



Sandlines



The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

November 2018



**Christmas Party
December 15th
Keep Your Eyes
On Your Email
and Newsletter**



President's Corner

Hey Sandies,

I want to tell you all how much I really appreciate all of you showing up at the pumpkin run. You made it a great run. Some of you had to pull double duty to pull it off, and it went very well thanks to all of you.

One more thing I want to say is for everyone to think of all our neighbors to the east and how lucky we are that it was not us who got hit by hurricane Michael, help anyway, anywhere you can. We have some great rides coming up and the weather is getting right for the rides. So come out and join us for some fun. Til next time - ride safe.

~Robert Woods

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

Birthdays November

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

**Michael McMillan,
Boots Dethrage**



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

None

Bike Trends

Michael (Sensei) McMillan

I read an article on Facebook recently talking about Harley Davidson's falling profit margins and that most other motorcycle manufacturers are having similar problems. My friend, George, who had read the same article, asked me, as a safety professional in the motorcycling industry, if I felt that the over 750 cc market would recover or continue to diminish.

It seems, to me at least, the millennials are discovering the same things about motorcycles that George and I did when we were their age. (He and I are both sixty-somethings now) motorcycles are small and light and fun and get amazing gas mileage. Except for the big ones, which are heavy, large, and hard to manage for the first year or so and their mileage is really no better than a good compact economy car which keeps you dry and has AC. And you can buy the car for about the same price!

This being America, where the unofficial motto could be: 'if a little is good, then a lot is better - so too much is just right', manufacturers have grown the bikes in size (and profit margin) to where it's about 3 times the weight and displacement of the bikes George and I fell in love with back in the day. There was nothing on this planet I wanted more than that Yamaha RD 350 when I was street riding an 'enduro' (dual-sport) DT 125 all over three counties and motocross racing a YZ 250, Then the Honda 750 revolutionized the motorcycling world. Next was the absolute BOSS when the Kawasaki Z1 900 was unveiled and it was the fastest production bike in the world and the race toward ever bigger, faster, more powerful motorcycles was born. Then they began to make them more comfortable for touring by putting on fairings and windshields, which, of course, made bikes bigger and heavier. And so on.

George and I remember, we were there and we grew with the sport or the sport grew with us depending on how you look at it. Point is, we started on small, non-intimidating bikes and worked our way up. Now, if someone says they want a small bike like a Ninja 300 or any one of the dozen or so bikes in the 250 to 400 cc class, immediately people who ride bigger bikes will try to talk them into a bigger bike because they'll "outgrow" the smaller bike quickly, which is, of course, horse patootie. People like George and I put a LOT of miles on bikes between 125 and 350 ccs.

Not sure if you've been to a large college town in recent years but I was in Gainesville, FL in August and there were about a kabillion scooters and a good many small motorcycles sprinkled about in the mix. They were everywhere - parked on sidewalks and between trees and rows and rows of them outside dorms and classroom buildings. Parking 3 or 4 of the small two-wheelers in a single parking space - I even saw a few parked in bicycle racks and chained down. I think, and this is just my personal humble opinion, that smaller and lighter is probably the wave of the (near) future. Maybe for an entire generation. Like mine and George's.

Michael McMillan is a 50+ year motorcycle riding enthusiast, and a Motorcycle Safety Foundation Rider-Coach Trainer who has been teaching people to ride since he was much younger and better looking. And thinner, too.

What's Happening

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



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

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

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

The Weekly Dining-In is now changing regularly. Watch the email for updates from George. The weirdness is always on Tuesdays, always starts around 6, and there's always a good crowd.

Sandie Christmas Party Time!!!

The annual Sand Dollar M/C Christmas party is on December 15th. Party will be at 6:00 p.m. Ms. Edna's house where the food and friendship are always amazing. Be sure to save the date. Bring a covered dish or check with Edna for needs. Stay tuned for further updates detailing the fun to be had by all!!



WE BE DO'N DINNER RIDES

The Sandies eons ago used to do one dinner ride a month, more than that and it got real thin on participation. The Dinner Ride will be a Mystery Dinner Ride. That means the Roadie leading it knows were it will end up. Now if you have certain dietary needs and/or a picky eater, just contact the Road Lead and find out just where.

A couple of remembers, we use the Sandie table method, parties of 4 or 5 or 6, don't let the restaurant folks, unless they have the space, set-up one mass table. It works better for the wait staff and kitchen. Speaking of wait staff, Sandies if you get good service and the kitchen screws up don't take it out on the wait folks. Traditionally wait people really are not in love with Motorcycle Clubs cause they are crappy tippers. We on the other hand have quite a few places where we are really appreciated, let's keep the good feelings rolling.



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Minutes from Sandollar M/C Business Meeting October 7, 2018

Robert Woods call the meeting to order at 9:00AM

Secretary's Report

Edna Keefe read the minutes from the Sept. 2018 meeting. The minutes were accepted as read

Treasurer's Report

Edna Keefe read the Sept. 2018 Treasurer's report. The report was approved as read.

Road Captain's Report

In George's absent Robert gave the Road Captain's report for the Oct. & Nov. events. Please call or text George Engler at 850.244.0376 with any questions or comments regarding the ride schedule.

Save the Dates:

- 10/14/18 – Members Pre-Ride @K&M Cycle
- 10/20/18 - Pumpkin Run @ KM Cycle & Marine
- 10/24/18-10/28/18 – Fall Thunder Beach
- 10/27/18 – Burnt Corn Ride leave Al's @9:00am
- 11/18/18 – Toys For Tots

Old Business

Pumpkin Run – Robert reminded members of the Pumpkin Run on Oct. 20th at K&M Cycles. Load trucks at 7:00am on the 20th. Pre-Ride will be Oct. 14th. Door Prizes should be delivered to Sharon by Oct. 13th. Robert reminded members that they are eligible to participate in the raffle for the bike ramp and bicycle.

New Business

Robert reported on the Oct. 6th Pensacola Beach Triathlon due to several issues, including an accident (everyone ok), the promoter indicated they may not have the triathlon next year.

Christmas Party – will be Dec. 15th.

Meeting Closed – There being no further business for the benefit of the Club the meeting adjourned at 9:40AM

Sam and I made this as a team effort.

There is so much rich cheesecake made that we gave it away to all the neighbors. Sorry you weren't a neighbor.

Butter Pecan Cheesecake

YIELD: 16 servings.

Ingredients:

1-1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1/2 cup finely chopped pecans
1/3 cup sugar
1/3 cup butter, melted

FILLING:

3 packages (8 ounces each) cream cheese, softened
1-1/2 cups sugar
2 cups sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1/2 teaspoon butter flavoring
3 large Nellie's Free Range Eggs, lightly beaten
1 cup finely chopped pecans

Directions:

1. In a large bowl, combine the cracker crumbs, pecans, sugar and butter; set aside 1/3 cup for topping. Press remaining crumb mixture onto the bottom and 1 in. up the sides of a greased 9-in. springform pan.

2. Place springform pan on a double thickness of heavy-duty foil (about 18 in. square). Securely wrap foil around pan.

3. In a large bowl, beat cream cheese and sugar until smooth. Beat in the sour cream, vanilla and butter flavoring. Add eggs; beat on low speed just until combined. Fold in pecans. Pour into crust; sprinkle with reserved crumb mixture. Place springform pan in a large baking pan; add 1 in. of hot water to larger pan.

4. Bake at 325° until center is almost set, 70-80 minutes. Remove springform pan from water bath. Cool on a wire rack for 10 minutes. Carefully run a knife around edge of pan to loosen; cool 1 hour longer. Refrigerate overnight. Remove sides of pan.



A Most Rad Saturday Adventure

George Engler

Seven Sandies did 270 "take me away Bernice" miles. What the dickens is take me away Bernice miles? Its when the riding is so good that you forget to pick up your Aunt Bernice at the Bus Station. Yes, it was that kind of a riding adventure. Well Bucky we had The Prince of The Obscure Road, Tim W. With that kind of lead how could it not be a memorable ride I ask you, seriously? True to the POTOR it was some very interesting and yes memorable roads. Hey, America has POTUS we Sandies have POTOR. Back to the fun day, for those of you that have been to Burnt Corn they have repaved every road we like north of US 84. The Fun Horde consisting of POTOR, Sam, Harold L, JoeJoe and Tada Tommy N joined by Sandy S.

For those too new to The Sandies the town of Burnt Corn, AL is woven into the tapestry of Sandie history so very tightly. A very short version of the story: About 20 + years ago we started out for Natchez, MS, never made it. Bad weather caught us in Monroeville, AL. Looking at a map, way pre-GPS, found the town of Natchez, AL. Town was at the bottom of a lake. What was so bizarre the road leading to the town just went directly into the lake. Yellow line disappearing into the water just fading as it sunk into the depths. On the way home we found Burnt Corn, had a town store that had been there since 1898.

The Store was open, wandering around the store was a step back into history. How about High Topped button shoes still in the box? We had a soda, the Post Mistress made hoop cheese and crackers for us. Her name was Prissy, seriously, she mentioned she had never ridden a motorcycle in all of her 75 years. JoeJoe promptly offered a spin around the block , Prissy demurred said maybe later. The Sandies went back every Memorial Day weekend. Then one trip back we found out that Ms.Prissy had passed away. We had given the manager of the store, who was 63 and had started in the store at age 15, a Sandie Banner picture. He hung it in his office for years. The Sandies kept going back until one year the store was closed. The family that owned it wanted to renovate but the cost of bringing up to code was just too much. We still go back, the ghost town that Burnt Corn has become is like a frozen snap shot in time.

Well this year we arrive and find a family reunion in front of the store and on the porch was a fellow telling the story of Burnt Corn. Talk about an incredible story, the church with the beautiful stained glass - 20 years ago his daughter's wedding was the last time the church was used. The whole talk was like that, I just stood there fascinated it was incredible to find out about someplace the Sandies made a pilgrimage to every year.

As good as it was The Ravashing Horde a.k.a. Sandies needed to be fed. So it was off to Big D/Big Butts a barbeque joint that had rave reviews. At Big Butts Sandy S was waiting having caged it to have lunch with us, well , with Tommy N. After a very good lunch, JoeJoe even gave yours truly a taste of his pineapple pudding, excellent by the way. When we arrived to tour the Court house and Museum dedicated to Monroeville natives Harper Lee and Truman Capote. There was a festival in the Square and a busload of British tourists to boot. Some of the Brits were more interested in the motorcycles than touring the Courthouse. As everyone by now is aware that Harper Lee's American

masterpiece "To Kill A Mockingbird". [Recently Voted America's Favorite Novel in a PBS poll involving over 4 million votes. ED.]

Her childhood companion and lifelong friend, Truman Capote wrote the screen play for "Breakfast at Tiffany's" , and The Pulitzer Prize winning "In Cold Blood". Its rightly so that Monroeville calls itself "The Literature Capital of Alabama". We made a stop and posed for a Sandie Banner Picture at the remains of Truman Capote's house. Which by the way was right next door to a 40's Tasty Freeze.

Now you know why Saturday's Sandie Adventure was so memorable. You could not ask for better weather or better riding companions. It is rides like this make so glad I ride a motorcycle in a Club like The Sandies

We will try and do more of these Saturday Rides while our weather is so nice.

George



Skills, Then Barber Vintage Fest!

George Engler

9 Sandies, oh and we added a new name to the famous lexicon of Immortal Sandie Road names. May I proudly present BREADTRUCK (formerly 'Patsicle') a.k.a. Pat G. Yes fellow Sandies, Munchkin decided that Pats NEW Harley was the same color as the old flight line vans of the Air Force of yore. Apparently the denizens of the Flight Line called the vans BreadTrucks . Sometimes a name is just perfect and this is one of those times. So without further ado Patsicle has retired and BreadTruck LIVES! IT'S ALIVE!! (Picture Gene Wilder from Young Frankenstein and you'll get the idea. (If you have never seen this most excellent movie with a cultist following, go watch it. We'll wait...)

Ah, the games! We had fun - just plain laugh out loud fun. We started with a part 1, mostly because starting with part 2 or 3 would not make much sense. JoeJoe laid out the back side and JoeJoe had it so that at one point you did half the course on tire's edge. No biggie you say? Well, Buckie, think of it this way when you hit a corner hard you are on tires edge, get it now? It was a great lead in to Sandie Games first contest the Water Fill, simple really. (Yeah, Right.) You took a cup of water and had to fill three cups on top of cones with the water. BreadTruck won with 6 oz. of water in cups. Steven G rolled up, stopped, lowered feet to ground and poured his into cup 1. A huge protest was filed and Steven had to do over a.k.a. a Mulligan. Steven then faired a little better with 2 oz. in said cups. I have a good video of Munchkin that we will post on The Sandie Facebook page. A word of warning, it ain't pretty. Sir Robert did better but not by much. JoeJoe did well but BreadTruck still won. Winners tend to take bragging rights seriously, so, since we haven't done these kinds of games in about 9 or 10 years, BreadTruck may be insufferable for a very long time waiting for someone to beat him. *Sigh* A Road Captain's torment never ends, does it?

The Tennis Ball pick-up and Return was better but as a video posted on our Page shows it was no cake walk. It shows Sir Robert and the escaping Tennis ball. As Munchkins Video will show, it's a lot harder than it looks. These types of Games taught Basic Skills while having fun with friends. Throttle control, Friction zone of the clutch, low-speed stability with your feet up, keeping head and eyes up and scanning. These are all things you need to become good at if you're going to survive out there in world.

We had a lot of fun thank you JoeJoe for your part of part 1.

Barbers three days and a wake up, one group leaving Thursday . We will be leaving from AL's at 7 am Friday, can't wait. Sam made me promise to leave the credit cards in my pocket in the Vendor area. Almost bought a gorgeous Suzuki Water Buffalo a couple of years ago.

George

FUN? Skills? SpectreSteve

Ok everyone has now seen one version of Sunday Skills. Now for the true version! Or maybe it's the "alternate version". You decide.

There I was, all geared up to do skills. The first part was fun but on the Triumph (a 'new-to-me' bike) it was beginning to feel like work. I'm not quite as proficient with it yet so I took it easy. Besides, when I took the turns with the normal Sport Tourer speed I kept leaving metal on the ground. Not good, but I'm getting there.

The Alternate part of the story is simple.

When we were told what we had to do, questions were asked. George, in his infinite wisdom, when asked how we should do it replied "do it any D*** way you like. "Can we duck walk?" How about stopping?" were the questions asked. So I followed the guide lines. Like everyone else, I bit the cup in my mouth, rode up to the first cone, stopped put my feet down, reached over and poured the water in. Just like I was told would be ok. Now I must admit that it seemed awfully easy and not much skill involved other than not spilling the water all over ourselves. Yes, there were howls of protest. To which I replied "HUH?" OK, I agreed to a mulligan. I watched one other rider go and miss, then my turn again. Cup in teeth, bike rolling, the EFI kicked in which makes the throttle really touchy at slow speeds. As I turned to the first cone, the bike lurched and----- Yup spilled water all over me. I threw the remaining water in my cup at one cone and, apparently, hit it.

The rest of the day was spent sitting in the shade with JoeJoe and drinking water. But seeing everyone give it their best try was, at the very least, entertaining. Once Robert got the pattern of riding and keeping the bike rolling smoothly he did well. BreadTruck also did very well, Munchkin did---well - you can ask him. I remained in the shade. I was very happy that my butt was dry when we had lunch at Peppers in Shalimar. Good times, what can you say?

Spectresteve

Vintage Stuff

Tim Murphy, the World's Only Valdosta, GA Sandie

While sitting around watching the Braves continue their winning season, Dad and I commiserated about our hard lives out in the yard, now that both of our respective tools of choice to tame that pesky centipede grass from overflowing its bounds had failed us in one way or another. In a burst of assertiveness, he spun in his desk chair and commanded his laptop to display craigslist's lawn edger options for our town. One of the choices included a very reasonably priced vintage Firestone Supreme Edger-Trimmer. Cool!



So he called the number. They called him back. The next day he went to look at it. Got the seller to agree to 2/3 the asking price. Now, I'm a full partner in its ownership. And I love it! I don't know why, but I'm fascinated with vintage machinery. I think this one has a 1972 Briggs & Stratton 2hp motor. A model that began in 1958, and I doubt that much had changed in the subsequent 14 years.

Sure, it may need a little carburetor work, but look at the lettering on the controls, you don't see that anymore. And the shape of the pressed metal gas tank, and the simplicity of the levers and belts... Maybe that's part of it. There's a certain beauty in simplicity.

This fascination started early. Dad picked up a 1939 Chevy during my formative years. It had been sold prior to a move, but left me with the idea that buying a vehicle older than yourself was a perfectly normal thing to do. So, naturally when I scraped up enough money from my summer jobs, I found a half-ton '59 with its front fenders safely in its truck bed. I had no idea what I was doing, but with a shop manual and Dad's experience growing up on a dairy farm where making something out of nothing was standard operating procedure, it became my primary mode of transportation for the last 2 years of college.

Well as the years went on, the novelty started to wear off. It seems like every 3rd week something was breaking. And you quickly find out that your local Pep Boys doesn't carry that part. Then, the search is on for a replacement. Then you find a replacement... and the search continues for an affordable replacement.

So like my father's Chevrolet, there was a move and a sale, and I said to myself, "What a nightmare. I won't do that again." Fast forward a decade or so, I begin thinking that wouldn't it be awesome to own a kick-start Harley? Sure, sure, but it won't be like before. I'll get a newer machine. I liked the Sportster and they were making the kickers for years, even up to a rare 1979. Hence, the '77 XLCH rolled into my life, in the back of Dad's pickup. As you might guess, history repeated itself. There were times of euphoria and times of despair. In the beginning, its quirks and challenges were met with optimism and enthusiasm. In the end, every time I took it out, no matter the distance, I was praying that I wouldn't need to fix something by the time I got back.

But still, invariably while walking through the garage on an unrelated errand, I'd catch it in the corner of my eye and have to stop and gaze at its lines. It was like I had my own one-bike museum. And I love a museum. It's so interesting to see how elements have evolved over the years by different people at different times and in different manners, but ultimately with the same goal: to get a person from point A to point B on 2, but sometimes 3, wheels. One of the best places to soak it all in has got to be Barber Vintage Motorsports Museum, with 5 floors of bikes it's a sensory overload. And that's just inside the building, that doesn't include what the other visitors may have parked in the lot! Now, I'm no mechanical engineer and probably don't fully understand the vast majority of what I'm looking at while coming in close for an inspection, but that doesn't deter me. I still marvel in its ingenuity.

Yes sir, that old bike in my garage was something else. A beauty and a devil. It's been almost half a year since someone paid me a modest price to ride it out of my driveway, full of excitement and dreams of the future. Both of us, experiencing one of our happiest days while standing on opposite sides of the same coin.

Yeah, what a nightmare. I'll never do that again. Although... wouldn't it be cool to have one of those mid-70s Super Glides with the shovelhead engines and the 3 gallon tank?

Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice- You know what? Let's not go there. At some point, it just gets a little embarrassing.

Tim Murphy

Pumpkin Run 2018

George Engler

The Pumpkin Run turned out pretty damn good. Almost twice as many folks as last year. As an example 50/50 alone took in over \$120. Yes, it wasn't like days of yore but Motorcycling has changed so much in the last 15 years that it's just not the same. We had compliments on our games, door prizes, the route - all of it. What makes us unique is we do a Poker Run the way a poker run should be. Our members do not win any of the prizes that are awarded. Someone mentioned we were the last of the old Style Motorcycle Clubs left. I took that as a compliment, for 38, soon to be 39 years. The Sandies have been blessed with dedicated committed members. By the way the committed was not to an institution, which by the way I firmly believe some of you are on the lam from. We have these dedicated Sandies that keep this Club alive and vibrant. So with that said we have outlasted literally scores of motorcycle clubs in this region over the years. The other thing we have is a History and place in the events of 38 plus years.

Now for the details of yesterday, as I have stated we were a bit thin in terms of motorcycles-boots on the ground of working Sandies. We had Checkpoints run by single Sandies like Frank W and Steven G fortunately both were more than up for the task. Frank stepped in when Harold L was needed at home; Frank just stepped up and handled it. We had a checkpoint run by two rookies to the Checkpoint game. Sharon W and Betty B took on the hardest checkpoint we have. According to their Training Officer, John G both Sharon and Betty did an exemplary job, ready to take on the next poker run. I know I picked on them but I sincerely thank Sharon and Betty for stepping up and doing the job. Meanwhile on Checkpoint 2, Jim W and Pat (I won) G held down the Checkpoint 2. Since Jim's Pat is in the hospital, Pat G stepped in when Jim left to visit Pat. Sandies all of these folks never complained they just said "Put me in Coach" and I thank them all.

Meanwhile at KM you had the rest of the crew doing whatever needed to be done. JoeJoe was everywhere, Tommy N also stepped up to do whatever was needed. Thank you, JoeJoe and Tommy. Edna was doing registration and games and helping out on door prizes. Then we have Munchkin and Dave Mac both pitching in whenever and wherever a hole in the dike needed repair. (Although I strongly suggest you do not call the Scotsman a "Dutchboy" unless you want to get your clothes dirty in a wee bit of a dust-up.) All of this controlled chaos was happening under the leadership of Sir Robert himself. You want to talk about the inmates running the Asylum. Having Sir Robert with his hand on tiller of this out of control Ship of Fools is it. A very special Thank You goes out to Haley W. Haley left her studies to help with The Doorprizes, Thank You Haley from all of us.

Now for a very special "AttaGirl" for Sharon Woods. Sharon not only worked a checkpoint but left said checkpoint and came back in time to do the doorprize give away. Between Sharon and Haley there is a wealth of institutional knowledge on the fine art of door prizes. Giving away doors ain't nearly as easy as Sharon makes it look, folks. (Get it? Door/prizes? Doors as prizes? I got a million of 'em.) Other groups say our handling of doorprizes is the gold standard. We get an incredible amount of compliments on the organized, business-like manner with which we handle the doorprizes. Sharon has been

asked to ramrod other Clubs doorprize give aways. Thank You Sharon.

Again all of you have shown that extra difference that being a Sandie is something very special. All of you make me proud that I'm a Sandie.

George



OFF I GO THE FINAL CHAPTER SpectreSteve

Huntsville never looked so good after the last two days of riding. I must apologize though. The next day as mentioned in part 3 was really 3 days away.

I found a Texas Roadhouse and had a great steak. The waitress informed me halfway through the meal that someone had paid my meal for me. That's about 25 bucks. I asked who but she just walked away. Never did find out. But thank you whoever you are! Nice to see someone out there is kind.

The second day was pretty uneventful. Other than planning the trip to Birmingham and Barbers, I kept busy looking for places to eat and rest while there and to make sure I was fully rested.

Finally I headed out for Birmingham and it was a fun ride, sort of, down 231. I arrived before check in and found lunch not far away. Actually it was across the street. Crack-erbarrel for lunch and then later Black Pearl for some excellent fried rice with beef, chicken, pork and shrimp and a plate full of broccoli and beef. OK, I know broccoli is not everyone's favorite but hey, I like it.

The next day was check in and warm ups for the races. I stayed indoors most of the day, wandering the halls of the museum. The ride back to the hotel was, as always, pleasant. It had cooled off some and traffic was not bad. The twisty road we use to go back and forth to Barbers has been getting more and more popular. Lots more housing going up along there with a corresponding amount of traffic too. Be careful there, you don't want to end up smished.

Barbers day one of races was pretty good. The top 3 finishers all broke the track record in qualifying. Unfortunately the heat was getting to me, even sitting in Turn 9. I went back to the hotel early and later went to Pablo's for a huge steak burrito.

Sunday was the last day of racing. During the afternoon it started raining. Some riders changed to rain tires, most did not. The rain dried up soon and so did the track. And awaaaayyy they went! Standing on the top floor of the museum you get a great view of the track. Three racers went down on Turn 9, one got a free ride downtown in a shiny ambulance. The others were OK. Also, earlier in the race at the other end of the track there was another bike down and another free ride to downtown. Again, I hate to say it, but I quit early - back to the hotel for me. Packed up the bags that evening and when morning came I was ready to roll. Right after breakfast.

The heat was not quite as bad on the way home but still significant. I rolled on through Montgomery and south on 31/331. As I entered Highland Home I saw the winks of lightning. I donned the rain suit and headed into the storm. And quite a storm it was. Very limited visibility and high winds—from the side of course, along with the hard rain. But it soon let up although it did not stop.

One last stop before home took me to my Brother Tom's house to pick up the alarm remote for my house. Soaking wet, Tom's wife Pat let me in, found the remote and I was off again. Had to get home in time to pick up the pooch from the kennel.

Got home right at 5pm, jumped in the truck and retrieved my dog. I was happy to see her and she couldn't wait to make it home. Once home I had to do some cleanup as dust settled on everything and who left those dishes in the sink!

Good to be home. 3,282 mile in 27 days. Not a record breaker but with every day in the 90's it was an exhausting trip!

Now I'm off to Barbers for the Vintage Fest but no more long ones until March when I go to Bike Week! And maybe a trip to Biloxi ...We'll see.

SpectreSteve



Robert McLondon
Julia McLondon

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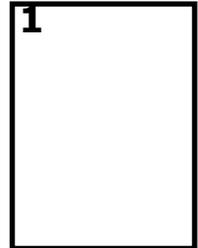
November 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3
4 Business Meeting & Lunch 9 AM OIFD	5	6 Food Gathering Place TBA, call 246-0029 for further info	7	8	9	10
11 Skills 8:30 AL's 9 am Range	12	13 Group Public Feasting Place TBA, call 246-0029	14	15	16	17
18 Toys for Tots 9 am AL's	19	20 Sandie Locust impersonation TBA, call 246-0029	21	22 	23 Black Friday Get away? 8 am	24 Naked Knight Special
25 Pot Luck Turkey Ride 9 am AL's	26	27 End of Family Meeting Place TBA, call 246-0029	28	29	30	

December 2018



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
2 Business/ Lunch 9 am OIFD 2nd floor	3	4 TBA, call 246-0029 for further info	5	6	7	8
9 Skills 8:30 AL 9 am Range	10	11 TBA, call 246-0029 for further info	12	13	14	15 Christmas Party 6 pm Edna's Party Central
16 Open	17	18 TBA, call 246-0029 for further info	19	20	21	22 Saturday Adventure ride 8 am AL's
23 Maybe a Ride? 9 am AL's	24 Maybe Chinese for lunch?	25 	26	27	28	29 Last Ride of the year to Stockton, AL AL's 7 am
30	31 Sandie Tra- ditional "Ride into the New Year" 11:30 pm					