



# Sandlines

The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

February 2017



The  
Bunny Run  
Is Coming  
April 23, 2017



## The President's Corner:

Hey Sandies, that was a great anniversary party, all the folks who received awards were well deserving to get them. I know that the new riding season is here and we have a lot of things going on this year. If any of you Sandies have places you all want to go, let me know and we will try to work them in.

One more thing - we need to support all the motorcycle shops in town we never know how long they will be in business it seems that locally owned motorcycle shops all over the country have been going out of business because of the convenience of the Internet. Remember that these shops are owned by our friends and employ our friends Everyone in the Sand Dollar M/C has at least a couple of friends who work in the local motorcycle economy. So anytime we can, let's continue to support our shops.

Thanks,  
Robert

## Sand Dollar Board of Directors

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Treasurer: Edna Keefe 314-7408  
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The Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club is a Chartered AMA organization. The Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club is open to all motorcyclists irregardless of riding experience or brand of motorcycle, as long as they share the Club desire to ride safely and have a good time riding.

## Birthdays February



**IF YOU SEE THESE SANDIES THIS  
MONTH, WISH ALL OF THEM A VERY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY....**

**Will Fraser, Christina Schaefer  
Sandy Shorey  
Jim Walters, Lee Matson  
Tina Chaney Moody  
John Wender, Fonya Higgs**



We wish all these couples a very special wonderful and joyous anniversary

**NONE This Month**



2016 Member of the Year  
David Bernauer

2016 Rider of the Year  
Steven Gardinier



# What's Happening

**Breakfast before our Rides.....** Joe & Eddie's Restaurant (Across from Goofy Golf) 8:00 am. A note, Joe's has a bunch of new Wait staff, when you walk in and sit down, put your order in right away. Don't wait for other Sandies to join you. We leave at 9 am period.



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**Tuesdays...**We will be getting together on our non- business meeting Tuesday's at a location To Be Announced by our famous "Cat Herder", so watch your emails, time as always: **6:00 PM.**

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## Our Business Meeting Time Has Changed !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Our Meeting will at The Okaloosa Fire Dept. Training Room, 2nd Floor 9:00 am, 1st Sunday of the Month, Ride to follow.**

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**Bunny Run 2017.....**It's time to get rolling on the the Bunny Run! It will be here in ten short weeks. Door Prizes, we need them now, so please go out and beat the bushes. Workers, we need them at every run, please let George or Sam know what duties you will be willing to perform. Any other ideas please present them. Bunny Run posters will need to be distributed very soon. Take some with you wherever you go so we can blanket the area. Put them up at work if you can, you never know where someone will take notice and decide to attend.



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## WE BE DO'N DINNER RIDES

The Sandies eons ago used to do one dinner ride a month, more than that and it got real thin on participation. The Dinner Ride will be a Mystery Dinner Ride. That means the Roadie leading it knows were it will end up. Now if you have certain dietary needs and/or a picky eater, just contact the Road Lead and find out just where.

A couple of remembers, we use the Sandie table method, parties of 4 or 5 or 6, don't let the restaurant folks, unless they have the space, set-up one mass table. It works better for the wait staff and kitchen. Speaking of wait staff, Sandies if you get good service and the kitchen screws up don't take it out on the wait folks. Traditionally wait people really are not in love with Motorcycle Clubs cause they are crappy tippers. We on the other hand have quite a few places where we are really appreciated, let's keep the good feelings rolling.



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## **Minutes from Sandollar M/C Business Meeting January 8, 2017**

### **Meeting Called to Order**

- Robert Woods called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM.
- DJ Kudla read the minutes from the December, 2016 meeting.
- Joe Joe Rello motioned to accept the minutes as read and second by Harold Luttrell.

### **Treasurer's Report**

•Edna Keefe read the Treasurer's report from the December, 2016 meeting. Joe JoeRello motioned to accept the Treasurer's Report as read and second by George Engler. Ms Edna requested that members donating cash to please specify where it should be used, i.e. Meals on Wheels.

### **Road Captain's Report**

- George Engler gave the Road Captain's Report of upcoming events:

March 2017:

- 03.05.17 – Board (8:30 AM) & Business Meeting (9:00 AM @ Okaloosa Fire Department upstairs)
- 03.12.17 – Rides of March
- 03.19.17 – Skills
- 03.25.17 – Saturday Adventure

Save the Dates:

- 03.10.17 – 03.19.17 – Daytona Spring Bike Week
- 04.23.17 – Bunny Run (Sponsored by Emerald Coast Harley Davidson)
- 10.29.17 – Pumpkin Run (Sponsored by KM Cycle & Marine)

Please call or text Sharon Woods at 850.246.0029 with any questions or comments regarding ride schedule.

### **Old Business**

- None

### **New Business**

•George Engler requested suggestions for future rides. Suggestions should be sent to George or Robert Woods. Some suggestions included the Army Aviation Museum at Fort Rucker, New Orleans, Dig Daddy's in Ocala, Continental Drive-in Theater, and the Alabama cemetery where the last person killed in the Civil War is buried for overnight rides. Anyone wanting to initiate their own ride, please send an email to George for distribution to the members.

•George Engler noted no sponsor is available for the Hav-a-Heart poker run as many of the motorcycle shops have closed and no location is available at this point. Some concern was expressed that if the Hav-a-Heart was taken off the agenda that the event would not be supported next year. A discussion ensued to just have a rally at Liza Jackson instead of having a run, then pass the hat for donations. We really need to promote and get the word out for the Bunny Run and Pumpkin Run. John G motioned to table the Hav-a-Heart and take a collection. Motion was seconded by Munchkin.

•Sam Engler reminded everyone to let Ms Edna know if attending the 37th Anniversary Party on January 21st and what they will be bringing. This year's theme is "Memories" and will be held at the Quality Inn on Hwy 98 next to Red Lobster.

### **Meeting Closed**

•There being no further business for the benefit of the club, Joe Joe Rello made a motion to close and second by Jim Morrison. Meeting adjourned at 9:50 AM.

## MOJO Pork

I have made this pork at least twenty times and everyone really likes it  
George

3 tbsp. Spanish olive oil heated  
2 tbsp. finely chopped onion  
2 crushed whole garlic cloves (crushed in a mortar or garlic press)  
1/2 tsp ground oregano  
1/4 tsp ground cumin  
2 bay leaves crushed  
1/4 tsp ground pepper  
1/8 tsp salt  
2 tbsp. sour orange or lime juice  
2 tbsp. water  
1 tbsp. Sherry wine (I use Dry Sack)  
1/2 tsp vinegar



3 lb pork roast  
2 tbsp. crushed garlic (Crush in the mortar or in a garlic press)  
1/2 tsp salt  
1/4 cup sour orange juice (or 1/8 cup orange and 1/8 cup lime juice)  
1/4 tsp ground black pepper  
1/4 tsp ground bay leaves  
1/2 tsp ground oregano  
1/2 tsp ground cumin  
1 tbsp. Spanish Olive oil (Betis, etc...O  
MOJO (recipe follows)

Remove excess fat and all skin from pork roast. Pierce meat in several areas and marinate roast in a mixture of garlic, salt, juice, pepper, bay leaves, oregano, cumin, and olive oil for at least 1 hour.

Place roast in a pan with the fat side up, and reserve marinade for basting. Roast at 350 F for about 2 1/2 hours or until a meat thermometer registers 170 F and the meat is browned. Turn the meat and baste frequently with marinade while cooking. If drippings begin to smoke or burn, add a little water to the drippings in the pan. After meat is well done, remove from oven & allow to cool before cutting into thick slices. Serve with "Mojo", black beans, white rice, and fried sweet or green plantains (tostones de plátano verde)

## A Tale of Two Bikes

Tim Murphy

To warp the teachings of St. Augustine: Evil is necessary so we may understand, by contrast, Good. Or maybe that's just part of a monologue from a comic book villain who thinks he has our hero on the precipice of imminent doom. Nevertheless, it comes to mind as I take a couple of rides around the big block.

Somehow, I don't know how, life and the weather got in the way of my recommended daily dosage of two-wheeled therapy. Shamefully, I think it had been weeks since the bikes have been out of the garage. Today's the day, though, to give them a little tour to at least blow off the cobwebs.

For some reason, I always pick the 40-year-old Sportster with the flames on the side, first. It seems so exotic and raw that I'm a moth drawn to the bug zapper. After a walk-around, pump up the tubes, and a session of yoga, the ritual begins... 10 kicks later and a few minutes of holding the throttle, it settles into its own po-ta-to po-ta-to cadence. Next, you hoist it from its 45-degree lean, slap the stand home, and press down the shifter with a resounding "chunk". All systems are "Go". Let out the clutch and ease on out of the neighborhood.

How fun is this?! I'm working my way through the four gears, riding on a piece of American history, with not another one like it anywhere in town. However, as the miles go by, my mind is ever evaluating: Does that sound right? Does that feel right? Is the generator light on, or is it just the sunlight off the lens? Nothing fell off this time, did it? Got to feel for the choke to make sure it's not sliding out to rob the engine of power. How many more miles can I get out of the ol' peanut tank?

The answer to that last one is "not many". Much further than I'd like to walk or push, the engine starts its sputtering. With a little luck, I can pull in the clutch, take my hand off the throttle, and switch the valve to 'Reserve' before the engine quits. Well, I have never, I repeat, never had that kind of luck. However, I might still be able to save it. It can't be like a car where you shift to 2nd and let the momentum bump start it back to life. I've tried that before and all I got was an abrupt stop and less rubber on the rear tire. These Harley 'Ironheads' have way too much compression for 2nd gear. Instead, I coast it down to about 40 and dumped the clutch in high gear. Hot damn, it worked!

After replacing the 1.5 gallons of gas, I completed my ride loop and backed it into the garage. In the process, wondering whether that was going to be a 1st or 2nd degree burn I was suffering on the back of my leg as it rested against the oil tank during the back-peddling.

Next! (And let me say, I love having the chores I do. If it weren't for want of space and resources, I'd have at least four more bikes at my disposal.)

I roll the Yamaha FZ6 out into the light of day and climb aboard. Ahhhhhh! That new aftermarket seat is breaking-in just right. And although the weight is about the same, it rises off the kickstand with such relative ease. And the feel of being wrapped around the bike, as opposed to merely perched on top - so comfortable. With no more effort than hitting this spacebar the in-line 4 jumps to life and quietly purrs. An easy pull at the clutch and the snick of 1st gear later, and once again I ease on out of the neighborhood.

Gracefully the old friend accelerates through its six gears with nary a vibration. But even at highway speeds a crack of the throttle will make the front end jump, where the Harley will make more noise and with time gradually move the needle. The Yamaha's fairing slices through the air while the slightly lean-forward stance never makes you feel like you're hanging on for your life - unlike a pair of ape hangers. What a pleasure! I left the house with a planned route in mind, but now I'm starting to think of towns beyond towns. The temptation is surely strong with 4.5 gallons to get me there. But then there's life and weather to bring me back to reality.

However, at the moment, life and weather is good. I'm sailing over the back roads with full confidence in my machine. Cresting a rise. Hugging a curve. This is good. And I know Good. I know it because I've ridden Evil.



## **Annual Chili Ride and Cook-Off**

George (the Cat Herder) Engler

What a Chili Day! (Get it? Chili/Chilly? Hey, when ya got it, ya got it.)

Had over 20 folks there and 6 different Chilies - all good. The Mysterious # 4 won which is pretty good since All Time World Champeen Chili Gods Sharon W AND the Goose were entered also. Seriously all the Chilies were good, nah - they were great!

Walking into Edna's house after a cold 125-mile ride and smelling all that food can only be described as Heaven. Better than Heaven 'cause Heaven wouldn't have Edna's homemade, banana pudding, Brownies, Tina and Gerd's homemade Bread and a big urn of Mexican hot chocolate. Steven G did have his coffee which keeps Steven happy, which I assure you is a good thing, trust me.

Back to the Bread, it was, frankly, outstanding, I had made a deal with Tina and Gerd, he said I could take the leftovers home. Which is a Great deal, homemade fresh bread, until I saw JoeJoe eat 6 slices. I sprang into action (well as much I am able to 'sprang') and I tried to hide the rest. But alas Pat G and Jim W and other nefarious Sandy's took the rest.

Speaking of Pat G or Mr. "I would rather look good and freeze than look like the Michelin Man." It's like, do I buy a full-face helmet and keep my poor face warm or buy pipes so I sound good? Oh, the ag-o-nee of such decisions "Do I sound good or stay warm", "warmth, sound - hmmm?" Well Pat walked up at one of our rest stops and said "Could we head south, my face is falling off, I think, I can't feel it ". So where did Mr. Pat spend his Magic Beans, boys and girls?

The Captain says he is hard of hearing. But when someone asked how many helpings of banana pudding The Captain had, the I heard The Captain answer "Three". Hmm - pretty quick if ya ask me.

It was good seeing Jim W out, Jim has been sick and at home for almost a month now. It's amazing what free Chili with all of Edna's fixins will do to a person knocking on Deaths Door. A very nice day, well for some of us, the warm ones anyway, right Pat? At least the frostbite sounded good...I'm sure the ride helped drag Jim out. Hope you're improved health holds up Jim!

The best thing about Joe B a.k.a. 'Goose' is Beka - and a truer statement has never been uttered. Joe had to show me a "new Tattoo ". It was not a nice tattoo if people use the word "Cupcake" describing certain Sandies, at least Beka was there to balance out the Goose's evil intent. For those not familiar, the word "Cupcake" denotes any of us motorcyclists that have the sense to use technology to stay warm or dry or both. Do you use electric clothing to stay warm? Guilty. Heated Grips? Heated seat? Guilty, guilty. I guess Pat would be called a "Pat-cicle" with more exhaust volume (wait, that don't sound right [get it? Sound? Ha! I got a million of 'em] ...well probably still true regardless of exhaust type..) cause he certainly ain't a "Cupcake".

Another Sandie that has been out for a while due to illness but was there today was Dona L. It was nice to see Dona today. Now, Harold – welllll...maybe not as much. Harold has a new horn on his Spyder. And you thought Harold was obnoxious before, honey you ain't heard nothing yet.

As you might have heard, Munchkin is 'Batching it". Helen decided to go visit family and has therefore left Munchkin without a shred of adult leadership. It was a great Sunday made greater by all the fantastic food. Thank you again, Edna, you are the consummate host. To Goose, Sharon, John W, the Mysterious # 4, Dona, and a surprise entry, Haley W , thank you for all the wonderful chili, all of you were fantastic.

Sandie 'Dining In' is Back, Tuesday, 6ish, Joe & Eddies, warm company and warm food it don't get any better.

Newsletter Deadline, this Wednesday, please get your articles to Michael a.k.a. Sensei by then.



## Reflections - Motorcycle Wreck

By Pam Kaby

Time to reflect on a group mentor ride that did not end well last weekend. I was leading (those that know me know of my aversion to that position), followed by newer riders in the 2 & 3 positions, with an experienced rider as sweep. Coming out of a left-hand curve, in the mirror I watched our newer riders' positions as they exited the curve, as I had done all day.

Number 2 rider came out of the curve in good position but then drifted to the right, dropping her front tire off the edge. Since the shoulder was about a 2" drop she was now in an edge trap. Trying to side-step it back up on road surface was not going to happen and, in a blink, it sent her on a slide to her left, across the road and into a thicket. The #3 rider, on her first extended mileage ride, executed a perfect too-much-brake panic stop that took her down hard. A lot happened in mere seconds at around 20-25 mph.

Back to #2 rider. She does not remember anything about the wreck other than she remembers getting too close to road edge - which told me that is where she was looking. Bingo. The bike will always, always go where your eyes tell it to.

Fortunately, the bike slid across the asphalt on the engine guard. Since she managed to hang on to the bike & slid on it, she was saved from painful road rash. She walked away from a motorcycle wreck with some broken toes and other bumps & bruises that will completely heal. Yes, she was wearing a helmet, for those who will wonder.

Rider #3 knew exactly what she had done and told me before I gave thought to questioning. Luckily, she was wearing a 3/4 helmet with bubble shield. She has some minor, but still painful, chin and lip abrasions. The deep scratches on the face shield and side of helmet tells me that her beautiful face would have had major abrasions had she not had the helmet she had. She does not ride with gloves and her palm showed the effects of soft tissue hitting asphalt hard. She, too, survived a motorcycle wreck and will fully recover.

I am grateful that my sweep is one cool cucumber and stayed calm and helped take control at the scene. It has been about 5 years since I had taken an ASM course and had not had any reason to put it in practice until now. And it showed.

But soon we had assessed that our riders did not have life threatening injuries, had bikes safely off the road, tasked a local passer-by with contacting law enforcement & EMS since he knew our exact location, and were coordinating bike transport. It is shameful to acknowledge that among 4 bikes, not one basic first aid kit. That has been remedied on my bike.

Summary:

1. Look where you want to go, always. If you do not want to go the edge of the road (or hit a pothole or cross a painted line), do not look at it, not even to see how close you are. For many, not just our rider, that is a lesson that has been confirmed with negative reinforcement.

2. Edge traps. {sigh}. They are very dangerous to us. If you do not recognize them, understand how they upset handling & balance, or know how best to navigate them, they will ruin a ride day very quickly. (That requires a safety note under its own title. David Hough describes it the best I have read in his two Proficient Motorcycling books. I strongly recommend his books in your library - that you actually read!). One of my trusted, professional mentors, Chris Mitchell, gave me the first one shortly after I joined the Sandollars and to this day is one of the best & most used motorcycle gifts received and is excellent resource material.

3. Motorcycle gear. Wearing gear that is specific to our chosen sport makes a big difference. From sturdy motorcycle boots that can protect tiny bones, to gloves that can protect soft tissue to helmets with shields that protect our face and head. I had gotten complacent in my protective gear and now have a more protective helmet on order. Choosing to ride a motorcycle is the first step in our personal risk assessment, deciding how much gear to wear is taking our risk assessment to the next level. I encourage each of you to do your own risk inventory and make sure you, and your loved ones, can live with consequences of your choices. Buy the protective gear that you will wear while trying hard not to include the 'cool' factor in your analysis. It is hard not to, I know. There are those who wear body armor, head to toe, and those who ride in shorts, tank tops, and canvas low tops. Most of us fall somewhere in between.

4. Skill development & practice. A very wise man, mentor and RiderCoach extraordinaire told me early on that we should always be students. Thank you, Ken Grant. I took your words to heart very early and I never forget your lesson. I have taken every safety or advanced riding course available to me, yet I am always a student of our sport and am registered for a BRC-II course as a refresher in February. I encourage anyone to join me. The day before the wreck, I was in the parking lot practicing my life-saving skills of swerving and threshold braking (quick stops). When was the last time you practiced lifesaving skills that are built on muscle memory? Knowing how to do it properly is not the same as developing muscle memory by actually doing it. When it happens in real time, you want your body to respond immediately by rote memory. Finding out in an "oh-shit" moment on the road that your muscle memory skills are rusty or weak is not recommended. If you ever want to practice in the parking lot with me, let me know. The Sandollar M/C is one of the very few clubs that consistently (monthly) offers the opportunity for skills practice in a secure area, under the tutelage of some of the best RiderCoaches in our immediate area. I wish other clubs followed suit. Maybe this will open some discussions.

5. Accident Scene Management (ASM). Those of us who are constantly working on polishing our skills and engaging in motorcycle safety discussions are primarily focused on accident avoidance. But 'stuff' happens and it was reinforced to me that I need to polish my ASM knowledge and preparedness. There is an actual ASM course that I have attended twice that works along similar lines of a First-Aid or CPR course (either find a course scheduled locally or get a group together and have an instructor come in for the class - [www.accidentscene.net/](http://www.accidentscene.net/)) It has a strong focus on first aid and taking control of a motorcycle accident scene. If you ride in a group, ASM should become a topic of discussion.

***Ride smart, my friends, ride smart.***

## **Serenade Outside My Window** **Michael (Sensei) McMillan**

So, last night at midnight I had just, and I mean JUST fallen asleep when a puppy barked very close to me. It startled me awake and I thought I'd dreamed it when the bark happened again and very close by. We don't have a puppy. I shook off the sleepiness and sat there, upright, wondering where in the world a puppy could be that his barking was that loud and sounding as though he were so close.

Nothing. Dead silence.

I really must have dreamed it... Well maybe I can go back to sleep – so I snuggled back into the covers and nestled my head into the soft cool pillow BARK BARK BARK!

What the everlovin' hell is going ON here!?!?

When I sat up this time, the sound continued but changed. It was a Frog! I swear he sounded just like a three-month old puppy barking. He was outside the window, sitting on the brick window sill just under the edge of the window AC, apparently looking for a hook-up. He's about a foot and a half from my pillow and he's singing his little soul out looking for a girlfriend and my god he's loud!

I turned the AC unit colder so it would come on and would scare him away. I waited for more singing and didn't hear any so I laid back down. Just as I was realizing that no way in hell was I gonna be able to go back to sleep, little Sinatra-boy starts signing again and even louder this time because he has to compete with the AC unit. About that time the AC shuts off but Little Sinatra is proud of his new-found volume and keeps belting it out.

So here I am at 10 minutes after midnight, getting up, getting dressed, (well, kinda: lounge shorts, T-shirt and flip-flops) and I grab a flashlight to go freakin FROG HUNTING. I didn't want to touch the frog bare-handed because then I'd have to wash up and I knew that running cool water on my hands and arms would wake me completely and it might be hours before I fell back asleep so I got a paper towel from the kitchen to pick up Sinatra without touching him.

As I stepped out of the back door and rounded the corner onto the grass, I got confirmation that I was absolutely correct in thinking that getting wet would wake me completely because I suddenly realized that I had not thought through the choice of footwear. The grass was wet and there was a recently excavated dog hole that was about ankle deep and full of water. Dammit. Musta rained....

As I head over to the window AC unit, I can clearly hear Little Sinatra crooning 'Stranger in the Night". He no longer sounded anything like a puppy and was obviously a frog and one of the loudest damned frogs I've ever heard, at that. As I neared the window, Frank stopped singing. I played the light over the brick ledge at the bottom of the window but there was no sign of Frank. All up around the window frame and adjacent brickwork but no Frank. Finally, I looked under the bottom of the AC unit and there, sitting on the ledge

under the AC in a space about three inches high, is Sinatra. He's a green tree frog and is about 2 inches long. How the hell does an animal that small make so much noise?!? He does this odd little four-foot shuffle where he slowly and deliberately turns his whole body directly toward me, looks me straight in the eyes – and starts singing at the top of his little tree frog lungs! (I think it was "Fools Rush In")

Just as I'm reaching toward him with my folded paper towel Frank makes an astonishing leap outward and lands on my (bare) leg above the knee. You wouldn't think that you can put together a vigorous hip-hop dance to "Fools Rush In", but you can. Little Frankie danced right along with me. In fact, since I was 'going commando' under my loose shorts and at one point he managed to climb several inches higher, truth be told - he was leading.

Whether he decided he wanted to resume the pursuit of his crooning and mate-seeking activities, or, and I'm not sure how I feel about this, decided I was a lousy dancer and bailed – Sinatra made one last amazing leap and disappeared into the night.

I went back in the house and washed my leg off with Windex, yes Windex. It was handy and I already had a nice, unused paper towel in my hand since I had never managed to actually touch Frankie with it. Another failure to plan ahead here: Active ingredient in Windex? Ammonia. And the primary ingredient in "smelling salts" used to induce complete wakefulness and alertness in humans? Yep. Ammonia. I lay down on the bed and stared at the ceiling for a couple hours with the chorus of "Wee Small Hours of the Morning" playing in my head. Over and over. Great. Now I have a damned ear worm...



Robert McLondon  
Julia McLondon

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# February 2017



Calendars are Subject to Change  
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>5</b> Business Meeting 9 Am Lunch Ride after	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>12</b> Hav-A-Heart Pre-Ride 9 am	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>19</b> Hav-A-Heart 8 am Location TBA	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>26</b> Skills 9 am Crest. 8:30 AL'S	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish				

# March 2017



Calendars are Subject to Change  
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>5</b> Business Meeting 9 am Lunch	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>12</b> Rides of March 9 am AL's	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>19</b> Skills 9 am Range 8:30 am AL's	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> Saturday adventure 9 am AL's
<b>26</b> Open DATE	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b>	