



Sandlines



The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

January 2021

Celebrating 41 years of Riding from the Emerald Coast!



Vice President's Corner

---2020 is ending---

---Thank goodness---

The Sandies have managed to ride and enjoy ourselves in spite of Covid. It has been a totally different year and I'm glad to see it go and hope next year will be much better

We have had some Sandies very sick and even had a very special member who died from Covid. Sharon Woods will be missed bunches.

We will continue to ride in 2021 and have lots of fun...

Ride safe but please ride!

Sam Engler, Vice President

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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 January

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

**Dawn Hill,
Ben Cox,
and the bestest Birthday of them all,
David McCauley**



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

NONE

Breakfast Circles with Tim Joejoe

Tim W decided to lead a ride on Monday for breakfast at the Freeport Café. Tim W., Wes H., Joe W. and I met up at Good Things Donuts and departed at 8AM on a really nice 155-mile ride to Freeport, FL and back. Tim led us on a direct route to Freeport via HWY 20 and since Freeport is only 48 miles from Fort Walton Beach it seems we took a bit of a detour on our ride back home.

After a nice hearty breakfast and some fun conversation, we hit the road North on 331 for a while then Tim did his "Tim Thing" of riding us around in circles all over the place between Freeport and Defuniak.

We eventually ended up on Bob Sikes road where Tim stopped and invited us to his home for some Coffee and Tea. Both Joes accepted his invite and we had a nice time at his place reminiscing and sipping tea along with playing with his two overly happy dogs.

Thanks Tim for the real nice but very confusing ride around in circles and the invite to your home.

Joejoe



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.



Meetings.....Our meeting location has changed for the time being. We will now meet at the Golden Corral in Mary Esther at 9 AM on the first Sunday of the month. Please feel free to arrive early and grab some breakfast.



Our 41st Year in 2021

First of all, as in all years, The Sandies are in a State of Confusion. Now ya gotta admit that there is damn funny. Okay try to be a little serious, with this Krewe, its damn hard I 'll tell ya, to be serious that is.

The wonderful thing about The Sandies is that we don't take our selves a bit seriously. The exception to that is how we ride and how we work to keep sharpening our skill set.

The Sandollar M/C in comparison to Clubs half our age and much younger is in damn good shape. This is 100% due to the wonderful members, no matter how crazy, yes, the Mother-ship is coming, of The Sandollar M/C Inc.

Let's Ride and Have a Great 2021 !!!!!

Rides are Happening

Keep your eyes on Facebook and your email. Rides are happening and fun is being had. We are still observing the Social Distancing rules but using the wind to help cure the "Cabin Fever".

Tim White has been taking some days to ride with the few that show and has also taken on some Saturday rides. Keep in touch electronically and you can ride with us.



<http://twitter.com/SandDollarMC>



<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Sandollar-Motorcycle-Club/110038601999>



<http://www.myspace.com/sandollarmotorcycleclub>



<http://sandollarmotorcycleclub.com>

Minutes from Sandollar M/C Business Meeting December 6, 2020

Sam Engler called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Edna read the minutes from the Nov. 2020 meeting. The minutes were accepted as read.

Treasurer's Report

Edna read the Treasurer's report. The report was approved as read.

Road Captain's Report

George gave the Road Captain's report for the Nov. & Dec. Please call or text George Engler at 850.244.0376 with any questions or comments regarding the ride schedule.

Save the Dates:

1/1/21	Pelican Plunge
1/24/21	Skills

Watch your email for other events that may pop up

Old Business

Elder Services – Donation in the amount of \$3,075.00 will be presented to Elder Services to provide one month of Meals for 41 recipients.

Meeting Closed – There being no further business for the benefit of the Club the meeting adjourned at 9:10AM.

King Arthur Flour Date Nut Bread

Sandies, I have made this recipe a number of times. Yes, use coffee, it does not coffee flavor the Date Cake loaf. I mean be honest its more cake then bread. You make it a little denser and make add Cream Cheese and make sandwich's to die for. Yes Gertrude I ass the booze more or less depends on the Cat Herder induced Stress Level George

Ingredients

- 2 cups (227g) chopped dates
- 4 tablespoons (57g) softened butter
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 to 3/4 cup (142g to 159g) brown sugar
- 1 cup (227g) hot brewed coffee
- 1 large egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 tablespoon (14g) vodka or brandy, optional; to enhance flavor
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 3/4 cups (206g) King Arthur Unbleached All-Purpose Flour
- 1 cup (113g) coarsely chopped walnuts



Instructions

1. Preheat the oven to 350°F. Lightly grease an 8 1/2" x 4 1/2" loaf pan.
2. Place the dates, butter, baking soda, salt, and brown sugar in a mixing bowl. Pour the hot coffee into the bowl, stirring to combine. Allow the mixture to cool for 15 minutes.
3. Add the egg, vanilla, liquor, baking powder, and flour, beating gently until smooth. Stir in the walnuts.
4. Pour the batter into the pan, gently tapping the pan on the counter to settle the batter.
5. Bake the bread for 45 to 55 minutes, tenting the loaf gently with foil after 30 minutes, to prevent over-browning. Remove the bread from the oven; a cake tester or toothpick inserted into the center should come out clean, and an instant-read thermometer should read about 200°F.
6. After 10 minutes, gently turn the bread out of the pan onto a rack to cool. Cool completely before slicing. Wrap airtight, and store at room temperature for several days; freeze for longer storage.

Tips from our Bakers (Follow these hints)

- Feel free to use a flavored coffee here; caramel or vanilla are both good choices.
- What's up with the vodka or brandy? Alcohol is a flavor enhancer, serving to disperse flavor molecules throughout the bread; leave it out if you like.
- Why the range in sugar? Some people like sweeter breads; some, less so. Your choice.
- Can you substitute boiling water for hot coffee? Well, if you're thinking substitute because you don't like the flavor of coffee, don't worry; the bread doesn't taste at all like coffee. If you can't take coffee's acidity or caffeine, though, then substituting water is fine. The bread may be slightly denser, due to the removal of coffee's acidity, which reacts with baking soda to produce rise; counteract this by substituting 1 tablespoon lemon juice for 1 tablespoon of the water.

Sand Dollar Members Always Come Through When Need is Greatest **George Engler**

Well, Thursday, December 17, 12 Sandies came together to give Lorraine the check and the gift certificates at Elder Services. When Frank W and Marie S arrived, Marie had a very special surprise. Marie had knitted scarves and very pretty warm hats, then wrapped them beautifully. The folks at Elder Services were really very appreciative of all Marie had done.

It was great to see Jim W and Anne P, the duo had a pretty bad Covid couple of weeks. But both had been cleared to get out in public and the Elder Services meeting was the first time out. Steven G and Dr. Electro (Jim M) joined us from Crestview.

Let's not forget the Escapee from the Island of the Seriously Deranged and Nut Jobs, Sandy S. Sandy snuck in before they could lock the door, dang it. Tommy N tried to hold the door closed but to no avail, Sandy made it in. The best was saved for the last, Robert W, made it just after the Presentation. It felt so good seeing Robert, especially after all that Robert has gone through.

You fabulous Sandies made this wonderful day happen. Your unreserved generosity and caring make being a member of the Sand Dollar M/C, a proud association.

A little background: normally, the Sandies raise money for their Charity, Elder Services & Meal on Wheels, during the year. We do Poker Runs and carry the Marshalls at Triathlons during the bicycle portions. The Draft Busting is our forte, carry the judges and what's left we patrol the route keeping everyone honest. Bicycle folks cheat as bad as golfers, they will draft in a heartbeat and that's not allowed in nationally sanctioned Triathlons. Everyone knows that judges are on motorcycles, well if you not playing fair you gotta stop cheating anytime you can hear or see a motorcycle. When you hear a motorcycle coming up behind you, you have no idea if does or does not carry a Judge! That's how we got the name Draft Busters. Our Poker Runs are legendary, we always had more in attendance than most other poker runs put on by other groups.

Well, this year we had no Draft Busting gigs, no Poker Runs. Our Treasury runs pretty lean so no help there. At Christmastime we are given a list of Elderly that live below the poverty line and need the Meals on Wheels bill taken care of. Let's be honest here one misses a meal if they have no money. This is America after all. But if the Sandies can pay for the meals. It lets Elder Service stretch their General Services budget that much more. Most years the list gets divided among different organizations to sort out. Well to compound the issue this year no other Groups had stepped up this year to take meals.

The dilemma was, there's no income, no way to step up, what to do? You, the members of The Sandies stepped in and gave from your hearts. Because of your generosity we fed everyone on that list! Everyone. Not one person would fail to get a meal. We had asked for 2500 dollars as that was the barest minimum that would at least help.

You wonderful rat bastards gave over 4500 dollars, that allowed us to feed everyone and leave enough money to help pay for any medicines the seniors might need, as well. And if that doesn't tell you about the spirit of Christmas, I don't know what does.

George



A Day Made to be Enjoyed on a Motorcycle

George Engler

8 Sandies did 155 miles of pure enjoyment. That is the best, most accurate description of today. Weather: blue skies, not a cloud. Roads: just incredible, Food: simply delicious. The topper, riding with a super group of Riders, the fact that they just happened to be Sandies? Bonus! Admittedly, some have just been hanging on to realty and it's slipping away fast for some of them.

Tim (The Prince of Curves) W found some curves that I had no idea even existed. I did notice that some of the pretty paved, curvy roads had been clay last year. Now that's how to spend my tax dollars! Pave some more curvy roads. Tim outdid himself today on these very enjoyable stretches of pavement.

The Sandie Way worked again today. The wait on the corner/go-between person today was Tony (Ace) G. And even better, Nikki G was with Tony today. Always a very special day when Nikki can join us. A very special Thank you, Tony, awesome job on the corners today.

Now one of our folks who have one foot on the banana peel called reality is Sandy S. I think even visitors from another Galaxy tend to shy away from Sandy. Kinda like the rest of us, step carefully around Sandy, reality is very tenuous here. Another Sandie with a slippery grasp on reality is Dave M. Mac arrived at The Freeport Café a bit late. As a matter of fact, some folks had to share a table it was that busy. Freeport Café is one of those diner-style old-school places where it's no big deal to share, and someone is always filling up your cup.

It was a bit chilly starting out but oh did the morning get warmer. One thing about traveling The Sandie Way is that it most certainly involves JoeJoe. Today was sadly no exception, JoeJoe was with us. At GTD JoeJoe was dressed for a severe bout with winter or as JoeJoe calls it being a JoeJoe-cicle. Having traveled many thousands of miles with JoeJoe I can safely say that JoeJoe is a couple of French-fries short of a Happy Meal. So for all intents and purposes, JoeJoe is everything that makes a good Sandie, Bat Shit Crazy.

Today's Sheepdog was Tommy N, I know I can depend on Tommy to do the job and do it well. All the things that made Tommy a good Deputy he brings to the Sheepdog position. Tommy is dependable and reliable and doesn't go nuts in a situation, everything a Sheepdog should be. I have said it before, The Sheepdog position is the most important one on a Sandie Ride, thanks Tommy.

Today was special for another reason Sam was on a Sandie ride on her Spyder. Between Tim, Sandy and Sam we had quite the Spyder turn-out. What's so amazing is that The Sandie Way it ain't a big deal. A Spyder is just a funny looking motorcycle with kick butt snowmobile heated grips.

Today was one of those days that make you glad you ride a motorcycle. A special thank you to Tim, Tony and Tommy - you all made this a fantastic day.



Tim and Becky Murphy Family Christmas Letter

I wonder if Dad's got a T-bevel? I bet that's just the tool I need to get that angle right, where the wall meets the roof spar.. And that's a little sample of the kind of the thoughts that have been occupying my mind this year. Just the tip of the iceberg on the subject. So much so, that Becky can't even fathom how grateful she is that I don't verbalize everything that I'm thinking about in the process of trying to build a teardrop camper. Like most obsessions, it's not always new information, but instead the repeating over and over again of the same thought or concept, maybe with a minute variation or just so I don't forget because there's no blueprints to fall back on.

The project actually started a couple of years ago, but the activity has kicked up a notch or two this year. It'll be a good story when it's done. Becky's dad left us his utility trailer that he and his dad built back in '58 to cart all his belongings from Ohio down to Florida to start his new life. After sitting tarp-covered behind our garage for a few years, I got a wild hair and asked if I could reinvent it into a camper. First, the frame needed to be adjusted, but the tow bar, axle, fenders, and light brackets are the same. Then, it got its green paint freshened up with a new coat. That all took a while since the work was outsourced, and then we moved across town and it took a while to reorganize the garage, but now we're off and running! The floor is down and the side walls are up.

It's been a good hobby for me as the world has been spending a bit more time at home than usual. This coronavirus has been crazy, huh? I made the annual trip to Daytona to visit cousins Denise and Rob and Bike Week just in time. I go for the 1st weekend, and it's a good thing I did because by mid-week the city pulled all the vendors' permits and closed the whole thing down. A little later in the month, Auburn let Abigail go home for Spring Break and told her not to come back. The rest of the semester was all online. Valdosta State did the same, so we were online too. I was able to still go to our empty office because I couldn't assess all the financial systems from the house, but Becky limped along at home. She and Abbie fell into a pleasant routine of meeting on the back porch for breaks and tea.

Also, part of the routine was rotating cats between bedrooms and living spaces. We've had Lily and Fritz for years, but new to the mix is Leo. Abigail got Leo from the Humane Society last Fall. He was a young cat, but had some time on the streets. He's sweet, but streetwise, knows the ways of other cats, and has no fear. (We vacuum and he plays with the cord.) Fritz and Lily were adopted when they were kittens and essentially have only known each other. So, Lily sounds like she's ready to tear Leo up whenever he gets within 10 feet of her, to which he thinks is a fun game. And Fritz fears him. Hisses and backs away. Once again, a fun game for Leo which had escalated to fights that drift through most of the rooms in the house. So, we rotate cats.

Abigail did most of the cat work through the Spring and Summer, but we got pretty good at it too after she left in July for 3 weeks into the mountains of Tennessee. After self-quarantining for 14 days, she drove on up to live in a yurt and receive a certification to teach yoga. We had planned a week trip on the Appalachian Trail, earlier, that we had to cancel and thought it was going to be an adventure, but I think this would

have rivaled it. She lived and worked through a bit of a heatwave with all the bugs, no AC, and no ensuite washroom. However, the program had its own chef and from the glowing reports we heard of the mainly vegetarian menu, I think it seriously tipped the whole thing towards the glamping end of the spectrum.

She went back to college in the Fall for mostly, sorta, face-to-face classes. And hasn't had the opportunity to use her certification or even enjoy her campus rec yoga classes to the extent she had in semesters past. But on the other hand, she's been kind of busy with her new job. After a couple of years of filling the Lifestyle section of the campus paper with articles, she's been promoted to Section Editor. So, she manages about 11 writers (who are volunteers) to consistently publish 2 pages each week. But she also gets to enjoy the camaraderie of the editorial staff and the work that's done in the office, albeit socially distanced.

Becky has a new job, too. She's still at the university, but a few weeks before we all got sent home, an opportunity presented itself on the Student Affairs side of the house. Instead of her main focus being on staff development and training, she's left Business & Finance and the HR dept to join the Counseling Center to focus on Wellness programs. That was a little part of her old job, too, but now it's for student centered programs. They had 2 vacant jobs and Becky must like a challenge because she told them, "Yeah, let me do those for a while." She's still planning on retiring after Spring (At least, I think).

In case that happens, I better be saving up my vacation time. I've got a feeling that she might find some cool places to go before she gets involved with whatever her next gig's going to be. I'm pretty confident in my assessment because we've been hanging out together for a few years. 25 to be exact, in the legal sense. Back in February, that gave the Diocese of Savannah an excuse to invite us to their hometown for a mass. Each year, a special mass is said for all couples celebrating their Gold and Silver anniversaries. Most folks were from Savannah which make sense with it being right there and it's a big city, but some came all the way from the other side of the state. It's kind of a big deal.

We didn't win the "from the furthest away" prize that day. We did a little better on the actual Anniversary Trip. We were planning a week-long sojourn in Nova Scotia. Waited things out to the last moment, and had to cancel and switch to a Plan B. Canada didn't want any germy Americans messing up their neighborhoods. So, we set our sights on Maine, whose officials were only slightly warmer to the idea of germy Georgians coming across their state line. In the end, we were able to avoid the 14-day quarantine in the hotel in lieu of a sworn affidavit and a negative test result 72 hrs before our plane landed.

Once we were free to move around the state, it was another great trip. Everyone was masked up, socially distant, limited occupancy, and hand sanitizer flowed like water. All that to say, be sure to make reservation for dinner, or even breakfast. We spent the first night in Portland. The next morning, we set off for the touristy diner, Becky's. I wanted to get one of their cool mugs that I've been thinking about for the last 4 yrs. when I decided not to get it the last time we were there, and some blueberry pancakes. Huge wait. Oh well, about a mile away was our second choice. We came across Marcy's Diner on our walk. Huge wait. Kept walking to our second choice and the line is wrapped around the corner. So we weigh our options and lament on how we'd have soon been seated by now at Becky's, and walk back to Marcy's. In the end, we got to sit outside in the sunshine with good people and have a delicious early lunch of breakfast food.

The rest of the week went swimmingly once we took to heart the reservation trick. We drove up the coast to visit seaside towns and stay in Bar Harbor. While the rest of Maine celebrated Columbus Day in Acadia NP we took that time to explore the rest of the island, barely catching some of the shops before they closed up for the season. In the following days, we went onto the park to see colorful foliage, crystal clear ponds, and the clouds lifting from Cadillac Mountain's peak to pull back the curtain of miles of beautiful landscape. And while we were a little late for whale watching, we did get to see harbor porpoise, seals lounging about, bald eagles roosting and soaring.

With great reluctance, Becky was able to leave the coast and head inland to the lakes and mountains of western Maine. But once she shifted mindsets, she'd be hard pressed to say which area she enjoyed more! It was a few more days of patchwork colors, waterfalls, little towns, a visit to New Hampshire, and even about a mile straight up the Appalachian Trail.

So, even though this year's been a little different, it hasn't been awful (knocking on wood). I sincerely hope tragedy has passed you by as well. I know that not everyone has been as lucky. I look forward to seeing you again. Maybe shake a hand, hug a neck, or at least get within 5 ft of you. But in the meantime, I wish you a very Merry Christmas.

Sandies Secret Mission

The Sandies stormed the castle, well sort of, kinda. 6 Sandies volunteered to have our Rides be a part of a Security exercise. The neat part, it was an all-Sandie show, thanks Chris M for the invite. Can't go into a lot of details but it had to do with Base Security. Remember what they told you "Don't Volunteer"? Well today was pretty dang cool the Air Force did discover Dr. Magneto (Jim M) his ride is really slim, let's leave it at that. Sam's Spyder can't go around the barrier, kind of a duh thing. But they have to know this stuff. In the picture where all you see are uniforms Dr. Magneto is in there somewhere. That gives you an idea of just how serious these folks take this stuff. They wanted a bunch of different styles and types of motorcycles to take all the measurements. Dennis O's 2019 G1800 kinda had them a bit baffled, it was slim enough to maybe slip through but the foot peg saved the day. Now let's talk The Pretender to The Scottish Throne, Sir Mac, when that big hulking Rocket drove up on the test stand there was no doubt Mac had arrived.

Now for the sad part, almost brought a tear to my eyes. They had pretty Hayabusa, Limited Edition, no less, KTM Adventurer and an XR Honda. Oh, and a Buell with OEM bags, very rare. All of these running motorcycles were on their way to be destroyed in testing. I almost wanted to throw my body on them and try to save them. Mac was looking rather pale himself. All of them were Drug Seizures, confiscated during drug investigations. Still, I looked forlornly at all those really cool bikes on their way to start their Journey to Happy Motorcycle Land.

A very special thank you, again, to The Mitchell for the invitation to participate in the exercise. It was a lot of fun and maybe we did help a little to keep our military establishments a little bit safer.

Tim White's Next-to-Last-Ride of the Year

George Engler

What do you do when you wake up and see 4 feet of snow in your yard? Okay it was ½ inch of frost but it looked cold, check the temperature and it IS cold. Why, if you're a Sandie you go for a Ride. The Prince of Curves was having an End of Year Ride, well we thought it was the Last Ride. Turns out this wasn't Tim's W Last Ride of 2020. As I arrived at 'Good Thing Doughnuts' (GTD) and there, wrapped up looking like the meat packers in the movie 'Rocky', are Sandy S and Tommy N. Kinda surprised cause Tommy does not do cold well at all. On the Auto Train trip, Tommy was wearing two pairs of socks like mittens 'cause Tommy was so cold. The rest of us thought it was cool but not that cold, nah, no, nope, not cool, definitely cold in Tommy land. Now at GTD Tommy looked like he was on a Polar Bear Hunt in the middle of the Alaskan winter he had so many layers on. Sandy on the other hand was dressed like early winter in Florida, like Tommy but sans the Parka. Greg L and JoeJoe arrived looking dressed for a winter ride Then The Master Of Ceremonies arrived with all the hoopla that surrounds such a Luminaire in person, Yup The Tim himself had arrived. After lifting a frozen Tommy on to his ride, it was off for all points north.

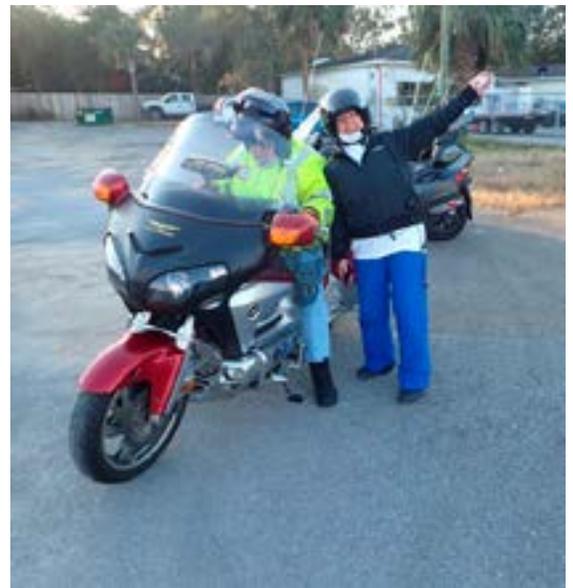
At Holt we picked up Tony (Ace) G, Mark and Lorna S and two members of the Eglin Green Knights Steve and Jan R. Jan was on a Spyder, so counting Tim's and Sandy's Spyderys the Sandies are looking like we might become a little Spyder centric. The beauty of The Sandies is over the years non-Sandies will say, The Sandies are a "Gold Wing, Harley, Beemer, fill in the blank" riding Club. Therein lies one of the many reasons for our longevity, we are not brand centric but Rider centric. I bet you guessed this week's over used word is centric. Don't ya like it when I use a word so much it becomes cliché?

Okay back to the Tale at hand. Tim had laid out a simply fantastic day of Riding. Here was another reason for our success, we let you ride your ride. The Sandie System allows exactly that to happen. The Hardballers run up front. The other groups ride at their pace. This works because the last person in a Group waits on the corner. When the lead in the next group acknowledges he sees the corner guide, the guide hauls butt to catch up to their group. On the Prince's Not Quite Last Ride it worked like a well-oiled machine. Mark S would wait, I signaled and Mark disappeared. Sometimes the Group gets spread apart for quite a distance and that happened on this ride. But the Sandie System kicked in, I slowed down, Sandy S dropped back keeping folks in sight. Here is where the most valued member of the ride steps in, The Sheepdog or Last Rider. Today we were so fortunate to have Tommy N, in that position. Tommy along with a few other Sandies do a super job in the sheepdog position, Steven G is another Super Sheepdog. The position is singularly the most important rider in the whole ride. They are responsible for everyone arriving safely home. They stay with a rider in trouble, keep herding the slower Riders along. As a lead I value a good Sheepdog more than any other rider. A good Sheepdog can make a ride a fun enjoyable outing. The wrong person in that job can make for a Leads day to be simply miserable. Thank You again Tommy and Mark for making this a great Ride.

Okay back to The Probably Not Even Close to the Last Ride, Tim outdid himself on the layout of the day's ride. Fantastic is an understatement to describe this Ride. It was a beautiful way to spend 300 plus miles on a motorcycle.

Stagecoach Café in Stockton had a surprise for us, the Parking lot is paved. I was a little disappointed, well not really. The old potholed dirt and gravel parking lot (which is a waterfront lot when there's rain) always made it an adventure to park, it was a challenge. Now it's a civilized parking lot with lines and everything. The old lot especially on the REAL Last Ride with 5 or 6 hundred rides made it like the old west every rider for themselves on parking.

It was a fantastic day of riding with an incredible group of folks, The Sandies. Thank you, Tim, for the great day. A very special thank you to Tommy and Mark and yes you too Sandy. All of you three made for a smooth riding experience.



The Two Cousins Ride That Wasn't Joejoe Rello

Seems we were supposed to ride to Two Cousins Café in Darlington but did not quite make it there.

The day's weather was gloomy, foggy and had some drizzle and light rain to boot. A small crew of Mac, Tim and I met up at Good Things Donuts along with a friend of Mark's who identified himself as "TJ". The rain had just quit an hour or so before so the ground was wet and light drizzle kept starting and stopping. We worked our way North toward HWY 285 but had a change of plans. The roads were exceptionally slick due to the drizzle. I was just behind Tim on his Spyder and he was slipping around so much it looked like someone had soaped his tire treads.

An executive decision was made to forgo the twisty roads due to the slickness of the road surface and head to Freeport Café instead. Tim led us on to HWY 20 West for a while. The fog over the Bayou was encroaching onto the road and we could not see Destin at all from HWY 20. Usually this time of day we would be able to view the Sunrise over the water. The fog gave the road an entirely different "feel".

We all made it to the Freeport Café OK. I parked my Harley near the street pointing toward the road as I did not have a reverse gear like Tim's Spyder or TJ's Gold Wing. A customer came out of the Café and advised me to move as the locals like to careen into the parking lot right over the spot I was parked. I moved my bike to the other side of the building and met up with the rest of the crew inside at the table they selected.

Three of us ordered the "Trash Plate". It is a concoction of almost everything in the kitchen wrapped in with eggs and covered with sliced cheese. TJ and I finished our Trash Plates and MAC tried to finish his but it just didn't seem to be his cup of tea.

Tim led us up North on 331 with the intention of finding some twisty roads but Ma Nature had other ideas. The light rain picked up and the ground got wetter so we took a left onto C6 from 331 and headed back home.

The fog over the Bayou was a little thinner but still had that weird look to it. It reminded me of the clouds you see when flying at altitude but now on the ground.

We ended up riding a short 90 mile ride but still had a nice meal and some interesting but weird sights along the way.

Joejoe

The Sandies meet the Pelican

12 Sandies braved a blustery chilly New Year's Day to Plunge With The Pelican. It was great to see Robert W and Haley. Today's rough surf conditions were a familiar site for Robert. He surfs almost every day said yesterday's surf made him feel his 60+ years. It was just so nice seeing them both again.

Now I wish I could say the same about Jim W both he and Anne P were there. Seriously it was so awesome to see them both again. Both had Covid and got so sick but recovered. Yeppers Jim was good old Jim Thursday. Both Jim and Anne went to the Last Ride of The Year at Stockton AL. While looking for a parking spot Jim accidentally discovered the Laws of Sir Isaac Newton. Had an Oopsie and Anne had her first Newtonian dismount.

We had quite a few Covideers, Munchkin and Helen finally made it out. It was so good to see them both. JoeJoe joined us; no JoeJoe did not do the Plunge. As a matter of fact JoeJoe was the only person standing on the Beach under an Umbrella, (sigh) Sandies.

No event involving persons under therapy would be complete without Sandy S. Of course, silly, Sandy was there. The big surprise was Tommy N, doesn't do well in chilly, wet, windy days, but Tommy was there. Tommy also sat this one out, Tommy stayed beached. I only went in up to my knees, Sam, the overachiever, went IN. No way was I getting my Pink nightmare wet, no siree.

Speaking of the Pink Nightmare it is covered in Cupcakes. I wore it in honor of Sharon Woods who always called me "Cupcake". I won the costume contest second year in row. Undefeated and still da Champ. It helps when you have no self-awareness. Having no personal pride in self really helps.

Afterwards we retreated to the Crab Trap for lunch. Oh, the gumbo was free to participants and it was outstanding.

It was a great fun way to spend a wet windy New Year's Day with fellow Nut-Jobs. Psst, having some of the ladies asking to take pictures with you, now that's very cool.

The JoeJoe, is leading a trip to Ol Mexico Saturday. JoeJoe is leaving from GTD, 9 am tomorrow. Destination Jay, Florida and to a Mexican restaurant that has a great reputation for outstanding food.



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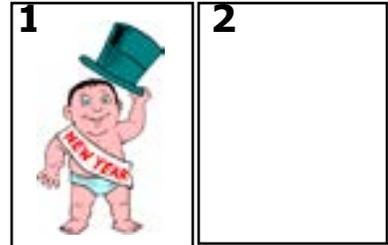
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January 2021



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
3 Business Meeting 9 am Golden Corral	4	5	6	7	8	9
10 Anyone ?	11	12	13	14	15	16
17 Skills 9 am 8:30 am GTD	18	19	20	21	22	23 A Saturday somewhere 9 am GTD
24 OPEN	25	26	27	28	29	30
31 Chilly Ride GTD 9 am						

GTD = Good Things Donuts

February 2021



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7 Business Meeting 9 am Golden Corral	8	9	10	11	12	13 Saturday Adventure 9 am GTD
14 Open 	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 Skills 8:30 GTD 9 am Range	22	23	24	25	26	27
28 A Feb no leap Ride 9 am GTD						

GTD = Good Things Donuts