



# Sandlines



The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

July 2018



IT'S SUMMER  
that means  
SHIRT RIDES  
and  
BREAKFAST RIDES  
are HERE



## President's Corner

### **Sandies,**

It's been a very hot and wet month. Sometimes it's hard to get much riding in between the heat and the rain, but we seem to somehow get it done because that's the Sandie way. We ride when can and that's what makes this club so great. It's all of you with a passion to ride that makes this club what it is. I am very proud to be a member of a club with that much passion to ride.

One more thing – be thinking about door prizes for the Pumpkin Run - it will be here before we know it.

Until next time stay cool and dry and ride safe!

**Robert**

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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 July

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

**Joe (Slo-Joe) Foor  
Pat (Patsicle) Griffin  
Howard (Not Harold) Wilson**



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

**Jim & Patricia Walters  
Pat & Kathy Griffin  
Mark & Gloria Storm**

*You know sometimes you find writing that expresses how you feel about something; Steven Gardener found this and shared it. It hits the nail right on the head.*

## **Motorcycling Truth Author Unknown**

A motorcycle is not just a two-wheeled car. The difference between driving a car and climbing onto a motorcycle is the difference between watching TV and actually living your life. We spend all our time sealed in boxes, and cars are just the rolling boxes that shuffle us from home-box to work-box to store-box and back, the whole time, entombed in stale air, temperature regulated, sound insulated, and smelling of carpets.

On a motorcycle, I know I am alive. When I ride, even the familiar seems strange and glorious. The air has weight and substance as I push through it, and its touch is as intimate as water to a swimmer. I feel the cool wells of air that pool under trees and the warm spokes of sun that fall through them.

I can see everything in a sweeping 360 degrees, up, down and around, wider than Pan-A-Vision and IMAX and unrestricted by ceiling or dashboard. Sometimes I even hear music. It's like hearing phantom telephones in the shower or false doorbells when vacuuming; the pattern-loving brain, seeking signals in the noise, raises acoustic ghosts out of the wind's roar. But on a motorcycle, I hear whole songs: rock 'n roll, dark orchestras, women's voices, all hidden in the air and released by speed. At 30 miles per hour and up, smells become uncannily vivid. All the individual tree-smells and flower-smells and grass-smells flit by like chemical notes in a great plant symphony.

Sometimes the smells evoke memories so strongly that it's as though the past hangs invisible in the air around me, wanting only the most casual of rumbling time machines to unlock it. A ride on a summer afternoon can border on the rapturous. The sheer volume and variety of stimuli is like a bath for my nervous system, an electrical massage for my brain, a systems check for my soul. It tears smiles out of me: a minute ago I was dour, depressed, apathetic, numb, but now, on two wheels, big, ragged, windy smiles flap against the side of my face, billowing out of me like air from a decompressing plane.

Transportation is only a secondary function. A motorcycle is a joy machine. It's a machine of wonders, a metal bird, a motorized prosthetic. It's light and dark and shiny and dirty and warm and cold lapping over each other; it's a conduit of grace, it's a catalyst for bonding the gritty and the holy. I still think of myself as a motorcycle amateur, but by now I've had a handful of bikes over half a dozen years and slept under my share of bridges. I wouldn't trade one second of either the good times or the misery. Learning to ride is one of the best things I've done.

Cars lie to us and tell us we're safe, powerful, and in control. The air-conditioning fans murmur empty assurances and whisper, "Sleep, sleep." Motorcycles tell us a more useful truth: we are small and exposed, and probably moving too fast for our own good, but that's no reason not to enjoy every minute of the ride.

# 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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**The Weekly Dining-In** is now changing regularly. Watch the email for updates from George. The weirdness is always on Tuesdays, always starts around 6, and there's always a good crowd.

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**SHIRT RIDE** season is nearly on top of us!! Now is the time to seek out the outrageous shirt and try to outdo The rest of the Sandies. It will take a real doozy to beat some of the attire seen on past rides, but there is always a chance someplace like Wally World will have something truly great. Keep your eyes on the calendar and email for the announcement of the first shirt ride. Then break out the ugly shirt and welding glasses and get ready for the fun!!!



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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 where 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  
June 3, 2018**

Robert Woods called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM.

**Treasurer's Report:**

Edna Keefe read the Treasurer's report from the April 2018 meeting. Steve Gardinier motioned to accept as read and second by Munchkin.

**Secretary's Report:**

DJ Kudla read the minutes from the May 2018 meeting. Dona Luttrell motioned to accept as read and second by Jim Walters.

**Road Captain's Report:**

Robert Woods gave the Road Captain's report of May & June events. Please call or text George Engler at 850.244.0376 with any questions or comments regarding the ride schedule.

**Save the Dates:**

10/5/2018 – 10/7/18: Fall Thunder Beach  
10/28/18: Pumpkin Run @ KM Cycle & Marine

Please remember to ask for door prizes at businesses you frequent. Gift certificates are a great option.

**Old Business:**

None

**New Business:**

Robert noted that we have two triathlons (possibly 3) to support by the end of the year. Annual dues need to be paid by June 30, 2018.

Steve Gardinier has arranged for an Accident Scene Management course to be held in July or August. Cost for the course and certification is \$50 per person.

**Meeting Closed:** There being no further business for the benefit of the club, Munchkin motioned to close the meeting and second by Jim Walters. Meeting adjourned at 9:25 AM

# Mongolian Slow Cooker Beef

## Ingredients:

1  $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds Flank Steak  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups cornstarch  
2 tablespoons Olive Oil  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons mince Garlic, Cloves  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cups Soy Sauce  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cups Water  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cups Brown Sugar  
1 cup grated Carrots  
green onions, for garnish

## Instructions:

Cut flank steak into thin strips. In a ziplock bag add flank steak pieces and cornstarch. Shake to coat.

Add olive oil, minced garlic, soy sauce, water, brown sugar and carrots to slow cooker. Stir ingredients. Add coated flank steak and stir again until coated in the sauce.

Cook for high 2-3 hours or on low 4-5 hours until cooked throughout and tender. Can serve over rice and garnish with green onions.

Made this and it is very easy and tasty to boot

**George**



*I wrote this article several years ago but it was recently brought to my attention (Thank you George) that it still carries a good message: Paying attention can save your life.*

## **Being Aware as Opposed to Just Being There**

Back in early January, I was on my way to teach a military sportbike class in Milton, Florida, which is about 35 miles from my usual base of operations in Pensacola. It was going to be a clear winter day, and as I walked out to my bike in the pre-dawn dimness, it was colder than an IRS agent's heart that morning. I had recently become what a friend of mine refers to as a 'cupcake' (a motorcyclist who uses electrically heated gear). When I left the house it was 27 degrees outside so I cranked my brand-spankin-new electric jacket liner to 'High' after jacking it into the bike's electrical system for the first time, and set off with a good attitude and a big grin. For about 20 minutes I was amazed. How could I have gotten to be fift...um...the age I am now, without ever having worn electric gear?!?

It was wonderful.

All my life I've been the guy standing there in full multi-layered winter clothing while someone in a t-shirt and a denim jacket claimed to be 'Toasty warm'. For the first time ever, here I was in serious cold and I honestly could say I knew what being Toasty Warm felt like. The warmth grew until it enveloped my entire being like a cozy cocoon. I was Toasty Warm! My toes were warm and they weren't even electrified. And I just kept getting warmer. Then the realization began slowly to dawn on me that if I didn't do something soon, my wonderful new electric jacket liner was going to cook me.

If you were to ever tell me that someday I would be riding a motorcycle at Interstate highway speeds at daybreak in 27 degree weather and be desperately seeking some way to cool off, I would have thought you were a very funny person. That, or perhaps the dosage of your medications needed a little fine-tuning.

The jacket liner has a controller that straps to your left thigh so the control is convenient and always immediately at hand. The problem is that in order for your hand to actually DO anything with the controller, you have to look straight down to see it. Since it was new to me, and I was wearing cold weather gloves that are at least twice as thick and bulky as any other gloves I own, I had to fiddle with the thermostat a bit to get it dialed back from 'broil' to the 'medium-rare' occupant setting.

I don't usually have any gadget distractions when I ride. No GPS, IPOD, or radar detector. No Blue Tooth, not even a cruise control. All those things compete for my attention or lull me into complacency, and that's not good. As a matter of fact, I ride without those things specifically because I enjoy the Zen-like feeling that comes with thinking about nothing but the process of the ride.

Normally when I ride I am hyper-focused on what I'm doing, it's like a super power or what athletes refer to as being "in the Zone". Very, very little happens within striking distance that I don't spot and add to my situation awareness and threat detection radar. I take a good deal of personal satisfaction in the fact that it is very rare for me to be

caught off guard. This morning, however, was one of those times.

I looked up from the cooker control to find myself in the middle of an intersection. And not just any intersection but the biggest, busiest intersection I pass through on the whole 35 mile commute. Six lanes of through traffic plus turn lanes, and the cross street is five lanes. And by this time, morning rush-hour has begun in earnest.

The four cars in the on-coming left turn lane were all sitting and patiently waiting, just as they're supposed to. Uncountable dozens of cars were going in every direction. The guy from the cross street to my right actually came to a complete stop and waited for me to clear the intersection before hanging a right on red. Cars from all directions observed proper lane discipline and obeyed the light. Pedestrians waited instead of shooting the gaps. There was even a medium-sized mixed-breed dog that just stood there near the corner with an, "If you were on a bicycle I'd chase your butt!" look on his little dog face. On this beautiful day, even the dog just watched me go by.

In spite of the fact that absolutely nothing happened, that incident scared the hell out of me. I had lost focus and by the time my eyes and mind came back to what they should have been doing all along, it was too late. There were twenty or thirty different things that could have gone wrong in that intersection, none of them good, most of them painful, some of them deadly. And by the time I became aware of the danger, it was too late to do anything about the majority of those potential problems.

I've never been down on a public road while riding a motorcycle, but it could easily have happened that day. Simply put - I was lucky.

Pay attention out there, okay?

**Michael**



**DINING IN IS BACK**  
**and it was fun!**  
**Steve Gardenier**

Saturday an even dozen Sandies showed up at Samuels Roadhouse in Crestview in anticipation of our first Dining In of the summer! They were not disappointed!

Samuels Roadhouse has always treated the Sandies like royalty (and why not? We ARE the Sand Dollars after all!) Like most Saturdays it always draws a crowd and does not take reservations. But if you call ahead they will find a place for you. Arrive early!

I called ahead and just as the Sandies pulled into the parking lot the doors opened and there was a rush of wind as customers flew into the restaurant! It wasn't long before we were seated and within a few minutes, menus in hand, we were ordering. Now, keep in mind that not everyone loves steak - hard to believe, I know- so they have other items on the menu. Salads there are always good. Different cuts of meat and different styles of preparation make it a great place to meet, eat and converse.

As the food arrived and was served, Jim W. completed a hamburger trifecta, of sorts, by treating his taste buds with a hamburger steak – Tom T. Hall's legendary "half-a-pound of plain ground round" He has now eaten hamburgers fully dressed, a hamburger without any burger in it and now a hamburger not surrounded by the bun! The culinary circle of life is complete and all is well in the world.

I had the 12oz ribeye and it was indeed good, thank you for asking. Others had the same, some had salads, two actual children there had mac n cheese and chicken fingers and their mom had fish! A nicely diverse menu.

As conversations go, it was a typical Sand Dollar discussion of who did what and what are you going to do next. One thing about that is the variety of things we, as individuals, enjoy. Lone wolf rides all alone on the road, group rides with several Sandies and others along, rides to meet a group to ride some more! Trips all around the USA and some over to Europe, into Mexico, and Canada have been made by Sandies in the past. We are a pretty diverse and well-traveled group of riders. Something for everyone can be found in a year's time!

All this and eating too! Ride to a lunch destination. Supper rides, breakfast rides and just rides. Alone or in a group, we all manage to find our own motorcycle heaven.

Tuesdays have been pretty diverse lately with different venues. From semi fast food to full blown restaurants and sports bar styles. Some say the reason to eat is to have strength to ride. Maybe. But that is open to interpretation for some of us. Some of us eat to ride and some of us ride to eat! Hard to tell the difference at times. But one thing for sure is we enjoy it all! Long trips, weekenders, overnights and day trips are all part of the adventure during any given year with the Sand Dollar M/C. Rallies, mountains, along the seashore and poker runs can be found. Always the same two constants: riding and food. Come join us for one or more of our culinary cruises sometime!

## **June Skills**

### **George Engler**

The Sandies had 9 'Skillers' at Skills, 8 more Sandies joined as Eaters. When you think about Sandies it's pretty normal. I mean Eat, Ride, Sleep, Rinse, Repeat. It doesn't get any more Sandie than that. Back to the Super Eight, we were joined by The Mitchell. Yes boys and girls THE Mitchell and we accept no Substitutes. The Chris brought out The Captains Adventure BMW, we won't go into the poster boy of MBS (Multiple Bike Syndrome). The Mitchell has bikes like Imelda Marcos had shoes. I don't want to say Chris has a bunch, but there's a rumor that Mr. George Barber hisownself has 'The Mitchell' on speed dial.

We had just arrived to set-up when a gentleman walked over and asked, nicely, how long we expected to be there. He explained that their Church was holding it Bi-Annual Convention and 1,000 folks were expected around 9:30. I said we would be happy to be out by 9:30.

JoeJoe shows up and surveys his canvas i.e. The Range. Today it had a few cars scattered around, which is normal, and it had Horse Apples also scattered around which is decidedly NOT normal. We don't usually get a lot of horse souvenirs. If you have ever ridden in Amish country you know of which I speak. There is nothing like leaning into a curve and suddenly encountering the gastro-intestinal by-products of basic Amish transportation. Sandies it can get real attention grabbing slippery in a flash. Today JoeJoe managed to work the exercises around any such surprises – Thank You, JoeJoe!

Sam had to bring the car today; it seems that Sam was determined Saturday to finish repairing our deck. Sam finished but the heat and humidity took its toll. So today it was bring the car which was good, in that it carried all the normal Skills paraphernalia. She made a discovery, too, bring a roll up chair and place it under the tree, not a bad time and place to be at all.

The range, on the other hand, was hot and humid, a typical Florida Summer Sunday. The heat and its running buddy humidity affects all of us differently. That is why our Summer Skills are held much earlier in the morning. Brace yourself; Munchkin was on time for regular Skills. I know, I know I would not believe it had I not seen it with my own eyes. Yet, the world is still in orbit. Da Duke showed up and sorta helped set up well Jim M can supervise like a professional. I quite frankly would expect nothing less from a retired Army CSM. The Sandie's attract all types if you hadn't noticed. Some are obviously batshit crazy, others are much sneakier about it. A few are just really good people. I trust you can sort out the 'who is who/which is which' by yourself. Paco joined us and was very good as always, I always enjoy it when Paco joins us. Life is never dull with Paco around.

Steven G and I had talked about a new hotel for Barbers at the Dinner Ride. On the Reunion Tour this year we had stayed at a Home 2 Suites there at Colonnades. It was brand new, great rates with discounts for a lot of different things. The beauty of it is that it's across the parking lot from our old hang-out, The Hampton Inn. Steven tells me this morning that he has changed his reservation to the New Sandie Barbers Headquarters.

New place, great pool and easy walking distance to a lot of food spots.

We will mention Jim (Hakuna Matata\*) W shortly. What you want to know now ? Sorry Steven G has that fable.

Harold L was there, I know I pick on Harold sometimes but please do not, and I repeat do not feel any sympathy for Harold .Let me assure you "poor Harold" more than holds his own. I mention Harold because no matter how hot or cold, Harold is out at Skills on his Can-Am. All because a Can-Am is a three wheeler it is still out in the dangerous place in America, The Public Highway System.

Everything us two wheelers face the Spyders face as well. We do Skills to keep our Riding Skills sharp to give us an edge out on the mean streets. Spyders need to also develop Road Skills, Harold is doing just that. Good on ya Harold.

Back to Jim (Hakuna Matata\*) W, after picking up the range layouts, it became evident that it was a bit early for lunch but Wayne's Catfish house was serving breakfast so that was a win/win. Being Sandies, one plate of food can be pretty much any meal you like. About five of us headed for breakfast, Harold said that Dona and Ashlee wouldn't want breakfast. Jim W went to round up his son and family that had just moved from Louisiana.

Here is where Jim shines Jim causally mentions that they had a "small " U-Haul to empty . Jim offers to buy Munchkins breakfast if Munch would help unload it. Munchkin may be chronically late to events but Munchkin's brain is not slow in any way. (Much) Munchkin politely declined the opportunity to be unskilled labor, since its Jim and Jim's "Small" may be Munchkins "Holy Crap ".

As we leave here comes Harold with Dona and Ashlee. Hey Jim, They're not gonna want breakfast, huh?

It was a hot Skills but productive, JoeJoe's Part Two which we really couldn't enjoy cause of Church. Part Two will be a real part of next month's Summer Skills for sure.

As soon as I find out where the Sandie Dining-In is to this Tuesday I will let everyone know.

It was a good day of Skills, practice. Remember Summer hours for a chance to escape a Trauma Ride on a Helicopter.

\* Swahili for No Problems/No Worries - think Lion King



## **MY MOTORCYCLE BEGINNINGS**

### **Steve Gardenier**

My earliest actual memories of being on a motorcycle are kind of fuzzy. It was probably just prior to 1968 and I can likely put the blame on one of my brothers. It's all their fault. Pretty sure it was a ride, a short ride, on a Suzuki 90 or something very similar. Not long after that, in January 1968 I joined the Air Force and eventually ended up at tech school at Lowry AFB Co. While there, I definitely remember renting a motorcycle - a big bike (big for me anyway), it was a Honda 160. I rode it all over the place in the couple of hours I had it. I rode up to Golden Co, where my older sister lived, and around to Red Rock Park and up and down the freeways. One thing that solidified motorcycling in my mind was seeing others on the road and they actually WAVED at me! ME! On a Honda!

But on one rental trip I found out the hazards of motorcycling! Leaving a parking lot I found some loose gravel the hard way - only minor damage to a spark plug. I was able to get it working again and also noticed some scratches on the tank. But arriving back at the rental place near the base, I also learned the lesson that "if you break it you buy it". No, I didn't have to buy the bike but I paid out of pocket the amount of \$20 to cover the damage. Sure 20 bucks isn't much now but to a one stripe airman, it's a big part of the paycheck! No more rentals for me! After that school I was too busy to think about riding much. I didn't exactly have a lot of ready cash to buy my own bike and I certainly wouldn't rent one again.

After 4 years of active duty, including 2 tours in Vietnam, I returned home. My younger brother had bought a Honda CB 350. He let me use it now and then. I sometimes learned more about riding and staying upright. (Hey you remember the headlight was shining up and to the right? Well now it shines down and to the left---I fixed it for you.) In 1972 I ended up in a school again. Still without funds and only a part time job, I ended up dropping the school, a trade school, to start driving 18 wheelers cross country. 4 years of that and it got harder and harder not to be able to stop and enjoy this country. I had been through most of the lower 48 and wanted desperately to see it up close and not through a windshield. So I moved on.

I moved on to Florida from Iowa and South Dakota. There, I worked in an autobody shop. The owner had a Honda 175 SC that he took on a trade and I wanted it! I made a deal for it to be paid for out of my wages. I loved riding that bike around. To and from work, and even a "long" trip, all the way to Panama City and back! I also found out that the seat was designed by CIA interrogators. Never went that far on it again.

Soon after that I joined the Air Force Reserve at Duke Field. One day our Intelligence chief offered me a deal I couldn't refuse. He had a Honda CB750A and he wanted my 175 to run around the woods. I took the trade and stepped into the world of REAL motorcycles. I liked the A and rode it quite a bit. Then along came Desert Storm. I deployed and when I returned I found that my autobody business had been run into the ground by the person I left in charge. No theft, just bad management. I needed the cash so I sold the 750. The seat was rusting away from underneath anyway. The person who bought it took it and I told him when the check cleared he could have the title.

The check cleared and he never returned. For an amount of time I was motorcycleless. Then Shaaron Lively came along and she wanted to ride so we bought a Honda VF750C Magna. We got it from Jerry's Cycles and rode that thing quite a lot. Never broke down once. I did replace the seat though. About a year later she decided to get her own bike and I kept the Magna. I still have the bike today and the only problem it has had is from being unriden and a bad voltage regulator. Then along came some lengthy deployments starting in 2001. Shaaron had since upgraded from the Rebel to a VTX 650 and then to a Magna herself. She, like I, loved that model.

Returning after one deployment I bought a Honda Valkyrie, a 1999 Interstate model. That bike had a bad end when I "jumped off it" at 80MPH. Several Sandies were witness to the aftermath of that one! Of course after recovering, I bought another Valkyrie Interstate. 3 years later that one met a bad end in Crystal River from being rear ended by a 19 year-old in her Mom's SUV. Again, after recovering I got one of my present bikes - yes, another Interstate. I also had traded my Magna for a pickup truck from my brother. He kept the bike for about 7 years and finally offered it back to me. I paid with a smile and now it is in my garage again.

For some reason along the way, I decided to get something a bit sportier than the Valkyrie and Magna. I bought a 2008 Kawasaki Concours 1400ABS. What a great bike - Powerful and very good handling! Took some time to get used to it but I've enjoyed it ever since. Several 3,000 + mile trips on it have been made and this year another one is in the plans! I must admit though that the newer models are very tempting! If only they had cruise control I would have a new one now!

Will I keep riding as I get older? I'm almost as old as George and he is still riding. Jerry was in his 80's when he decided he had enough. I don't know how long I will ride but I'm sure that when the time comes I will sorely miss it. I have no plans now to get 3 wheeler or whatever is next on the market. I love riding my bikes and hope I continue to have that passion for years to come.

Part of that passion is riding with the Sand Dollars. They have supported me in times that I needed it and I do my best to support them. It's a classic symbiotic relationship. Several other members that no longer ride know what I mean. Along with the bikes, I have met and made friends from all over with different lifestyles and views of the world we all live in. I've almost learned to tolerate them too! LOL

But the bottom line is simple. Good bikes, good rides, good times with good friends. May it always be so.

Thanks to Tim Murphy for suggesting this!

### ***SpectreSteve***

Current bike mileages

2008 Kawasaki Concours 88,000

1999 Honda Valkyrie Interstate 146,000

1995 Honda Magna 69,000



Robert McLondon  
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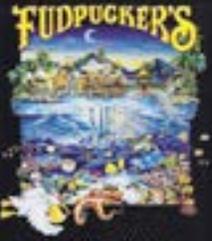
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# July 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change  
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>1</b> Business Meeting Lunch 9am	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b> Wings & Rings 6ish	<b>4</b> 	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>8</b> Breakfast Ride 7 am	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b> Wings & Rings 6ish	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> Saturday adventure 8 am
<b>15</b> Open	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> Wings & Rings 6ish	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>22</b> Beat the Heat Ride 9 am Nudity & Pikanik	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b> Wings & Rings 6ish	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Dinner Ride, Samurai Steakhouse 4:30 AL's
<b>29</b> Skills Summer Hours	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b> Wings & Rings 6ish				

# August 2018



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/ Lunch 9 am	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> Dining-In 6-ish Location TBA	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>12</b> Breakfast Ride 7 am	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> Dining-In 6-ish Location TBA	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>19</b> NEW ARC Sandies only	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b> Dining-In 6-ish Location TBA	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> Dinner Ride Brewery North of Navarre 4:30 AL's
<b>26</b> Beat the heat Ride 9 am AL's	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Dining-In 6-ish Location TBA	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b>	