



In this issue:

- Houston: A traffic jam w/ buildings.
- Box Ramp Anniversary
- Full Frontal Nudity

P p R r E e P a R r A a T t I i O o N n



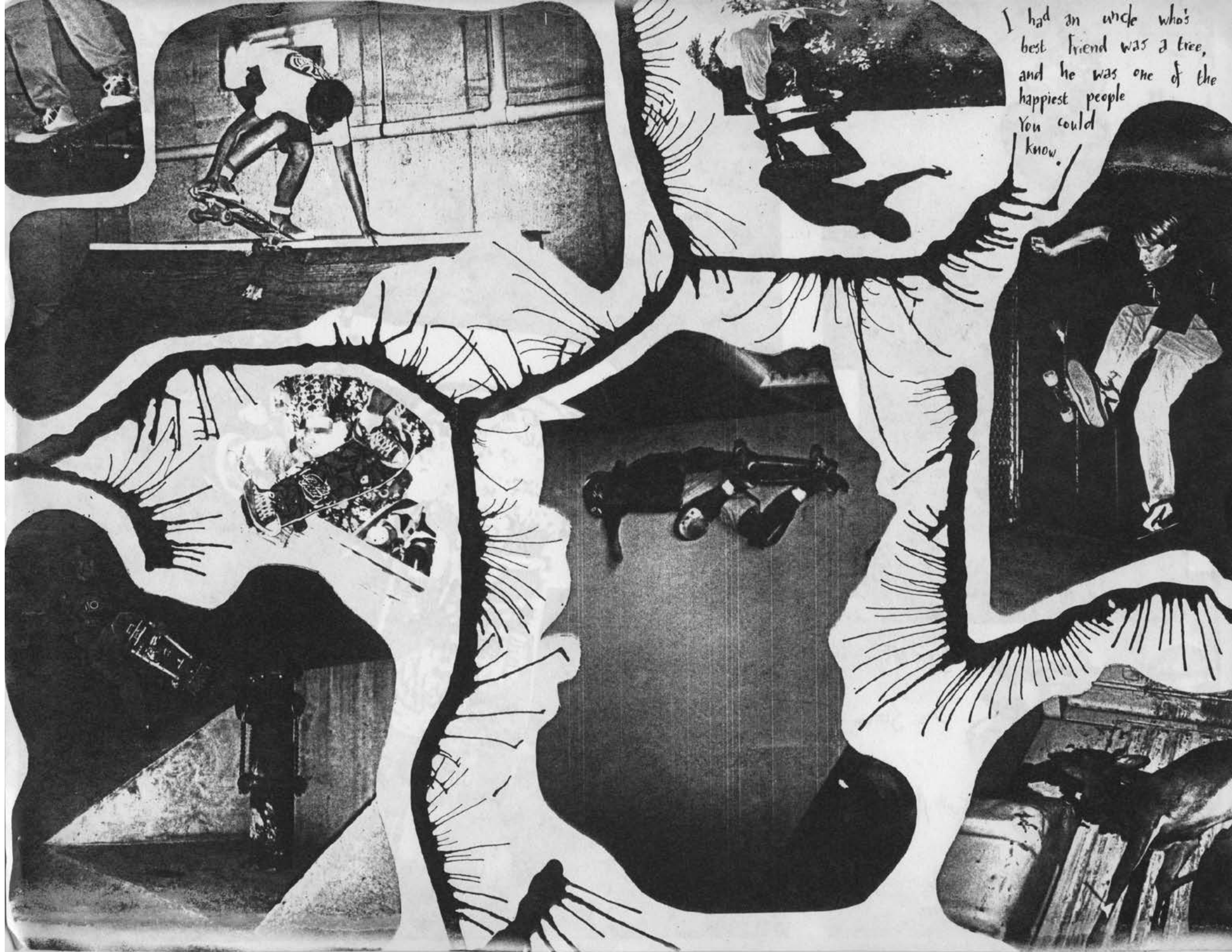
9, IX, Nine, (Nin), Eight plus one, Ten minus one, one plus one plus one plus one plus one plus one, three times three, eighty-one squared.



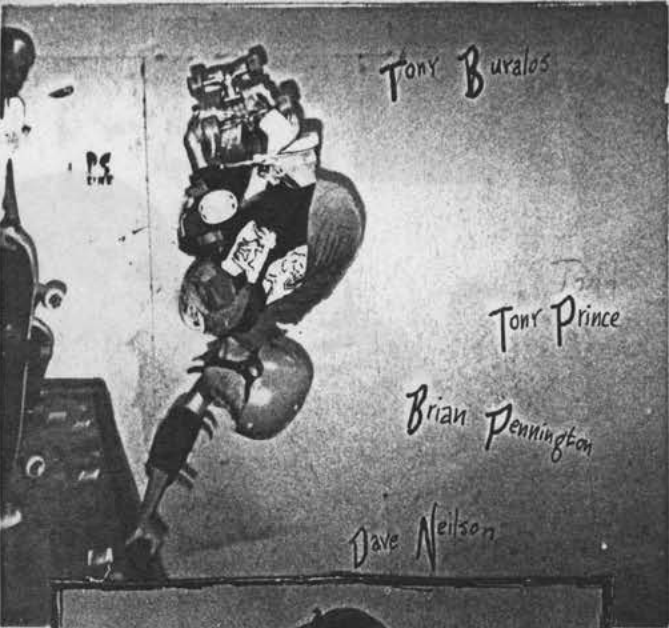
AND AS THE BILLOWING WAVES OF LIGHT
FILTERED DROPLETS SIFT THROUGH THE DIMLY
LIT ATMOSPHERE, A MURMUR OF APPREHENSION
TAKES HOLD OF YOUR FRAME AND TRASPOSES
THE SUBCONSCIOUS TO A HIGHER PLANE;
A PLANE OF MISPLACED SENSIBILITY, OF
UNINTERRUPTED STUPIDITY, AN AREA ONLY
KNOWN WHEN READING THE HALLOWED PAGES OF...



PREPARATION *\$



I had an uncle who's
best friend was a tree,
and he was one of the
happiest people
You could
know.



Tony Bualos

Tony Prince

Brian Pennington

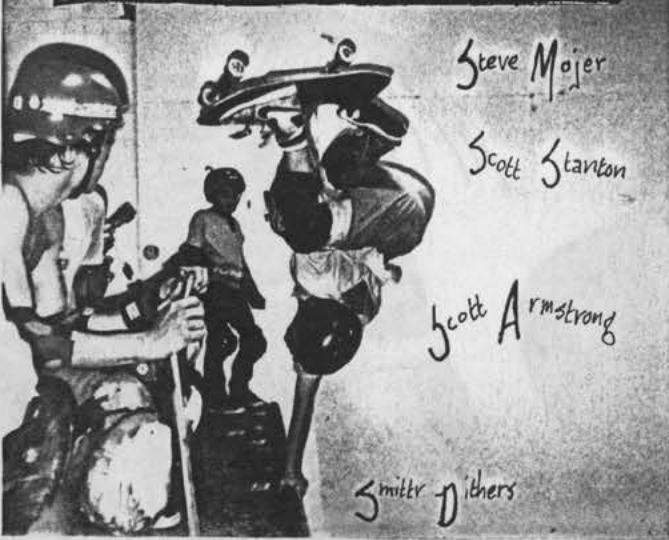
Dave Neilson



Jett Bone

Steve Godor

Jett McCown

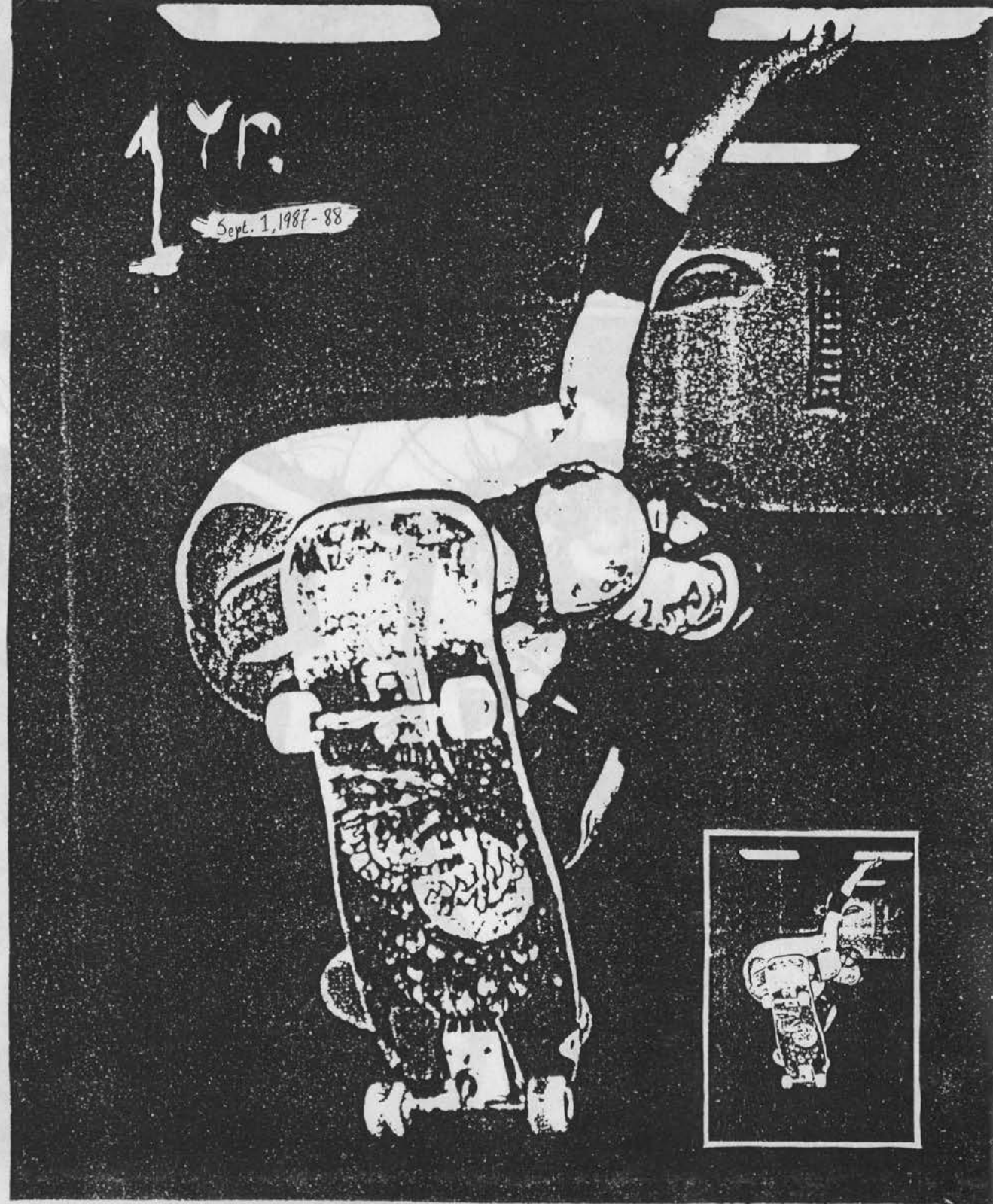


Steve Mojer

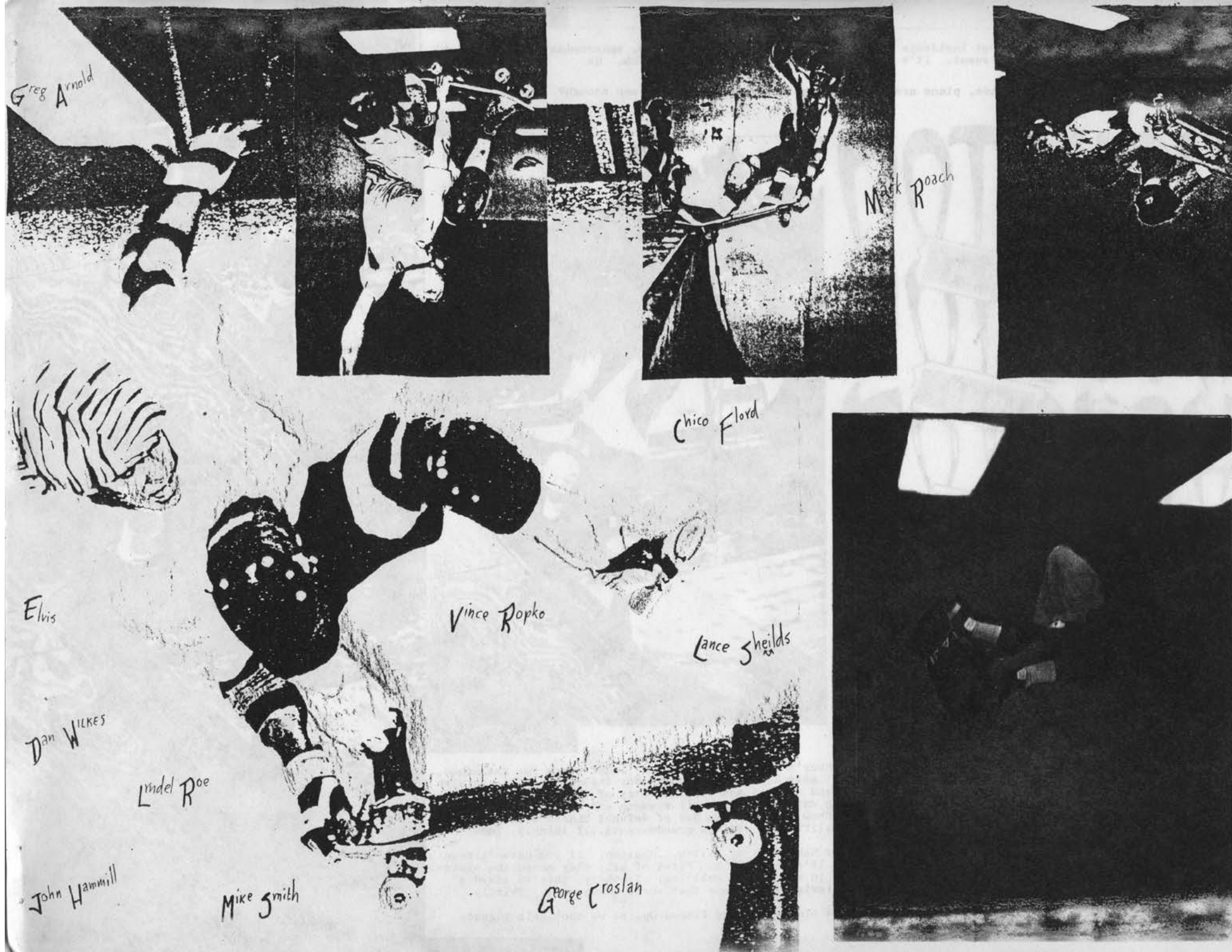
Scott Stanton

Scott Armstrong

Smitty Dithers



Sept. 1, 1987-88



Greg Arnold

Mark Roach

Chico Floyd

Elvis

Vince Ropko

Lance Shields

Dan Wilkes

Lindel Roe

John Hamill

Mike Smith

George Crosland

ATTENTION-

Although most incidents presented are true, some deviations, enhancements, and outright lies are present. It's your job to figure out which is which. Ha.

PROLOGUE-

Calls are made, plans are devised, directions are given. Clear enough?

DAY ONE-

DAY ONE- After stealing my next-door neighbor's truck and robbing a liquor store for gas money, the three hour drive to Pittsburgh...I mean Houston, is made. For those not acquainted with Pittsburgh, I mean Houston, it is the largest city, inland seaport, and port of entry of Texas, as well as county seat of Harris County. It is one of the leading exporters of pencil erasers and dead gerbils.

So anyway, once there I join forces with Garrett Chow (A.K.A. Nuke Boy of defunct SLAM! 'zine) who is visiting his grandparents from California (He's from California, not his grandparents...I think.). Immediately we eat two dozen truffles.

The next, or rather first, stop on our tour is the Skatepark of Pittsb...Houston. If you haven't been there lately, go. They've fixed this place up so well it's nauseating. First of all, they moved the skate-shop into a smaller building, putting a nice ditch ramp in the larger building. Secondly, they've added a double mini-Chin ramp copy complete with transparent plexiglass surface that works quite well. Thirdly, and best of all, they now sell corndogs.

We tried to go skate downtown later, but Garrett's old war injury flared up, so we shot Bela Lugosi-
no, we went back to his grandparent's for the night.

Garrett likes
the smiths.

DAY TWO-

DAY TWO- I awakened to the pleasant sounds of singing birds and a rippling stream...so I turned the TV off. Garrett's grandmother takes us to McDonalds. I might add that she is a woman who stretches the very limits of grandmotherism. Thank you. Next Gar & I break for downtown to find it an area of limitless possibilities. Three cheers for Pittsburgh Houston architects, however, local security guards deserve no such applause. At one point I had Garrett hold one's arms back as I covered his face with assorted stickers. No photos, too busy skating. Soon the tough Texas humidity turns our thoughts toward cool Chrysler air-conditioning (A trip to EZ-7 Ditch is in order). So we steal a Chrysler and lead a car

Small trannies & big coping do little to hinder
Fun on Houston's double Chin.

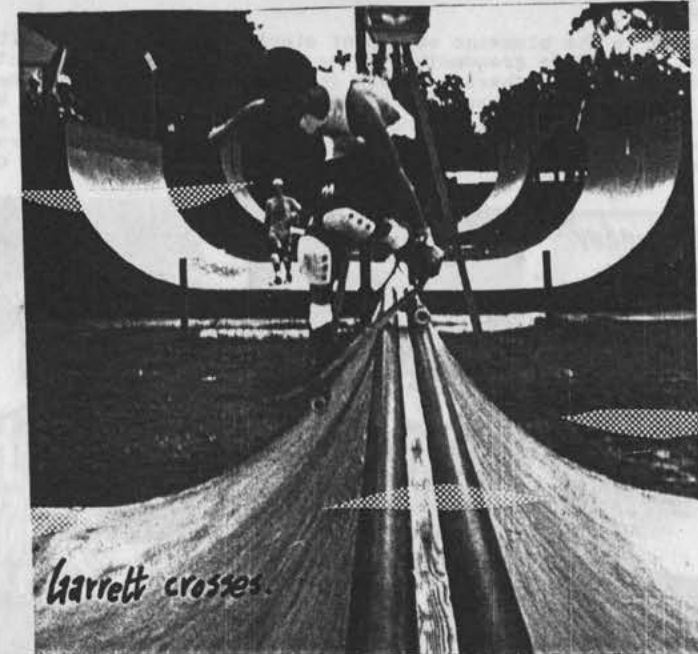
Elvis - Frontside

Chris & Smith
Double Disaster

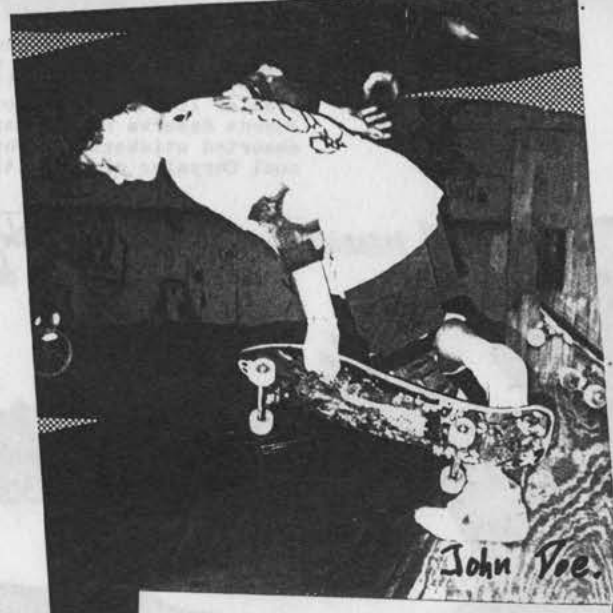
chase to the outskirts of town, and eat two more dozen truffels.



Chris Currens -
A short Kahuna session.

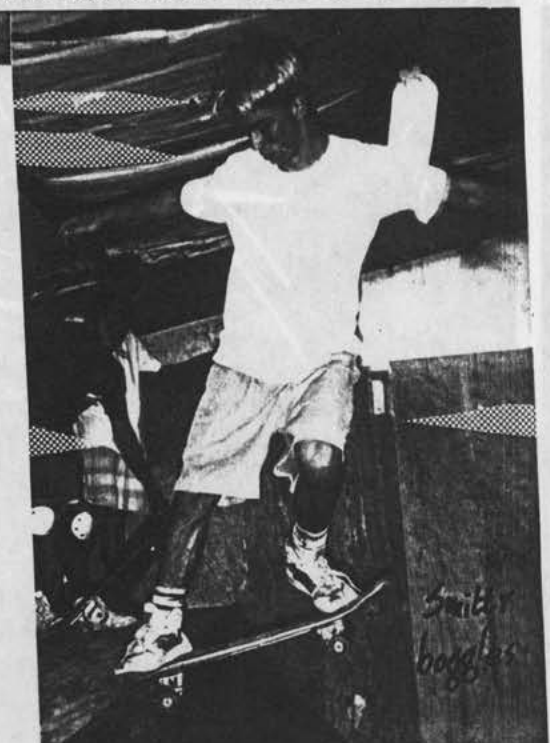


Garrett crosses.



John Voe.

Although we find the ditch in all its glory, the sun beats down to the extent that we end up laying down more spray paint lines than speed lines. We finally retreat to a YMCA pool where we quickly scam our way in and wreak havoc. Quickly, a pool filled with water brings us down. But then, we remember a tip earlier of an empty pool nearby. While directions at a shop we hear, "I don't know if they'll let you ride, though, since they found a dead body out there last week." Neat! Of course we go anyway to find a very rideable kidney. Riding this body organ are Bobby Lake and Roland "Mad Dog" Steele, two names of long gone by who some may recognize and some may not. At any rate they skated the pool better than any other clamshell within throwing distance. But soon the sun went back to its grandmother's, so we did the same.



Buddy Holly,
Rock n Roll



Morgan Fairchild,
Spine hop.



Husband & Father, Mad Dog.



Chip airs from ditch
to drain hood.



DAY THREE- We all went to Arby's Cafeteria.

Warnings



Chip again, tourist Chow.

EPILOGUE-

I took the long way home and went by the Turf Skatpark in Ohio, but lost the film. sorry. Eventually I had my liscence revoked and had to spend 100 hours doing community service (feeding old people) for stealing my neighbor's truck and losing it in downtown Pittsburgh. And then I ha- did I say Pittsburgh? I meant Houston.

THANKS TO-

Mom for letting me steal the neighbor's truck, the Chow family for putting me up (Or is that, putting up with me?) for three days, Liquid Paper for fixing my lousy typewriting, and lastly, You, for actually reading this far, you smuck!

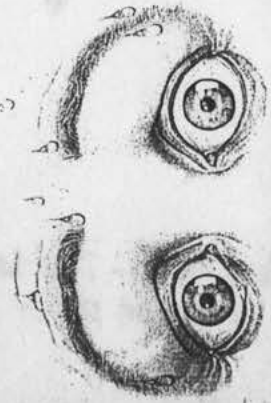


Blurr but breathtaking backside buttstun
Craig Johnson - 1 year ago.

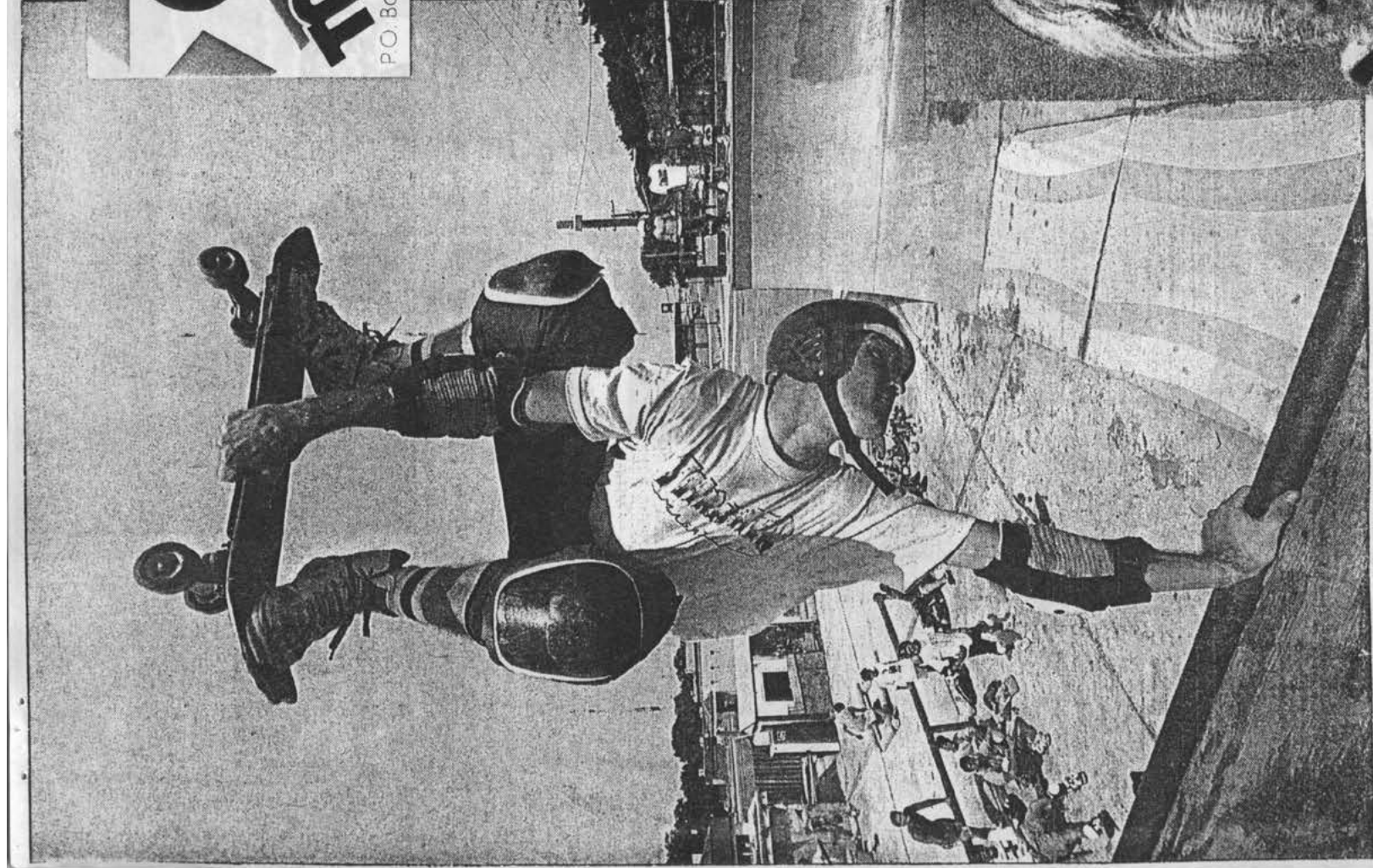


Roland Steele - Tight handplant.
In a similar pool. Gosh.

DIARRHEA?



Grrr at Grrr's through the eyes of Grrr's



A page suitable only for the
likes of...

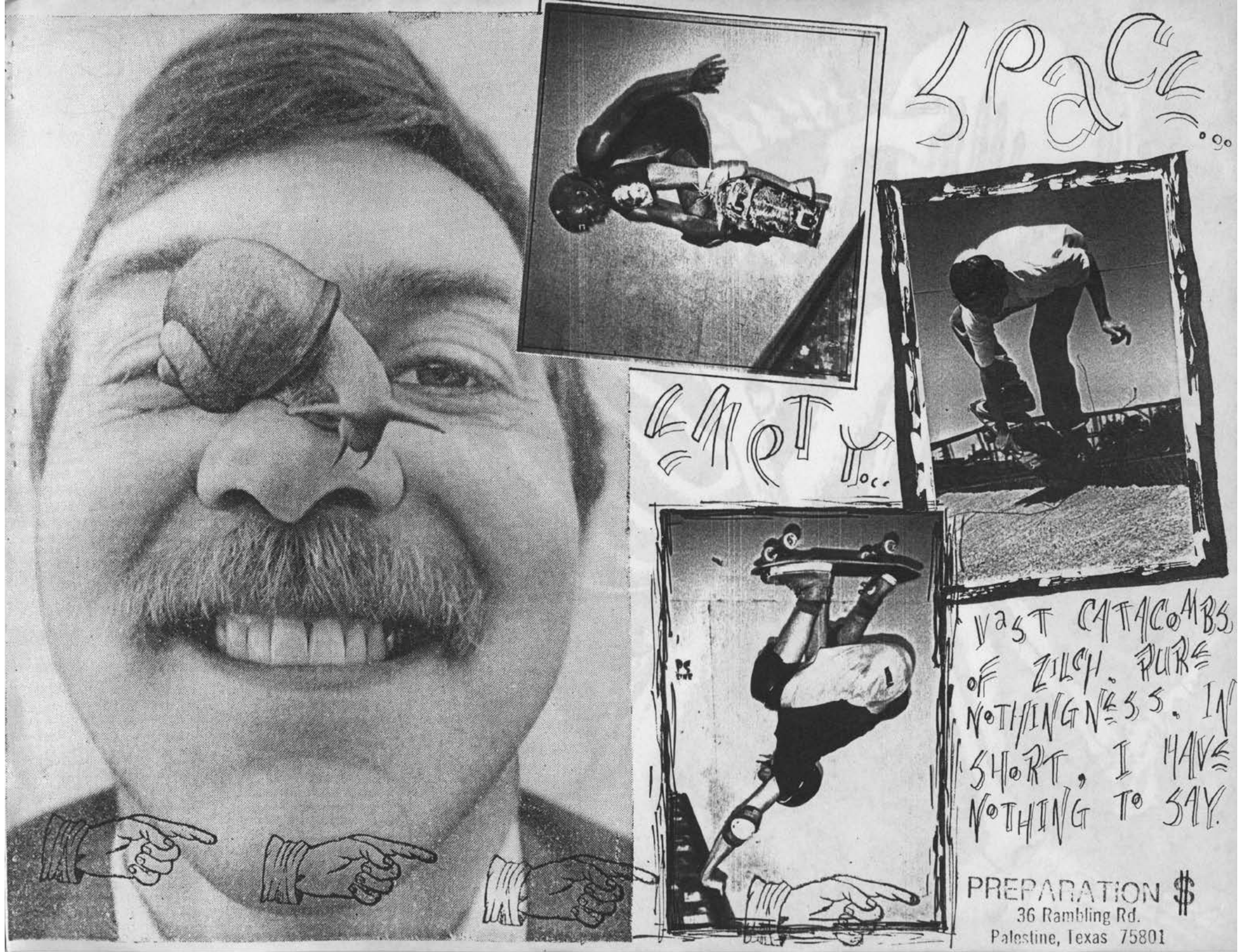
TRACKER

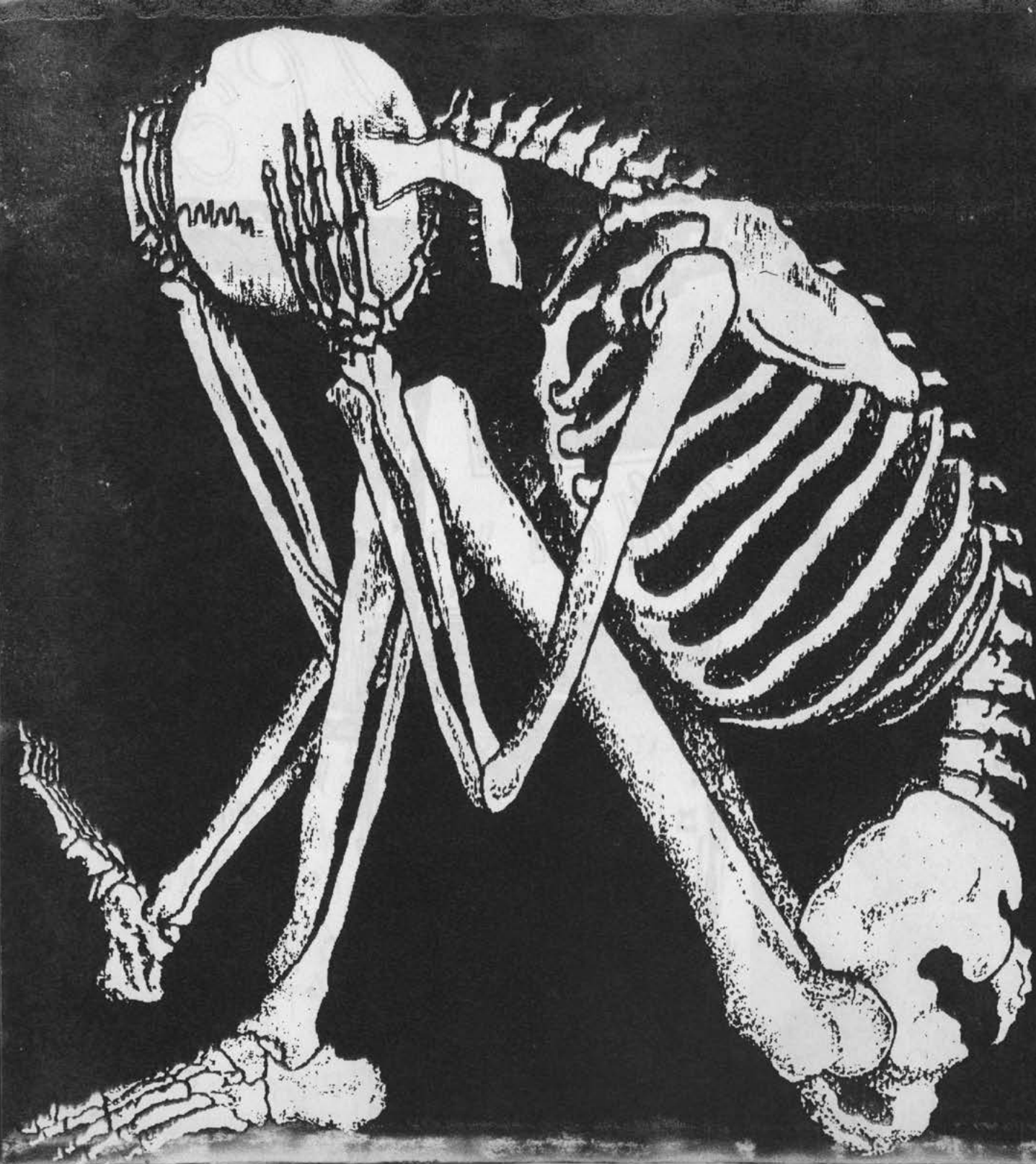
Dan Wilkes

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