



Sandlines



The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

June 2018



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



President's Corner

Hey Sandies,

It's been a hot and wet month already. We have a lot of things coming up this month. So, stay tuned and watch your emails and Facebook for times and places.

One thing I want to talk about are skills. Folks, you really need to come out and experience it for safety it is amazing, and what you can learn. I have been riding for a lot of years and I still learn something new each time I go out.

So, come on out and enjoy the fun we do not judge your skill level. We are here to help make you a better rider and having fun doing it.

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 June



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

**Charles Dulany, Beckah Gilbert,
Dona Luttrell, Greg Lynd,
Gerd Guenther, Robert Woods,
Sharon Woods, Chuck Highers**



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

NONE This Month

Here's the note Steven recieved from the AMA thanking hime for the Club's support of the AMA Booth at Thunder Beach.



Marie Wuellet

Recreational Riding
and Volunteer Manager

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DEAR STEVE,

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR VOLUNTEERING
FOR THE AMA AT THE THUNDER BEACH
SPRING RALLY! I apologize for the
trouble you had on Wednesday,
but I am pleased AND relieved
things were better on Friday.
Thanks to you we learned a lot
and got great input for next time.
We truly appreciate our dedicated
MEMBERS LIKE YOU.

Sincerely, 

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.



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.**

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.

The Weekly Dining-In is now at Mary's Kitchen in Up Town Station. The weirdness is always on Tuesdays, always starts around 6, and there's always a good crowd.

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!!!



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
May 6, 2018**

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

DJ Kudla read the minutes from the March 2018 meeting. Joe Joe Rello motioned to accept as read and second by Jim Morrison.

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

George Engler gave the Road Captain's report of April & May events.

Please call or text George Engler at 850.244.0376 with any questions or comments regarding the ride schedule.

Save the Dates:

5/2/18 – 5/6/18: Spring Thunder Beach
10/24 – 10/24/18: 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:

Triathalons will be starting soon and members are needed to participate for draft busting.

Tuesday night dinner venue has been changed to Rings & Things on Mary Esther Cutoff.

Gert is recovering nicely from his hernia surgery and ready to ride again.

Group riding etiquette was reviewed.

Nominations for Board Members were requested. Joe Joe Rello motioned that the existing board remain intact for another year and second by Harold Luttrell.

Meeting Closed: There being no further business for the benefit of the club, Dave Bernauer motioned to close and second by Joe Joe Rello. Meeting adjourned at 9:30

Microwave Creamy Fruit Dressing

Ingredients:

2 eggs

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice (you can substitute any other fruit juice)

1 tablespoon lemon peel

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup grapefruit juice (you can substitute any other fruit juice)

1 cup whipping cream, whipped

Instructions:

1. Combine all ingredients except cream in a 1 quart microwavable casserole
2. Microwave on Medium-High (usually 70% power) for 4 to 5 minutes or until thickened. (DO NOT BOIL!). Stir occasionally during cooking.
3. Refrigerate until cool
4. Before serving, fold in whipped cream until thoroughly blended.
5. You can serve over fruit salads or use as a dip for pieces of sliced fruit.

Recipe makes about 3 cups of dressing.

Joejoe



How did I ever get myself into this?

What was it that drew you to riding motorcycles? I don't know. I've heard the stories of that cool uncle who'd show up with the bike. Or how Dad had one when I was growing up. But none of that really fits.

Maybe it was the Evel Knievel Stunt Toy and ABC's Wide World of Sports. Evel jumping busses, fountains, or four perilous stairs off the front porch.

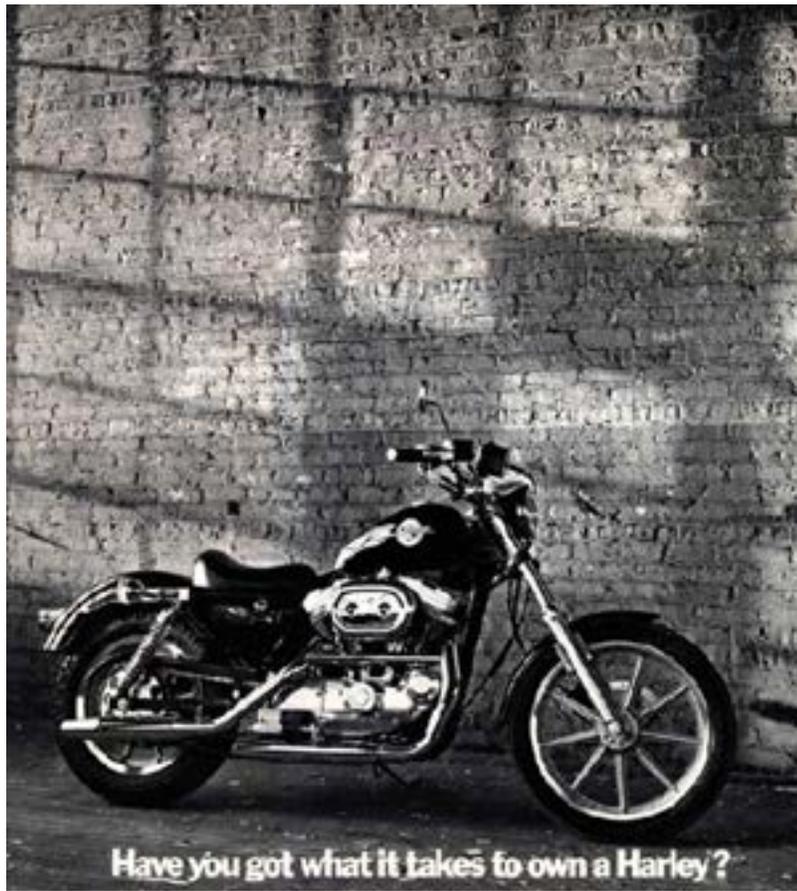


Or maybe it was that super cool Raleigh Chopper that got handed down to me from my Uncle Mike.

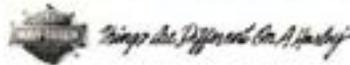
But maybe it was in high school when I caught a glance of Harley's XR1000 in some magazine, with its high pipes and dual carburetors.



And then years would go by with the motor company feeding me advertisements of their entry bike. An inviting seat for one and a price that almost seemed like it could be in reach, someday.



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Was that it? I don't know, but I was definitely picking up what they were laying down. I was hooked. However, truth be told, I'm not the rebel that I play on TV. In real life, I had had a real good feeling that my mom would not approve. So all through college, I dreamt of when I'd get a job and eat a little less ramen noodles. Then, I'd have the independence and wherewithal to venture into the world of two wheels.

And that's how it played out. A year or so after I was gainfully employed, I went out looking for a bike with some cool factor and what I could afford. Well, it wasn't the Harley, but the 1986 Honda Rebel 450 had some Harley-esque visual cues. And it didn't disappoint or squelch my obsession, in fact, it most likely fueled it. Oh and, Mom and I, we talked, but not about the bike for a long, long time.

What was it that drew you to riding motorcycles? I don't know, but it did and I do believe that I'm in for life.

Tim Murphy

Sherpas and Seeing Eye Dogs

George Engler

14 Sandies made it out to Skills, a full Skills this time, finally. The usual were there and yes, Munchkin arrived late (Also usual.) All was right with the world. Today was JoeJoe day, both part one and an absolutely incredible part two. Jim W today was on surprisingly good behavior, have not a clue why, so I'm still suspicious. M2 joined us and seemed to get one huge kick out of the JoeJoe exercises. That translates to Sensei was kicking the stuffing out of Part Two. Part Two was one of the Joe Miester's best creations. It was fast, you had to use your whole palette of "Keep my Butt alive Skills" and oh yea it was fun. It had all three ingredients that make a Sandie Skills such an effective learning environment. Now with that said it wouldn't be a JoeJoe special if there wasn't a surprise. It was so well hidden that JoeJoe had to play traffic cop so we would use the original route. It seems the hidden feature slows you down before you get to the curve along the ditch. We were having way to much fun hitting the curve a bit quickly. JoeJoe's way was more of a learning experience, but still.

Harold L ran the Parts one and two on Dona's new Spyder. Dude that three wheeler is quick and agile; Harold was doing a fantastic job out there. I for one was certainly impressed with that new Spyder. Maybe one day when two wheels no longer becomes possible, maybe.

A couple of other Sandies flat kick'n it on Two, were Sir Robert and Mister Fashionably Late, Munchkin. Now that is not say Munchkin didn't have some acclimation issues. Munchkin arrives late, dives straight into it. Then promptly ties himself into these rather attractive Munchkin knots. You need to understand that to successfully navigate a JoeJoe full out exercise requires one of two things. Either an on board navigator, one like those that fly SR-71 or a very good Seeing Eye Dog. You see these exercises don't follow any cohesive plan, so people with proper left/right brain function get all screwed up. To make it worse if you're one of those folks that can't pick out the horse from all those colored dots, your doubly screwed. So what you end up doing is a couple of runs to get the lay of things. So someone like Munchkin who hits the turns cold has not one wit of a chance negotiating JoeJoe Land.

I will give Robert, Steven G and Michael credit for adapting pretty dang quick. I on the other hand just make-up stuff until I can get it down. Now sometimes being directionally challenged at Sandie Skills can lead to some interesting hand gestures, I have seen a few hand waves out there. Michael's lay-outs are much more, well organized, one does not have to resort to hiring a Sherpa to find your way around his course.

Lunch was a two place affair, some of us headed for AJ's on the Bayou, others headed for Slick Micks. That's the beauty of being a Sandie you do what makes you happy and no one minds. I really like being a Sandie, it is one hassle free Riding Club that really rides.

Sandie Dining-In is at TGI Fridays, Mary Ester Cut-off, 6ish, new spot that means new food but still the same great conversation.

Recently Tim Murphy, the Georgia Sandie, sent a nice little piece about how he got into motorcycling and challenged other Sand Dollar Members to tell their story as well. You'll see his and George's and maybe some other Sandie's stories elsewhere in this newsletter and we strongly recommend that you write yours down and send it in too, for next month's newsletter. Don't worry about whether you think it's good writing or not, we can make pretty much anybody look like they know what they're doing.

This is my 'origin' story:

How I got into motorcycling

Michael 'Sensei' McMillan

For as long as I can remember, I've been that guy who had a 'need for speed'. Way back when I got my very first wheeled conveyance, a tricycle, I was doing tricks and trying to see how fast I could go. I can still recall very clearly that my mom would yell at me because I discovered that if I got going fast enough on my tricycle and turned the handlebars abruptly as far as they would go that I could whip a J-turn on the hardwood floors in our house. This made my dad smile and it made my mother very concerned for my welfare. The concern for my physical welfare soon evaporated and was replaced with a determination to spank my butt thereby causing pain and discomfort to my welfare because I was leaving black tire marks on her recently waxed floors. In spite of at least one spanking (further details are foggy) I did not cease with my fun tricycle tricks and my need for speed was as strong as ever. Thus it was that my tricycle became an off-road vehicle.

I pestered my dad to teach me to ride a bicycle and whether it was due to finances being tight or recognizing that I probably should not be unleashed upon the world, or at least my neighborhood, at the ripe age of 5 on a bicycle. I still was not allowed to cross the street without adult supervision so I'm pretty sure my dad realized that simply going around the same old block would rapidly cease to be a challenge for me. So I got the big kids next door to teach me.

Me being 5 and them being 8 and 9 presented no problems since they seemed to view me as an experiment, like a bug on a string. They'd put me on the bike and push until I was going fast enough to be stable, and while I could not reach the ground at all, I could reach the pedals. It only took a few crashes (further details are foggy) before I figured out that the faster I went, the more stable the bike was. Everything was amazing! The world whooshing by at thrilling velocities I had never experienced. I never rode my tricycle again. I was a 5 year old speed addict.

When I was 9 my mom had recently died leaving my dad with his brand new business and three kids aged 9, 5 and 4. We moved in with my aunt and her family. She had an enormous house and there was room because her heart was as big as her house. All my cousins had motorcycles because one of my uncle's business interests was part ownership of the local Yamaha shop. That summer Dad bought me a rigid-framed Sears mini-bike with a 2½ horsepower lawn mower engine. I wore that out completely and totally beyond repair in 2 months. My dad surprised me one day with a newly used Honda Z-50 mini-Trail like my cousins had. It had gears!! 1st, 2nd and 3rd!!! Now I could keep up without having to pull the string on the governor override. (This higher

RPM/higher Speed modification may have contributed to how rapidly I wore that motor out. Further details are foggy.)

My cousins and I would get on those small motorcycles the first thing in the morning and go. Usually we'd be gone all day. Aunt Lyna and Uncle Reese lived in a subdivision that was being developed by Uncle Reese, who was a developer and contractor. He had bought a huge farm with almost 2 thousand acres and built roads and utility infrastructure into what was an early gated community with private roads that were not really subject to being patrolled by the local police department. We had several miles of beautiful, newly paved roads to ride on, several more miles of well-maintained gravel roads, a couple of miles of two-rut-roads, and hundreds and hundreds of acres of nice pasture land to dirt bike about on. We found a place where two dead cow carcasses had been dragged by a tractor and left by a perimeter fence. Nothing left of them but clean bones. From that day forward that place was known to us as "Bone Park". We would go there to talk about the stuff 10 to 12 years olds talk about. And sneak the occasional cigarette. Our other regular meeting place was a hill well away from any roads, accessible by only one cow trail and nobody could sneak up on you. The first day we discovered the place it was because there were two buzzards circling above and we all rode over there to see what was up. Summers are long in Mississippi and we were 10 years old. The place was named Buzzard Hill and it became our favorite place to hide from grownups.

The development was in its early stages then with only 20 or 25 houses within an area that would eventually have more than ten times that many, and all of them upscale houses on large lots. With kids who had minibikes and motorcycles. It was a truly amazing place to spend formative years. On a motorcycle.

There was a Television show during that time; it was only on for one season: 'Then Came Bronson'. It was the coolest show ever. Guy on a motorcycle wearing a knit cap, traveling around the country, barely avoiding trouble – most of the time. We all wore knit caps too. Aunt Lyna could not understand why, when we went to Fred's Dollar Store to buy 5 knits caps, they all had to be the same: black. Bronson's was black so any other color would be seriously uncool. In the summer of 1969, the worst thing you could possibly be, even if you were only 11 years old, was uncool.

After the first blush of freedom and I recognize that I had a level of freedom then that few kids experience, some of us began to ride harder and faster. Soon we progressed to REAL motorcycles, motocross racing fever gripped the whole country it seemed and we all looked for more speed. My very first ticket after I got my Driver License was a reckless driving ticket for doing a wheelie on U.S. Highway 78. I pulled out on the highway on the way home from school and, since there was nothing behind me as far as the curve about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away, I pulled the front wheel up out of sheer exuberance and rode a wheelie for about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile almost to the turn in for our family-owned country/convenience store. After dropping the wheel back to the pavement I veered off the road into a deep roadside ditch and, at about 45 mph, I hit a jump over a culvert that launched me about 20 feet up and 70 feet out into a field lying next to the highway. This was something I and a couple other guys had been doing for months. It was only after braking and turning toward the store where a number of my friends were waiting

and I was expected to work a shift after school did I spot the Highway Patrolman sitting there waiting for me, blue lights on. He had obviously come around the corner after the wheelie started (further details are foggy) and seen the entire wheelie and jump. So there, in full view and, more importantly, hearing range of my friends, he was out of the car screaming and yelling at me at the top of his lungs about "stupid idiot...riding like some kind of G_ddam__ed Wild Indian!!!" (For reference, back then most westerns had a moment where the Indian Braves would exhibit their battle prowess by riding by at a full run on their ponies, doing tricks. It was stock footage in western movies but the tricks were impressive.) That day I received a nick name from my friends that stuck with me until I moved away many years later: 'Cochise.' On that day and at that time, The nickname was said with such derision and was so obviously meant to be making fun of me that I did not care for it. However, over the following months I learned to think of it as an awesome nickname because it was given to me by friends and was a result of a specific set of circumstances. They made fun of me for weeks. Everyone wanted to know how much a Reckless Driving Ticket cost, because they didn't know anyone who had ever gotten one, well, not sober anyway. One of my original riding partners from age 9, a cousin, still calls me by that nickname today: Cochise was painted on all my helmets and stitched onto my racing leathers for years to come. I have a very different nickname now, one given by friends, and I cherish it as I did the earlier one given because I had a need for speed.

While it has diminished somewhat (along with my reflexes,) even now, at age 60, I still have that need for speed, but I try to exercise a bit better impulse control now than I did then. I have turned that need for speed into a thirst for knowledge about motorcycling. How to be better, and , yes, faster but most importantly safer and sharing that knowledge with anyone else who desires to know more about motorcycling.

Sensei



Let a Wing bring a little Sun into your life

George Engler

Before you think this is one of those "read this and your whole life will change" thingies - Well rest assured, it ain't . I mean really, Sandies and deep philosophy just doesn't seem possible. Nope it's a tale of food, perfidiousness*, oh you have no idea just how bad Jim W can be.

Okay lets back up, this was the first breakfast ride of 2018. Small crowd, it was Mother's Day after all, five brave souls left AL's at 7 am. Heading west we picked up JoeJoe, west cause breakfast awaited us in Pensacola. The place for breakfast was decided by Jim W. Jim's selection was Scenic 90 Diner; good choice always, had a terrific breakfast there. Arrived early enough that we had ample parking and a choice of tables. Breakfast was a three egg omelet and all the fix'ns. Even JoeJoe had a hard time finishing his. It was at the breakfast table that the other Jim appeared. Jim looks at Dona L and says causally "I think they make a Sirrus antennae for the Spyder. Ow!, Harold why the hell did you kick me?"

Besides physical violence, Harold was waving his arms behind Dona. It seems like any other OEM, if it comes from the manufacturer add a 400% mark-up. Hence all of Harold's histrionics, unfortunately the cat was waaaay out of that bag, thank you Jim.

After Breakfast, Jim says lets go to Hall's hardware in Milton. Now I will go to Hall's via Transylvania to avoid the traffic on the Pace portion of 90. So we proceeded to tour Santa Rosa County. Started on 90 the Escambia county line, got to Jay and then ran along the Okaloosa County line for a bit. 100 miles later we arrived at Hall's. The normal drive is about 15 miles from the diner. Please see my Transylvania remark.

Now Hall's is an unbelievably fun place, Hall's has everything and that's pretty good description. Need a gasket for your pressure cooker? got it in 12 different sizes. Need a four foot wide colorful sun made from a scrap of oil drum? Bought and paid for. I wondered why Jim was being so helpful as I looked for a cloth hanging butterfly. Now how in the hell did we go from a cloth butterfly to a four foot wide colorful sun made from a scrap of oil drum, you must be asking ? Well I'm as confused as you my brother. Sam finds this Sun, it's a capital "S" now, it's kind of behind some other things. Jim is right there helping Sam dig it out. I only had to see the price tag and it was a "I'm coming Elizabeth" moment. Jim is just going on about how pretty it was and it would look so nice blah blah. I totally now feel like Harold at breakfast, looking at Jim's neck and imagining my hands around them.

Now let me say that, in all fairness, it will look good on our back fence. As we were paying for it, Sam sweetly says " Happy Birthday ". Whaaaaat? I was thinking a new farkle for the Wing, a new pistol, anything but a four foot wide colorful Sun made from oil drum scraps. Beginging to see why I use words with asterisks to describe Jim W ? When I mentioned, before we left, how it was Jim's fault all this transpired. The expression on Jim's face had the words cat, canary all over it.

All the way home, yes Virginia, a Gold Wing can carry a four foot wide colorful Sun made

from a scrap of oil drum. I felt the only thing that was missing was a troupe of elephants with clowns following to make my trip home a Circus Parade. Everybody stared, fellow motorcyclist's that normally wave looked at the sidewalk when we passed. On 98 it got worse more traffic more stares. Home couldn't get there soon enough, I promise you.

Well it was a fun day we did 150 miles, it seemed like 2,000 miles of it was carrying a four foot wide colorful Sun made from a scrap of oil drum.

Sandie Dining-In at Mary's Kitchen, Fort Walton Square, okay at Uptown Station. Around 6ish, good food and great conversations. Jim W might want to hire a food taster, huh Harold?

*deceitful and untrustworthy.

synonyms

treacherous, duplicitous, deceitful, disloyal, faithless, unfaithful, traitorous, treasonous, false, false-hearted, double-dealing, two-faced, Janus-faced, untrustworthy



How I got into motorcycling

George Engler

What was it that brought me into Motorcycling? I can't really remember, all I know is that it started with a 1958 Sears (Puch) moped. I had a newspaper route, the Daily News, it was a bicycle route. Well one day I saw a moped for sale for \$35.00. I thought it was so cool, someone had taken off the original seat and put a banana seat on it . It was painted orange, spray can orange, I was in love. Now how is a 13 year old going to convince Mom, not to mention Dad to let me buy a motorcycle? I felt like Ralphie in 'A Christmas Story'; forget the "you'll shoot your eye out" stuff. The objection from Mom was "you'll get killed". My loving brother just asked "if you get killed can I have your room" ahhh brotherly love.

In my favor was I had the money saved up from my newspaper route. Long story short I got the moped, my dad was pretty easy going about it . My Mom was not very keen on the idea but reluctantly agreed. Well I was the envy of every kid on the block. It didn't matter that it smoked like a mosquito fogger, only went 20 miles an hour - way less than that with two people on it. It was freedom, the wind in your hair, as much as a 20 mph wind can ruffle your hair. I kept that moped until the muffler fell off one early morning while delivering newspapers. I thought it sounded cool; a two stroke without a muffler backfires, a lot. Boy, were the neighbors pissed. They called the house complaining and my Dad laid down the law - fix it or get rid of it.

From there its been one motorcycle after another and yes, I have had my share of accidents. Yes I have had a few "Here hold my beer" moments. Some of you have even been there. What kept all of this alive now for over 50+ years is just the freedom that a motorcycle gives you. Still at 70 years I can ride for a few minutes and my mind settles down. I still look forward to every ride. Motorcycling is not for everyone but it certainly is for me.

What really helped to keep me riding was meeting and marrying a fellow rider. Most of you know the story how I found out Sam rode. It's funny now but at the time I was a bit angry. Well think of it you're a 30 year old male and think you're a bad Biker. Then a gal your dating shows up on a motorcycle that makes yours look like just another Universal Japanese Motorcycle. Glad I stuffed my pride, Sam and I have been riding together for 40 years now.

Think about it, my whole life has revolved around motorcycling. For others it might be flying or racing (or something else a bit dangerous.) I couldn't imagine a life without riding, it's who I am. Being a Sandie has really reinforced my love of the open road. Most of my life decisions have been based on riding. I have been so blessed to be able to have jobs I loved, people to love and enjoy the open road. I have lost many friends to motorcycling, lives cut short because of motorcycling. It's funny but it never entered my thoughts to stop riding after losing a friend. I'll tell you it's a bit late to regret taking up riding now.

Robert McLondon
Julia McLondon



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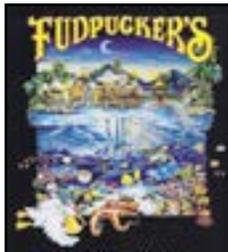
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June 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
3 Business meeting/ Lunch 9 am	4	5 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	6	7	8	9
10 Need someone to lead a Ride	11	12 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	13	14	15	16
17 No Nutz Pic-nic Ride 9am AL's	18	19 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	20	21	22	23
24 Skills Summer Hours	25	26 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	27	28	29	30

July 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Business Meeting Lunch 9am	2	3 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	4 	5	6	7
8 Breakfast Ride 7 am	9	10 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	11	12	13	14 Saturday adventure 8 am
15 Open	16	17 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	18	19	20	21
22 Beat the Heat Ride 9 am	23	24 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish	25	26	27	28
29 Skills Summer Hours	30	31 Dining in TGI Fridays 6ish				