

Patriot Gangster

My Experience as One of the Most Influential
Outlaw Motorcycle Club Members in
American History.

Volume 1: *Evolution of an Outlaw*

The most authentic and accurate analysis of motorcycle club
culture that you will ever read.

Jeff Burns, CDEP, CMAS

DISCLAIMER

I have tried to recreate events, locales, and conversations from my memories of them. To maintain their anonymity in some instances I have changed the names of individuals and places, I may have changed some identifying characteristics and details such as dates, physical properties, occupations, and places of residence, etc. The conversations in this book all come from my recollections, though they are not written to represent verbatim transcripts. Rather, I have retold them in a way that evokes the feeling and meaning of what was said, and in all instances the essence of the dialogue is accurate.

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DEDICATION

To my beautiful daughter. If I could do it over again, I would do it differently.

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1 THE REUNION

So why the hell would I write a book if I was an honorable 1%er, it violates the 1% code? The answer is simple and it's because after thinking about it for a year and a half, I came to the conclusion that there is no reason for me to be honorable to men who failed to show me one-tenth of the loyalty, honor, respect and brotherhood that I showed them for all those years. More importantly, I wrote this book to give the world a real and accurate look inside outlaw motorcycle club culture from a perspective unlike anyone else has ever been able to, and bring awareness to a culture that is being destroyed for no reason other than profit. I wrote this book so that good men like me, who seek adventure and want to commit to a culture founded on loyalty, honor, respect and brotherhood will hopefully rethink their ideas and not waste twenty-two years of their own lives, destroy their relationship with their family, and or go to prison or end up dead, for what in the end is all an illusion. I made it out the other side and I did it in "Good Standing" which I'm sure will change as soon as my old club reads this book., but honestly, fuck them. America needs to know this story because our Constitution is being attacked, our freedom threatened, innocent people are being framed and murdered, and the outlaw motorcycle club culture is on the verge of extinction. I wrote this book because it is time to tell the truth about the culture and my experience makes me the best person to do that. The truth is we're not the gangster's law enforcement and the media make us out to be, but we are also not the choir boys we portray ourselves as. As with most things the truth is somewhere in the middle and hopefully my story gives you a much better understanding of this mysterious culture. It's important to mention that some of the names and details have been changed because I don't want anyone getting in any trouble, however it's very important to me that I don't shiny up my story any more than I absolutely have to. With that said, I hope you enjoy.

The last time I saw Josh was December 19th, 2007, when he gave me a smile and a wink after addressing the court just prior to being sentenced to fifteen years in prison for his role in racketeering crimes ranging from robbery to murder, and which he committed during his time as a well-known and

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respected enforcer for the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club. Shortly after his trial, the Angels changed his status to “Out Bad, No Contact” and since there is a practice amongst the 1% clubs of honoring the out-bad status of other 1% clubs, that meant I couldn’t have any contact with Josh for as long as I was a member of a 1% outlaw motorcycle club. I could not even write him in prison. That said, I kept an eye on his wife Lisa and daughter Hannah because I loved them like my own family, and he had no brothers left to look out for them while he did his time. Eventually due to unfortunate circumstances Lisa and I lost contact and she ended up moving to Texas and hooked up with another guy at which point I quit feeling responsible for her.



Josh, Hells Angels MC Nomads Washington

During his time in the Hells Angels, Josh was hands-down one of the most loyal and hardcore Hells Angels and 1%er’s I have ever known. He always impressed me as exactly what an HA Sergeant at Arms and enforcer should be. He was dedicated to living his life by the 1% code of loyalty, honor, respect and brotherhood, and committed to being the very best Hells Angel he could be. With his hulking size, club tattoos covering both arms and the Hells Angels death-head tattooed on both sides on his head, he was visually intimidating but his charisma, intelligence, tactical mindset and ability to charm any crowd from the clubhouse to my parents dinner table was what really made me understand just how dangerous Josh could be. Not to mention what I had experienced first-hand when I was on the wrong side

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of Josh's take care of business side, the first time we met. When Josh was roped up in his RICO case and was facing the death penalty, he never cooperated, never provided any information and faced trial alongside men that had betrayed him, rather than take a deal.



At that time, his wife Lisa was a petite ex-stripper who was battling a meth addiction and trying to make ends meet by working at Taco Time while raising their young daughter Hannah, standing by Josh's side during his RICO trial and facing the fact that her husband was going to at least spend a very long time in federal prison. Then there was sweet little Hannah, Josh's "Baby Girl", a little blonde angel who could take that tattooed giant and melt him anytime she wanted to with nothing more than a smile. The last time I saw Hannah she was about three and half years old and trying to act as tough as she could by telling their German Shepherd mix "Shut up Frankie!" in the kitchen of Lisa's apartment in North Bend, while Lisa and I tried to talk on the phone with Josh who was in federal lockup at FDC SeaTac.

Man, how things have changed since then. In May 2018, I got a friend request on Facebook from Lisa and that weekend I went to visit her and Hannah. As soon as we were together it was like no time had passed between us. I had my sister Lisa and little Hannah back in my life, but the

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circumstances of our lives were completely different in really good ways. After we lost contact, Lisa fell deeper into addiction, moved around the southern U.S., then eventually cleaned up and was now over ten years clean, working as a preschool teacher and living in a quiet community in Western Washington. She has gained some weight, has a few new tattoos and I'm pretty sure those are gray hairs but I'm not going to fuckin say anything to her because she's feisty and I don't need a black eye. What impresses me most about Lisa is her loyalty. No matter what happened, how dark the future looked or how long she had to wait, she was there for Josh.

Hannah has a special place in my heart. The love Josh showed that little girl made me want to protect her as much as I would my own daughter when he was arrested on Valentine's Day in 2006. The things the ATF deliberately did to terrorize Lisa and Hannah when they served the warrant on their apartment after they had already taken Josh into custody down the street when he had gone to get Lisa gas, ate at me and I felt like my family had been attacked. I understand that the service of a high-risk warrant is a violent, scary event but it's what the agents did after Josh was in custody that I took offense to. As I saw it and see it, when you choose to get involved in the outlaw motorcycle club world you voluntarily accept the consequences of the lifestyle, one of which is law enforcement harassment and abuse. I'm not saying it's right or that you have to tolerate it but it's going to happen to you, and if you fight back it has to be done professionally which is what I tried to do via my involvement in the American motorcycle profiling movement, and my primary motivations were my daughter, Hannah and protecting America and the Constitution. The last time I saw Hannah she was almost four years old with long blonde hair, beautiful blue eyes, and her mom's feisty attitude. She was always a little ray of sunshine and just the cutest little girl, so I understandably experienced a brief mental disconnect when this beautiful young blonde with curves came walking into the room the first time after a fourteen-year gap. Hannah is doing great. She's involved in ROTC and has a boyfriend who she's been dating for a few years and appears to be treating her just as Josh and I would expect him to treat her. Plus, it's really freaking cute how after three years together she still blushes and gets all mushy lookin' and puts her hand on her chest when she talks about him and the nice things, he does for her.

Calling a convicted violent organized crime member and a recovered meth addict your closest family might seem sad to some, but you have to understand, with me the most important thing I can have in my life is loyalty, honor, respect and brotherhood. With my unconventional outlaw family, I have that, and it has been forged and tested with a level of

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adversity that most can never understand. All motorcycle club members will say “I can depend on my brothers no matter what.” Well I can tell you from having done the motorcycle club world at a level unlike anyone before me or that anyone ever will again, it is all bullshit and I’ll let this book serve as my argument. That said, I can truly depend on my brother Josh, Lisa and Hannah, the four of us will always be there to face the wolves together and I am truly blessed for and proud of my outlaw family.



Lisa, Hannah & Josh Binder Shortly after they were married in 2003. (Photo courtesy of Josh & Lisa Binder)

It was warm the afternoon I went to see Josh for the first time when he got out of prison. I had just come from training and my K9 Harvey who was getting some much needed rest after his workout with the decoy during his protection training, and had been snoring away in the back seat until he felt the car slow as I approached the gated community. I laughed out loud as I thought about how high society Josh and Lisa were that I was coming to visit them in a gated community. Lisa met me at the front gate to let me in and escort me back to her house. She lives in a peaceful little rural community with its own lake and the last time I was out there I saw a few

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deer running through the neighborhood. A far cry from the place they had when they lived in the hood in Tacoma.

I threw the car in park, jumped out, ran up the steps of the house and into the kitchen expecting to see Josh but he was nowhere to be seen. I could hear him deliberately repeating a long string of numbers and I knew that he must be doing his check-in call with Bureau of Prisons (BOP). After thirteen years in the federal prison system, Josh had just been released from FCI Sandstone in Minnesota to a halfway house in Tacoma a few days earlier and this was the first time I was getting to see my brother face to face in over fourteen years. I wanted to run in there and give him a big bear hug, but I wasn't sure what fourteen years in federal prison had done to harden him and no contact had done to distance us. Lisa had told me that he was a model prisoner, found god, gotten into powerlifting, and obtained certification as a CNC operator while he was in prison which is exactly what I was hoping for. I had faith in my brother, but fourteen years in the federal system with some of America's most notorious gangsters is a long fucking time. Lisa went into the bedroom and I heard her tell him I was there, and then she returned to the kitchen and offered me a drink. A few seconds later Josh came striding out of the bedroom. His heavily tattooed muscular arms and barrel chest were products of over a decade in the federal prison system and made him look even more intimidating than ever. He had added about 80lbs of muscle while he was in, his trademark Fu Manchu had greyed, and the wire rimmed glasses and large silver cross that hung around his neck made him appear wise like a wild west outlaw who gave up the life and found Christ.

The floor shook as he crossed the room and his smile got bigger and bigger until he broke out in his familiar belly laugh and in one sweeping motion swept me up in a giant bear hug. As I hung there feet off the ground, I grabbed both sides of his head and planted a big kiss on the side of his head and then we both went back and forth with a few I love you brother's, before sitting down at the kitchen table to catch up. It was just like it had been with Lisa and seemed like Josh and I had not missed any time together. Not a lot went on in prison in fourteen years that was worth talking about, so Josh didn't have a lot to fill me in on but my life over that period had been one wild adventure that I had started with him almost twenty years ago, and as a result the conversation naturally came to the subject of the motorcycle club world. Ironically, even though Josh had spent fourteen years in prison and I had spent those fourteen years running around the motorcycle club world, we had both come to the same conclusion about the motorcycle club world and that was that it doesn't

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matter what club you're in, the loyalty, honor, respect and brotherhood is all a big hoax.

Josh told me how he had spent time with members of the American Mafia, Mexican Mafia, Nortenos, Gangster Disciples, etc., and it doesn't matter what organization you belong to, the brotherhood is all a big lie and in the end the most committed and loyal members are used and thrown away or forgotten by their organizations. Josh impressed me with his accountability for his crimes, how committed he was to turning his life around, and he explained to me that he wanted to try and use his experiences in the outlaw motorcycle club world and his time in prison to have a positive impact on society. He told me that he wanted to start teaching classes for law enforcement and academics on outlaw motorcycle club and prison life. I told him that I felt the same way and the next thing you know we're developing the most comprehensive and unique training course on outlaw motorcycle club (OMC's) ever, collaborating on this book and trying to rebuild our lives together as good men and brothers.



Josh Binder & Jeff Burns at their reunion in May 2018

2 EVOLUTION OF AN OUTLAW

With outlaw motorcycle club culture being over seventy years old, one of the interesting facts about the culture that no one ever discusses is the fact that there are very few second-generation patch-holders. For clarification, when I use the term second generation patch-holders, I am referring outlaw motorcycle club members whose fathers are or were long-term members of an outlaw motorcycle club. Additionally, when I say outlaw motorcycle club I am referring to any motorcycle club that has existed since at least the Viet-Nam era and is respected as an outlaw motorcycle club by the traditional outlaw motorcycle club community, hold a cultural influence in the areas they operate, and includes clubs that may or may not self-identify with a one percent patch. During my twenty-two years in the club world I had friends in every major outlaw motorcycle club in the United States and I can only ever recall meeting less than a dozen second generation patch-holders, and I was fortunate enough to have had two of them in my own chapter. With the number of second-generation guys being so small, where does the average outlaw motorcycle member come from? My response is you never know.

Mainstream culture tends to stereotype members of outlaw motorcycle clubs as being uneducated and having blue collar jobs if they work at all which is consistent with law enforcements portrayal of the culture, but the reality is strikingly different. With clubhouse fees, membership dues, travel costs, motorcycle maintenance, etc. it is very expensive to be a prospect or member of an outlaw motorcycle club and as a result you must have a reliable source of income to at least support your membership and personal lifestyle, and in many cases your family as well. Some one percent clubs require members to have a legitimate source of income as a requirement of membership and while law enforcement claims this is done by the clubs to help conceal and facilitate criminal activity, the truth is this is it is done to help discourage and prevent the membership from engaging in criminal activity that could later come back and be falsely attributed to the

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motorcycle club by law enforcement, or used by law enforcement to coerce the criminal member to make false statements against the club or its members, when in fact it was a members individual criminal activity that caused their contact with law enforcement and had nothing to do with the motorcycle club. I have known one-percenters who were/are doctors, lawyers, private military contractors, executive protection agents, bodyguards, investigators, actors/entertainers, ER nurses, anesthesiologists, railroad engineers, firefighters, social workers, substance abuse professionals, teachers & college professors, mechanics, special operators, youth counselors, pastors, and even former police officers. You name it and at some point, there is or was a one percenter who was involved in that profession, so there is no average one percenter and I would say I was definitely not your average one percenter.

I was born and raised in the greater Seattle, Washington area. My dad is an attorney who specialized in first amendment law that was born and raised in Seattle and my mom was a stay at home who was born and raised in a small town in southern Utah. At a young age I was deemed “gifted” which led to me spending my part of summers in gifted children’s programs and attending the most exclusive private schools before completing high school at one of the best public schools in an affluent suburb of Seattle. I was never an academic, but I’ve always been an athlete and excelled in football, ski racing and bodybuilding at various levels over the years. Ski racing and skiing afforded me the opportunity to begin to travel internationally at a young age and helped me identify my passion for international travel and adventure. My parents led me to believe that the only path to success was to graduate high school, go to a good college, get married, raise a family, and accumulate fancy stuff to show off how successful you are. My definition of success is quite different and without a doubt it is the result of the impact my maternal grandfather Tulley Harvey played in shaping me as a man.

Some of my favorite experiences were my summers I spent with my grandpa on his ranch in southern Utah, and it’s where I learned some of the most important lessons on life from my Grandpa Harvey. One of those lessons in particular is that you don’t define success by having a fancy house or car, your success as a man is defined by the stories other people tell about you. I got to see this first hand with the people who surrounded my grandpa, whether they be his own family or the people we would see around town who knew him, they all would treat him with the utmost respect and they still talk about him long after his death. The things I saw and did with my grandpa and the lessons he taught me whether they were intentional or not, led me to believe that my Grandpa Harvey was a true

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