

SKATE-TOWN

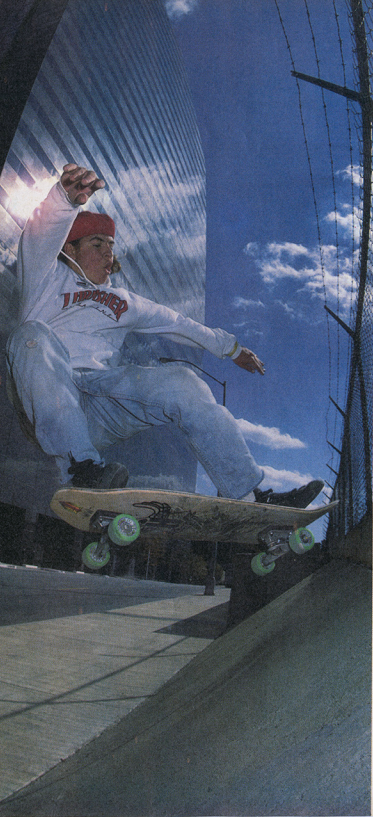
ATLANTA

Atlanta, Georgia, is renowned for more than just the Braves, the Falcons and Southern hospitality. Thanks to an extensive history of pools, skateparks, ramps and spots, plus undying devotion by a solid herd of skaters, Atlanta is a booming skate town. An intense, rolling tradition that was established over a decade ago still continues today on the streets and ramps of this fine city. We managed to catch up with Tommy Kay in San Francisco as he was on tour with Johnny Winter. T.K. is one of the original Atlanta hardcores and a ramp builder extraordinaire. So kick up your heels, enjoy some Southern skate folklore.

Photography by Bryce Kanights



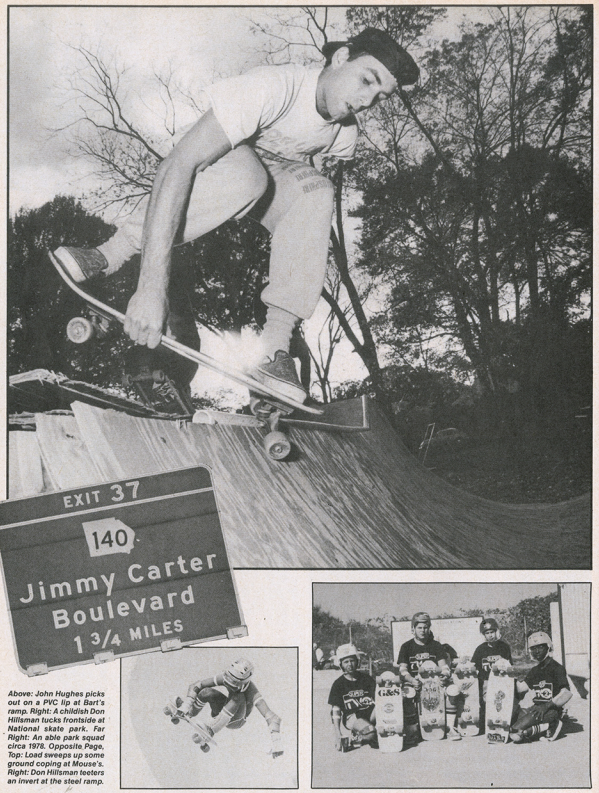
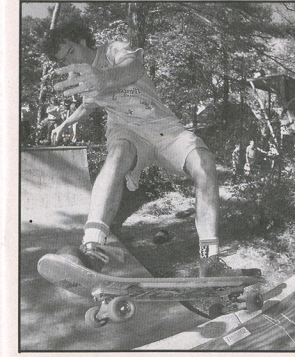
From Left: Ron Seigel ponds the Atlanta street scene. An Atlanta label banks on a major slope of the Southern Bell Occasions. Long-time hip-cho Lenny Byrd bones in a queue at the Street Ramp. The 1987 exhibition Honeywell had to take some abusive clacking from Andy Howell.



The History of Skateboarding in Atlanta
I. In the beginning
 1974-1976—The Fulton Industrial Bowl, an empty fountain in an industrial park, is one of the first banks abused by Atlanta skaters.
II. Vertical hunger sends skaters searching for empty pools.
 1977—The year of the pools. Some of the legends include: Kittingridge, The Mansion, Turkey Bowl, The Blue Room, The Snake Pit.
III. Trend swings from pools to skateparks.
 1978—The first park is The Curl in Smyrna.
 1978—Concrete Surf. Better known as the Concrete Crack.
 1979—National Skateboard Park.
IV. Insurance scare freezes the parks.
Ramp scene dominates from 1980-1982.
 1980—Many backyards sport half-pipes. Tom Kay supplies the Eastside locals with the city's first flat bottom ramp, known as Tommy's Ramp. Due to a rapid growth in housing developments, ramps on the Northside emerge with minimum construction costs to the laborers. Northside locals skate the Ramp Ranch II. Midtown locals skate Mouse's Ramp.
V. Lull in the skate scene
 1982-1984—Only die-hards grace the stage.
VI. Ramps revived, street skaters emerge.
 1983—Ramp Ranch II is the setting for the One Night Stand contest.
 1984—Ramp Ranch II torn down and moved to TK's, site of the 1984 Thanksgiving Jam.
 1985—Street Thing I. The first street contest.
 1986—Street Thing II. Ramps infiltrate the city.
 1987—NSA hits Atlanta for the first time with the Stone Mountain Jam.
 1988-1989—The hottest year today. Cherokee Ramp, Steel Ramp, Garden Ramp, River Ramp, Thomas' Ramp (built by Tim Payne), Metal Ramp (built by Don Hillman), Connor Ramp, Bell Center, Lindberg Pool, Honeywell Building, The Laundromat.



Clockwise from Left: Charles Harmon cracks an olive across an Atlanta embankment. Bringing up the new guard, Josh Rule sets it by at the Laundromat wall. A classic look at Tommy Kay flittin' with disaster at the Ramp Ranch II. Best: The Ramp Ranch II deck with hole attached. Skateshop owner Thomas 'Mouse' Taylor nose-picks to take on the ramp.



Above: John Hughes picks out on a PKC. Top at Bart's. Right: A skateboarder. Below: A skateboarder. Right: A skateboarder.

ATLANTA

From page 56: Water in it. I met some more people from that pool. I ran into the guys from Marietta—Lenny, Mike Landers. Mike was like the leader of the pack. Debbie McAdoo—she was originally Lenny's girlfriend and later she hung around with Landers. Chuck Huliz was there. You know how a Roman-end pool is? Well, he was doing a lot of the hip onto the flat wall. This is when a lot of people started building ramps. Those guys from Marietta eventually had taken the time to build it with flat bottom and no kinks. Their ramp went like this (sketch of a ramp). Unreinforced transitions. It was deep and they built it by hand with no power tools, just hand saws. The edge-cut across the top was totally rough. Death box. So I told those guys to come out to my ramp. They came over and realized that flat bottom was where it was. It was great to session with all these people at my ramp. They decided they were going to put flat in their ramp. Somehow they did it.

SKITHARD VIDEO

BRUCE FINNERSH AND STICK

VHS \$29.00 PLUS SHIPPING
 U.S.A. \$28.00 CANADA \$50.00

Send check or money order (in U.S. funds only) payable to:
CHRISTIAN HOSOI ENTERPRISES, INC.
 P.O. Box 481228, Los Angeles, CA 90048

SKITHARD SKITHARD SKITHARD

people. The ramp was at Debbie Macadoo's house. Then Jaker, that's Debbie's brother, got paid by his mom to tear the ramp down. This was about '81. So we'd skate pools like The Mansion, the Mansion, the Cabana and various others. We didn't quit skating. Then John Hughes called me up. I didn't know who he was at the time, but he called me up and said, 'Hey man, this is John Hughes. I used to hang around the Ramp Ranch somewhat. I don't know if you remember me but I remember you. We'd like to get you to come out and skate our ramp.' This kid Mitch had a ramp, so we went out and skated it. They were calling it the Ramp Ranch II, but it was never really considered Ramp Ranch II. That was a good ramp. Twenty-four feet wide with a channel. Then that ramp got torn down because of the neighborhood ordinance or something. They wanted to build another ramp so we got together on some wood. I drew up some nice even transitions and started making the templates and that became the Ramp Ranch II. It was at a killer house. The land must have been about fifty yards wide by a football field long. The ramp was thirty-two feet wide with a sixteen-foot deck on one side and an eight-foot deck on the other. The sixteen-foot side had a channel, plus a hut on eight feet of the deck. It was like a pavilion. We had the hell stereo up there, couches, the whole deal. We had huts underneath the ramp, too. The dude's mom was cool and people could just stay there. It was great. There would be a party in the neighborhood somewhere. It would be bring your own beer and we'd bring a keg. People would get all passed out because they thought it was a keg party and we'd be like, 'I don't think you qualify for a glass.' Well, finally that ramp took a dive due to city ordinances and building codes. We tore all of the wood off of it—the plywood, the long two-by-fours, the decking wood—and took it to my house. It sat there for a couple months before we made the ramp that's in my yard now. That's the first one. It's twenty-eight feet wide with nine foot transitions, a foot-and-a-half of wet, a twelve-foot deck on one side and an eight-foot deck on the other. There's an extension in one corner, sixteen feet of flat, a staircase.

K.T.—Were you a carpenter before you started building ramps?
 Building ramps is what got me into it. That first ramp I built, I got some guides on how to do it from Chris Bealy. He left town, but I did it exactly like he said. There was nobody to rush me. I took my time and made sure it was done right.



INTERVIEW WITH TOMMY KAY

B.K.—How did you meet your friend Load?
 I met him at a pool called Ebster in my neighborhood, around 1976. This dude, Chris Wilson, would cruise past my house on his board. I asked him where he was going and he said to this pool called Ebster. So I went there with him. It was a deep, banked pool, square with a long, shallow end. You'd drop in the side, go down the banked wall and carve up on the walls, just touching vertical. The first time I dropped into the pool I bamboozled, man, had a conference with Mr. Wilson, a long conference. I didn't skate the rest of that day, but after that I started going back there by myself or with a couple other friends. More and more people started catching on to that pool and before you know it people from all over northeast Atlanta were coming. The most people I ever counted there was twenty-nine.

I was a great thing to learn in. Lee Turner, this other buddy of mine, was the first person I saw really skate in there. He was getting two wheels on the vert and carving. That was a good inspiration. He's still skating. I met Load there, the Load warrior. He's always in search of the ultimate load. I didn't see him for about two or three years, but I remembered him. He remembered this board that I had, because he wanted it from me and I wouldn't sell it. I had glued a piece of wood on the end of the tail and made a wedge-tail. Did it out of a water ski.

We had our own scene on our side of town where my ramp is. We'd go to this skate park. I had met Load at that pool, then I met him again at the skateboard park. He had a car—no insurance, bald tires, the hood was all ruffled up on it because he had left it unattached and it flipped over the top. Mark Johnson and I had skated out there and we needed a ride back. Load gave us a ride back, so Load and I hitched up right there. I knew it was happening. Load and I went to the Mansion pool after no one had skated it for a long time. The water was all the way up to the slops, so we drained it and that became our pool. Not that it was actually our's, but we were the only people who gave it any attention. Everybody had given up because it had so much (Continued on page 59)



Exclusive "Wild Oats" Pushead designs
 Full bleeding color T-shirts

MANIAC - Shown	11.00 ea.
HAND OF FEAR	11.00 ea.
MSFFTS - Evil Eye	11.00 ea.
FEARLESS - Skater	11.00 ea.
FOOTPRINT OF FEAR	11.00 ea.
INSANITY - Kitchgal	11.00 ea.
GASTUNE - Hellin Face	11.00 ea.
JISHIN - Wall Skater	11.00 ea.
SEPTIC DEATH - Burial	11.00 ea.
SEPTIC DEATH - Crowded Out	11.00 ea.
CLEANSE THE BACTERIA	11.00 ea.

Send \$2.00 per shirt for postage
 Foreign orders add \$4.00 per shirt

Please State Shirt Size M/L/XL

SEND \$2.00 FOR CATALOG AND STICKER

PUSHEAD P.O. BOX 701 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101 U.S.A.