



Sandlines

The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

March 2017



The
Bunny Run
Is Coming
April 23, 2017



The President's Corner:

Hey Sandies, this winter has been an awesome time for riding. I want to thank Emerald Coast Harley Davidson shop for sponsoring the Bunny run.

I also want to thank all the Sandies for donating money for our have a heart poker run. It was amazing. You folks raised more money than we would have made on the poker run that is unbelievable.

One more thing the Bunny run will be here soon so we need to start getting door prizes for it.

Please remember where your gear and ride safe.

Robert

Sand Dollar Board of Directors

President: Robert Woods 797-3467
Vice Pres.: Sam Engler 244-0376
Secretary: Dorothy Kudla (DJ) 240-6474
Treasurer: Edna Keefe 314-7408
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The Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club is a Chartered AMA organization. The Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club is open to all motorcyclists irregardless of riding experience or brand of motorcycle, as long as they share the Club desire to ride safely and have a good time riding.

Birthdays March



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

John (Interceptor John) Baker

Lee Wilber



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

Dave & Joanne Mossow

Emerald Coast Harley Davidson

presents the
**BUNNY
RUN**

23 April 2017

**Emerald Coast Harley Davidson
Fort Walton Beach, FL**



Cost \$10.00 per Rider

**Proceeds to Elder Services of
Okaloosa County**

*Come out and have some fun while
supporting Elder Services Christmas,
Run with the Bunnies, Door Prizes
and more...*

**Event opens at 8:00 a.m.
Registration starts at 9:00
Last Bike out by 11:00
Last Bike in by 2:00
Closes at 3:00**

**Sand Dollar
Motorcycle Club, Inc.**



**This is an AMA sponsored event
"All minors MUST have a Parent
or Legal Guardian present with them"**



Show your AMA Card and receive 10 FREE Door Prize Tickets

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.

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



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.



<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 February 5, 2017

Meeting Called to Order

- Robert Woods called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM.
- DJ Kudla read the minutes from the January 8, 2017 meeting.
- Joe Joe Rello motioned to accept the minutes as read and second by George Engler.

Treasurer's Report

•Edna Keefe read the Treasurer's report from the January 8, 2017 meeting. George Engler motioned to accept as read and second by Joe Joe Rello.

Road Captain's Report

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

March 2017:

03.05.17 – Board (8:30 AM) & Business Meeting 9:00 AM @ Okaloosa Fire Department upstairs)

03.12.17 – Rides of March (9:00 AM @Al's Garage)

03.19.17 – Skills (8:30 AM @ Al's Garage; 9:00 AM @ Crestview Range)

03.25.17 – Saturday Adventure (9:00 AM @ Al's Garage)

03.26.17 – Open

April 2017:

04.02.17 - Board (8:30 AM) & Business Meeting 9:00 AM @ Okaloosa Fire Department upstairs)

Save the Dates:

03.10.17 – 03.19.17 – Daytona Spring Bike Week

04.23.17 – Sand Dollar Bunny Run

04.21.17 – 04.23.17 – Original Emerald Coast Bikefest, Holt, FL

06.17.17 – 06.14.17 – Super Bike Races @ Barbers Museum

10.29.17 – Pumpkin Run

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

Old Business

- None

New Business

- Need 3-4 volunteers that can ride double to carry judges for the upcoming triathlons in Pensacola and Destin.
- Mac noted the anniversary party was well attended and very well done.
- Sam Engler requested that all AMA members give her their AMA number as soon as possible.

Meeting Closed

- There being no further business for the benefit of the club, Steve Gardinier made a motion to close and second by Jim Morrison. Meeting adjourned at 9:20 AM.

SAND DOLLAR AMA SERVICE AWARD 2016

For over 80 years the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA) has given two very special awards to select AMA-chartered Clubs. One is given to an AMA club member that has contributed to advancing Motorcycle Safety. The other award is given to the AMA club member that has given time and effort to promote a positive image of motorcycling.

This year the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club was fortunate to be one of the clubs selected to honor two of its members with these very prestigious awards. The first time these awards were given was in 1936 and every year since a limited number of AMA clubs are selected annually to give these awards to its deserving members.

This year The Sand Dollar M/C selected Michael McMillan and Sharon Woods to be its very first recipients of this singular honor.

The AMA's criteria for The Service Award is ***"To be given to the person the club feels has done the most throughout the year to promote a positive image of Motorcycling... [and] for others as well."*** ***a member who volunteers time to be of service to the community. Perhaps a member has raised significant funds for a local charity.***

The Board of Directors of the Sandollar Motorcycle Club could not think of anyone more deserving of this award than **Sharon Woods**.

Sharon has been largely responsible in organizing and guiding the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club in helping to take care of our charity, Sharing and Caring of Okaloosa County's Elder Services. Sharon has spent countless hours of her personal time to help raise money and door prizes for our Charity. She had routinely spent weeks organizing and planning our fund raisers, then personally leading group drives to collect door prizes, gift certificates, and pledges of funds and services. Sharon manages to do this while being a full-time Mother and Grandmother. Due directly and indirectly to Sharon's tireless efforts in organizing and planning our fundraisers, the Sand Dollar M/C has managed over a 20-year period to have raised and donated over \$70,000 for Sharing and Caring and Elder Services at Christmas.



SAND DOLLAR AMA SAFETY AWARD 2016

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The AMA's criteria for The Safety Award is: ***"This award is to be presented to a club member who has demonstrated an exceptional commitment to safety, not only for him or herself, but for others as well."*** The Board of Directors of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club could not think of anyone more deserving of this award than **Michael McMillan**.

Michael has worked tirelessly in promoting motorcycle safety for many years. Not only does he have a history as a former AMA-Pro Road Racer But for almost two decades Michael's professional life has been in training and mentoring fellow motorcyclists to be better and safer riders having spent 9 of those years as a full-time motorcycle safety instructor working with the US Military Forces involving all five branches of service. As a riding instructor with certifications to teach in disciplines ranging from basic rider instruction, to experienced and advanced riding techniques, sportbike, three-wheel and dirtbike riding, as well as closed-circuit on-track instruction and training in motorcycle mentoring, Michael has given countless hours of his personal and professional time to make the Sand Dollar 'Street Skills Sundays' an effective avenue to help make Sand Dollar Club members better riders.

Street Skills Sunday is a Sand Dollar tradition held once a month for Sand Dollar club members to meet and practice those lifesaving skills needed in today's riding environment. Michael's input and mentoring at these Skills Sundays has been invaluable. Michael brings many years of training and expertise in educating motorcyclists at all levels to these events and many current and former Sand Dollar M/C members will credit those practices and training sessions with helping to improve their skills and abilities.

Michael is presently employed by the State of Florida as an MSF RiderCoach Trainer (RCT). There are only around 90 to 150 MSF Certified RC Trainers in the world at any given time and it is the RCTrainer's function to train and educate current and future RiderCoaches/motorcycle instructors. So, in addition to having trained approximately 10,000 students over the years, Michael is now engaged in training the next generation of motorcycle instructors in the intricacies of teaching motorcycle riders new skills and techniques, as well.

BUSINESS LUNCH WITH A SURPRISE

**The weekend of the exploding burgers
SpectreSteve Gardinier**

The February Business meeting went pretty quick and the weather was near perfect. So, what do the Sandies do? Why we ride to eat! Off to Pensacola we went. I counted 10 Sandies headed west when I finally caught up with them. Had to sneak a little over the speed limit but it's not my fault. Those pesky red lights are to blame! If it hadn't been for those I'd have been with the herd--errr I mean group, all along. But our intrepid Captain of Concrete, George, kept all the cats in an orderly manner. Rolling through the straight as a string path of highway 98. Arriving in Pensacola, I once again, had to slightly exceed the speed limit to catch up. But our Road Captain, George, had made it a true Sand Dollar ride and was making a U-turn. That's when I caught up. Of course, by that time it was time to park. The Shux Oyster Bar was wide open and we filled three tables. Of course, they did not take orders nor start cooking until 11am. Well it's only 10 minutes to 11 but by the looks on some faces they seemed like they were going to have to wait till next weekend to eat! Never fear, the food arrived by 11:10 and sounds of Sandies gorging themselves filled the restaurant.

Now, the 'teaser headline' here was "exploding burgers". And they were indeed capable of great bodily harm! Even the menu had instructions on how to eat one. The waiter explained in excruciating detail how to consume one safely without danger to yourself or others. So of course, you know what came next - Yuppers, one exploded. Those burgers come stuffed with various and sundry goodies, but they really puff up when cooked. Filled with "things" and all the hot grease trapped inside, they take careful opening. One Sandie learned the hard way and one almost got grease soaked. If it were not for Harold and me urgently telling the Captain to be careful, he would surely have been scalded! But he heeded our cautions and did the right thing, cutting the meat open carefully and consuming the same. I will not name the greasy Sandie as it could be construed as detrimental. It's not his fault he can't read the directions on how to eat a burger! No he is not harmed, at least when we saw him last. What happens when he gets home may be another story. One I'm sure will be repeated again.

After the repast, we fired up and headed in 3 separate directions. The main herd headed up through Pensacola and Bagdad to home. A few Sandies headed back on highway 98. I ventured up to the north end of the county to purchase some .22 Cal ammo at the Academy Sports store. Yay they had some. As George said, "I've got enough ammo now to take care of the Zombie Apocalypse all by myself."

Riding up that way I decided to hit the interstate and cut through Milton on highway 90 and on into Crestview. I heard the sound of revving engines when I passed the dragstrip and it made me almost turn in there. But it was getting on in the afternoon and racing of most any kind is supposed to be enjoyed from the beginning, so I went on home.

Once home, the dog was really excited to see me. Either that or she had to go pee. I prefer to think she just was happy I was home.

SpectreSteve

Too pretty a day NOT to Ride. And of course, Eat!

George (Cat Herder) Engler

12 Sandies rode to lunch after the business meeting. Gerd and Tina had recommended Shux Oyster Bar in Pensacola. Oyster Bar yes, but a Grand Burger place also. You know it's gotta be good when the guy serving gives you instructions on how to eat your stuffed burger.

Got to Shux a bit early, found parking close by walked up to the outdoor seating. The Bartender said kitchen wasn't open yet, but he would bring us our drinks. Great service kept glasses full, fun to talk to. He took our orders and said "I will hang on to these until 11 ". Then he said "Since my people skills are a little lacking and if the Kitchen gives me crap about turning orders in early, some heads will have a severe headache". He looked like he could certainly do the job.

I was going to write about Pat G but the Pat-sicle didn't do anything Pat-like today, at least not where I could see it, anyway. Sat with the Dark Prince a.k.a. Tim W he has a bunch of great stories about his travels. Tim since his retirement has lived up to what a retirement should be like. Tim is the poster person for Retirement. Tim tent camps so finding a place to lay his head is relatively inexpensive.

Let's step into Shux Land for a little story. Remember the how-to instructions about the pitfalls if you eat your stuffed burger wrong. We all heard the nice bartender explain in detail, graphically in detail. Well Jim W heeds no warnings and promptly bit in to his burger. The stuffing came out like it was from a hose, all over Jim's shirt and pants. Fortunately, it missed Greg L sitting next to Jim.

I said "Jim, didn't you hear the instructions? "

"I was in the Bathroom..."

I looked at Robert W and Pat G, and asked "Didn't anybody tell Jim?" Let me tell you butter would have melted around Pat and Robert doing their 'who me' innocent Sandie routine. You know those Big Eye pictures of kittens and puppies? Robert and Pat made them look small eyed. " We told Jim didn't we - huh Pat", snort, snicker "Yep, we shore did Robert " snicker snicker. Jim wouldn't say yea or nay but methinks some evil was afoot here.

Steven did stay with the Oyster Theme and had an oyster po'boy sandwich. Harold L also stuck to the seafood theme and had a Shrimp po'boy Both said they were good. JoeJoe also stuck with the seafood and had this big ole Pasta and seafood dish. The Captain had a burger and liked it.

After lunch we broke up, Steven to run errands, Pat to take a nap and Harold heading home. The rest of us took the long scenic way home i.e. The Sandie Way !

It was a fabulous day to Ride and eat. Well, all days are, when you include good food, good weather and a nice road. Just fabulous . As Tim said "What do you call a person that doesn't dread Monday ? Retired. " On that note it was a wonderful Sandie Day.



The Sandie Magical Mystery Tour

George (the Cat Herder) Engler

With apologies to Messrs.' John, Paul, George and Ringo. The title to The Beatles 1967 album is a very apt description of today's ride. 17 Sandies made the Hav-a-Heart Pre-Ride and lunch. The route is 125 miles of simply outstanding roads. Probably one of the best routes we have had in many a year. Now for the Magical part, we will get to the Mystery later.

The first hint that this was not going to be just any Pre-ride was the cast of characters. As all of you know who follow the Adventures of The Cat Herd, we have some eccentric characters in our group that would do a Southern Gothic Novel proud: The Munchkin, JoeJoe, NYC!, Sensei, Mac, Jim W, The Dark Prince and lately, the Pat-sickle, plus all the other assorted characters that make up this sinking Ship Of Fools. Many of them were along for the ride today.

Speaking of Sandies and those that possess round trip tickets on The Mother Ship. Today Jim W got to experience what a visit from Karma feels like. As you are aware The Sandies have a Pre-Run since the membership and immediate families do not participate in the Big Day. A side note, The Sandies are the ONLY Club left that does this. It was at one time a forgone conclusion that the sponsoring Club did not take part in their event. Our Pre-Run is our way of enjoying a Sandie poker run.

Enough background stage setting, back to the Jim person. Jim's buddy and fellow ne'er-do-well, Pat G drew a card. Jim gave Pat a hard time about drawing a 2 of Clubs. Next up Jim, guess what popped out of bag in Jim's hand? Let's pause and let the sound of Karmic Temple Bells wash over us and help inner peace, a 2 of Clubs! Sometimes Karma can be such a nice thing, other times Lord help us.

This was the first of many magical and mysterious things today, some that will shock and amaze you. If I may change the subject for a second, I'd like to talk about.....addiction. Addictions in the Sandies are not your garden variety addictions. Instead of addictions like alcohol, narcotic, gambling, ladies underwear, (What, me?!? No, no not me! That was a mix up at the laundry and I had nothing to wear! The Deputies, did let me go home after all, they even let me keep the under...um, never mind) Now, some Sandies have rather exotic addictions like owning large numbers of Motorcycles, (Huh, Chris M and NYC!? and let's not forget Steven G.) Sandy S and her Christmas Trees, one in every room, all year round. No not even those deep-rooted addictions can top the one that is Tim White's, (a.k.a. Dark Prince) cross to bear. Tim's decent into the depths of despair is fueled by (sigh) Donuts. Yes, donuts - those beautiful, round magically sweet rings of dough have Tim riding the roads of America in search of another early morning fix. When we pass a Krispy Kreme with a lit "Hot Now" sign blinking seductively. I can hear Tim yelling over the sounds of a dozen motorcycles at idle, "GEORGE, LOOK THE MAGIC LIGHT, TURN! OH, PLEASE TURN - THEY'RE HOT NOW!" when we drive by, I can almost feel Tim's anguish as Tim looks hauntingly at the flashing sign. Fellow Sandie's we must remain strong and help Tim through this hard time. Right now, unfortunately, and in spite of the fact that he even has an app on his phone that tells him anytime he is

within 6 miles of a flashing "HOT NOW" sign, Tim has not admitted that he has a problem so it will be a difficult.

Now for the Mysteries of today's adventure into a shadow world. The Luttrell's, Harold and Dona have been Sandies for a while, Harold is, well, to be polite, more than a couple ants shy of a picnic. Today to pull Pat and Jim's chain, Harold asks me to give him a blank poker hand marking card. Harold then proceeds to award himself a full suit Royal Flush. Now don't forget how Karma was alive and well on today's Sandie Adventure. At AJ's we all draw our last cards. The winna and champeen with three 5's, (think Karmic Temple Bells) Harold L !! You couldn't make this stuff up! (Well, you can but this is better.) Now for more Luttrell stuff (woo-woo) Dona proceeds to win half of the 50/50. Dona being, well Dona, after taking the money and showing everyone the cash, gives it to Sam for Sharing and Caring. That, folks, is called a class act, good on you Dona.

The next part is very painful for me to relate. Tim W wins the other half of the 50/50 and Tim too donates the money to Sharing and Caring. I did think I heard a whisper of "doughnuts, all the pretty doughnuts". Nah, must be the wind. Tim too is a class act. A special thank you to Paul and DJ for getting the future sponsorship of AJ's on the Bayou. AJ's is being very generous in their sponsorship so AJ's will sponsor Hav-A-Heart 2018. Thank you both so much.

I must thank Robert Woods, our president. All of those Sandies that need psychotherapy (or at least a good talking to) on a regular basis, tend to gravitate to Roberts group. I thank the motorcycle gods above at night for this flocking to Roberts group. It makes it easier knowing where all the crazies are.

As usual The Captain, like me, just showed up for the ride, 'cause we didn't win jack all.

Seriously I would like thank Steven G and Jim W, today we had a situation that someone needed some help. Steven stepped up and volunteered. Jim W immediately took Steven's place at Big Six. It's at times like this between Sharing Caring donations and acts of kindness like Steven and Jim's that I am damn proud to be a Sandie.

Public service Time: We are less than \$250.00 from our goal for Sharing and Caring, we will be collecting donations between today and next Sunday. Next Sunday we will present a check to Sharing and Caring. Please, as a Sandie, give, just email Sam with your donation amount.

Tuesday's Sandie Dining-In is Tuesday at 6ish, Joe & Eddies, show up and you might see those Sandies that your Mum told you horror stories about so you would be good. Sandies of the likes of Munchkin, Jim W, Sharon W and maybe even Pat G, Harold, Dona or the major nightmare himself - Sir Mac.



Shoulda Stayed on the Porch...

Michael 'Sensei' McMillan

Went for a breakfast ride recently with my friends Tim and Darrel. We were to head up to a small 'Mom & Pop' restaurant so far out in the boonies of Northern-most North West Florida that inquiries about cell phone service are met with laughter and it is perfectly normal for a guy to ride up on a farm tractor for breakfast. They are also that rarity in modern business; a cash-only register. No credit or debit cards here, if it don't say "In God We Trust" you're gonna be washing dishes. Of course, I forgot this fact, even after being reminded by Tim in a text beforehand, and I owe Darrel a breakfast for saving me from being chained in the kitchen until my breakfast bill was paid. The day started with temps in the high-fifties and promised to make it to about 75 degrees and skies were forecast to be blue and sunny - in other words, a perfect day for a ride. The three of us were layered in good riding gear and we share an enjoyment of rural two-lane curvy roads.

Tim rides a Suzuki V-Strom 650 with the nice large filing cabinet-style panniers, brush guards, bash plates and enough high-powered lights that if you round a corner on a night ride and surprise a vampire, they'll just go ahead and burst into flames because they think the sun's come up. Darrel rides a Honda sport tourer and, instead of my trusty Yamaha FZ1, I was on a borrowed V-Strom 650 (Thank you Laura) which had the nice metal filing cabinets and protective crash bars but did not present nearly as much danger to the local vampire population as Tim's bike.

The ride to the restaurant was a bit over 60 miles and went through some wonderful tree lined forests. Many people think of those of us who ride in the panhandle of Florida as poor flatlanders who live in the land of the Anti-Tail of the Dragon; you know, the legendary U.S Hwy 129 in TN and NC? Well, here in the land of the Anti-Dragon, we have 11 curves in 318 miles and people only wear out tires in the middle. Unless you know about DNA.

DNA is "Damn Near Alabama" and it's got some amazing roads. Take one of those flat, straight roads from the Florida beaches and go northward and when you get to 'Damn Near Alabama' suddenly the roads get all curvy and exhilarating. Actual distance from actual Alabama can vary considerably and there is of course, DNA's Eastern cousin; Damn Near Georgia but the area on both sides of the Florida-Alabama border from Atmore, AL on the west to a spot south of Dothan, AL near the eastern border of Alabama with Georgia present some wonderful riding opportunities.

Tim was leading, I was in the 2 spot and Darrel was bringing up the 'six'. We're the kind of riders who keep up with what's going on around us and we believe that situational awareness is important. I routinely scan the sides of the road as well as watching the road ahead, because you never know what you don't know - You know? Getting all happy and comfy and complacent can get you in trouble on a motorcycle.

Suddenly from the tall grass in the ditch on the left side of the road, a large dog launched out onto the road. We surmised later at breakfast that he had heard us coming and was lying hidden in the ditch near the road. Even though we were paying attention, one second nothing, the next there's an 80+ pound snarling pit-bull type dog running toward

Tim. I clicked over into that slow-motion perception where my hyper-focused brain was pulling astonishing amounts of slow-motion detail out of a series of events that were happening VERY fast. We were moving at about 60 mph and I saw the dog realize that he couldn't catch Tim so his focus shifted to me. His teeth were bared and with an angry growl he dove toward the front tire and snapped at it. There were at least a dozen ways this could go sideways and most of them ended with me in a ditch with a very large, muscular and angry dog.

How would you handle this situation?

When he first shifted his attention from Tim to me, I was on the left side of the lane and the dog had come from the left shoulder of the road – so I moved to the far-right side of the road and kept a steady throttle. Of course, he came after me, it was only 8 or 10 feet and he was moving fast anyway. No way was there time to brake and avoid, he was already lunging toward the front tire. Colliding with him was unavoidable - there was nowhere to swerve to but the ditch. I knew that any kind of hard control inputs would likely CAUSE a crash at this point, rather than avoid one.

An interesting thing about the physics of single-track, two-wheeled vehicles (i.e. motorcycles & bicycles) is that, once the wheels are spinning at speed, they become gyros. They want to keep going in a straight line no matter what. You can find a number of videos on YouTube where racers fall off their bikes and the bike keeps right on going until it hits something that forces it to stop or slow down enough that it falls over. If you've ever played with a toy gyroscope, you've felt that surprisingly strong resistance to change of direction in its axis of spin – and that's in a small hand-held toy. Take two motorcycle wheels and tires at 20 or 30 pounds each and spin them up to a speed where they cover 90 or more feet per second (60 to 65 mph) and you have a very powerful set of forces working in your favor.

So what did I do to handle this situation? In spite of the fact that my sphincter had slammed shut like a bank vault with a time lock, not much.

I pulled up my left leg/foot because I thought the dog would be hit by the front crash bar and then roll down the entire left side of the bike, finally colliding with the metal pannier. Which, as it turns out, is exactly what happened. I made a conscious effort to keep a firm grip on the bars but to relax my arms so the bars could react in the way they needed to, to comply with the gyros/tires attempts to stay on a straight course no matter what. I focused on the road about 150 feet ahead of me to help with visual directional control. And that's it. There were two impacts, the initial collision with the front crash bar then a harder one when he hit the pannier. Both impacts were hard and caused the handlebars to shimmy strongly then the bike straightened out and seemed fine. I had made it through, and began braking. I looked in the mirror and saw the poor dog spinning limply along the road for what seemed like forever, then he and I both came to a stop.

Half afraid he'd jump up and come after me again, I forced myself to U-turn and head back toward him to see if I could help him or find his owners but the big dog's days of chasing motorcycles were over. I felt terrible and parked next to him. I dismounted to be certain that he was beyond help, checked the bike for serious damage then looked around to try to figure out which nearby house big dog might belong to. Immediately to the right there was a very old single-wide mobile home that was surrounded by one of

the largest collections of rusted vehicles, farm equipment and major appliances I have ever seen – and I was born and raised in rural Mississippi, so that’s saying something. On the other side of the road - the direction from which the dog had originally come – about 200 yards off the road there was a double-wide mobile home that appeared to be in better repair than the single-wide but was surrounded by a fence and there were a number of dogs that appeared as though they may be related to the late, large motorcycle hater. Tim pointed out that there was nothing we could do for the poor dog and getting the hell out of there might be a good idea. As my wife said later, “In areas like that, people answer the door with guns because the only way you can possibly be knocking on their door is if you’re trespassing on their property.” Given that and the abundance of large pit-bull dogs around the most likely home for the big guy, we mounted up and rode on.

You’d think that would be enough excitement for one day – and you’d be absolutely right but about 10 miles later, what can only be described as a long-legged Dachshund came charging out of the side yard of a house on top of a hill. This one I saw coming and slowed slightly while moving closer to his side of the road, then accelerated quickly while moving away to the other side of the lane to “upset his timing” (basic rider training, 101) Darrel was behind me and said the dog must have smelled death on my bike because it cowered and ran with tucked tail.

Breakfast went well, even considering that I had no money and the primary topic of conversation being the recent demise of the big dog and the size of his testicles. They were immense. Which may have been the reason for his ill-advised attack on a 500-pound motorcycle going 60 mph. We started home on what Tim said would be about a one-hundred-mile route which would have us arriving home between noon and one pm.

The ride was beautiful. Temperature was perfect. Sun, sky, company, all just as good as it gets. One of the things about me as a riding companion is that I drink a lot of fluids. Most mornings I have two or three mugs of coffee, a bottle of water and a glass of OJ with breakfast before ever leaving the house. When the waitress asks if I want a refill of coffee/tea/water/Dr Pepper - I always say yes. Drinking a lot means stopping a lot. It’s the reason I don’t do many group rides. I go to the restroom every 40 minutes whether I need to or not and always have. Doc says there’s nothing wrong with me, medically anyway, although I may be getting a bit more caffeine than I really need. Here’s the thing, though, Tim is the guy who finds all the really cool roads so he’s usually the lead rider and Tim don’t stop. If he still has fuel, what possible reason could there be to pull over at a facility that has restrooms? After an hour and a half of passing perfectly good restrooms, I was in dire and desperate need of a “comfort stop”

When we arrived at Bob Sykes Road, a magnificently curvy two lane rural road near DeFuniak Springs, FL I knew where I was and I pulled over at an abandoned convenience store that had a fence. Behind that fence, I could relieve myself without worrying about being placed on a sex offender list for the rest of my life for indecent exposure simply because I desperately needed to pee.

I waved Darrel on and gave him a thumbs-up to signal I was OK, and pulled over. After a quick ‘fence inspection’ I got back on the bike, not having seen or heard a single car go by. Just as I fire up, a work-type pickup and a beater car went by. I pulled in behind them and realized the work truck was in no hurry (probably paid by the hour.) I followed for

a mile or so and the beater car gradually fell back from the pick-up until we were a good 250 feet or more away. As soon as we got to a legal passing zone, I signaled my intent to pass, downshifted, pulled out and accelerated to pass the beater car.

HOLY CRAP LADY WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

That's right, just as my front wheel was about even with her back bumper she came over into the lane very suddenly. We were still 200 feet from the pickup so I was not expecting such a sudden maneuver on her part. She did use her directional indicator. It flashed once, AFTER she was already in the lane with me.

What would you have done in this situation?

She was so close that I swerved to the outside of the roadside fog stripe before getting hard on the brakes. I already knew there was nothing behind me from my mirror and head check before pulling out for the pass so hitting the brakes once clear of the car was a no-brainer.

She floored her smoking little beater car for all it was worth and passed the pickup (eventually). I waited for the next legal passing zone and passed the work truck too. I was not going to let an inattentive heifer ruin my ride on one of my favorite roads. She had topped 70 miles an hour or more, and was far enough down the road that I couldn't see her.

I rolled up to about 60 and was thoroughly enjoying that gorgeous road on a gorgeous day when I topped a hill and there she was, nearly stopped in the middle the lane. I got on the brakes, not an emergency but certainly a quick slow down and I rode up beside he, wondering if maybe she wanted to apologize for nearly running me off the road a few miles back.

Nope. When I got beside her, her window was already down and she was screaming all the obscenities in her (apparently limited) curse word vocabulary, consisting as it did of an entire B-52 load of F-bombs with a few adverbs thrown in a modifiers. AND she accused me of "Riding her Ass!" Considering that I felt she had tried to kill me as recently as three or four minutes ago, being really close to her was the last thing I wanted to do.

All I can figure is that she made her sudden lane change for a pass without knowing I was anywhere in her vicinity. Maybe when/if she looked in her rear-view mirror and saw me there about 4 feet from her car, she thought I had done that to HER, on purpose! Crazy heifer.

She then hauled butt again up to about 60 seemingly deliberately staying in front of me, in spite of the fact that she had employed cluster f-bombs telling me she didn't like me being behind her. Fine

I dropped back about 4 seconds behind her and for the next few miles she'd speed up to 60 or 70 then slow down to 15 or 20 as though she wanted me to pass. My last effort to pass her almost ended with me wadded up in a fence or ditch, coupled with the fact that the big dog had put me in the same position earlier in the day, let's just say I was reluctant to give her (or anybody else) another shot at me. Even though she clearly wanted me in front of her, I refused to pass her. I was keeping a good safe distance from her, even

when she was going really slow, and she had nothing to complain about.

Finally, she came to a complete stop within her lane on a straight part of the road and, since she was not moving at all, I began to creep around her. When I was near her window, she fired a number of f-bombs at me and so I stopped and told her without cursing that she had run me off the road earlier when I was attempting a legal pass and that at no point had I tailgated her. She started with the screaming f-bombs again and I had had enough. I checked the rearview and the road ahead and both were still clear. I started with the kind of cursing only a man of my age and circumstances can unleash.

My vocabulary is in no way limited to f-bombs and my insults are not limited to curse words. The air turned a dark, almost cobalt blue for 20 feet in every direction. Her parent's marital status and close familial relationships for four generations were brought into question. Animal, vegetable and mineral insults combined with chemical and medical references. Diarrhea ridden, syphilis infested, herpes encrusted, compound-hyphenated curses were hurled at her in an uninterrupted stream of unnatural ferocity. She received the full unfiltered blast of a day where I had narrowly escaped possible serious injury or being killed, not once but TWICE.

What would you do in this situation?

I rode home with a smile on my face.

Michael McMillan
2/17



Robert McLondon
Julia McLondon



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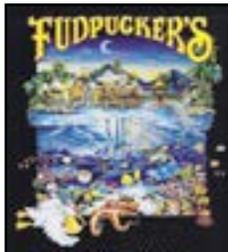
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March 2017



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 Lunch	6	7 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	8	9	10	11
12 Paws Poker Run 9 am AL's	13	14 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	15	16	17	18
19 Skills 9 am Range 8:30 am AL's	20	21 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	22	23	24	25 Saturday adventure 9 am AL's
26 Open	27	28 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	29	30	31	

April 2017



Calendars are Subject to Change
lease check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2 Business Meeting 9 Am Lunch Ride after	3	4 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	5	6	7	8
9 Pre-Bunny Run 8 am Harley FWB	10	11 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	12	13	14	15
16 Easter Egg hunt 9 am	17	18 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	19	20	21	22 Load Trucks & arrows 10 am Warehouse
23 Bunny Run 8 am Emerald Coast Harley	24	25 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	26	27	28	29
30						