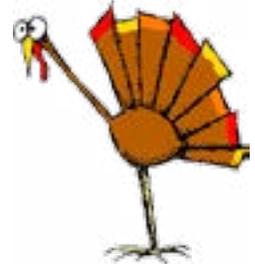




Sandlines

The Monthly Newsletter of the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club

November 2016



**Christmas Party
December 10, 2016
at
Miz Edna's
6PM**



The President's Corner:

Hey Sandies the month of October was a very big success. We had a lot of good rides this month and our biggest event of the year – The Pumpkin Run. I would like to thank all the Sand Dollar M/C members for such a great poker run, and KM cycles for sponsoring us.

As some of you know my wife, Sharon Woods, is stepping down from doing the poker runs for a while. She just needs a break from it. She will help out with the board when needed. She just has a lot going on right now and we will be fine. You know where she lives. We have a lot of new people joining us all the time so I want all the Sandies to welcome them to the greatest riding club and to the best Sandie family ever.

Please be safe.

~Robert

Sand Dollar Board of Directors

President: Robert Woods 797-3467
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Secretary: Dorothy Kudla (DJ) 240-6474
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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....**

**Boots Deatherage (Legacy)
Michael (Sensei) McMillan
Jeremy Ross**



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

Harold & Dona Luttrell

Edna Keefe: "WOAD WARRIOR"

We would like to welcome Edna Keefe to the august and exclusive ranks of Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club 'Woad Warrior'. She will receive the much-coveted Plastic Horned Viking Helmet and the admiration of all for her dedication to the Sand Dollar MC cause. 'Miz Edna' is the consummate hostess and planner extraordinaire for Sand Dollar functions. She has accumulated most of her miles as Award Mileage by working so many events and volunteering her home, food, time, energy and always gracious presence to our many functions. Please take a minute to thank Edna the next time you see her - We would surely be lost without her.



Member Of The Year

The Sandies only give out Two Awards a Year, Member of the Year and Rider of The Year. Rider of the Year is given out by the Sandie President. You, The Membership of The Sandollar M/C select Member of The Year at The Dec Business Meeting. Here is where you select the Sandie you feel best exemplifies what The Sandies stand for.

WE WELCOME THESE FINE FOLKS TO THE RIDINGEST CLUB AROUND.

Howard Wilson



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.

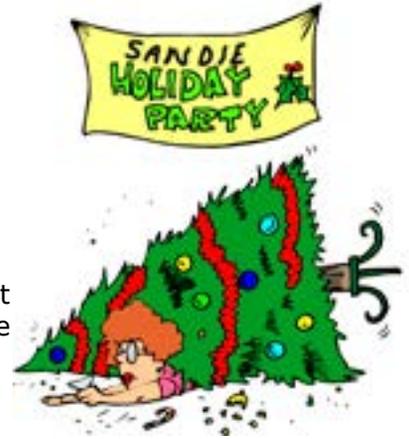
Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club Christmas Party

The annual Sand Dollar M/C Christmas party is on December 10th. 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.

Remember no re-gifting of things you don't like, if you wouldn't like to have it, it's probably not appropriate.

Dirty Santa rules will be in effect for gift exchange. Alcohol is always a popular gift but not all members imbibe so try to be creative. Spend about \$20 per person, every person who wants to receive a gift should bring one - make it a grown-up gift and remember if you bring a youngster, bring something for each of them to open as well.

Looking forward to seeing you all there



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. President Robert Woods will lead us on the Dinner Rides. The Dinner Ride will be a Mystery Dinner Ride. That means the Roadie leading it knows where 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 October 2, 2016

Meeting Called to Order

- Robert Woods called the meeting to order at 9:05 AM.
- DJ Kudla read the minutes from the September, 2016 meeting.
- Joe Joe Rello motioned to accept the minutes as read and second by Jim Morrison.

Treasurer's Report

- Edna Keefe read the Treasurer's report from the September, 2016 meeting. Joe Joe Rello motioned to accept the Treasurer's Report as read and second by Jim Morrison.

Road Captain's Report

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

November 2016:

- 11.06.16 – Board (8:30 AM) & Business Meeting (9:00 AM @ Okaloosa Fire Department upstairs)
- 11.13.16 – Toys for Tots
- 11.20.16 – Super Skills
- 11.27.16 - Nekkid Knight Golf Tourney

Old Business

- None

New Business

- George Engler gave an update on the Pumpkin Run to include the route and stops. A discussion ensued regarding additional ways to promote and advertise the runs sponsored by the Sand Dollars. Pre-registration will be held at Emerald Coast Harley each Saturday.
- KM Cycle is offering a 5% rebate to the Sand Dollar Motorcycle Club on all purchases from the Sandies so be sure to tell them you're a member.
- The November Low Road will be led by Robert Woods. Reservations are required and must be made by October 16th.

Meeting Closed

- There being no further business for the benefit of the club, Joe Joe Rello made a motion to close and second by Steve Gardinier. Meeting adjourned at 9:50 AM.

Mongolian Beef in The Slow Cooker

Beef that slow cooks to tender melt in your mouth perfection. This takes minutes to throw into the crockpot and has such amazing flavor! One of the best things that you will make in your slow cooker!

Serves: 4-6

Ingredients:

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds Flank Steak
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons Olive Oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons mince Garlic, Cloves
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cups Soy Sauce
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cups Water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cups Brown Sugar
- 1 cup grated Carrots
- green onions, for garnish

Instructions:

1. Cut flank steak into thin strips. In a ziplock bag add flank steak pieces and cornstarch. Shake to coat.
2. Add olive oil, minced garlic, soy sauce, water, brown sugar and carrots to slow cooker. Stir ingredients. Add coated flank steak and stir again until coated in the sauce.
3. Cook for high 2-3 hours or on low 4-5 hours until cooked throughout and tender. Can serve over rice and garnish with green onions.

I just made this not two weeks ago. Delicious
George



Slow Cooker Breakfast Casserole

Makes 12 Servings - Great for reheating for 5 days or so to have breakfast all week.

Ingredients:

30oz bag frozen hash browns (I like OreIda)
1lb diced ham, OR 1lb sausage, browned & drained
8oz shredded cheddar cheese
8oz shredded mozzarella cheese
Onions, 1 medium sweet, and green chopped - divided in half
Broccoli and sweet peppers, chopped and divided
12 eggs
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Directions:

1. Spray a large crock pot with nonstick spray then place half the hash browns into the bottom. Layer in half the meat, half the cheeses, and half the onions and vegetables, then repeat hash brown, meat, veggies, and cheese layers.

2. In a large bowl, whisk together eggs, milk, salt, and pepper, then drizzle over top. Cook on high for 4 hours, or low for 8 hours, or until eggs are set.

Serve. May also top with any combination of chopped parsley, green onions, salsa or guacamole.



If Next Sunday is half as good, WOW!

By George Engler

12 Sandies, 2 grandkids and 1 soon-to-be-Sandie, rode 115 miles today. Wow, that just happens to be the exact mileage of the Pumpkin Run, what a coincidence. Howard W., soon-to-be-Sandie even stayed after meeting Jim W and Harold L! What a guy! Right?!

Normally we keep those two kind of in the background until after we get the loot. Let's get the painful stuff out of the way, The Captain took part of the 50/50 and Harold L (yes, THAT Harold L) took the other half of the 50/50. My understanding is that Steven G is filing a grievance with the WFFA (World Fifty/Fifty Association). Claiming that since Steven was 9 ticket numbers away it was obvious that Harold cut in line (uh, minus 6, carry the two...) exactly 8 people ahead of him. This looks like a long protracted legal battle, details to follow.

Back to Winner Circle, the next winner is the Poker Hand Winner. With Four Kings, yep Four Kings, was Rhianna C, granddaughter of Sandy S. Rhianna's bigger sister Brenna did not fair quite as well. Daryl N tried to beat Four Kings but no luck as a matter of fact no one came close.

JoeJoe had the second group not under any control but at least leading, thanks JoeJoe. Steven was at his normal duty post Big Six, thank you Steven. We have all heard the tales of Munchkin and buying stuff. It was my understanding that when Munchkin and Helen left Georgia to come home, UPS had to add an extra trailer to the truck on their route - but today I did not see Munchkin buy a thing. Boy I sure hope the Alien race that took the original Munchkin returns him. On second thought I'll go with the pod-person Munchkin, he's a nicer fellow.

At Checkpoint Four, Emerald Coast Harley Davidson, who is manning the Pre-Registration Table, none other than the other Spyder Person, Dona L. As partners in crime DJ and Fonya were also manning that table . The Pre-Registration Table was Sharon W's concept and idea. It has turned to be an awesome idea, thank you Sharon

Charles K offered to take checkpoint two. When I asked if Charles had a partner, he pointed at Jim W. We are so doomed with Charles AND Jim on a checkpoint. Speaking of checkpoints, they break down thusly,

Checkpoint One, Dona and Harold L (a.k.a. The Spyder People)

Checkpoint Two Charles K and Jim W

Checkpoint Three, Steven G and DJ

Checkpoint Four, Pam K & Michael McMillan

Checkpoint Five ?????????? (Need Two Capable People!)

I want to give these Sandies a very special thank you. To have the checkpoints covered a week early makes me feel much easier about the Run. Thank You All so much Speaking of thanks, I want to thank someone that is very special to the success of The Pumpkin Run. This person won't take a Thank You but here goes anyway, THANK YOU SHARON WOODS, from all of us Sandies.

Poker Run Recap

Okay we had a touch over a 100 folks. I know, I know, you say just a 100? Well let me tell you bucko, these days you have anything around 100 - it's a rip-roaring success. I know all of you have worked hard to make this the success that it was. First I need to thank a very special Sandie: Tina Moody for the absolutely beautiful sea treasures. Everyone raved about them. While the thanks are going around I want to thank Betty Bell for the beautiful quilt. Yes, Sam won it, I still say I did, but..... The other special thanks is to Carolann Davis for the Grab Bucket, simply a great idea. All of you folks a very special thank you.

Something I really want to bring up is the \$1,000-dollar donation given anonymously toward our Elder's Christmas and Meals on Wheels. Whoever you are, you are one magnificent SOB! Thank you.

Come to think about it all of you that worked so hard today are magnificent SOB's also. Thank you all.

Oh and Jim Walters did stay out of jail after all. Pat & Brenda Lee, 11 hours to get to Fort Walton from Casa Lee in Louisiana. That's a story I need to hear the details. I think you can ride a bicycle faster. It wouldn't have been such an event without the magnificent effort of Sharon Woods and the indomitable Edna Keefe. Edna is by the way our newest WOAD WARRIOR with today's event.

All I can say is three words: Con-Gratu-Lations, Miz Edna!!!

Much more to follow, 'cause I got the stories for sure, to include the Christina Schaffer admonishment to her Pack. Much more coming. Please stay tuned and don't forget to drink your Ovaltine.

Tuesday Dining In, 6ish, Joe & Eddies, it really is a fun time at dinner hope to see you -Good Food, Great Laughs.



THAT'S A LOTTA MOTORCYCLING!

By SpectreSteve Gardinier

The Sandies had quite a time going and coming home from Barbers Vintage Festival this year. I had some minor time issues so I was unable to leave along with the other four members of the "Magnificent Five". OK, I did not name the group that, I believe it was the concoction of some foreigner amongst us. However, when the term was bandied about, not one of the M/Five disputed it. Just sayin', not braggin'.

Alone on my journey near Montgomery I had a spot of trouble - my battery exploded. Popped the top right off one of the cells. I managed to limp into a gas stop and ran into a fellow traveler there who told me where to get another battery. Montgomery Powersports was "only" ten miles away. May well have been the moon because I did not have a ride. I called them, yes they had a battery, \$59.95 and NO they cannot deliver. Ah well, what now? My new found buddy also told me the auto parts store just "up the road a piece" may have one. I called, they had one, \$84.05 delivered. "Sold, send it to me!" popped out of my mouth and a mere 1 1/2 hours later there it was in my hands. Half an hour later I was on the road again. Just hoping it lasted long enough to get to Birmingham. It did and I was grateful.

Supper with the M/5 group was good, lots of talking, joking, drinking--iced tea for me, not sure what those others had, don't ask, don't tell, you know. The service was most excellent, I'm pretty sure at least one of us (not me) had the "big rack" of ribs. Everyone enjoyed seeing it.

The next day along came a whole passel of Sandies in the early afternoon. George led the group, as always, but his venerable GW had a small issue. It wanted to stop when he stopped. No problem, George simply kept it going all weekend.

The races were great fun as always. The museum opened the new wing for our viewing Friday at the big unveiling. To our dismay, it was empty. Construction had not finished so no tours and nothing at all inside it. Hor D'oeuvres and soft drinks were served. Adult beverages were also available, a rarity inside the museum. A good time was had by all. The rest of the weekend various Sandies explored the museum and races and especially the biggest swap-meet in the good ol' U.S. of A.! If it aint there it's not likely to be anywhere. I suspected the rectifier that shorted my battery is now extinct because it was not there. (Upon further exploration on line when I returned home I found this to be false as they are available everywhere except the dealer in Birmingham and swap meets.)

Sunday morning the sun rose, the Sandies headed home, George putting along in the lead (I'm pretty sure he wasn't really "putting" though). I heard they made it home just fine.

I decided to call the rescue squad and have my bike trailered home. Thank goodness I have a brother with a trailer and a truck near enough to come help out. Four times over the years he has had to "rescue" me. Once when I had a flat on the interstate, again when I got rear ended near Crystal River, again just last June because of the stupid Kawasaki ignition on my Concours and the fourth time just now. Thanks TOM!

My trip home was uneventful - thank goodness. But I only had time to do laundry and a few other chores before I had to pack it up and hit the road again. Right now I'm in a hotel in Orlando at the end of the American International Motorcycle Expo/AIME expo, The largest powersports exposition in North America. It has been a great time here, lots of new items on the market, some really great looking bikes hitting the streets! And the custom bike show was also excellent. Not a huge show but the bikes represented a wonderfully eclectic mix of two-wheeled transports! From old school choppers to more modern renditions. It's not that any of them were bad, but some were better than others. I have no idea who won but when I find out I'll let you know if you are interested. When not in the Expo itself I spent some time on the MSF range sidelines watching the group of Rider Coaches training. M2 was herding them around and I saw one or two exercises that I'm sure will appear on one of our skills days. Wait and see!

Saturday I had made plans to dine with M2 but several things prevented it. First of all, he got stuck on I-4 in traffic. Second, I had told him to meet me at the Denny's just around the corner from my hotel. It was within walking distance and I had spotted it earlier. Now it was time to meet him there so I started walking the 2 blocks to the Denny's. As fate would have it,

the Denny's had been moved! Moved maybe only in my memory but I swear it was not where I left it. No problem M2 was still stuck in traffic and an IHOP was right in front of me so I ate there alone. Fried chicken there was acceptable. Maybe I'll eat at Red Lobster tonight. I remember it was right next door to Denny's.

Tomorrow I pack up and head for Crestview one more time. The bike is running fine (the Valkyrie) so far and I'm keeping fingers and toes crossed it remains that way. I will be taking my time headed home so I may just stay overnight somewhere. BUT I will be home in time for the Sandie Supper at J/E's.

See you all then. (If I'm not there send a search party.)

~SpectreSteve



Somehow, I missed St. Peter at the gate.

Being a Sandie rocks. But being a Sandie at Barber Vintage Festival? That freakin' rocks! From start to finish, what a good time.

With the benefit of different time zones, I left at 7am while a group from Fort Walton also left at 7am. So, if I traveled at an average 68mph, what would be the average speed of the others in order for us to meet at the Pioneer Museum of Alabama off US231 in Troy? I don't know but it happened within about a 5 min differential, as well as most of the local schools in the area getting there too. Little did I know that it would be Pioneer Days that Friday! As the chatter arose on the CB, I advised them to pass on by and I'd catch up. After waiting for the school bus to make the left hand turn, a rolling road block, a speedometer in the 90s, recovering from the heart attack as the cop passed the other way (really guys, you could have radioed back to me), and a few miles down the road, I was saved a cozy spot right in front of the Can-Am. Joejoe: "Right in the rocking chair" George: "Let's not start that shit." But 10-4 good buddy, I'd say we had ourselves a convoy.

The iron butt he-man award went to Rob who made the trek all the way on his Sportster. But I may have won the award for the most needed to attend Skills Sunday for max braking. The light turned yellow and I could have skirted through on the pink light, but needless to say I didn't. It's all good, though. I was mostly not in the middle in the intersection when I came to a complete stop. Kindly, Sandy left me some room and hailed me back to the line while congratulating me on the amount of rubber I managed to scrub off my back tire without too much pitch and yaw.

In the end we all made it to the Hampton Inn, with more or less all our cylinders firing. George had a bad sensor on the Wing that was acting up. This, against all logic... I mean, he had the necessary part right in his saddlebag because it had happened before then cleared up. Everybody knows that's the talisman against misfortune. You bring your umbrella so it doesn't rain – you carry a spare sensor so you never have to replace it. Go figure.

But anyways, we drop our stuff in our rooms, then head out over the winding road to Barber's. Hang a left into the driveway, and let the motorcycle emersion commence. They were everywhere! Big ones, little ones, old ones, and newer ones. And unlike other gatherings I've attended, no brand or style necessarily had the majority and the people looked like they might even be proud to wear a 99%er patch. But I soon found out, it's not as inclusive as it appears on the surface. Most of the group were members of the "Turn 9 Club". I was not. Most of the group went to the Turn 9 hospitality room. I was turned away. An outcast. (Elitists bastards.)

So I toured the top 2 of 5 floors of so many machines: the ones that you always hear about, the ones you thought were just common at the time, and the ones you never knew existed. Why, they even have my daily rider on display, a Yamaha FZ6, silver like mine and it sure looks like a 2004. Where else in the world could this happen?

I only completed 2 floors because (a) my senses were becoming much too overloaded and (b) I saw from a balcony that the group had emerged from their alcove of privilege. (As you'll see this becomes the theme; great motorcycle distractions and Sandies are everywhere.) And out the door we went. Tommy and Joejoe headed for the pits for the parade lap on the track and the rest of us hopped on the trolley which helped give me the lay of the land. All along the roadway were interesting bikes, making you wonder if the museum extended beyond its walls or not. But no, this is just the

Vintage Festival.

After a few minutes of gawking at bikes and hunting for the next example of quirky art Mr. Barber has place around his track (Giant ants may be carting off a racer and his ride after they've strayed from the asphalt. A colorful horse may stand at the top of the hill. Or a zombie may be crawling out of the sluice pipe in the middle of the pond.), we stop at the top of grassy hill which acts as bleachers for turns 1, 2, & 3. We were there to see what 2 big touring bikes can do on a 17 turn 2.83 mi speedway. With much anticipation, here they come down pit row! It's a slow parade getting started, and Tommy and Joejoe are the last to emerge on to the track. Surely it'll get faster once the group gets to the straightaways. Errr, no. From the hill we watch in agony as they pass by as if they're going through a school zone. Afterwards, I hear a rumor that they only made it up to 40 mph. So sad. Hopefully they'll work out some kinks and get it back to reasonable next year.

With heartfelt empathy for our favorite racers, make our way back to the museum where those who are properly credentialed slip inside, beyond where commoners such as I may tread, and witness the unveiling of the new museum wing. That's OK. The route was pretty simple and I was paying attention. I can find my own way back.

Along the route is a 4 way stop, slanting left to right, as you head back for the night. It's about rush hour on a Friday night, and after a few gentle curves, myself and a group of bikes in front of me pull up to the stop. As we all take our turns, the sport tourer second guesses that maybe it's not his time. The stop is abrupt. The right foot goes down to terra firma. But the level's not there! When the ball of his foot finally hits earth, his balance is compromised. He hops, hops, struggles to upright the weight of the machine, each foothold is further down the slope, until the bike angles past the point of no return. Down goes the bike. And down goes its master. Not with a tuck and roll, but like a great northern pine felled with Paul Bunyan's ax. Not even a bounce. But he got up and turned off the ignition, he rose to his full height, raised his arms, and brought them back down. Through his full faced helmet, over the purr of the other motors, through my face faced helmet and ear plugs, a resounding "F#CK!" was transmitted as clear as if EF Hutton himself had begun to speak. I felt for the guy, but he had 2 other buddies and I figured there'd be too many cooks in the kitchen if I stayed. So along I went, wondering as the curves went by if that's a drill at Valparaiso.

The next morning, I descend to the breakfast area to find some Sandies already there. Half-jokingly I lament to them the woes of not being a Turn 9 Club member because I just didn't think it'd be worth the money for what I got. Then they began talking. They told me of the free admission to the museum maybe not only today but the next Vintage Festival too. They talked of the breakfasts, the lunches, the complementary water, coffee and sodas at any time! Knowing the prices vendors charge for a little water, that could make the whole thing pay for itself in no time. Then I began rationalizing even more, remembering those season passes to the local amusement park that I never used to their fullest, and this is way better than that. Why, I'd be a fool not to sign up. So I suit up to get there early to beat the crowd. Once I'm done, what do you know, I run into a Sandie. We enter the Turn 9 Club for breakfast and even more Sandies arrive. Good view of the track, good food, good coffee, good company. You know what? I really like being a member.

All filled up and time to blitz the day! The first stop is in the woods to check out the trials competitions. After a short hike, we're amongst the trees marveling at what can be done with a little clutch control and balance on little bikes with hardly any seat.

Come to think of it, Joejoe and Tommy should have brought their rides. If it wasn't for the saddlebags getting wedged in the trees, they'd of had a good warm up from the pace back at that parade ride.

About 6 or 7 of us spent a good amount of time watching riders of all skill levels scoot around the hillside. But the riders came in waves and I got antsy, so ventured on to the other stations on my own. Having made the circuit, I decided to make my way back to the museum. But not until I checked out all these shiny old Japanese bikes at the Vintage Japanese Motorcycle Club corral. Once again, where did the museum start and where did it end? When back at the museum proper, I'm feeling a bit parched and with a flash of a wrist band grab a soda at the Turn 9 Club (did I mention, I really like being a member?) And who do I find? Another Sandie!

Steve happened to be watching the road racers go by, but took the time to introduce me to the infield for a unique look at the action. But keep your eyes open, it's not all on the track! Once again, Mr Barber's whimsical art collection is around any corner. Be it Sasquatch with treat in one hand and a trick in the other or a life sized Boa guarding the landing; they'll keep you on your toes. But don't forget that this beautifully natural environ is in fact natural and not Disneyland, as Steve tells the story of a past attendee who spotted a very real snake in the adjacent woods. We safely make it to the second bridge, though, with an excellent view of turns 3 – 8. From there we enjoy the Century Race, reserved for machines 100 yrs or older. 4 or 5 made their way around at a respectable clip. At their age, I hope to be doing half as well.

Being Sandollars, we don't make a habit of missing a meal. So we make sure to make our way back to the hospitality room for lunch. Where, believe it or not, a table is full of Sandies! Afterwards, Michael and I finish up the museum, and he's game to see the Fan Zone and Swap Meet, some for the 2nd time. The Swap Meet is quite the smorgasbord. Some machines are polished, gleaming and asking a pretty penny, and some not so much. On the "not so much" the best quote I heard was Tim's "I saw a lot of stuff I would have thrown out a long time ago." But as they say, one man's trash is another man's treasure. It's possible there were some pretty good deals down those rows, if you knew what you were looking at. I can't say I did, but I enjoyed looking, all the same.

The trolley was a welcome sight after putting in the Swap Meet miles, and Michael knew a group from Pensacola in the paddock. So after signing the waiver acknowledging that it's a work area, be aware of your surroundings, and don't be an idiot, we get some up close and personal time in the race world. So that's pretty cool. Not something that happens in my hometown. But it all works up an appetite. The ice cream treats in the Turn 9 Club are calling my name. So off to the trolley, and who do we meet? More Sandies! We trade tales of our adventures and future plans quickly for fear of missing our ride.

That just about wrapped things up for the day. And what a day. All that was left to do was travel down that oscillating asphalt path back over the ridge to the hotel. Such a pleasant night as the club had mercy on the local eateries and splits up. My group ends up with chips and salsa, slipping beverages, enjoying the breeze and shooting the breeze out on the patio. While the others across the parking lot, keep tabs on the evening college ball games and as well as engaging in their normal shenanigans.

Next morning, we all leave at intervals. And who do I meet? Another Sandie! As I'm going for my bike, I hear my name called. Honing in on the hail and flipping through the mug shots in my mind... Terry! I hadn't seen you in probably a year. I didn't run into him the day before so I didn't think he was able to make it even after picking out this excellent location for us. But it was good to catch up for a few minutes before I needed

to point the front tire east.

It was a cool morning, but nothing that the gear couldn't handle as Alabama whisked away with the miles on I-20. Just before the border, I jumped off to the 2 lanes and angling towards a little BBQ joint in Franklin, GA. I'm doing another Grand Tour of Georgia this year, and I'm planning to knock off 4 stops on the way down south. Pulling over every few turns to make sure I'm correctly progressing across Middle Georgia, I capture the Whistle Stop Café, Cannonball House, and the Crime & Punishment Museum. At one point on I-75, I'm behind a trailer with a Hodaka and 2 old trials bikes. I bet I know where they've been. I hope they had as much fun as I did, but I hope they don't tell anyone about the Turn 9 Club. Certainly unlike myself 2 days ago, we don't want to let too much of the riff-raff in.

Tim Murphy



Random Interesting Facts

For People Who Like...uhm...Random Interesting Facts
Sourced from Books, the Internet, selective eavesdropping, Etc.

- Only one McDonald's in the world has turquoise arches. Government officials in Sedona, Arizona, thought the yellow would look bad with the natural red rock of the city.
- Brenda Lee was only 13 when she recorded "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree."
- Dolly Parton once entered a Dolly Parton look-a-like contest—and lost.
- During the Coolidge presidency, the First Family had a pet raccoon named Rebecca who liked to play in the White House bathtub.
- After OutKast sang "Shake it like a Polaroid picture," Polaroid released this statement: "Shaking or waving can actually damage the image."
- In Peanuts in 1968, Snoopy trained to become a champion arm-wrestler. In the end, he was disqualified for not having thumbs.
- In France, the Ashton Kutcher/Natalie Portman movie No Strings Attached was called Sex Friends.
- The famous "Heisman pose" is based on Ed Smith, a former NYU running back who modeled for the trophy's sculptor in 1934.
- For \$45, the U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing will sell you a 5-lb bag with \$10,000 worth of shredded U.S. currency.
- Before going with Blue Devils, Duke considered the nicknames Blue Eagles, Royal Blazes, Blue Warriors and Polar Bears.
- At an NOAA conference in 1972, Roxcy Bolton proposed naming hurricanes after Senators instead of women. She also preferred "him-i-canes."
- For one day in 1998, Topeka, Kansas, renamed itself "ToPikachu" to mark Pokemon's U.S. debut.
- Before settling on the Seven Dwarfs we know today, Disney also considered Ches-ty, Tubby, Burpy, Deafy, Hickey, Wheezy, and Awful.
- The Dictionary of American Slang defines "happy cabbage" as money to be spent "on entertainment or other self-satisfying things."
- Herbert Hoover was Stanford's football team manager. At the first Stanford-Cal game in 1892, he forgot to bring the ball.

SUPER SKILLS November 20th

If you are in any way able to attend Street Skills this month on the 20th, please try to make it!

Please note that we will be leaving Al's/Joe & Eddie's at 9am for this November 20th skills.

We are planning a special event where we will take a nice ride to lunch and practice a number of advanced techniques in a real world environment. We will ride to a place where a particular road feature or characteristic will allow practice of 'Reading the Road' and developing a better mental approach to riding well. We will have a quick road-side brief of the skill or techniques involved then practice riding that stretch of road until we have a good grasp of the new skills involved. We will be using the Vanishing Point visual technique for safer and more skilled corning abilities. A number of other advanced skills will be addressed along with additional focus on how you can determine what the road is doing next even when you can't see it. I promise that we will introduce most of the Sandies to techniques and skills that you've never seen or used.

No matter how much you've ridden, there is always more to learn. Please join us for what may be the most useful and instructive ride to lunch you've ever taken!

8th ANNUAL NEKKID KNIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENT:

Plan now!! the 8th Annual Nekkid Knight Golf Tournament will be held at the Goofy Golf on the 27th of November. The rules are strange but the play is fun. Clear your schedule now so you can be there and join in on the fun.



Ya Know You Can't make this stuff up...

Okay, sometimes I do, but it ain't anything like what happens for real on a Sandie Sunday adventure. We left the Business Meeting headed for lunch at Hunters Moon Café north of Baker, it's the old Miceys Pit Stop. 12 Sandies did 130 miles to enjoy lunch. (Remember that sentence because the mileage figures into this story later, but not for the reasons you might think.) Tim (Dark Prince) W had mentioned the Hunters Moon in an email, so why not?

Steven G is back in town after 18 days on the road, but apparently it's just do laundry and then he's off again and headed to Barbers for the Vintage Days Festival then on to the AIM Expo, whew. Some people do retirement differently from others. Some want to swing on the porch, some want to swing from the chandeliers. Steven is not a porch guy. He was riding on an old friend, The Purple Magna, haven't seen that Ride in years. Still has that trailer hitch, you can pull trucks out of the mud with that thing.

Sandies there comes a moment in your life that you realize, "Oh S#!t, this is not gonna end well." We have my moment in the river as a shining example, and today it was Jim W's hamburger moment. Not as stupid as my River Moment, BUT...

The restaurant was a nice place - food was excellent and the folks there have a great attitude, we will go back there for sure. Now to add to this whole scene is Sandy S. "Miss I-got-the-fuel-can-let's-light-'er-up". With Sandy there, who needs Geraldo to show up.

We walk in and you know it's going to be a bit different. Tim W. tells owner that we don't like each other much so separate tables are great. The poor guy looks a bit perplexed but we did take separate tables. Nice lady takes orders we settle back to do what Sandies do really, really well - BullShooting...

Pretty soon the orders come out, JoeJoe's, of course, is first. Then Robert, Sharon and Jim W get served. I was naturally served last, (save the best for last etc.) We were all eating when Jim W said "There isn't any meat on my bun". Now this is after Jim had waved his buns at me by way of showing off that he was served before me. All I've got to say is Karma's a great equalizer, huh, Jim?

Also I would be remiss if I didn't point out that he had eaten half that 'burger' before making the rather significant discovery that his hamburger didn't actually have any burger in it. Now we all take a long look at Jim, you know that pause just before Wiley Coyote realizes that The Rock is on top of him and the cliff is long gone? Well, like that.

Sandy, of course, starts with "but you ate half? Of an empty bun?!" The owner is embarrassed and whisks Jim's plate away. Also quietly eating a hamburger of his own, Sir Robert looks up and mentions "Well, they made mine a double and I ordered a single". You would think Sir Robert would have offered to share a burger patty, well, half of one anyway, right? I mean that's all Jim had enough bun to cover, after all. Nope, not a chance, "keep your hands off my Eggo" type attitude. There was a brief look by Robert that reminded me strongly of what a hungry lion must look like over a Wildebeest caress.

They bring Jim another whole new burger but it is too late, the damage is done. Poor Jim's "Where's the Beef?" moment becomes immortalized in Sandie lore. Possible new road names such as "Meatless Jim ", "Empty Bunz Jim", 'Sans-a-burger' and "Buns" were heard around Hunters Moon Café. What makes it so funny is the fact that Sharon opened hers up and checked it before eating. Not our Jimmy Boy! He dove right in taking bites out of the Hamburger Bun of Awesomeness, making sure to gloat that he got his lunch and I didn't. The fact that he was served an empty bun was excellent, him not realizing the bun was empty until it was half gone was priceless! Especially after waving his empty buns around and digging at me with the "I-got-mine-and-you-didn't!" spoon. Absolutely priceless.

Sandy judiciously applied more fuel where needed and fanned the flames to make sure everyone knew what happened, because this is how Sand Dollar legends are made. Tommy just sat silently by with that look on his face. You know the one: "As soon as the horses exhaust themselves the Stagecoach will slow down. As long as we don't miss the curve and end up doing the Stagecoach Cliff Dive first, I'm sure everything will be alright. Eventually..."

After all that The Captain suggested a brisk ride through "The Forest" which we promptly did. Now about that mileage, funny story about Sandy mileage. Had a gentlemen join the Sandies, he dropped off a check and picked up a Newsletter. Two hours later he asked if we could tear up the check. A very perplexed Robert asked, "Why?" Well, it seems that after reading the Newsletter this person realized The Sandies ride a lot. He was looking more for a lunch ride kind of crowd. He said we stayed way too busy for him, rode way more than he was used to.

Mac, (being Mac) wanted to know if we could tape the 'cheque' pieces back together and invoke the famous "No Refunds" rule. Sorry Mac the poor guy didn't even get to wear the suit, so tearing up the 'cheque' seemed like the right thing to do. (Scotsmen spell funny...)

It was a fabulous day with awesome weather, fantastic roads and laughter among friends, the very best kind of laughter.



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November 2016



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	2	3	4	5
6 Business Meeting 9 am Lunch	7	8 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	9	10	11 LOW Road Robert Lead	12 Low Road
13 Toys For Tots ECHOG 9 am Al's Garage	14	15 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	16	17	18	19
20 Super Skills 9 am Al's Garage	21	22 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	23	24 	25 Black Friday Get out of Town 9 am Al's Garage	26
27 Nekkid Knight Goofy Golf Tournament 9 am	28	29 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	30			

December 2016



Calendars are Subject to Change
Please check your Email Regularly

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3
4 Business Meeting 9 Am Lunch Ride after	5	6 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	7	8	9	10 Christmas Party 6-ish Miz Edna's
11 Lunch and a Swim 10 am AL's	12	13 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	14	15	16	17 Dinner and a Light 5 pm
18 Skills 9 am Crest. 8:30 AL'S	19	20 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	21	22	23	24
25 	26	27 Tuesday Dining-In Joe & Eddies 6 ish	28	29	30 Last ride of the year 8 am Al's Garage	31 Ride into 2017 11:30 pm