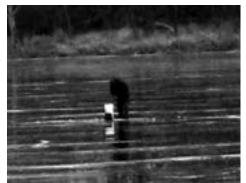
## **Laura the Potter**

I like to sit in front of my studio a lot. I work outside in front of my shop on nice sunny days, or just hang out there...No offense, but a quiet bike goes by, and I look



at whoever is sitting next to me - even if its my puppy - and I say..."Did a motorcycle just ride past????" What a snob I am!!!!!!! Yea...I am a snob of some things – and that is ok with me...whatever...when you get to be my age...it's a rite of passage...I can have my own opinion, it took a lot of years for me to even have a strong opinion on a lot of things...but I do now. And yes...I like to KNOW and hear a bike passing by. It brings a smile to my face, and I just can't help it! So my dear friend Scott...I hope you are happy in nice warm California, I'll suffer thru this frigid winter so that I can ride what I want to - as loud as I want to - and wear whatever I want to on top of my head...AMEM to that! Hey...support ABATE, the MMRF - those are the guys out there that are totally into supporting our biker rights!!!! So do it! I hate politics, but I do love what ABATE is doing...along with a lot of people that are part of it, so - please...think about California...and the fact that it is very possible that it could be a reality for the Midwest if we don't fight back. OK? Ummm...what else – I just want to emphasize that in the Midwest we have a choice to wear a helmet or not, and I don't begrudge anyone that wants to wear one...don't get me wrong...I hate it, and I just think HELMET LAWS SUCK!!!!!!!!! I like all 4 seasons! Yep...I miss my bike – BAD, but this is where I live and I really like it when its snowing! I think its beautiful. I like watching the farmers in the fields, I am aware of what is going on within the fields. I grew up on a farm. Anyway...2007 – another year, and I KNOW its going to be an awesome year for me!!! My boyfriend Dave lives by this motto: Say what you are going to do...and then...do what you say you are going to do. I really think this is a great way to live your life - if everyone did that...it would be awesome! So...from beautiful downtown Silver Creek... Take Care, Laura the Potter laurathepotter@hotmail.com



## *EAU CLAIRE* SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 2007 RAMADA INN CONVENTION CENTER DOWNTOWN EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN Open to public 9-4 I0x10WALL CORNER WALL Set up fa.m. Table electricity/tickets included with vendor space Reserve EARLY Mail check/money order to: Get Creative, LLC E9881 810th Avenue 715-832-6861 Colfin, WI 54730 HD PARTS, BIKES FOR SALE, CUSTOM PARTS, LEATHERS, JEWELRY, PRIZES, AND MUCH MORES Pre-Swap Meet Party Feb 17th Fat Boys bar in Eau Claire Bar opens @ 2p.m. Fat Boys: 715-838-8869

## Jaysee, The Beginning

Joe Jacobson grew up during the great depression in a rather isolated valley near Los Angeles, California. His father had come to California with the discovery of oil in the region. "Pop" wasn't an oil worker - he had no desire to climb a derrick or be slimed by that sticky goo - but he knew how to build houses, and those workers were going to need a place to live. Joe's neighborhood included oil wells, orange trees, and outhouses. The mountains ringed this beautiful valley and created an oasis along the banks of the Santa Clara River. Joe and his friends ran wild in the orchards and among the sand dunes, as they passed the time prior to WWII. Then the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and life would never be the same again.

When JJ (as his friends called him) answered his country's call to arms, he was barely 18 years old, but a man had to do his duty - and he was a man. He decided to go into the United States Marine Corps, even though his best friend, Charlie, opted for the Army Air Corps. JJ wasn't especially fond of flying, and he knew the Marines generally deployed on ships. All in all Corporal Joe Jacobson spent 4 years with the Marines, island hopping in the South Pacific. You knew that the experience was gut-wrenching, but you would seldom get him to talk about it. He was a decorated Marine (you learned early on not to call him a soldier) but he would always remind everyone that the heroes were the ones who died on the beaches.

In November, 1945, Corporal Jacobson returned to San Diego, California, and remained stationed there for another year. On St. Valentines Day, 1946, Corporal Joe Jacobson married Mariah Mattason, and they rented a little white apartment. Mariah took a job as a waitress in a local coffee shop, and then as an operator for the telephone company. They were flush with cash now because of combat pay and savings, so JJ went shopping for transportation. To Mariah's surprise - and initial dismay - he brought home a brand new Harley Davidson. When JJ was growing up, money was scarce, but he had promised himself that as soon as he was able, he would get himself a "motorsickle." Now he had done it. A few excursions into San Diego and down to the beach convinced Mariah that this wasn't so bad after all. It hardly rained in Southern California, and the temperature was almost always mild, and it made JJ so happy.

After a few months, the new Jacobson family discovered that Mariah was expecting (no one would say "pregnant" back in those days!), and she had to "retire" from her job. Although the monthly pay for a Marine corporal wasn't much, JJ and Mariah made out OK. That is, until his hitch with the Marines was up. If you wanted to work in the airline industry, there were jobs for you in San Diego, but JJ didn't really like flying. Circumstances conspired to convince JJ that it was time to pack up the bride and hit the highway for home. About everything they owned fit in that service issue seabag, which strapped onto

the back of that bike just fine.

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## The Highground

Here is a quick update on the new Korean Tribute. We have completed a good part of the concrete work this fall as well as having all 3 completed figures on our plaza that will be installed into the tribute in the spring. We expect the tribute to cost \$180,000 and have raised over \$150,000 so far. We still need help to raise the final dollars. For more

www.thehighground.org