinding completely

since that form of grinding burns us down more than anything else.

How is that?
Coper: Well, unlike on banks or vertical, when some rowdy grinds away on slanted curbs, most of his weight is directly over the board, which causes excruciating friction to occur between ourselves and the surface thereby grinding us to our death. We also want to eliminate aerial axle stalls.

What will happen if these conditions are not met?
Coper: We will not return to the trucks! But how will you survive without working?

Coper: We will find new jobs. I have discussed with a few of my fellow copers all the jobs available to us. We could work as bicycle handlebar grips, pencil holders, conversation pieces, et cetera. But, if none of that works out, we could be melted down and molded into other useful objects, imagine plastic money!

GARY SCOTT DAVIS

Reprinted courtesy of SKATE FATE Magazine, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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STONES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Vladmir Blutonir

Saturday, October seventeenth, on the green at Candlestick Park, San Francisco. Gathered within the park's peripheries are 70 thousand Rolling Stones fans (?) waiting to see their reigning gods.

The crowd consisted mainly of downtown grease hippies, sporting chain connected leather wallets in the left rear pocket and buck knives on the right hip. Thousands of the clones wandered around aimlessly and mindlessly, bumping into each other, puking on one another and calling each other by name. An uninvolved person would outright assume that they all came from the same camp. Distinguishing one from the other was the impossibility undertaken by the uninvolved, because it is common knowledge that the long-haired grease monkeys, with the ultra-flared hip-hugging jeans and garage boots, all look alike.

The grease hippy broads on the other hand were just as vile as their male counterparts. Oily hair and dirty bare feet were prevalent along with little tatoos, either above the breast area or on the hip (which in fact were way too cute for the uninvolved).

The omnipresence of the over-30 generation was like walking into a Walt Disney premiere. Uninvolved personnel could visually picture the sale of bon-bons.

Upon entry of this Vaudevillian revue, one was immediately confronted with the fact that this is not going to be a place to enjoy oneself. First was the drive through Hunters Point ghetto, then a little cruise through a ring of security personnel (mainly S.F.P.D.). Then after all of that hassle comes the \$3.00 parking, a search for a stall, consumption of all remaining consumates, a stroll through staggering masses of early comers (who came early the day before to be assured a good seat but partied too heavily and passed out, therefore not being conscious when the gates opened and subsequently missing the first two bands and half of the Stones), wait in a line to get searched (which the uninvolved find very degrading. To wait in line to get something you don't like) for anything that might prevent them from making a few dollars in their concession department, and finally, having to deal with thousands of people, drugged and sussed out of their minds, that are all sardined into one stadium.

This plastic attempt at the revival of rock 'n' roll sensationalism was cold and bitter, but cleverly disguised to lure in the easily fooled mindless masses in search of something that they never lost, but cast away. A shrewd array of carnival-like stands, offering cheaply made memorabilia at outrageous prices, occupied strategic

areas of thoroughfare, luring scatter-brained souvenir screwballs in for the money kill.

The sun battered down on the forlorn souls of the flesh carpet down on the field. A sweaty mist hovered above their sweaty skulls, fouling the air for those unaccustomed, who in turn emitted their own oral excrement, adding to the fragrant mess.

First up to bat was George Thouroughgood and the Destroyers, the unrecognized highlight of the day. Filthy good renditions of Hank Williams' "Move it on over," and somebody else's "One Bourbon one Scotch ...etc." George played the rare form of "Industrially," while doing the C.B. (Chuck Berry) strut on a large pink stage (beige for wearers of Vuarnets) reportedly the largest stage ever. The stage had long arms that extended outwards from the sides then angling sharply into the crowd so the performers can prance around in front of more people. Leaping and contorting their bodies viciously. Something pretty much uncommon amongst most other severely middle-aged.

Next up was the J. Geils Band. The lead vocalist rants and raves like a white negro false prophet from the south, waiting for 'Amens,' but in a less religious manner. Repeatedly screaming to the pink stage, down on his knees, "I musta, I musta" ... etc. He said that he probably got lost, but he was right down there on the stage in front of tens of thousands of people, and those unconcerned wished that he had.

Before the Stones actually did come on (it probably wasn't even the Stones. Who would know the difference? Those who were close enough to see were too wasted to tell the difference and those beyond that point of recognition could only see a wimpy little figure in white tights and kneepads making a spectacle of himself in front of many.) a farmer came on stage and watered down the sweaty bodies, resembling pigs in a pen or sea mammals on Galapagos Island. People actually paid outrageous prices for tickets to this show, put themselves through undue duress of vigils in front of the gates to be the first in, set this day as the most important thing in their lives till after the weekend, subjecting themselves to search, being told what to do, to have fun under extremely limited conditions and degrade and lower themselves to animal levels by getting sprayed down with a hose like a common dog. A sick form of massive masochism that should be abolished in our society as we know it today.

This form of Coliseum Rock should better be left alone. It was good when it

lasted, but old dead things stink. If that wasn't the case, there would be gunslingers in the streets, knights jousting in courtyards, chivalry would not be dead. Let dead dogs lie and turn over a new leaf...etc.

Finally, the Stones came out after a big to do, and went into one of their classic songs. Names of songs are unimportant for the unconcerned, besides the fact that there are virtually too many to remember unless research is applied. I think we should all sit back and remember what happened to Elvis. Some attempted nostalgic comebacks are disastrous.

Mick picked up an acoustic for some of the songs, showing that age withers away the youthful spirit in his unaccustomed diversion from the continuous prancing norm.

The show would probably not have been half bad if it was held in a more easily accessible arena with better visual capacity.

It is hard to see any personal contact between performer and audience in this gaudy set-up. The audience puts a group of human beings on the stage and worships them like New Messiahs. Then the group proceeds to control the emotions of the hypnotized. Nothing personal like a fan thinks it might be. A fan sees the figure as a leader and the fan in turn is the subordinate and thinks that the magic lyrics were meant for him, termed as classic matter (when they were just really popular for their time). The motive of all of this is not for your hearts nor your soul, but it is for what man craves most. Slaughter of dignity for financial gain. A businessman trait rarely found in true artists.

Fireworks topped off the finale of a letdown. Many people came to see an image of a superstar, superhuman. Instead on the stage was a man who said, "Hello San Francisco," a few times because he knows that that makes people yell.

If a person listened close enough, above all of the screaming and fireworks and such, a laughter could be heard. The promoters' satisfied laugh. Laughing down at the mass of suckers who dished out many clams to be entertained. Echoing through the halls like a poison. The sad thing is, that all of those people hypnotized themselves into the frame of thought that, they paid so much money for this, no matter what, they were going to have fun. Too bad the sound of people getting drunk sheltered the fact that they didn't.

People lose sight and are blind when they forget. 'No False gods, No Heroes, just you.'

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INDOOR INSANITY

With wintertime rapidly approaching, many skating activities will have to be curtailed because of heavy weather. Especially in the Midwest and on the East Coast where outdoor rolling becomes virtually impossible with snow and ice on the ground. Even in California and the Southern states heavy rainfall for days at a time can leave you craving for any kind of skate action. Well, there are alternatives, and next month's Thrasher will feature Indoor Skating, "A Guide to Staying Dry."

Gymnasiums, warehouses, buildings under construction, even your own living rooms provide you with a way to keep in top skate form during the wet months. Skating is where you take it, and we're taking it indoors and discovering new possibilities such as this 8-foot pressure drop by Don Fisher at a local Fogtown skateshop.

LIMITS



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David Z.



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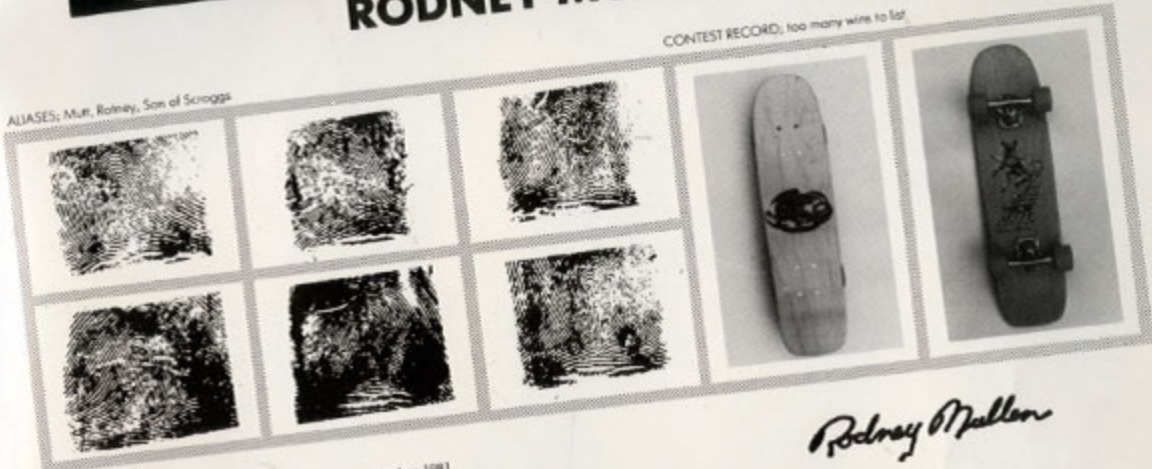
INTERSTATE FLIGHT—FREESTYLE NON CONFORMITY

WANTED BY FBI

RODNEY MULLEN

CONTEST RECORD: too many wins to list

ALIASES: Mut, Rodney, Son of Scroggs



Photographs taken 1981

Rodney Mullen

DESCRIPTION

AGE: 15
HEIGHT: 5'2"
WEIGHT: 107
BUILD: slim
HAIR: blond

Social Security No. 571-68-5909

CRIMINAL RECORD

Mullen has been convicted of extreme non conformity.

CAUTION

Mullen is armed with his personalized signature model, a 7' x 26' precision assault type vehicle. Rodney is sought worldwide for the crime of violating all existing freestyle barriers. Also Mr. Mut is prone to daring innovation and will go to any length to avoid the normal. Consider Mullen armed, extremely dangerous and highly adaptive. Consider the Mut Model the finest functional form for freestyle.

EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: fair
RACE: Speed
NATIONALITY: American



A global warrant was issued October 18, 1981 charging Mullen with conspiracy to commit freestyle mayhem and felonious assault on the status quo.

IF YOU NEED INFORMATION REGARDING THIS MODEL, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL BONES BRIGADE QUARTERMASTER. THE REWARD IS YOURS.

Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
California, 90056

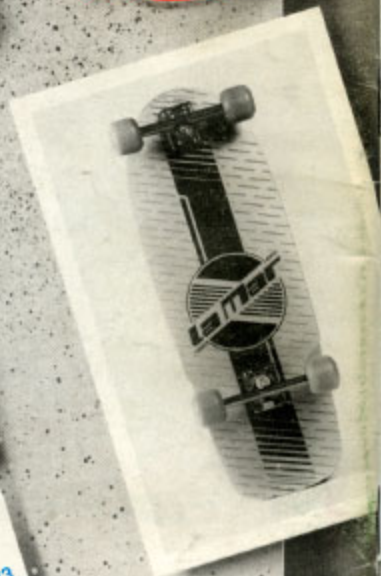
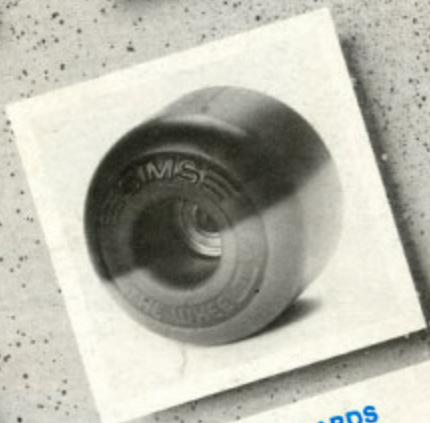
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