



# Sandlines

The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

May 2017



More  
Draft Busting  
Coming Up



## The President's Corner:

Hey Sandies, the month of April has come and gone but with some very sad times - we lost two Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club members. It has been very hard on all of us but as we know things will get better with time.

Now, changing gears, our bunny poker run was pretty good despite the rainy weather we had. The turnout was not the best and that's why we still try to have three poker runs a year. I know tri's also helps with our charities. So if you can please try to make them it sure helps the folks we work so hard for. I also want to thank Emerald Coast Harley Davidson for letting us have the poker run at their shop.

One more thing the month of May we have a lot of good things happening so stay tuned it should be a lot of fun. 'Til next time - ride safe.

Robert

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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 May



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

**Steven G  
DJ Kudla  
Bobby Bennett  
Terry Hymel  
George Engler**



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

**Marty & Donna Theiss  
Sam and What's his name**

## **From the May issue of Motorcycle Consumer News**

***In response to a reader's statement in the May issue of Motorcycle Consumer News that a proliferation of cell phones and texting while driving may be responsible for recent increases in traffic fatalities for motorcyclists, David Hough responded in a way that makes clear who is ultimately responsible for our safety:***

Studies indicate that a driver on a cell phone is about as distracted as one who is legally intoxicated. It's logical to wonder whether drunks or texters have caused increases in fatalities.

The short answer is no. My science advisor looked at the numbers and there are no bumps or dips in the motorcyclist fatality rate that correlate to cell phone use. One possible theory why they don't affect the fatality rate of motorcyclists is that even sober, careful drivers fail to comprehend the presence of a motorcycle at all in about 50 percent of collisions.

It's not phones or alcohol that kill riders, it's impact forces. Any direct impact over about 40 mph is sufficient to end your career. Motorcyclists wishing to avoid collision need to be proactive about getting out of the way, regardless of what other drivers are doing, thinking or drinking.

My advice remains to understand the danger, then decide whether or not you are willing to accept that as a motorcyclist you are statistically at greater risk of being seriously injured or killed. If the potential for injury is an acceptable trade-off for the enjoyment of riding, try to avoid being careless. But, if the danger is unacceptable, consider dropping out.

NHTSA calculated motorcycling as 26 times more dangerous than driving an automobile, but when we compare only driver fatalities, motorcycling is about 38 more times more dangerous. We, as motorcyclists, need to get out collective brains wrapped around the magnitude of this statistic.

~David L. Hough,

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# What's Happening

**Breakfast before our Rides.....** Joe & Eddie's Restaurant (Across from Goofy Golf) 8:00 am. A note, Joe's has a bunch of new Wait staff, when you walk in and sit down, put your order in right away. Don't wait for other Sandies to join you. We leave at 9 am period.



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**Tuesdays...** We will be getting together on our non-business meeting Tuesday's at a location To Be Announced by our famous "Cat Herder", so watch your emails, time as always: **6:00 PM.**

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## Our Business Meeting Time Has Changed !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Our Meeting will at The Okaloosa Fire Dept. Training Room, 2nd Floor 9:00 am, 1st Sunday of the Month, Ride to follow.**

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### Shirt Ride Time:

Another sign that summer is here is the colorful sight of a group of not sane motorcyclists all dressed up in very colorful shirts heading down the road. This sight has raised many questions from the non-riding population. Are we being invaded by a motorcycle gang that looks like a Jimmy Buffet Concert? Could this be a group of escaped Parrot Heads? Or just a mentally not well of Bikers? Most learned opinions lean toward the last explanation. The actual truth is that it's The Sandies out for another Fun Ride and Pikanik. Since The Aloha or Hawaiian Shirts have become our formal attire, why not flaunt it. What better to flaunt it then ride somewhere wearing said Shirts? The louder, the more colorful the better is our rule of thumb. I say if your family would be embarrassed to see you in it then its perfect Sandie wear. So find yourself one or two or like Munchkin have a whole suit made from Aloha material. Then step bravely out the front door, get on that motorcycle and ride with Sandie pride. There you have a Sunday Shirt Ride.



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## WE BE DO'N DINNER RIDES

The Sandies eons ago used to do one dinner ride a month, more than that and it got real thin on participation. The Dinner Ride will be a Mystery Dinner Ride. That means the Roadie leading it knows 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>



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## **Minutes from Sandollar M/C Business Meeting April 2, 2017**

### **Meeting Called to Order**

- Robert Woods called the meeting to order at 9:00 AM.
- DJ Kudla read the minutes from the March 2017 meeting.
- Steve Gardinier motioned to accept the minutes as read and second by Jim Morrison.

### **Treasurer's Report**

- Edna Keefe read the Treasurer's report from the March 2017 meeting. George Engler motioned to accept the Treasurer's Report as read and second by Dave Bernauer.

### **Road Captain's Report**

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

### **May 2017:**

- 05.07.17 – Board (8:30 AM) & Business Meeting (9:00 AM @ Okaloosa Fire Department upstairs)
- 05.14.17 – Skills (8:30 @ Al's Garage; 9:00 AM @ Crestview Range)
- 05.21.17 – Open
- 05.28.17 – Open

### **Save the Dates:**

- 05.03.17 – 05.07.17 – Thunder Beach, Panama City, FL
- 06.17.17 – Super Bike Races @ Barbers Museum
- 10.25.17 – 10.29.17 – Thunder Beach, Panama City, FL
- 10.29.17 – Pumpkin Run (Sponsored by KM Cycle & Marine)

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

### **Old Business**

- Robert Woods reminded everyone to please help with door prizes as the cupboard is getting low.

### **New Business**

- Robert Woods opened the floor for Board Member nominations for 2017. After a brief discussion with a couple of the existing Board Members being nominated, Steve Gardinier made a motion that the present Board continue through 2017. The motion was seconded by Dave Bernauer and unanimously approved.
- George Engler mentioned the Hurlburt Field Green Knights want to start monthly skills, and he invited the club leader to attend the next monthly skills so he can see how we do skills.

### **Meeting Closed**

- There being no further business for the benefit of the club, Jim Morrison made a motion to close and second by George Engler. Meeting adjourned at 9:35 AM.

These were actually first made-up from a Government recipe found in a Government recipe book from the Depression. They didn't use "lean" ground beef they used whatever ground meat was on hand. The idea was to stretch your meat by adding a lot of fried onion. What's not to like.

These Burgers are a regional favorite in Oklahoma and the Mid-west especially. They are served traditionally with yellow mustard and pickles.

I like fixing and cooking these, delicious doesn't start to describe them .

## Fried Onion Burgers

### Ingredients:

- 1 onion, halved and sliced thin
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 12 ounces 85 percent lean ground beef
- 1 tablespoon unsalted butter
- 1 teaspoon vegetable oil
- 4 slices American cheese,
- 4 hamburger buns, toasted



1. Combine onion slices and 1 teaspoon salt in colander and let sit for 30 minutes, tossing occasionally. Transfer to clean dish towel, gather edges, and squeeze onion slices dry.

2. Spread onion slices on rimmed baking sheet, sprinkle with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, and toss to combine. Divide onion mixture into four 2-inch mounds. Divide ground beef into 4 lightly packed balls. Place balls on top of onion mounds and flatten beef firmly so onion adheres and patties measure 4 inches in diameter.

3. Heat 12-inch cast-iron skillet over medium heat for 5 minutes. Add butter and oil and heat until butter is melted. Using spatula, place patties onion side down in skillet. Reduce heat to medium-low and cook until onion is deep golden brown and beginning to crisp around edges, 5 to 7 minutes.

4. Flip burgers and continue to cook until lightly browned on second side, about 2 minutes. Place 1 slice American cheese on each bun bottom and top with burgers and bun tops. Serve

**George**

## Carrot Slaw/Salad

I've been making this for a while and thought I'd share.

### Ingredients:

Makes about 4 servings or 1 and a half Joejoe servings....

1/2 cup sour cream  
1/2 cup light mayonnaise  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon brown sugar  
4 cups shredded carrot  
1 cup raisins

### Directions:

In a large bowl, whisk together the sour cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt and brown sugar. Add carrots and raisins and stir until coated.

Joejoe



## **A Nuanced Stoplight**

George Engler

What?? A Nuanced Stoplight?? Yes, it was that kind of Pre-Ride. You have to understand that any Ride that involves Bobby B is going to be like that. First let's pay for everything, 21 Sandies 135 miles beautiful Route. Now for the bad news, Steven G won the poker hand, Robert W won half of the 50/50 and the other half was, hold breath, Dona L. Yeppers THAT Dona. Had a new member join today, Todd N, Todd must be all right Pam K sponsored Todd. Just remember we got the money and no refund's Nahner Nahner.

First let me say thank you to The Checkpoint Folks. On Checkpoint One (CFECO , corner of College and 85) Wearing Spandex glitter Pedal pushers Harold L, The Brains of the outfit Dona L volunteered and forgot to tell Harold, you go Girl.

Checkpoint Two (corner of 331 & Bruce Ave, Defuniak Springs) Pam K and Todd N, don't know if Todd knows yet but not to worry.

Checkpoint Three (Douglas Crossroads Park on Douglas Crossroads Rd) Steven G and DJ, I think DJ just found out, sorry Steven G.

Checkpoint Four (CFECO corner of 20 and Rocky Bayou Dr.) Empty right now, need a volunteer, two at least, please

You know that strange things are afoot in the world. When Patsicle & Sharon W don't order the Burger at Sandie Lunch. Granted it was Pepitos in Blue Water but a Burger was on the menu. Now in fairness to The Burger Posse (Jim W, Patsicle and Sharon W) said burger had grilled pineapple, avocado, bacon, grilled onion and a handmade patty, now what's not to like? Why even Munchkin and Sam had one - of course, sans Cheese for The Munchkin. But the Burger Posse are purists at heart and to violate the sanctity of the Burger with pineapple crosses many lines. It was great and I enjoyed every morsel.

Gerd and Tina will be handling money and YES Tina, you're stubborn! Thbit thbit! It's great being the guy that gets to write stuff.

Now the Timster a.k.a. Tim W has a new Triumph Dual Sport. But until its fully dressed we will have to wait. Come to think about it we didn't see any doughnuts this morning either from Tim.

We did see JoeJoe today but it was only for a brief flash, JoeJoe is back to the 12-day schedule. Next moon phase change we may spy The Rello child again. Greg L was out and yes, we have seen Greg before today and before moon phases and comet passing's. The Captain didn't win anything but he did drop a piece of advice on Patsicle. As you are aware Patsicle has been blessed with a bladder the size of a tiny teacup, a very tiny teacup. After Patsikle's 19th run to the bathroom, well maybe not that bad but it makes for a great story. Now the Old Aviator that The Captain is leans over to Pat and with a straight face says "Don't fly Bombers for a career. "Sandies that's damn funny I

don't care who you are.

As the above title to this missive clues you to the fact that we were visited nay anointed by the august presence of Bobby B. Bobby exists on a different plane from us, Bobby's major touch with reality and our world is though Christina S. Now that causes problems in its own right since Christina's toehold on reality is tenuous at best, it's just clearly better than Bobby's. Today Bobby did an original work of art. One glance at it and the concept of coloring inside the lines is a foreign thought for Bobby.

I guess you can compare it in its own right to Van Gogh, both Bobby and V.G. were raving lunatics. But who knows it might be worth a fortune 200 years from now, nah. We have included this singular work from Bobby B. Please see the attachment for your very own complimentary copy of Avant Garde art.

We had to make some changes to the Route. It is an old-school Poker run Route and as Robert said we will use all of our directional arrows.

Door prizes are still needed please see Sharon and Edna.

Sandie Dining-In Tuesday evening 6 ish Joe & Eddies. Lots of great lies and half truths will be tossed around.



**It was a Heartbreaker  
but Jeremy's Friends filled the Church  
with a spirit that was both joyful and sad.**

It was a funeral, it broke your heart to see the anguish and heartbreak in Jeremy's family. It was tough, very tough, very sad but in another aspect, it was joyful and for me enlightening. 25 Sandies made it out to show our hearts and support for Jim and Pat and Jeremy's family in this time of sorrow and pain. The grief was real, the tears even more so if that is possible. Folks like Howard W whose Wing had a flat that very morning. Did that stop Howard, hell no Howard made it anyway to show his support for Jim and Pat. Betty B was so lost she almost made it to Walton County. But with chalk marks and smoke Betty arrived and in plenty of time. Da Duke, Jim M stopped in on his way to work to express his condolences. Tommy N. has spent over 36 hours in Airports he was there. All of the Sandies were there for one thing, to show Jim and Pat that we cared and shared in Jeremy's loss.

I had an epiphany moment happen today. Most Sandies are middle-aged and we don't have a lot of contact with today's Millennial Generation. When I see them at all I notice the tattoos, piercings, hair color, all the things that remind me of my dad. Dad? Yes my Dad, "when are you getting a haircut and a shave" this when I was 24 years old. My parents and their peers all going, "tsk, tsk" at the Baby Boomers because we were all going to hell in a hand basket. You see, I didn't realize until today that I had become my Dad.

But I saw and heard things today that gave me immense hope for this generation. They were Tatted up, Pierced, shaved heads, partially shaved heads, and generally dressed anyway you could think of. A complete spectrum of today's young people. You had young gay couples, straight couples and people that were friends. You had young soldiers, folks who were obviously performers, just plain folks and everything in between. But what struck me was the depth of feeling they all had. For most of them this was their very first funeral that involved a friend. These young people showed emotion and deep caring for each other. When I was growing up guys didn't cry, period, you sucked it up, held it in. Not today at Jeremy's funeral the emotions and sadness were there, out in the open, where it should be. When they all sang the chorus to a song being played, it was spontaneous, from the heart.

I was gratified and comforted watching all of the caring they all seemed to feel about Jeremy. They all came because they liked Jeremy. They gave up a fantastically beautiful Saturday to come show just what Jeremy meant to them all. To tell the truth outside of the Sandies and some family, I dare say that packed church was all young people. Yes, it was sad, yes, Jeremy's loss is going to leave a huge hole that will be difficult to fill. But Jeremy's darling little girl is just starting her journey, so in a sense Jeremy is also continuing his journey.



## **LOW ROAD RIDERS OR THE UNCROWDED ROAD**

It was not like the normal Low Road Tour this year. Not many able to attend for one reason or another. So, life goes on outside motorcycle riding. For some anyway for the Riders of the Road so Low, it was a nice change. Only three riders were able to go this year and that's OK because we all had fun. Our fearless leader this trip was Dave M, the Munchkin his own self. Myself and DJ were the other two. Having a late night at work, DJ requested we leave at 9 instead of the planned 7 A M. Munchkin agreed and we met as planned. I waited at the I-10 and 87 intersection and DJ and Dave met in Navarre, so it all came together nicely.

The route over was pretty simple. Roar down the interstate with a stop or two for gas and food. We stopped in Slidell for lunch next to the Harley dealer there. Dave was surprised they were closed on a Friday. Then realized it was Good Friday and we were, after all, in Cajun Country. We had a big lunch at the Mexican restaurant next door and soon were on our way again.

Arriving around midafternoon, we were warmly greeted by Pat and Brenda. No troubles finding a place to sleep this trip. Munchkin got to sleep up off the ground floor for a change and DJ and I were also comfortable. Those cabins make the whole trip a good time. In fact, the whole surroundings, from the cabins, the house, the hosts and the food make it all great. Throw in a good ride on the bayous and, of course, more food, and you have the makings of a great trip!

The evenings passed nicely with lots of conversations and more food and soon we were all ready to sleep.

Easter morning dawned on a pretty day, despite the threat of some rain. Rain which, the day before, convinced us to cancel the pontoon boat ride, did not appear. But a quick breakfast at the McD's and on the road home we went. Some discussion and DJ and I decided to head back along the beach route. Not the true low road but close enough. Dropping off at Slidell to visit his brother, Dave waved us goodbye and DJ and I continued to highway 90 and the route back home.

Traveling on that highway we both noticed changes that have occurred over the years. Having been down that road several times in the past I noticed that a lot of the beach-side damage from Katrina had not been repaired but rather pushed out of sight and hauled off. Lots of bare concrete slabs were still visible. Also, some new buildings are still sprouting up along the way. Seeing the evidence of the disaster still there reminded me of the days immediately following Katrina. Having flown with the AFRES planes running supplies to N.O. And refueling military rescue helicopters and acting as a relay station for messages to other rescuers, I had seen the damage fresh and the people still hurting in person. Listening to rescue talk about survivors and some that did not survive, will always be in my memory. But the memory of being there to help will also be there.

On through Biloxi and on to Pascagoula, we went. Soon we stopped at an old Sand Dollar eatery, Hucks Cove. The food was good and so was the view. We had arrived just at opening time so we got the choice seats. Talking and watching birds and boats along with a waitress dumping her tray of drinks on an unsuspecting customer was entertaining to say the least! No damage other than the waitress's ego so it was all good.

Continuing to the intersection with I-10 and blasting through Mobile was not one of the highlights of the trip. But as we passed the Gator Ranch on US 90, I was reminded of a time a little over 4 years ago when Skwirrel and I, and some others, stopped there and saw all the gators and took the airboat ride through the swamps. Great fun and great memories. But then, that's what makes these trips so much fun. Making memories and recalling others.

Soon it was time to part company with DJ and we made plans to get together to work on her Triumph soon. An oil change was on the list of to-do's. She headed south on 85 and I went direct home.

The dog did not greet me because she was "in jail" at the kennel for the weekend. But the next day she was really really happy to see me!

See you all for the next trip I hope!

## **SpectreSteve**

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### **Just Don't Know Timber of a Person Until They Gotta Run and Pee George Engler**

You know that you never get the true nature of a person until the journey becomes difficult. Before we jump into a story about Patsicle and Jim W let's take a moment to pay some bills. The Board of Officers was re-elected for another year. We thank you for your continuing faith in us. (I think))

Now back to the long journey and the revelations it brought. At the meeting, it was decided that a local lunch spot was the ticket since it was a small riding group, only 7 Sandies. Robert and Sharon W had rental property work, Steven G was off to see his sister in from the Great Frozen North. Munchkin had a houseful of needed things to do.

So, what to do for an hour and a half? Hang out, read a good book then have a lively discussion about what the author really meant? This is the Sandies, George. Okay, we wander aimlessly around on motorcycles for an hour and a half. Now that's how Sand Dollar members like to spend their spare time!

We managed 65 miles on the odometer and never stopped, except for street signs etc. Never got further North than the Mid-Bay Connector and never touched John Sims Parkway. How did I know about the mileage without looking at the odometer?

The Sandies have two folks with incredibly small bladders, M2 and Patsicle. It is a toss-up which has the smaller bladder. I do know that at the 50-mile mark, Pat is looking and trying to hold on. At that point, toss in a few bumpy roads and Pat is running for the woods. Today, the "nearest tree" was Dodge's Convenience store. Jim was on the radio saying, "Pat is peeling off". To add to the bad luck, Pat still managed to find us at our lunch spot, dang it.

Harold L rode with us and didn't do bad for a recovering shoulder surgery patient. Sam did well considering Sam had breast surgery not a week ago. I think 65 miles was just right today for both of our convalescent Sandies.

Now Tuesday the 'What Day Is It'? Sandies Retiree Club or WDII as I call them are doing a 'Ride On Water' Tour. Dauphin Island and Ferry Boat Trip. Harold should find out if the surgery is Road ready.

The Captain did 300 miles Saturday and 65 today, not bad for someone 80 plus years young.

Lunch was at Wings and Rings, very good, great service and good food. Dona L, Ashley, Haley and Robert and Sharon W joined us for food of course.

Historically the Sand Dollar M/C is the last Old School Motorcycle Club to not participate in their own events. To prove we're old school, take 'The Pumpkin Run' as an example. It is the oldest continuous Motorcycle Event on The Gulf Coast. Continuous means every year, that 'other' run, the one 'for tots' did not run some years that we did. For those that need proof, please ask me, we have proof. It's not "Fake News."

So, as a Sandie Club member you are part of true Motorcycle History on the Gulf Coast.



## **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. He 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-hyphened 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**

## **There's Something About Sunrise Over Pensacola Bay Filled with Bodies**

George Engler

I know it's a long Title but I thought of that as a couple of hundred bodies plunged into the cold, 76 degree water of Pensacola Bay this morning. And that plunge was not made any easier by the 19 knot wind blowing into their faces. My first thought was "Man these folks are nuts" then it dawned on me that there were six Sandies that had ridden an hour on motorcycles in the pre-dawn darkness to be here, so we also qualified for that same phrase. Here it was the sun rising and a very steady wind blowing, I mean 'steady' as in near-hurricane force. Well it wasn't that bad - close - but not that bad. Sensei (M2), Munchkin, JoeJoe Steven G and Sam, fabulous Sandies all, were all there standing with me. I'm sure they were thinking the same thoughts as I was, "What the Hell am I doing here before daylight on a Sunday morning"?

Truth is, I know why - because we had two busts in a row for Poker Runs (now you know why Robert pushes for three poker runs a year). Our main Charity, Elder Services, is going through some tough financial times. Our Governor, his Honorable Pinheadness, has cut portions of the budget and that's affecting organizations like Elder Services. Mrs. Lovejoy estimates it's around 25,000 dollars a month.

So, what does that have to do with us Sandies? When we do our Meals on Wheels donation at Christmas, Elder Services will need every nickel we can give them. Okay after that long journey getting here, we have a Bunny Run to make up for. A thank you here to the Sandie that put a hundred-dollar donation into the pot last week.

The Sandies have a well-deserved reputation for our Draft Busting abilities. So much so that The Regional Head Judge wants to use only us. Jay, the Judge in question, told us what happened to him yesterday at a big TRI in Montgomery, Al. It seems the local motorcyclists that the promoter rounded up had never done anything like this before. Jay said his motorcyclist decided that passing the Bicyclists at 65 mph was acceptable. Jay had to rein him in, as Jay said passing these cyclists at that speed on a Harley only feet away was a recipe for disaster. Every race these Official's get on motorcycles driven by supposedly experienced riders. In a lot of cases the Officials ask to be taken back to the venue for their own safety.

Sandies on the other hand have the Skill set to back up our reputation. We have a chance at making over a couple of thousand dollars for Elder Services by Draft Busting. Every TRI from here on out in our Region is ours to refuse.

Okay enough of the 'why and wherefore', let's tell a tale or two. First Munchkin and JoeJoe got Judge duty thank you so much. The rest of us got Draft Busting duties, so even if you don't carry a Judge you have a job to do. Just one example, I saw a Rider up ahead sitting up and it looked like he was texting. Which is a huge penalty and big biggie. All of a sudden, he hears a motorcycle, into the back pouch goes the phone. He bends over in the race position and pedals furiously.

Sensei came on a group where several members were obviously drafting. Since Michael slowly accelerates in a higher gear then clutches and coasts with the engine at idle,

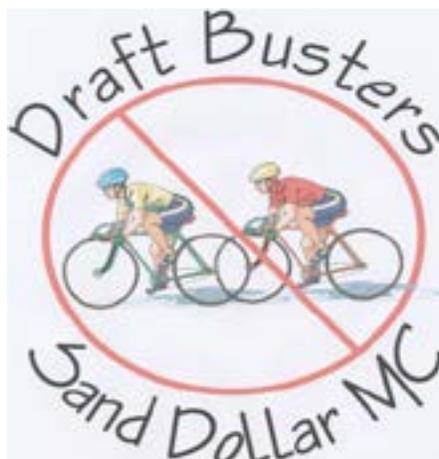
he can really sneak up on a group of bicyclists, so it was no chore for Michael to sneak up immediately behind this group of athletes who were plainly drafting each other, so when Michael released the clutch and suddenly there was the growl of a motorcycle right on their tails they all suddenly realized that their worst fear had come true and a Judge had seen them! Of course, it was just Michael, not a judge but the effect was the same. Michael said it looked like when a group of cars are all speeding and they spot the patrol car in the median – in a split second everyone jumps on their brakes, then they suddenly had perfect spacing between them and everybody was playing by the rulebook and looked real innocent.

Another thing we ran into today which happens sometimes, is that the local constabulary doesn't get the word about us. The promoter tells Pensacola PD but not the Escambia County Sheriff's Office. Michael and I and I think Steven had Sheriff Motor Officers roar up next to us and tell us to get off the route. Once they realized who we were and what we doing they would wave and roar off. Poor Michael who is always the lead Sandie Rider got waved at, gestured at and yelled at. Michael paved the way for the rest of us, thanks Michael you're a peach. Part of the problem was that this type of event had never been done in Pensacola proper, so it was all new for everyone.

We all made it back to the start and it was time to find Breakfast. our normal favorite spot Scenic 90 Diner was cut-off by the ongoing race. Even we found it interesting that the same route we had just done with complete immunity for running redlights and stop signs, ignoring traffic cops and speeding (only when necessary) sudden became impossible to get through because of the traffic jams we had helped to create. On the way home, we stopped at Sailors Sandwich Shop in Midway. In all my years traveling 98 I have never stopped there. We did today for Breakfast and it was good, damn good. Lots of food, great price great service. Oh, and Sandy S daughter and granddaughter work both there - double bonus. We will be back.

Good day, great adventure another Sandie day of Draft Busting. Keeping the world and Galaxy safe from evil drafters, Sandie Draft Busters.

Don't forget Wednesday Newsletter Deadline send the articles. (You are sending something, aren't you?) Send everything to [greymcmillan@gmail.com](mailto:greymcmillan@gmail.com). As JoeJoe discovered at Breakfast, Michael knows his punctuation and sentence structure and grammar along with proper use thereof.



Robert McLondon  
Julia McLondon

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# May 2017



Calendars are Subject to Change  
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Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	<b>1</b>	<b>2</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>7</b> Business Meeting 9 am Lunch	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b> Island TRI 5 am Waffle House 98
<b>14</b> Skills 9 am Range 8:30 am AL's	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>21</b> Sandie Fly-In TBA	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>28</b> Open	<b>29</b> 	<b>30</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>31</b>			

# June 2017



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> Business Meeting 9 Am Lunch Ride after	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>11</b> Skills 9 am Range 8:30 am AL's	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> Time Ride AL's 9 am
<b>18</b> open	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>25</b> Breakfast Ride 7 am AL's	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b> Sandie Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6ish	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	