



# Sandlines

The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

June 2020



**Celebrating 40 years of Riding from the Emerald Coast!**



## President's Corner

### Hey Sandies,

*I know things are a bit slow right now but things are going to pick up soon. We Sandies are still riding and doing what we can to make things as normal as possible.*

*I would like to welcome all the new members to the club.*

*We will be having monthly meeting soon and our Tuesday night dinners will be starting up again soon I hope. It all depends on the restaurants and the social distancing rules.*

*So, we will just have to have to hang in there a little bit longer. We will need someone to make some decisions on where we might be able to eat.*

*So, be safe 'til next time.*

### Robert Woods

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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....**

**Fred Heiler  
Robert Woods  
Sharon Woods  
Greg Lynd  
Dona Luttrell**



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

**NONE**

## Waffle Sunday

13 Sandies availed themselves of a chance to eat a Waffle House breakfast, in Robert and Sharon's front yard of all places.

As all know it ain't a Road Trip unless one breakfast is at a Waffle House. Well does it count if it's only a mile trip? Waffle House brought one of their Trailers to Robert and Sharon's house. What? a Waffle House Trailer? Yes Yvonne, Waffle House a fully equipped Trailer for emergency use. Well they bring them to neighborhoods during the virus stay at home orders. It's a fabulous way to get that unmistakable taste of Waffle House while stuck at home. How this particular trailer ended up at Roberts and Sharon's is a strange story. But as Sandies we have heard enough strange stuff to make Rod Sterling give up his pipe.

Nichole, the eldest daughter, works at The Tax Collectors Office. Someone asked Nichole if she would like to have a Trailer at her house. Nichole declined but asked Sharon and Sharon being Sharon said "Sure why not". The rest shall live in Sandie legend.

I went for an early morning walk; the sun was just making its first appearance. As I strolled by Sharon and Roberts I see JoeJoe sitting in a chair waiting. Now I know JoeJoe always tries to be first in the restaurant, this was just plain weird. But for the Sandies it was a shoulder shrug. You think that's Sandie bizarre? How about a Tim W morning without a doughnut? Everyone knows that Tim has personally single handed paid for college for the kids of the owners of Good Thing Doughnuts. Tim and his morning doughnuts is Tim's idea of a Vegan Breakfast.

Meeting me at AL's beside Tim, Frank pulled up, now Frank we can hear coming. Did I hear Bell the Cat? Oh hell no I didn't. One day Jim M will be the death of me. It will happen when Jim rolls up behind me and scares the bejesus out of me. Getting back to Frank the stories Frank tells they are all good but his uncensored ones are by far his best.

Tommy and Sandy joined us but Sandy said they couldn't eat much because they had another food engagement. Well I don't want to be in the same county when Sandy gets hungry. Let's just say Amazon Piranhas got nothing on this kid. Tommy ate a regular breakfast as do normal folks.

What would a Sunday be without an appearance from the High Priest of Trouble, Mac himself. David will really appreciate the Catholic reference, he's like that

A special thank you to the great folks who manned the Waffle House Trailer, you folks did a super job.

I would like to thank Sharon and Robert for opening their house for this. It was truly a great Sandie Sunday.

**George**

# 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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**STOP THE BLEED:** Hey folks this is really important, might save your ass. Class is back on. The "Stop The Bleed" class is being hosted by The Blue Knights. It's Saturday, June 20, 5 PM, Okaloosa County Sheriff's Office Training Room. This room is perfect for Social Distancing and learning a lifesaving Skill.

It is free to all Sandies, Thank you Blue Knights. But you must register before Wednesday , June 17th.

As always this is a fantastic class and it's a Skill that can save a life, possibly yours.

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## Our 40th Year in 2020

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 2020 !!!!!***

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## 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.



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## No Meeting May, June's Happening!!!

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### First Sunday Ride

11 Sandies did 239 awesome miles and ate at MOM's. Okay not at Mom's like at home but like in a nice place in Hartford. The Prince as usual laid out one fantastic curvy route. I keep hearing from folks that state, curvy no such thing in Florida. Well obviously, they never followed The Prince. It was a very pleasant route up. We did roads I haven't been on in 30 years and some I've never been on. Another thing that made this trip so special and pretty damn neat Robert and Sharon W joined us to ride. We haven't seen Sharon out in such a long time. What with all the issues with her foot. It was just so great to have Robert and Sharon with us again. Another really good thing that happened was that Maricetta got to join us today. We just don't get to see Maricetta very often so it's always a pleasant surprise when she can come out and join us.

We were supposed to eat at Ketchum's in Hartford. Now here is where things become, well, interesting. Mark S does a U'ie, pulls in behind Sam. Mark is on a Wing, a 1,000 lb. plus motorcycle. Yea yea I know what Mother Honda says, just like HD etc. they lie on gross weight. These big Touring rides are heavy and with the loads they carry, very heavy. Well Mark's Ride starts over since the GL side stand hasn't a lot of lean. Add having your left side on level and your right slightly downward there is but one place to go. Sir Isaac Newton proved that principle many moons ago. So Mark is caught in the Newtonian Vortex. How did they say it in the 70's? oh yea, "You is going down sucka"!

Fortunately Sandy S was behind Mark and saw what was happening. As Sandy leapt to the rescue, Mark was holding the Ride up while pinned to the railing. What? I didn't mention the railing? Yes one of those so you don't fall off the sidewalk and step in the ditch railings, the same one Mark and Goldwing were pinned too. Sandy and some help from Sam got the GL upright. Mark acting like nothing whatsoever happened here.

Tim ascertained that Ketchum's was closed for whatever reason. So it on to MOM's at the crossroads, Mom's always has good food and plenty of it. Yes, we did the social distancing thing and it was only 50% capacity. It was just so nice to put in an order and it comes out on a real plate not Styrofoam. The food was good the wait staff super busting their butts to give us great service.

After Breakfast\lunch The Prince led us on a super ride home. I mean that very sincerely, Tim takes time to plan these Rides and it shows. The front group, JoeJoe, Sensei and Tim can really stretch those legs. But at every corner, either JoeJoe or Michael was there to make sure we knew where the corner was. It's things like that, the attention to little things, that make our rides such a success. Having first class Riders like Michael and JoeJoe also helps immensely. Need to thank Tommy N and Sandy S for taking the Sheepdog position. Having folks like that in The Sandies are again why we have such great rides.

**George**

## Southern Hamburger Steaks with Onion Mushroom Gravy!

### Ingredients:

For the Hamburger Steak Patties:

- 1 large egg
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs
- 6 slices of bacon, cooked and chopped
- 1 teaspoon of seasoned salt
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 1-1/2 pounds ground beef
- 1 large onion, diced
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1/2 teaspoons fresh black pepper
- 1 cup all purpose flour

For the Brown Onion Mushroom Gravy:

- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 cup of beef broth
- 1 cup of water
- 1/4 cup of all purpose flour
- 1/4 teaspoon seasoning salt
- 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
- 1/2 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tablespoon Gravy master (orange top)
- 2 cups of freshly sliced mushrooms

### Instructions:

1. In a Large bowl combine all the patty ingredients EXCEPT for the flour and olive oil & mix well.
2. Shape into 4 to 6 hamburger patties - all the same size.
3. In your flour you set aside, dip each patty so both sides are well coated
4. In a large- semi-deep cooking skillet, on medium heat heat the olive oil and place each of the patties in the pan.
5. Cook until browned on both sides, remove and set aside--reserving all the pan drippings for the gravy
6. In the pan with the drippings, add in the sliced onions to the skillet, add a tablespoon of water, and cook over medium heat until lightly caramelized, stirring frequently.
7. In a separate medium-sized bowl, whisk together the beef broth, water, 1/4 cup of flour, seasoning salt, pepper,, Worcestershire and gravy master,until well combined.

8. Pour this mixture into the skillet with the onions and stir constantly, until mixture begins to thicken.
9. Return your cooked hamburger steaks to the skillet, flipping a few times to coat each side with the gravy, you want to make sure they absorb the gravy on each side.
10. Add in your sliced mushrooms, then reduce heat to a low simmer.
11. Cook, covered, for about 20 minutes longer being sure to flip them every 5 minutes to keep them coated well..
12. Serve over buttered mashed potatoes
13. **ENJOY!**

**GEORGE**



### 3 Bears Ride

Had a "Goldilocks" Ride today, "it was just right". The Prince (Tim W) outdid it even for himself, it was that good. Okay the knitting, 10 Sandies did 192 miles and ate like Kings at Crews BBQ in Samson, AL. Left The Temple of The Prince (Good Things Dough-Nuts) early 7:30 am. Some folks thought that was a bit early. Obviously, you folks love that vitamin D mega overload on a Florida afternoon. Me I want to enjoy my ride and not end up like the Wicked Witch after Dorothy got done with her. This time of the year early is good.

Back to The Route, name had to be capitalized it was that special. Tim stitched more roads together than Betty Bell making a quilt.

JoeJoe of the Romanian GPS, Keeps calling his former socialist GPS "Navie", such a cute name don't you think? For a computer GPS that try's and kills you regularly. I think HAL from 2001 Space Odyssey, best describes JoeJoe's GPS. Okay back to "Navie", JoeJoe says "Navie says it's only 6 miles to our destination". We make a turn, "wait it says we are 12 miles, 10 miles, 4 miles, 22 miles ". Tim circled around Southern Alabama more times than a Vulture circling road kill. The Roads were fantastic, a bunch of tree covered roads where the temp drops 10 degrees. Curvy roads, a road that had a water driven grist mill. Just a simply enjoyable Riding day.

Need to do a "Damn Good Job Done" here. Tony Garcia was tail for Group One, brand new Sandie, stopped at every corner to make sure us Groupie Two's saw the upcoming turn. Great job Tony, now if we can get some decades old Sandies to do the same? "It would make the Angels sing" as Bing Crosby said in "Going My Way". Nikki G, Tony's, Pillion Warmer, actually napped through some of the yanking and banking that Tim led us through. Now that's how to relax and enjoy the Sandie day.

Frank W was with us today. When Frank starts out with "You know I'm 73 years old". Step back, immediately cause you are about to hear a story. Not just any story but a good story. Frank has led a varied life and Frank has had a varied life with many very cool adventures. They can involve Princes and Kings, so why step back you ask? Cause there is a whopper about to land in front of you. Frank just tells a great tale.

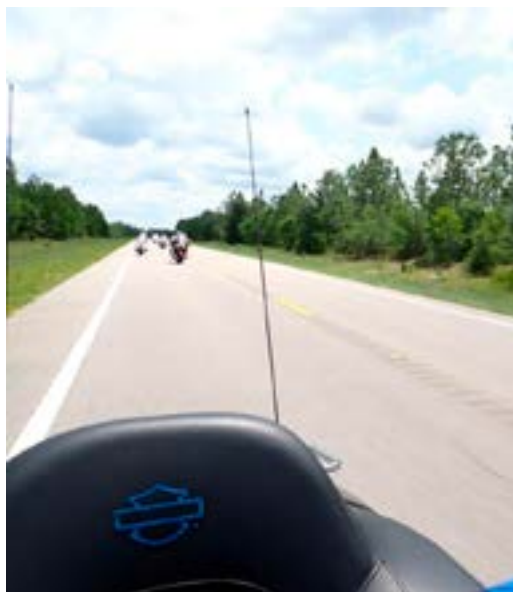
Tommy did the Sheepdog chores today and I thank Tommy for it. I got to thinking about the fact Tommy is the longest contiguous regular member in The Sandies. Sam is the longest member but Sam has been an officer since almost day one. Tommy has been through a lot changes in The Sandies, through it all Tommy stays a Sandie. We have quite a few Sandies that have been with the club for decades. Hopefully the Sandies will still be here another 40 years.

Mark S managed to keep his Ride upright today. I was the one this time, pulled into the driveway and fell over, like Artie Shaw in 'Laugh-in'. Well not quite, it's worse, I put the side stand down see the "S" on the dash. Kinda like the landing gear is down on an airplane. But in my case the stand was not locked. Like Mark was pinned against the rail I was pinned against Sam's truck. Luckily our neighbor came over and helped get it back up, no damage just my pride.



I must thank Tommy he did give up the chicken breast for my birthday. BUT It does not excuse my lost Pork Chop at Brooks Bridge BBQ.

**George**



## Burnt Corn 2020

270 miles of incredible roads and sights. Great group of Sandies with one or two exceptions. Some of our newest Sandies made this incredible journey, Tony and Nikki G not to forget Mark S. Mark is a relatively new member but a good bike handler has to be Mark has a Gold Wing (hehehe).

14 Sandies to include Jim (Electro)M. Who met us on 90, took the fast way and met us in Baker, going in the opposite direction. Pure D Sandie maneuver.

Let me stop a moment and thank Tim W a.k.a. The Prince of Curves. Tim put this whole incredible day together and it was a success in every definition of the word. Tim puts good rides together but Saturday was one of the better ones. Thank you ever so much Tim. He even convinced us to follow him to the 1923 Bridge at Bull Slough. Originally the road to the bridge was dirt, its paved now. When Tim does the talking "about its easy hard pack, etc.". You gotta to make sure Tim is not on The Albatross, The three wheeled Spyder. Cause Tim is slippery like that.

Sandy S was our Sheepdog today. I started calling Big 6, Sheepdog because that is just what the position is. That very last position is vitally important to the journey. From the rear they see everything and let The Lead know what's going on. To me that is like a sheepdog watch's over the flock to keep it safe. Tim was delighted to hear that JoeJoe and I are working on a "Sheepdog Patch".

We are fortunate to have people like Michael M in The Sandies. Their level of knowledge on motorcycling is incredible and Michael shares it without being preachy. I really noticed it on the porch eating lunch. Someone asked Michael about riding, Michael answered it in a matter fact way. With that type of question in the past some folks answer it in a condescending manner, not Michael a good clear answer is Michael's style.

Tommy N has a new helmet, his old one was literally falling apart. There is a hilarious story connected with the endeavor. But I have been to sacred secrecy cross my heart on the vow of Mr. G and Shit Weasel. Fellow Sandies it will make a perfect Road Trip End of day with a Beverage story.

We met Howard W on the road. Talk about a classic passenger of The Mothership, Howard has a reservation, trust me.

We had two nice guests today, The Prince said don't be nice to them till we see the green, folding lettuce. Brad and Debbie were great folks, in spite of The Prince.

Now to the exception, David M, His Scottish Lordship. You folks think he's a nice citizen of Scotland, au contraire. David is a sneaky denizen of the not nice people. In the cause of showing Sandies where Good Thing Doughnuts, Palace of The Curve Prince. David slyly brought up one of my not so fond memories. I am hurt, no, aggrieved, disconsolate, heartbroken. Losing faith in the goodness of humanity. (SIGH).

It truly was a great day. I can't thank Tim enough for the Ride. Another fantastic ride with awesome friends.

**George**

### **Musings from the Crew**

Short and sweet almost a Haiku

Sandy S:

Excellent weather  
Excellent Friends  
Excellent Day  
250 + miles

From The Prince:

The annual Sandollar pilgrimage to Burnt Corn AL. And it was one of our best! The club has been visiting here for 20 years. When we first started coming here the general store and post office were still in operation. 13 riders and passengers made the 270 mile round trip.

Departed Mecca, "Good Things Donuts", at 8:30 am. A great route, Baker, Brewton, Repton, and then on to Burnt Corn. Fabulous back roads! Everyone packed a lunch since there's nothing to buy in Burnt Corn. We toured the town and enjoyed lunch on one of the covered porches.

The Methodist church dates to 1913. Looks like they've replaced the roof and other repairs. Last time we were able to get inside was 2013.

The Baptist church was founded in 1821! The adjacent cemetery has graves dating back to the Civil War.

After lunch another back road trip to the 1924 Bull Slough Bridge, and then into Brooklyn. Finally the final leg back south through the Blackwater forest and home. Another great ride in the books!!

From The Pen of the Prince of Curves

Howard's Journey:

Fantastic ride (269 miles for me) today with the Sandollar Motorcycle Club. Thank you, Timothy White, for putting together the route.

I especially enjoyed listening to the stories told by George Engler while we ate lunch. When the Sandollars first started coming to Burnt Corn the Post Office was still open and a "Ms. Pitty" was the "Post Mistress". She lived in the white house across the street that is now apparently abandoned.

If you peek inside the post office it still has wares from days gone by on the shelves and hanging from the ceiling. Even the old register looks like it's ready to make another sale.

The old churches nearby have rows and rows of gravestones engraved with stories of people who lived, loved, and died in this area of Alabama. Some plots are as current as 1980. Some go back to before the Civil War.

Thank you again, Sandollars, for a fantastic day. (We missed you, Sam. Get George to buy you a new set of shoes for your ride!)

The Musings of Howard Wilson the Third

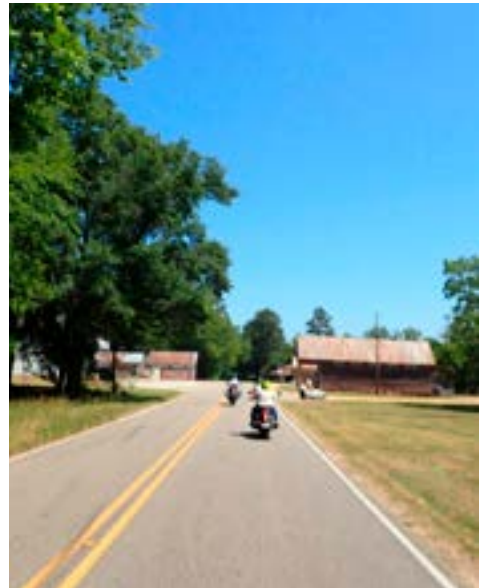
### **WHY BURNT CORN from 1999**

Well Children pull up close to the Fire while I tune my didgeridoo and tell a tale that needs tell'n. To tell the tale that needs tell'n, I'll make it short so as you don't miss the Sleep Train. It happened in a time so long ago only Da Kat and the nefarious trouble-maker JoeJoe can remember. A band of Sandies set one Memorial Day Weekend to journey to Natchez, Mississippi, on the banks of The Big Muddy. The journey was to follow the Olden Times Road, no concrete madness for these keepers of the Roadie Grail. But being Sandies they ended up looking for Natchez Alabama. Before you ask, the heavens had opened on our intrepid Sandies and showed no sign of slowing. My Children when you up-set the Road Gods as much as the Sandies normally do, the Punishment can be harsh and cruel. As they huddled in a Waffle House under thundering skies, a map appeared as if by divine magic, well not really, it belonged to Da Kat, legendary Sandie Cat Herder and Coffee Bean Roaster. The Magical Map was a mite older than thought of, for on it appeared the town of Natchez, Alabama. "Why this is a sign from The Road Gods", Da Kat exclaimed, so our questing heroes jumped in the saddles and rode up the rainy path toward another Natchez. Our Journeying Sandies failed to see the thin gentleman leaning on the sign leading out of town smoking a pipe. Wearing a hound's tooth jacket and smoking a pipe, he was a sign of things to come. They searched along narrow country roads up to the town of Selma and all over southern Alabama, spying nary a sign of the mythical town of Natchez. Finally at an old country store Da Kat asked an elderly gentleman if he knew of this Natchez. "Why shores do", he said, "Sees that car turning on that road over there "? "Well that'll take you to Natchez,". Off the Sandies went, to discover, are you listening close, that the town of Natchez was under water. The little hamlet was flooded by the building of the

Tombigbee waterway. To show you just how weird you have to be to qualify as a Sandie, there was serious thought given to see how far the paved road went underwater. Cooler Heads prevailed, Sanity returned and the inscrutable JoeJoe was almost bitten by a rattlesnake, while trying to photograph said snake. As our weary heroes turned toward home, The Road Captain & Cat Gather Extraordinaire, spied another paved road. Uh Oh, was the collective thought of all the surviving Sandies. This led my children, to the Mythical town of Burnt Corn, a place stuck in time, a place of great wonderment. A place where road weary Sandies met the wondrous people who ran The Country Store, founded 1893. They offered the much fatigued Sandies, red hoop cheese and crackers, cold sodas, as welcome to these much heralded Road Heroes. After resting and filling much empty bellies our very Road Weary Sandies turned toward home. From that time on little Sandies, the Sandies have always returned to Burnt Corn, on Memorial Day weekend, in homage to the lure of The Journey and all the Wonders it brings. Now run long and dream of the Day when you too can take The Journey to Burnt Corn.

## George

*"Wherever you go, there you are."  
Buckaroo Banzai*



## Hot Dog Run for The Lake

17 of you Sandies, along with 2 guests made it out to enjoy a fantastic Ride on a simply beautiful day. We have had some pretty awesome rides and still maintained pretty fair "Social Distancing". I feel on this day Tim (Prince of Curves) W outdid even his considerable talents. Route, timing everything couldn't have been better. For a Lets Ride, this one was one of our best. Again I can't say this enough, thank you Tim.

Besides the large number of you awesome Sandies we picked up a guy who heard about it from our public Facebook page. Which now has over 600 followers by the way and they stretch literally around this fair planet.

I finally got a chance to meet Wes H's lovely wife Shana. Very nice person but what is Wes going to do when the drugs wear off? Another great to see was Sean W, for those not familiar with Sean's "Oopsie". Sean was running, something Sean excels at, and tripped. Like motorcyclist's the world over, in Sean 's case Sean was on foot, broke his collarbone. Those of you that have had motorcycle Oopsie's are very familiar with the afore mentioned injury. Steven G has a collarbone punch card and with one more Steven gets a repair on the house. Anyway it was great to see Sean out and Riding.

We have enough Sandies riding that we break into about three groups. Group One usually consists of those that enjoy a more "technical "ride. Today that was Tim, JoeJoe, Mac and Michael (Sensei). I was leading Group Two, so I had a chance to observe these very good riders. Those folks move like a fine dance troupe, everything looks choreographed. The motorcycles seem to move as one and smooth, oh so smooth. Even Tim on a Spyder made that three-wheeler fit in perfect. Michael who was the Six of the Group was especially fun to watch. Michael handles that Gold Wing like he does his Yamaha FZ. Michael makes it look so easy that anyone can do it. That boys and girls is the mark of a true Master of his Craft, hence our Road Name for Michael, Sensei.

Folks, The Sandies are incredibly blessed with a huge number of very good Riders. We also have those that are a notch above. The beauty of The Sandies is that from the newest Rider, just out of certification, to those Masters of their Craft, we all ride and have a good time doing it together. Michael was Six of his group and waited at every corner until I acknowledged that I had seen him. That folks is how it's done; The Sandie Ride Plan works.

Da Duke met us at the hot dog stand on "Bell the Cat". I call Jim M's E-Bike that cause Jim has silently come up behind me and scared me.

Sandy S shows up with a plan, just one, to be the biggest pain in my pretty Ass. Sandy excels at that job by the way, Sandy is a Master of her Craft.

It was really really good to see Howard and Francine W. We just don't get to see good folks like Howard and Francine enough. They are retired and if it hadn't been for this virus they would have been on the road. It is always great to see Howard and Francine. Hope to see you lots of guys again.

The Mitchell and Dawn H met us at DeFuniak to have lunch and join us by the lake. The Mitchell hasn't been traveling so when this eases up he will be on the road. In the meantime I'm sure Mitchell has a new Ride or two to add to the stable.

Speaking of traveling Tommy N hasn't been at home this long in a while. Tommy travels so much that the airlines have run out Diamond Platinum Starry Skies Number One Clubs. It used to bug me that when we would be on a Road Trip, Tommy's travel status would rear its ugly head. If we were staying at a chain hotel it was always "Oh Mr. Niefert, we will have your upgrade done in just a minute. While you're waiting can we give you a foot massage? a spa treatment. Can we bring your flowers up to your room in just awhile. We have made your reservation at the Broadway play that's been sold out three years in advance". Really? I can't even get a free cookie. See I'm over it really, honest it doesn't bug me one bit. I'm being adult about this, really, I am.

Sandie's it was a super day, Tim outdid himself if that was possible. Riding with fellow Sandies in these uncertain times just makes the bumps in the road a bit smoother. The only thing that would have made it better would be if you had been there.

### George



Robert McLondon  
Julia McLondon



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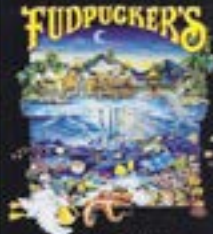
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# June 2020




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>	<b>6</b>
<b>7</b> Business Meeting Liza Jackson 9 am	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>14</b> Breakfast Ride 7 am AL's	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> Stop The Bleed 5 pm OCSO Training
<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>28</b> <b>OPEN</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>				

# July 2020



Calendars are Subject to Change  
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4 
5 Business Meeting 9 am TBA	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19 Skills, Summer Hours 7:30 AL's 8 AM Range	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	