

My Brother Bingo, with the help of Preacher, and "Suicide", have gone a great deal out of their way to help those of us who are locked down. All I ask is for those of you fortunate enough to know these "Legends" I speak of, is to just Return The Respect that they are already giving you. A good example: if you are transferred to a different institution or lucky enough to be released back to the "free world", make sure to let Bingo know, so he doesn't continue to write or have Preacher send a paper to someone who isn't even there anymore. I hope those who get out make it a point to Donate back to Bingo's fund - to get respect you must first give it.

I'd like to thank some very special brothers' in my life; Koa & Hellcat - AFMC; Mad, Frog, Bingo & Maverick - DC Eagles MC; Squeeky and Tony - Magneots MC; Johnny and all the independents that came together and put my dad "Suicide" Back in the wind where he belongs, and also for not giving up on me. It's Brother's like you who make this world go round. I am indebted to each of you.

There is a saying that was dedicated to me, but I believe it fits my Brother "Mad" even better. "The character of a man is not defined by what he does when he is on top of the world but by what he does when the weight of the world is on top of him....." I can't think of any great weight than the loss of a child. Mad, your strength and courage is an inspiration to us all. My heart, respect and prayers are with you. I'll end this with saying, Preacher you and Bingo make one hell of a team and we appreciate the time you give to "us" that are so easily "forgotten"



My L's and R's to Big Al, Gargoyle, A.D., The kidd, Chuck Brost, Wolf, Karen and J.P. Respect and Brotherhood, The Bear, Waupun Corr. Inst.



PAYBACK! By: Bingo

The names places and dates have been changed - to protect the GUILTY!

'Little Al' was riding his bike and 4 punks in a car started calling him names. He just gave them 'the finger' and rode on. But these street-gang punks kept it up. Little Al figured the best way to lose them would be to turn off on a side-street and pretend that he was home. But that didn't work! They turned too - and forced his bike to the curb - causing him to lay it down! Then they jumped him! They beat him to a bloody pulp! They blackened both eyes, broke his jaw, broke several ribs and did a lot of damage to his bike.

He was in the hospital a week and lost his job because he wasn't able to work. The cops took his bike to the impound lot and Little Al had two of his club brothers go get it with their pick-up truck. His brothers had it fixed and ready for him when he went home from the hospital.

The cops knew who beat him up-but there was nobody that would stand up and be a witness in that neighborhood because that street gang had them all terrified. Little Al couldn't pick any of them out in the photos the cops showed him. The law could do nothing.

A few months later - Little Al bought a 'boom-box' radio and he opened the carton it came in real carefully. He took that 'boom-box' apart and packed every square inch that he could - with C-4 - a plastic explosive. He also installed an electric detonator and wired the on-off switch to it. Then he re-packed that 'boom-box' in that same carton it came in and glued it shut to look like it had never been opened. Now the radio didn't come with batteries, but it had an electric cord that would plug into an electric outlet.

Little Al had found out from the cops where this street gang's 'clubhouse' was. They had it in the basement of one of their member's houses. Let's say that he shipped it there by U.P.S. - because how it got delivered there makes no difference.

To make a long story shorter - there was 4 of them there that afternoon when it was delivered and when they opened the carton, they took that 'boom-box' out - plugged it in - and turned it on. You could say that the 'boom-box' lived up to its name! It went BOOM!

From what it looked like after it blew up - all 4 of them must have been crowded around to hear how it played. One cop described the scene as: "The place was a MESS! All four bodies were in pieces!"

Yeah, you can learn a lot things - like Little Al did - when you serve your country in the army and spend time a place like Viet Nam - where the enemy made bombs like that and you had to dismantle them.

I'd like to say that this story has a lesson for 'tough guys': Don't mess with the Viet Nam vets!! (Of course you know this story is fiction!)

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