



# Sandlines



The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

May 2018



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



## President's Corner

### Hey Sandies,

It's been a great month. I want to thank Clay McCutchen for letting us have our anniversary banquet at the airstrip. It was awesome I think from what I could see everyone had a great time. Congratulations to Jim, Sandy and Clayton McCutcheon for getting their "Road Warrior" horny hats.

I want to Thank George, Joejoe and Munchkin for coming out for the triathlon. I know it's hard getting up that early in the morning to ride but it makes up for the poker run we did not have.

I know that 'Thunder Beach' is coming up in Panama city Beach May 02-09 so the folks that are going please ride safe - there will be a lot of crazy riders out there.

One more thing summer's coming so with that there will be a lot more heat make sure your bikes are ready for the heat, and you need to stay hydrated, too.

Stay safe.

**Robert**

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The Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club is a Chartered AMA organization. The Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club is open to all motorcyclists irregardless of riding experience or brand of motorcycle, as long as they share the Club desire to ride safely and have a good time riding.

## Birthdays May

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

**George Engler,  
Steven Gardinier,  
DJ Kudla,  
Bobby Bennett,  
Terry Hymel**



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

**George & Sam Engler  
Marty & Donna Theiss**

## Reflections On Three Years as a Sandie Jim Walters

The 10th of March, 2018 marked the third year I have been riding with this bunch of nuts who call themselves the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club. I thought I would try and reflect back a little.

After not riding motorcycles for several years, I got an itch to ride again – mainly due to my grandson wanting to ride. When I got my bike, I told the insurance agent that I would probably be riding about 200 miles a month.

I started looking for a fun way to ride with other people and, after viewing many cycle clubs on the internet, I come up with this one – The Sand Dollar M/C. Reading about the Sandies on their website intrigued me so I decided to show up for one of the Tuesday night Dinner gatherings. I have to admit I was a little nervous about meeting a bunch of strange motorcycle riders.

Jerry Gilbert “The Captain” was the first to show up. After meeting him and introducing myself, I remember thinking if everyone is as friendly as Jerry, this could be a lot of fun. Jerry said at the time that I appeared to be a Sand Dollar kind of person, but I think it may be the other way around. I think the Sandies are MY type of people!

Since that very first day, I have been treated as part of the family. I say family because that is what this group of people makes you feel like.

From long rides to having meals together, everyone makes it seem like we are one big family. The big communal meals when we all ride somewhere to eat are like eating a Thanksgiving meal with your family. Everyone is always in a joyful mood and we all look out for each other. Come to think of it, that is better than most families. (Haha!) I can't believe how soon I feel at home, among friends and a part of the group.

Well, that 200 miles a month I told my insurance agent went quickly by the wayside. After 11 months I was approaching 11,000 miles on the bike and 6400 of that was with the Sand Dollar M/C. I now have more than 20,000 with the club. I wanted to ride and the Sandies have definitely helped fulfill that dream.

I hope to continue riding and enjoying the good company of the Sand Dollar riding club for a very long time.



# What's Happening

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



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

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

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

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

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



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## WE BE DO'N DINNER RIDES

The Sandies eons ago used to do one dinner ride a month, more than that and it got real thin on participation. The Dinner Ride will be a Mystery Dinner Ride. That means the Roadie leading it knows 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  
April 1, 2018**

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

**Secretary's Report:**

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

**Treasurer's Report:**

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

**Road Captain's Report:**

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

**Save the Dates:**

5/2/18 – 5/6/18: Spring Thunder Beach  
10/24 – 10/24/18: Fall Thunder Beach  
10.28.18: Pumpkin Run @ KM Cycle & Marine

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

**Old Business:**

None

**New Business:**

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

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

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

Group riding etiquette was reviewed.

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

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

## Miso-Sesame Green Beans

Very tasty and easy to do

### Ingredients:

- 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds green beans, trimmed
- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter
- 8 ounces sliced shiitake mushrooms
- 4 cloves garlic, sliced
- 1 tablespoon sesame oil
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons white miso paste
- 2 tablespoons rice vinegar
- 2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds

### Directions:

1. Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Add beans and simmer 3 minutes, until crisp-tender. Drain and transfer to a bowl filled with ice water to cool.
2. Meanwhile, in a large sauté pan, melt butter over medium-high. Add mushrooms and cook 8 minutes, stirring every couple minutes, until browned. Stir in garlic, sesame oil and salt. Cook 2 minutes.
3. In a small bowl, whisk miso paste, vinegar and 2 tbsp water. Pour into skillet with beans and stir until warm. Stir in sesame seeds and serve warm.

I buy my Miso at the K2 Store across from the mall; they have the three main styles of Miso.

~George



## **Easter Ride - No Eggs But a Hero Sans Cape**

### **George Engler**

14 Sandies made it to Lunch and 6 of them added another 150 miles afterward. I mean days like today are rare when one shows up you grab it. I mean, you go after it like JoeJoe does a buffet table, like Patsicle a bathroom, like 'The Prince' prizes a doughnut.

Anyway you get the general idea, it was a phantasmal (yes Virginia a real word) and unbelievable riding day. More on that later. First, I guess you're stuck with the incumbents as club officers for another year. You do realize that is against the national trend, right? It's agreed that we're supposed to kick the bums out every four to six years, isn't it?

Well everyone knows you can't get Sandies to agree to a place for lunch much less anything serious. So to be asked to serve one more year is an honor and a privilege. Well I have to amend that, Herding Sandies and Cats have exactly the same eventual result, daily meds and a quiet room. .

Now on to lunch - keep in mind, it's Easter, there's 14 of us and it's a pretty small place. Throw in that the restaurant has 4.5 stars in Yelp and a boat load of favorable reviews. In other words it looks like Sandies might not get in. There was a wait and it was packed and we did get in. The down side, I was stuck next to Jim Walters, Baaaaad place to be for sure. The folks there did an incredible job especially looking at how crowded the place was. As fast as a table emptied it was full. There were some minor hiccups but nothing major. This leads us to a story, gather around while I tell the tale.

Let me tell you a parable, a story if you would.

One day a person is in a bit of distress, a friend asks "What's the matter there Bucky?"

"Oh dear, I need this drink replaced it's Diet Coke not regular Coke. "I am in deep distress because I need the sugar and chemicals in real Coke to live."

"Well let me help you kind person." (That's Dona L saying things like 'kind person') "Hey bartender! Another Diet Coke!"

"Whaaaaat ? No, Not Diet!!"

Our Non-Cape Wearing Hero suddenly appears "Allow me to save the day." he said in a deep masculine voice. And Cape-free SuperGuy sprang (How often do you see sprang in a sentence?) into action to stop the impending disaster. Snatching victory from the very jaws of defeat our Hero Without a Cape returns with a regular Coke. "Oh thank you for saving my life with that magic chemical elixir, O' Capeless Wonder."

"Think nothing about it, unknown person in distress" replies our Samaritan Sans Sleeveless Cloak. The crowd erupted "Huzzah, another disaster averted by our Non Cape Wearing Hero!!!"

Sandies, this really happened today, honest, I couldn't make this stuff up. Well maybe, probably, oh what the hell, yes I can but the point is - I don't need to!. (Some of the dialog was recalled from memory and may not be EXACTLY what was said, but you know - close counts ammIrite?!)

Poor Patsicle got a diet coke, Dona springing in to help orders another diet coke, it's all that aspartame Dona drinks don'tcha know. Our Non Cape Wearing Hero was Harold, I have never

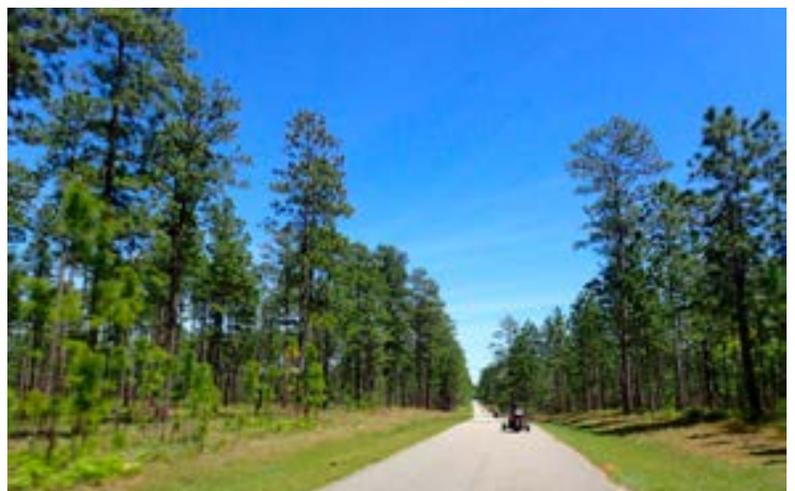
seen Harold jump up so fast, ever. Harold was so quick I thought I was watching Superman. But Harold was more the Jimmy Olsen type. Dona was like Lex Luther poisoning poor Patsicle. It all turned out okay; Jim W got his breakfast not a hamburger and no pancakes by golly.

A good part, besides our Non Cape Wearing Hero was The Captain joined us for Brunch. Jerry followed us out to Bistro 98. Jerry had breakfast and supposedly enjoyed JoeJoe's company, well, as much as you can enjoy JoeJoe's company.

Joining, The Captain and JoeJoe, (hey, sounds like a 70's lounge act at the Ramada Inn!) Munchkin and Helen made up the foursome that got in first; which should not be a major surprise, considering JoeJoe and food were involved. The only time I saw JoeJoe stopped on his way to being first at a table was when Christine S locked the door before JoeJoe could get in. That was funny right there, I don't care who you are.

After Brunch/Lunch, whatever, Steven G, Harold, Dona and DJ headed for the Flea Market. The rest of us adventuresome Sandies to include Sandy S and Tommy What's-his-name, Jim W, Sam and JoeJoe all braved the gravel and gathered on , finally a paved road. Well except Sandy, she had no trouble with gravel, gee, I can't guess why not, She only has 50% more tires than the rest of us.

We rode 150 incredibly fantastic, simply beautiful miles. It was an excellent Sandie trip, a perfect Sunday. Good friends are a bonus that makes such a day so great.



## How Far Would You Ride For a Reuben? George Engler

13 Sand Dollar Riders, some of whom we haven't seen in a long time. None of these Sandies could, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered the brightest bare bulbs in the out-house. "Why, you ask, only mildly offended? Boudreaux, I'm glad you axed me dat.

How about 288 miles for a Reuben sandwich? It was a good Reuben sandwich but it was a sandwich, for gosh sakes! Yes, I said 288 miles. I know, Right? To put that in proper perspective, that's the distance from Ft. Walton Beach to the I-285 bypass around Atlanta GA. Yep - Only Sandies.

It's another "300 miles for a mediocre Hamburger" ride, although admittedly the burger ride offers lovely views of coastal estuaries in three different states. Now why do we keep doing things that a lot of non-Sandies consider just downright nuts? Frankly, I have no earthly idea what it is that makes Sandies so uniquely unique. Could be phases of the moon, like turning into a Werewolf, I guess. Nah, that wouldn't work. We ride in the summer in Florida and a fur coat would be way too hot. A cosmically significant alignment of the Zodiac, perhaps? Nope. I don't know of a sign of the Zodiac that signifies a sizable group of people all being a tad loopy.

Regardless - The world famous Sandies did it again. So it wasn't 300 miles, so we only made it to Hartsfield International Airport, that's pretty dang close to Atlanta. It's still a pretty strong distance to travel just to enjoy corned beef with Thousand Island dressing. At least, that's what I had.

Da Prince, Tim W, had two loaded chilidogs. On the way home was I glad I was in the three slot. Leaving JoeJoe between me and da Prince. Heh,heh, Karma baby. You know, we haven't seen Gerd G and Tina M in quite a while, cause of various medical issues. This was one heck of a "Welcome Back to the Sandies Gerd and Tina" ride. It was great having them along. At one point Tina took her helmet off because the top of her head hurt. Tina looks inside, finds nothing, Gerd looks over at me and says "I put a pebble in it". Gerd really didn't but I immediately thought of the "Princess and the Pea". Being a Sandie Cat Herder is always an education. Weirdness abounds.

This was a classic 'Tim Tours the Country' Ride. We took some roads that were just fantastic, canopy roads, rollercoaster roads and oh yes those with curves and more curves in them, lots of them. Tim outdid even Tim and that my friends, is really, really hard to do.

The tour of the seedy side of Geneva, AL was a bit strange, interesting, but strange. The purpose, if Sandies ever need a reason, was to eat these ginormous hamburgers from The Copper Diner, in Headland AL. Wait, Headland? Why does that name seem familiar? Because that is the self-same town where the Sandies were once literally escorted through town. [George always refers to this event as our having been "Escorted through town" but I was on that ride and I got the distinct impression we were being escorted OUT of Town. There's a difference. Ed.]

We had the full work up of local police blocking intersections, leap frogging police cars and stopping traffic for us at traffic signals. Then it got bizarre. As if it couldn't get any more bizarre, the lead squad car pulls out onto a very busy 4-lane highway 431. Stops all lanes of traffic from all 4 directions and waves us onto the highway. (The wrong highway by the way, and not really on our way home but I am not going to argue with someone that can bring a lot of armed friends to the party.

This time it was a relatively quiet entrance into town. Headland is one of those small, pretty old towns. It has a town square that looks exactly like what you would think a town square should look like. We drive up to The Copper Diner which looks awfully quiet for a Saturday lunch. The sign on the door says open Saturday from 7 to 1, door is locked. Tim spies a Milky Moo's, so at least there's homemade ice cream. We hustle over trying to beat JoeJoe arriving first and putting in his order first. Yay! Karma! A Sandie other than JoeJoe got served first, that honor was bestowed on Jim Walters. After lunch we sat in the park and enjoyed the spring weather while sampling peanut butter ice cream. If the best moments in life are really made up of simple, beautiful pleasures, then peanut butter ice cream in a pretty, old-fashioned, southern town square is very high on that list.

Headland AL has a very cool claim to fame; an Indian Motorcycle shop. "A lot of towns have an Indian Motorcycle shop" you remark. No you don't understand, this shop has Indians that were made by the Hendee Manufacturing Company. "Huh? That's not Indians" Oh yes they are Virginia, Hendee changed the company name to Indian in 1921. The motorcycles in this shop are all pre-1921. Another tidbit, the name was Indian Motorcycle Company, no "r" in motorcycle, in the original name. See every Sandie Ride can not only entertain but inform. Tim's Rides always have a historical component.

Another strange fact, Sandy S was on the Great Police Escort ride. Sandy was in her Corvette that time. This time it was via Spyder, Tommy N on the other hand followed in his car. Tommy has been working in Detroit these past weeks and it was snowing there last Wednesday. Ergo Tommy is now officially battling a cold. Remember our old Sandie friend, Karma?

Saturday Pam K joined us for The Almost 300 Miler for a Sandwich. It is great having Pam as a Sandie again. Terry H joined us, as well. He's another of the Sandy Ride-Masters who puts together simply fantastic rides to far away food places. As a matter of fact Terry is in the process of putting together a Sandie Saturday ride to Bellamy Bridge, Marianna, FL. Terry is also the proud new owner of a new Harley Davidson; Terry drives up on his Honda VTX. First question asked was where is the Harley? A typical Terry answer followed: it's at home, for short rides I take the VTX. An almost 300 miler and it's a short ride? Yep, Terry is all Sandie.

We met Steven G at Loves Truck stop, Steven immediately took over Super Six duties which included keeping an eye on the Contagious Pestilence Wagon (Tommy's car). Thank you Steven, you probably kept the world safe from a raging epidemic.

I can't thank Tim enough for planning and leading another spectacular Ride. If you haven't been on a Tim Ride you owe it to yourself to join us. A word of caution you might end up figuratively in Atlanta, just say'n.

A little note here, Sam and I will be together for 40 years this May. I couldn't have asked for a better Riding Companion, Thank you Sam.

It really seems like only yesterday you rode as a pillion warmer for a couple of rides with me. I walk out of the house one day and there sits Sam and a KZ-900, the Super Bike of its day. I asked "Whose is that?" "Mine" "Oh and how long have you had it?" I ask "About a year". Yep it's been an interesting 40 years.



## **Now I know what it's like to be a Werewolf, full moon and all George Engler**

Well think of it, when you get up so early in the morning that the bars haven't closed last night – that's early. Walk outside and there, hanging overhead is a huge brilliant full moon. The kind of big bright moon you see in the scary movies with werewolves and vampires. You know, the whole truckload of scary night things. Oh yeah, and the scariest of them all, Sandies on the Road.

Met up with Sir Robert and headed west, there in the dark a JoeJoe awaits. A bit further west a Munchkin sits quietly in the predawn chill. A wolf howls in the distance. No, wait, we don't have wolves around here, must be a coyote, we got lots of those. Why in God's name are we out and about at this dark hour? Well it's Triathlon season once again. The organizers make a very nice donation for our Charities and we carry the race officials on the bicycle portion of the Tri. In order to be a nationally sanctioned event you must have officials able to marshal the entire bicycling portion of the race. The Sand Dollar M/C are the preferred carriers of choice in this region. So much so that if asked, Jay, the head judge for the National sanctioning body in our area, always recommends The Sandies. The other benefit of their using the Sandies is that we always bring more motorcycles than necessary to carry judges. That way, anytime a competitor hears a motorcycle approach from behind they don't know if it's a Judge carrying motorcycle or an empty pillion so they have to assume it's a judge. Therefore, in the interest of self-preservation, everyone plays nice and abides by the rules. So you could say The Promoter gets double bang for his donation. Another reason Jay and company prefer The Sandies over other organizations.

Okay so we arrive at the Stadium and the usual pre-race chaos prevails. We met the Officials and the harried promoter, Adam. In the brief JoeJoe and Munchkin are tasked to carry Judges. Adam asks me if I would follow the last bike. I promptly say nope not doing it. Reason? Cause the last one out of the water is one determined human being. They are flat-out not going to give up; "Dogged determination," "Never say die!" and all that other character building stuff. So what's the issue? Cause if you're the escort for said person, you, Mr. Motorcyclist, have a very long day ahead of you. (Ask Sensei, last year the final rider finished over an hour behind the rest of the field and Sensei missed breakfast with the rest of the Sandies and headed home long after the other Sandies had departed. For the third year in a row - same reason all three years.) The bike portion is forty miles long - after a two mile swim in open water. That means last person is tired but doesn't know the word quit. This is why it's customary to have a Law Enforcement Officer with all lights on follow. You also have the hazard of all that pent up traffic trying to pass. A Sandie with flashers (if your bike has flashers) on behind a slow moving bicycle is a speed bump waiting to happen. It's legal for the cars to pass the bicyclist but passing a motorcycle can only be done in legal passing zones. All this makes for some cranky and impatient cars drivers.

Adam eventually got me to agree to at least go to the end of the sprint portion. Okay we spot my future riding pal early. In the swim, 70 degree water, this one fellow kept swimming, resting, swimming, breast stroke, resting. Pretty soon he was the only one left; everyone else had sprinted to their bike and disappeared. My buddy, number 706, for by this time I know my morning was inexorably tied to that number, finally makes his way out of the water and sorta runs to his bike. Meanwhile Sir Robert is going to head out with me although how long he stays is a matter of conjecture.

After making certain that 706 is the last rider, Robert and I eventually head out to catch up

to him. I expect to catch him pretty quickly but we are moving along pretty good and still no Mr. 706. I was beginning to think we might have missed him. I mean we drove rather quickly, damn quickly, actually, and passed a lot of cops guarding a lot of intersections. Finally five miles up the (rather hilly) road, we catch 706. He is steady at it; we fall behind 706 flashers on and follow. About now I can't help but admire 706's determination and grit. Those of you familiar with Pensacola know that Scenic Hills portion has some major elevation changes. Well that's where we were, up the hill, weeee, down the hill. 706 just plowed ahead. Our turn point approached and we said what the hell let's stay with 706. So off we went, up the hill and weee down the hill. Finally get to Langley Ave., a long hill climb. We follow 706 every agonizing foot of the way. Get to the top and make a left on Old Spanish Trail when a Pensacola Motor Officer shows up to take over. By this time I wanted to stick with 706 and help him finish. I mean I felt Robert and I kinda earned helping 706 make it all the way. But good sense took over the traffic was getting heavier and more impatient. The Motor Officer was far better able to make sure 706 made it back. So Robert and I did a u-turn and headed back to meet JoeJoe and Munchkin. We had a good breakfast at a quaint and cozy little out of the way place in Gulf Breeze - McDonalds.

Yes we were up early - really early - but there is something to be said for watching the dawn. Okay I'm reaching but it is fun, the 'thank yous' and 'thumbs up' do make you realize that what you're doing is appreciated. Our Charity gets a nice donation and a lot of folks know The Sandies and what we do to help.

Our Dining-In has moved this time to Mary's Kitchen in Up Town Station, around 6-ish on Tuesday. Join the Sandies for great conversation and good food.



Joe Joe.... I can't even begin to tell you the impact you and your club has had on the Gulf Coast Triathlon community. As an Official for 19 years.... (a passenger), I know when Sand Dollar Club is on the job, not only myself, but my assistants will make it home safely. I mean it.... we can't do our job without your club....and the experience you bring is invaluable. All of you members are so cordial.....at 0600 no less.... Thank You.....and being from Baaaaaston.....I will tell you.... you have one 'WICKED PISSAH' Club..... looking forward to see you and the club soon. Thank You.

**Jay Yanovich**

## **Pollard, Alabama, Three Historical Markers and Food George Engler**

Stepped out to get the paper Sunday morning, HOLY CRAP IT'S FREAK'N COLD!

! ran back inside and looked at the calendar, yep, April. Looked at my Driver License, yep, Florida. So what in Blue Blazes happened? I mean it was cold - no other way to even explain it - just cold.

The Prince (hereafter referred to as Tim) had proposed a Sandie Food Hunt. Translated from Sandie Speak, that would be a ride to someplace well way away from FWB with the stated intention of finding some good food. Tim is a hunter/gatherer with a college education and an Adventure/Touring motorcycle so he excels at this particular activity.

As cold as it was I figured that three, maybe four Sandies at the most would show up. Boy was I surprised, we left with 9 Sandies, picked up Steven Gardinier and a friend of Tim's in Holt. Tim's friend, Rob, I believe, was on a BMW GS 1200, yes, I know another Adventure Bike person. Apparently it's the wave of the future.

Eleven Sandies and two guests did just over two hundred miles to eat some good food. We also visited Pollard, AL,\* and visited three historical markers in the process. Come on, it was a Tim White Extravaganza and you expected a mundane straight-line ride? Really? You know that ain't gonna happen. Tim rides a motorcycle like airlines fly planes - you can't get to New York without going through Memphis or Dallas.

We also met a friend of Patsicle in Century. "Wait - I thought you went to Pollard?" We did but being Sandies it was via Century, FL and there was the whole food aspect. You've never seen a mutiny like a Sand Dollar M/C mutiny when there's no food. You'd think food was the whole reason for the ride. Well, some do feel that way but we strive for culture, too.

Tim led us on a 'Tim route' to Mama Ruth's Cafe in Century. Now Century is on the Fla-Alabama line and is a small place. But it has more speed bumps per capita than Atlanta. Jefferson St is a nice road but they must be expecting a tank army to invade. Cause going over a Century "Speed Bump" as they are euphemistically called requires a gear change to make it over the "Speed Bump". Tim led us over hill & dale but we made it to Mama Ruth's. The food was good and it was a neat place to eat. It was originally a country store with groceries and when the owner passed away his daughter reopened as a restaurant and Antique store. The tables are arranged like at home with a real mix of furniture around the tables. Particle's friend (I'm sorry I never did catch his name) joined us Mama Ruth's. Lunch included desert and of course JoeJoe gets his desert first then guarded it like a lion over its prey.

After lunch, Tim said he was going to visit three Historical Markers and Pollard, AL. Munchkin, Robert and Patsicle headed for home. As us more adventurous types headed with Tim,. Tim's friend pulled in behind Tim and the rest of us unwitting Sandies dutifully fell in. I say unwitting cause if you have ever followed Tim on one of his adventures, hold on to your socks. What makes it a lot fun is that the roads are curvy as hell in some places. Tim will wait on the corner for you to catch up. Then it's off to the races, again. We eventually curved our way to Pollard. Now Pollard was one neat town back in its day, and it was obvious that it was once a very prosperous place. What houses that are left are in nice shape with different eras represented by the architectural styles. Somehow we ended up back in Florida, don't ask me how. It just seemed like a whole bunch of curves and them Bam! - we were in Florida again. As we wended 'round

with Sandie-type routing again, Steven Gardinier and Jim Walters headed for home.

The rest of us, Tim, Sam, JoeJoe and I kept on having one fun time. Went over Bryant Bridge and heard nary a water comment. Oh yeah, Jim Walters headed home earlier that's why.

It was one really Sandie Day, lots of fun riding, a neat and interesting place to visit and good food. It just don't get any better than that. Thank you Tim for one really great Ride and we're all looking forward to the next Adventure. More details about the historical markers, plus pictures, on the Sand Dollar Facebook page.

Join a random assortment of Sand Dollar members ("...like a box of chocolates") for the Tuesday Evening Sandie Dining-In at 'Rings and Wings' on Mary Ester Cut-off, always 6ish pm. Always lots of lies and tall tales around the table.

\*I found a fascinating history of Pollard AL, and have included it below. Very cool place (Portions of an article from the Mobile Register Newspaper, July 1, 1969)

*...Pollard was the first county seat when Escambia County, AL was created Dec. 10, 1868. Escambia's territory was originally part of Baldwin and Conecuh counties.*

*Pollard continued as the county seat until the seat of government was moved to Brewton, AL...During Pollard's peak years with the economy based on sawmills, rail and river traffic, the population was about 3,500. [About 20 persons lived in the community in 1969. Today, that number is about 100.]*

*Steamboats once plied the Conecuh River carrying cargo to and from Pollard. The town was, in its heyday, an important rail center and was a vital Confederate military post during the Civil War. The post was headquarters for CSA troops detailed to keep an eye on Pensacola, Fla.*

*In January, 1865, there was a battle in Pollard with Confederate troops under Gen. J.H. Clanton clashing with a body of federal raiders. The town was later burned.*

*Pollard was never the same after the war, although, the community received an economic boost when oil was discovered there in January, 1952. But few towns or communities can boast a history such as Pollard's which includes a little bit of everything from big business to outlaws.*

*The notorious outlaw, John Wesley Hardin, once lived in Pollard. A movie, "The Lawless Breed" was patterned after Hardin and a part of the movie was filmed in Pollard.*

*One of the South's greatest train robberies happened near Pollard on Sept. 2, 1890, when the notorious Rube Burrows forced the engineer to stop the train on the trestle across Big Escambia Creek. Burrows made his getaway from the train but was trailed through Monroe County into Marengo County where he was killed in a gun battle.*

*Since Pollard was a transportation center in its early days, it's not surprising that the town was named for Charles T. Pollard, an official of the L&N Railroad.*

*Once, the Pollard Methodist Church was given the bell of a wrecked riverboat in appreciation of the townspeople aiding the captain and crew. However, it has been a long time since a riverboat navigated through Pollard...the community's history is rich indeed.*



## **RAINY DAYS AND CATFISH ALWAYS GET ME GOING**

### **Steve Gardinier**

Rain is a good thing. That's what the old country song says "Rain makes corn, corn makes whiskey, whiskey makes my baby feel a little frisky, the back roads are muddin' up, all the fellas jump in my truck, track our honeys down and take 'em into town."

Well that isn't how Sandies think about rain. Sandies can ride in rain and can ride in cold. But put them together and it's a miserable time to ride.

So Sunday dawned rainy and cold. George sent out a missive to "wait and see". Then another that said "let's meet at 11 and decide". Me? I sat here at home in my morning attire, sweat pants and T-shirt, drinking coffee and petting my dog as I watched the news. Then, just before 11, I get a phone call from "JoeJoe". Answering it I found George on the line. "Hey we're going to lunch at Wayne's Catfish House and do skills." So I asked "we are eating before skills? I'll meet you there." Plenty of time to get there, it's only a mile away so I took my time getting ready. Rolled the bike out, fired it up, checked the gas (full tank thank you, full tank and empty bladder is the Sandie ride mantra) and headed out. Not only did I have plenty of time but I was early. They got a table ready for the crowd and not too much later the rest of the Cat Herd, complete with Cat Herder, arrived. A fine repast followed. Catfish and cod and, of course, hamburger. were all devoured and paid for. Then it was off to skills.

Arriving at the Library we see an ambulance waiting in the shade of the only tree along the road. Did they expect something to happen? Were we that something? Thankfully they were not bothered by us this morning.

JoeJoe quickly threw some cones out in some unrecognizable pattern and we started. Around and around, in and out, back and forth we went. No oopsies, no droopsies, and no complaining. Yes we got lost in the cone world of JoeJoe the Great. But so did he at first.

Towards the end we were looking for something else to do. Jim Walters to the rescue "Hey, I want to look at a house not far from here". So we decided to go "look at a house" off Silver Lake Rd. Seeing as I had the address in my GPS, I led the ride to "the house"- which was only about 5 miles from Skills. Jim dismounted, knocked on the door and looked in the windows, in the back yard, etc. No one home so we saddled up and away we rode. George, Sam, Jim Walters headed home. Because JoeJoe is, well, JoeJoe, he turned the other direction and Mac and I followed him. There was a very nice stretch of twisty road to ride. Then we came around a curve and it was U-Turn time. The road didn't exactly end, but the pavement sure did. So we did the turn and headed back to whence we came. As we entered Crestview proper from the north, I split down Airport Rd and took the tour through the airport. Always fascinates me to see the huge airliners parked there being torn to pieces and sometimes even put together! The back way home added another five miles to my ride. Once home, bike in the garage, I noticed the GPS did not turn off with the key. Hmm must be a broken wire somewhere. Walking around the bike to the toolbox, I glanced down and my left auxiliary light was hanging loose. The steel bracket broke. Happened before a few years ago so no problem, I had made a spare when that was repaired. A quick search of the garage reveals no spare bracket. That's OK, I have the metal to make one - But not today. Tomorrow I'll make the bracket and fix the electric problem with the GPS. But that will be tomorrow. Today, I'm sitting in my living room, drinking cold drinks and resting.

Tomorrow is another day to fix bike stuff.

All in all I calculate the Skills put another 70 miles on the ride ticker today. Don't forget—double miles for skills rides.

***SpectreSteve***

Robert McLondon  
Julia McLondon



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# May 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change  
Please check your Email Regularly

| Sunday   | Monday   | Tuesday  | Wednesday | Thursday  | Friday    | Saturday  |
|--|--|--|-----------|-----------|-----------|---|
|  |  | <b>1</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish  | <b>2</b>  | <b>3</b>  | <b>4</b>  | <b>5</b>  |
| <b>6</b><br>Business Meeting-<br>Lunch<br>Oka. Isl.<br>Fire Dept.<br>2nd floor | <b>7</b>   | <b>8</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish  | <b>9</b>  | <b>10</b> | <b>11</b> | <b>12</b>   |
| <b>13</b><br>Breakfast<br>Ride<br>7 am<br>AL's Garage                          | <b>14</b>  | <b>15</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish | <b>16</b> | <b>17</b> | <b>18</b> | <b>19</b>   |
| <b>20</b><br>Skills<br>Crestview<br>9am<br>Al's 8:00                           | <b>21</b>  | <b>22</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish | <b>23</b> | <b>24</b> | <b>25</b> | <b>26</b><br>Terry's<br>Saturday<br>Adventure<br>8 am |
| <b>27</b><br>Open  | <b>28</b><br> | <b>29</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish | <b>30</b> | <b>31</b> |           |   |

# June 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change  
Please check your Email Regularly

| Sunday  | Monday    | Tuesday  | Wednesday | Thursday  | Friday    | Saturday  |
|---|-----------|--|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
|   |           |  |           |           | <b>1</b>  | <b>2</b>  |
| <b>3</b><br>Business Then<br>Lunch<br>8:30 Board<br>9:00 Business | <b>4</b>  | <b>5</b><br>Dinin-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish   | <b>6</b>  | <b>7</b>  | <b>8</b>  | <b>9</b>  |
| <b>10</b><br>Need<br>someone to<br>lead a Ride                    | <b>11</b> | <b>12</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish | <b>13</b> | <b>14</b> | <b>15</b> | <b>16</b> |
| <b>17</b><br>No Nutz<br>Pic-nic Ride<br>9am AL's                  | <b>18</b> | <b>19</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish | <b>20</b> | <b>21</b> | <b>22</b> | <b>23</b> |
| <b>24</b><br>Skills<br>Crestview<br>9am<br>Al's 8:00              | <b>25</b> | <b>26</b><br>Dining-in<br>Mary's Kitchen<br>6ish | <b>27</b> | <b>28</b> | <b>29</b> | <b>30</b> |