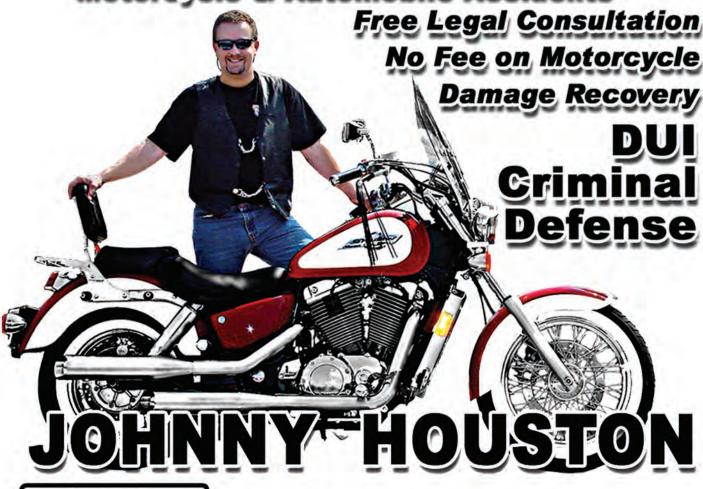


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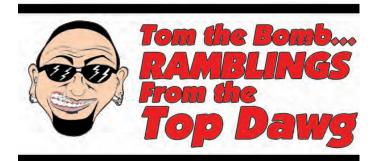
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As I sit down to write my editorial this time around, there are a million things floating around in my head. The internal magazine deadline has been bumped up a bit to make sure we get everything done before we have to concentrate our time and effort on the Road Rash Biker Bash (which is hopefully a fond memory of a huge success by the time you read this), and I've already thought of several things I need to check on dealing with the Bash since I started writing my first sentence. (Note to self: Make sure you have directional signs posted at the freeway exits!) I'm afraid I will forget something important... In fact, if my track record is taken into account, I'd bet I will. I just pray everything works out well and the guy upstairs blesses us with some luck, good weather, and a safe time. Hopefully, it won't be that important and/or I'll be forgiven.

A lot of us have several "irons in the fire" nowadays, and it's easy to get caught up in the details of our situations and forget to step back and look at the big picture. Things that seem important (Note to self: Purchase pickles for the Pickle Sucking Contest!) at the time can cloud our judgment and blur our vision. Personal relationships always seem to suffer when you get to that point. We expect our friends to understand when we are too busy to hang out with them, we expect our family members to leave us alone when we have things to do, but it's important to remember: none of us are promised tomorrow. Everyone needs an occasional break and some kind of support system. Otherwise, we are wasting our lives and working toward the grave.

While attending the Motorcycle Clubs In Chattanooga meeting

While attending the Motorcycle Clubs In Chattanooga meeting last month, I was reminded that there are a lot of soldiers overseas right now who receive care packages, encouragement and emotional support from various groups and organizations across the country, but few seem to do anything to help the families they've left behind. Too often I think we forget that there

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are thousands of local families who make sacrifices every day in order to survive without their husbands, wives, mothers, fathers, sons and daughters who are away in the Armed Forces defending our way of life

So, your homework assignment this month is to take a few hours away from your hectic schedule, think of the families you know of personally who have members in the Armed Forces and contact them yourself to see if there is anything you can do to help. A simple phone call or short visit doesn't take that long, and many times, just knowing that you care could make it easier for them to deal with the pressures that are building up around them. I know of at least one former soldier who said it would have made a big difference if he knew his friends were checking on his family while he was away.

My friends "in the industry" tell me that motorcycle sales are doing well, but small-displacement motorcycle and scooter sales have really skyrocketed due to high gas prices. I've noticed a sharp increase in the amount of motorcycle traffic on our roadways this summer. To me, that says there are a lot of people who have just learned to ride a two-wheeler or haven't ridden one in long time who will be buzzing around, making mistakes, having wrecks, doing stupid things and making the rest of us look bad. If you know any "newbies," please encourage them to take the Motorcycle Safety Course taught at Chattanooga State Technical Community College or ask them to check into a comparable course somewhere

before they hit the road (figuratively or literally). Also, try to be as supportive as you can. No one likes to hear about motorcycle accidents, they are never fun for anyone involved and we all had to start somewhere some time. With the proper education, the increased number of people who are at least "technically" in the biking community will afford us more respect. support and strength. If we welcome these new people, validate their choice to join us on two wheels and help train them in our way of life, we can turn what could be a negative into a resounding positive. Adopt a newbie today. Who knows, your influence could help bring out their "inner biker!"

I want to remind everyone before I close to support the people who support you. Think about who they are and what you can do to help them. We would appreciate it if you would make a special effort to spend some time and/or money with a Road Rash Magazine advertiser this month and let them know we sent you. They pay our bills where you don't have to

In closing, I would like to announce that Moleman, Rock, and I have a new partner. Alan "BooBoo" Kelley has joined us as our Sales Manager. That now gives us three black Electra Glides and one Moo Glide running the roads. Make sure and say hi when you see him out and about.

Keep it twisted!



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ROCK'S TWO CENTS

Well, the big trip is over. We traveled 4,600 miles in nine and a half days. Now, it's just like a dream. It takes your mind weeks to process all the emotions and the magnificent scenery you encounter on a long trip. I do want to clarify one thing.

We went on a motorcycle trip, not a cage trip where we rode our motorcycles. If I have to explain, you wouldn't understand. So let's just leave it at that. My wife Pebbles took close to 3,000 photos from the back seat. Most of them were snapped when we were traveling between 35 and 85 miles per hour. We did something completely new on this trip by uploading each day's pics to our Web site (roadrashmag.com) each night. We had many people following along with us each day. The first couple of days were spent just traveling to the

The first couple of days were spent just traveling to the Black Hills so they weren't anything special. However, Alan did receive a nickname on the second day. It came to me out of the blue and it was only logical. He was the youngster of our group (39) and he had never been West of the Mississippi, let alone to Jellystone... Uh... I mean Yellowstone. So, "Alan 'BooBoo' Kelley" was born. He was named after the young cartoon bear with the older Yogi(s) hanging out in "Jellystone" trying to steal picnic baskets.

In the early morning of day three we went through the Pine Ridge Indian reservation and then into the Badlands. The temperature was in the mid 70's, which is very unusual for this time of year. Julie took close to 400 pictures that day alone. After the tour of the Badlands, we ended up at the famous Wall Drug where we had lunch and took pictures. We then headed toward Sturgis where we picked up some rally t-shirts. The vendors were in full swing a good two weeks before the rally started. I want to be long gone before that zoo started. Once is more than enough for me. Who the h#@# wants to sit in gridlock for a week and watch the trailer jockeys ride their bikes around? Not me. I'd bet there won't be 20 percent of the attendees that actually ride their bikes there, especially from as far away as Chattanooga. Anyway, after leaving Sturgis we went south, ending up in Newcastle, Wyoming. Before we left for Custer, SD (28 miles to the east), I stuck up a conversation with a lone Bandido. He warned me of the "rattlesnakes" on the road through the canyon. He was talking about the squiggly lines of tar used to patch the cracks in the roadway. He said that when they get hot they are very soft causing the front tire to slip when you hit them. When they are wet they are slick as owl s#!%. I thanked him and we turned them east toward the end of our third day.

Day four started before daylight with the temperature in the 50's. Little did we know that we would be riding in the middle of a herd of 300 buffalo an hour later. Julie and I got to ride in a small herd of around 50 in 2004, but nothing like this massive herd. The ranger stopped and told us we were coming up on the biggest herd in the park. As we topped the hill all we could see was buffalo covering the road and surrounding area. There were spread out over a quarter of a mile. We inched our way through the massive creatures. It took a half hour or more to cover the quarter mile and clear the herd. We were literally riding with buffalo surrounding us. The big bulls were trotting down the road beside us, keeping one red eye straight ahead and the other on us. It's best not to make eye contact with them and to keep the pipes to a whisper. One thing you don't want to do is to cause a







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stampede. We would have been stomped to dust in a matter of minutes. There are many people who have seen buffalo, but we had the honor of riding with them. It's hard to top that, but we headed through Needles Parkway, past Mount

Rushmore, and on to Crazy Horse Mountain.

If you ever go to Crazy Horse, make sure you see the orientation film in the Indian Cultural Center. It gives the history of Korzak and his dream to carve an entire mountain. It is unbelievable that a single man could have a dream that big. Korzak was quite a man. Near the end of day four we made a short tour of Deadwood and then had a tasty buffalo burger in Hill City on the way back to Custer. We rode with the buffalo that morning and ate them in the evening. Buffalo meat is much like beef, but is much leaner and better for you. In South Dakota, it is also very fresh.

On day five we pointed them northwest heading for our destination, Red Lodge, Montana, at the foot of Bear Tooth Pass. To get to Red Lodge we had to cross the 10,000-foot Big Horn mountain range, which includes Bald Mountain There is still snow on the slopes when you get in the 10,000 foot range. BooBoo just had to scale the side of a slope to retrieve a huge snowball, so the two fat men just watched and took pics with the telephoto lens. It made us both tired just watching him. He came down a short time later and showed everyone his prize. A short time later we had a very large lanky bull moose saunter down the slope and across the road right in front of us. We descended Bald Mountain where it was in the low 50's into a sauna of 90-plus degrees in the valley. An hour later, we were checking into the Comfort Inn in Red Lodge.

Day six started a little later than normal. We wanted the sun to come up enough for us to enjoy the vistas from Bear Tooth Pass. What can you say about Bear Tooth except it's the highlight of the trip? It's really hard to describe in words and even the pictures don't do it justice. The best way to



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see the pass is ascending from the Red Lodge side and descending toward the Yellowstone side. The vistas are much more impressive that way as you can see by our photos. When we were near the top, I just couldn't resist plugging Road Rash by writing it's name in the snow. We stopped at almost every pull off and were all a little light headed by the time we started down. The elevation is close to 12,000 feet and the air is real thin up there. As we descended the beauty was breathtaking. We motored as slowly as possible to soak in every moment as we headed to Cooke City, Montana where we were staying for the night. We stayed at the same mom and pop motel where Julie and I stayed in 2004. Cooke City is a hole in the forest with only a dozen businesses. Alan said it reminded him of the little town in the old television show, Northern Exposure. Cooke City is only five miles from the northeast entrance to Yellowstone. Unfortunately, four of those miles were completely torn up and the wait was close to 30 minutes. Then you had to traverse a mud road. Thank goodness it was packed pretty well, so it wasn't that difficult. It was a real shock, however, to the trailer jockeys that had nice clean, shiny bikes. Our bikes were already covered with bugs from 10 states so we could have cared less about the road. The wait was the only pain in the butt. After checking in, we entered the park and did the northern loop. Of course there were buffalo, elk, deer, and an assortment of other wildlife to go along with the incredible scenery. We were all a little disappointed at the massive crowds in the park. When someone in a car thought they spotted something, they'd just stop in the road whether there was a pull off or not. After that, it's like a shark feeding frenzy as dozens of other vehicles stop to see what the first people are looking at. At one point, the traffic was backed up 50 cars. Thank goodness we were going in the opposite direction. BooBoo just about creamed one lady who was walking backwards and not paying attention while she fiddled with her camera. It's a friggin' hoard of gawkers. While they were gawking at whatever, a large moose crossed right in front of us. The hoard didn't even see it. After the loop we returned to Cooke City for dinner and an early bedtime. The local rumor is that the National Park Service is considering not allowing private vehicles in the park in the future. Anyone that wants to see the park would have to go on buses, leaving their vehicles at one of the entrances. Trying to keep the roads maintained is almost impossible, especially with the small window of time they have to work on them.

On day seven, we left before daylight riding into dark

ominous skies as we tackled the wet dirt road. We were at least an hour ahead of the work crews so there was no wait. It's more than a little freaky heading into Yellowstone Park in the pitch black. We hadn't gone a mile when we rounded a curve to see a huge deer standing in the middle of the road. That slowed us down even more. The skies started looking better as the sky lightened, but it was overcast for most of our trip to Old Faithful. We ate breakfast at the Yellowstone General Store and went to see Old Faithful do its thing. We then toured the old Yellowstone Lodge and loaded up for our 1936-mile ride home. We conquered the entire state of Wyoming before stopping near Cheyenne. By this time we were like cows heading to the barn. We hit I-80 and in two more days we were back home safe and sound. We all four had one thing on our mind the day after we returned.

When can we go again?

LTRNTT, Rock

Comments or Questions: rock@roadrashmag.com



TEARS ON BLACK LEATHER

Brothers and Sisters Down or Gone

HELP US HONOR YOUR BROTHERS, SISTERS, FAMILY, AND FRIENDS

This column is entirely reader generated. Please send in a photo along with a poem or short paragraph about your loved one so that we can remember them here.

Bobby Lane Adams went home on Tuesday, July 29,

2008, after a valiant battle with cancer.

Born April 28, 1952, Bob was only 56 years old, but he lived an extraordinary life. He grew up in Kentucky, where he met and married his wife Thelma and later had one son. Together with his family, he became involved in missionary work in Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand and Borneo, working with local communities in the areas of ecotourism, wildlife rehabilitation and nature conservation. Many of his most precious memories were of times spent climbing waterfalls or hiking through the rainforests with his son and the numerous individuals who joined him in his travels. He and his family eventually started a business founded on the very principles he lived by; faith, leadership, and servitude.

Bob was preceded in death by his mother Wilma and his father Tandy. Bob leaves behind his beloved wife of 39 years, Thelma; his son and best friend, Rob; brothers Burt and Charlie; his precious granddaughter, Arwen Lane. Also left behind are his many friends who were touched by his love of life and strong faith.

Sent in by Glenn Roberts







MOTORCYCLES & T-SHIRTS

Being a "Rider" involves so much more than throwing your leg across the machine, firing it up, and putting it into motion. There are so many feelings before, during, and after the act that it is difficult to explain. We love accessorizing, shining, maintaining, showing, and sharing our experiences with others. But few things involved with our lifestyle hold the reverence of the Harley-Davidson t-shirt.

I, as all of you, have t-shirts from rallies and Harley shops from all across the country and a few foreign countries. Great memories are attached to almost all of them (some more than others, of course). Unfortunately, if you wear them, they wear out. Then you face the dilemma of what to do with them. Disposing of a Harley t-shirt is almost like disposing of an American flag. There has to be a ceremony involved.

Recently, I rediscovered a t-shirt that was given to me by Drew Pate when I purchased a 1975 Super Glide from him at Pate's Harley-Davidson on Highway 153. If you rode during the AMF years, you remember that you deserved a little something extra for your adventuresome spirit. I always thought that Drew was the ultimate salesman because he could limp around that show with metal in almost every part of his body from motorcycle wrecks (mostly from flat track racing) and still sell motorcycles to people.

When I saw and held that shirt in my hand, I felt a lot of different emotions. Not just that I remembered what a wonderful person and friend he was, but also the wonderful memories of all the rides we had taken together with friends and all the scenery we had seen. I also remembered all the laughs in that old store and all the times I had worn that shirt. I tried it on and must admit that it is a little tighter than it used to be, but after all it had been washed a few times.

I would be willing to bet that most of you have a shirt or two that bring back a lot of memories and that even if you do not wear them much, you still don't have the heart to throw them away. I can tell you this much, I loved Drew Pate and I miss him and I love this shirt and I'm keeping it forever.

Ken "Daddy Rabbit" Gentry









HERE'S THE RUB

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof Title of a famous Tennessee Williams play (and what it feels like to ride a Harley on a 101 degree day).



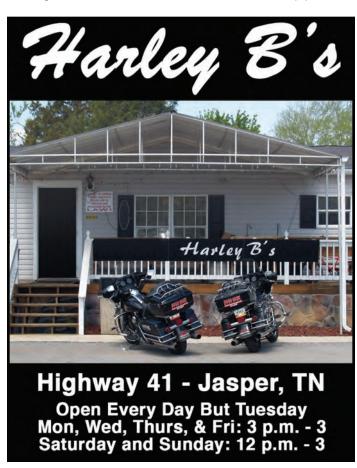
There have been numerous times when I think this will be my last column and that perhaps I have simply run out of things to say. When I get writers block, I take to the open road. Riding seems to inspire me to write just one more time. I started writing for this magazine as a tongue-in-cheek feud with Rock defending the right to, on occasion, trailer the bike for the sake of comfort or convenience. This was before switching over to "the dark-side" and becoming a ride-year-round fanatic! I have ridden in the rain, in the cold, even in the snow in recent years and I am okay with it. I rode today and it was hot! Almost too hot to ride!

An air-cooled Harley is okay as long as you are moving, but anytime you stop, you are literally sitting on an oven. Adhering to EPA restrictions have caused the '07, and '08 Twin-Cams to become notorious for idling at scalding temperatures. It is such a problem that the factory has redesigned the '09 frames, rerouted the exhaust pipes

away from the legs and even cut the fire to the rear cylinder during idle. I haven't heard one yet and I am curious to see if maybe the engine sounds like it is missing a lick and is going to die. My old Panhead hung right on that edge. That is why revving the engine at a stoplight was a necessity and not to look or sound cool. My '08 isn't too bad. I have aftermarket ceramic exhaust pipes and the fuel injection has been set to run leaner thanks to the Vance and Hines Fuel

Pak. Nonetheless, it is uncomfortable to be in extremely hot weather and I am hoping by the time you read this article that it will be close to the end of the hot months! The dreaded publishing deadline is the tenth of the month and the magazines come out the following week, so my timing should be just about right and we should be signaling the end of summer and the beginning of fall!

Autumn is my favorite time to ride. I like cool morning and night rides and I suspect the motorcycle does too! It's probably just me, but I swear the bike is somehow more powerful and responsive under those conditions. Riding a motorcycle, to me, is about feel. I tell people I was hooked the first time my old man let me run the lawnmower. A machine in my hands! The memories of a go-kart, or early Evinrude or Johnson outboard throttle on the boat. Argh, Argh, Argh! Both the bike and I get revved up for fall rides in cooler weather. I like stopping at truck stops and small town diners to get a warm cup of coffee, a bowl of soup or







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some chili. I like dressing for cooler weather too. Thermal underwear, hooded sweatshirts under leather jackets, and feeling the sting of the air on my face!

What I really like about autumn in the south is that it lasts a full three months like it is supposed to. I grew up near Canada; nine months of winter with autumn being that one month of "bad sledding." Trees went from green to colors to being barren almost overnight. It was depressing because with winter also came the end of riding! I still don't knock those who trailer their bikes to Daytona for bike week if hey come from the frozen tundra! Trading a snowmobile for a motorcycle takes concessions and God knows they deserve an opportunity to ride when many of those here in the south have guit riding because it is too cold and they have packed their bikes away! Packing up the motorcycle for the winter is a ritual up north and is an art on to itself. I am betting you can pick up almost any national motorcycle periodical right now and find an article on how to "winterize" your motorcycle. Check your tire pressure, fill the fuel tank and add a gas stabilizer, put on a protective coat of wax, invest in a quality cover, plug the pipes to keep out rodents... yadda, yadda, yadda... You won't find an article on how to store your bike for the winter in Road Rash (If you did it would have been the "old me" that would have penned it.)! It's not that cold! Buy some heated gear instead of a trickle charger! You won't have to worry about tire rot if the tires are going around occasionally! Gas doesn't rot if you burn it! You can maintain the air pressure and not have to calculate the effect of the cold on tire pressure if you warm them up by spinning them at eighty miles an hour. A warm engine

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is a good thing when the temperature dips and stopping is a welcome relief. There will be fewer bikes on the road as winter approaches. Mine won't be one of them. I intend to "winterize" me, not the motorcycle and ride year round again. That way I can hopefully come up with a few more things to write about.

So, the next time you are laid up on the couch reading a magazine about how to winterize your motorcycle or fantasizing about a trip you are going to take when the weather improves, put down the magazine and join me on the road. This is a good magazine but riding is always better than reading or writing about riding!

Rub











Hootin' In The Holler '08 (Girls in Green Dresses)

It was a beautiful weekend in the middle of June. It was the first day of summer. Girls were wearing short skirts in the hollers around Raccoon

Mountain. They had a big stage set up in the corner of a large field, and ten bands ready to bring in the harvest.

Now, respectfully speaking, I was thinking this event would be another blowout, wall-to-wall people, typical "bike rally" type scene, but it was not the case. It was a lesson in the sublime... It wasn't unusual to see people like the members of Cutthroat Shamrock hanging out in a circle at the beer stand with Polly from Jason and the Punknecks (don't let the names fool you) singing harmony on bluegrass-rooted originals and the finest play-on-words, made-up music I've ever heard.

Having been to a few similar concerts, I've seen my fair share of artists, but to say I was blown away this time would be an understatement.

One of my first memorable moments there was witnessing one brave individual who had recently had a terrible bike crash watch one of his favorite bands perform from his wheelchair-accessible van. It was obvious he had to try a lot harder than the rest of us to get there – but he was there! Another fine patron danced in front of the stage until he had worn the grass around him into the dirt. He danced all night long!

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The great memories I've made are what keep me seeking out raw talent. I really enjoy seeing people express themselves in ways the rest of us can only dream of – especially when it's so obvious they are doing what they love. That is why I keep putting my pen to paper. I feel the need to share the experience. The music, the emotions and the full-on impact of being present at one of these events are truly inspiring. The work that goes into covering

an event like Hootin' In The Holler, along with the inherent fun that went with it... that will always be the big payoff for me.

I watched the sun go down while The Pine Box Boys, Billy Don Burns, Bob Wayne and the Outlaw Carnies, Junkrod Joe, Jason and the Punknecks,



Pee Wee Moore, Husky Burnette, The Foundation, No Big Deal, Red Clay River, Cutthroat Shamrock, and Roger Alan Wade took the stage. As I watched and listened to each band in the kick-butt line-up, I kept thinking to myself, "Life isn't about finding yourself."

band in the kick-butt line-up, I kept thinking to myself, "Life isn't about finding yourself. Life is about creating yourself."

We don't call these groups "artists" for nothing. The talent that blew through the holler was phenomenal. For myself, the memories will stay with me for quite some time. In particular, I will remember one little lady in a green dress and cowgirl boots who brought some of the best "ho-downin" the hills of Tennessee will ever see. "Polly Punkneck" was a great talent and a true class act. Here's to you girl!

As for all you readers out there... try on some overalls. They just might fit!

Darrel A. "DAB" Brackett

Write on and ride on!

Editor's Note: This just in: Jason and the Punknecks, Joe Buck, and Cutthroat Shamrock will all be playing New Year's Eve at Lamar's in downtown Chattanooga. If you like good live music, you need to check them out!











REVERAND BOOGER'S TWO-WHEELED PULPIT

As some of you know, I just came off a 2,700 plus mile adventure through 10 states, one foreign country, and by four great lakes. On a trip like that, you have plenty of time to think. What follows are things that I thought about on my trip. 1. Don't guess where someone is from by the

Harley shirt they are wearing.

2. You get two different reactions from people when you tell them you just finished a 2,700 plus mile trip. They will either call you crazy or they are envious. It's a good way to tell owners from riders.

- 3. No matter how dirty my bike is, someone will comment, "nice bike."
- 4. Getting hit by a bungee cord on the knuckles is the seventh greatest pain known to mankind (for the complete list, email Rub).
- 5. If you wreck your bike and survive, you need to be grateful. If you are not grateful and did not learn anything from the experience (whether it was your fault or not), you wasted God's time and yours.
- 6. Motorcycle tires must be made of smoke. Because, I have learned, if mine never have smoke coming off of them they last longer.
- 7. The 80 miles-per-hour bandana catch should be an Olympic event, and if it were, my buddy Slim would be a gold medal contender.



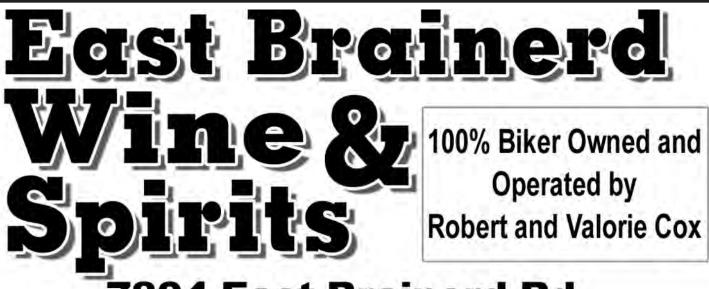
8. My bike may not be the fastest, best looking, and shiniest motorcycle out there, but it does not belong to anyone but me. That means more to me than all the speed, chrome, or accessories money can buy.

9. My favorite author is Rand-McNally.

10. Coming over a hill or around a curve on a road I have never ridden before and seeing a view I have never seen before... to me it has to be somewhat close to the

feeling Lewis and Clark had when they saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time.

- 11. No matter how hard you kick it, a toll booth will not move out of your way, whether you have steel toed boots on or not.
- 12. Outrunning a thunderstorm is one of the best racing victories there is.
- 13. Road-names are either given or earned. The earned ones are usually the funniest.
- 14. If you're going to screw up, try to screw up on the side of caution or respect. I have found that this type of screw up is easier to explain.
- 15. Next time you want to complain about the hassle of going through Atlanta, be thankful it's not like Chicago, where it's not only a hassle to get through but they charge you to go through it.
- 16. The loneliest person I can think of would be a bi-sexual without a date on a Saturday night (Okay, so all my thoughts aren't about riding or motorcycles).
- 17. A lot of the time, adventures can really suck while you are



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having them.

18. I am not real sure how much a bottle of water cost in Canada, but I gave the clerk an American five-dollar bill and got back five Canadian coins; a polar bear, a loon, and three beavers...

19. It's against the law in the state of Wisconsin to sell a motorcycle on Sunday. At some point in time this made sense to someone.

20. What I consider priority in my saddle bags may or may not even make your list of things to pack. For example: I would ditch a blow-dryer in a heartbeat in order to carry an extra can of fix-o-flat, but someone else may care how their hair looks while they stand on side of road with a flat tire.

21. You will experience the hardest rain during the time it takes you to get your bike stopped and your raingear on.
22. At no point in the trip did we experience a solid 100-mile stretch without encountering construction of some sort. I guess they will finish working on the interstate about the time gas gets too expensive to buy.
23. The only thing scarier than a tractor-trailer coming into

23. The only thing scarier than a tractor-trailer coming into your lane after he signals is one coming into your lane unannounced.

24. Strathroy, Ontario is the turkey egg capital of the world. I am still wondering how all the turkey hens know to go there to lay their eggs.

25. Always try and incorporate a "Hudson Bay stop" into your daily journeys on a multiple day trip of this type. Now some of you may be asking what the heck a "Hudson Bay stop" is... Well I will tell you. It seems, back in the days of the Hudson Bay Company, on the first day of their expeditions they would only go a fraction of the regular daily distance. The idea was they could set up camp and see if they had everything. If something was missing or wrong they were close enough to

send back for it. It was nice every morning to stop about 50 miles or so and just go over everything. It gave us a chance to double-check our packing and head on down the road.

Now, that is not all I thought about, but it gives you an idea of what all "the Committee" in my head discusses while I am riding.

Until next month,

Y 'all ride safe, ride smart, and ride often,

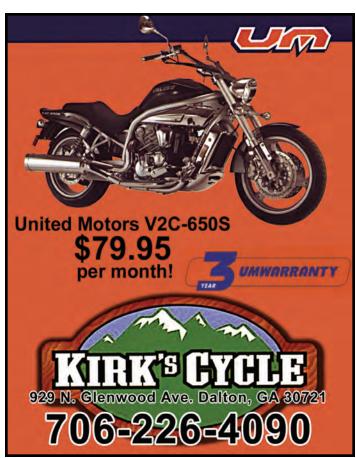
Reverend Booger

reverendboog@hotmail.com









Blowing Smoke

I love to find roads that are great for motorcycles but don't get traveled much. Sure, the Dragon

and Deals Gap are great, but the number of vehicles and cops there just take the fun out of it. When you find a great motorcycle road when you're not even trying, that makes it all the more fun. Recently, my dad and I had to go to South Carolina and decided to take the long way around by going out Highway 64 around Ocoee. My father didn't want to go through Atlanta so we decided to take the scenic route around Highway 64 up through Ocoee and North Carolina. Somewhere along the way we missed our turn and ended up near Waynesville, NC.

Looking at the map we decided to take the Blue Ridge

Looking at the map we d

Parkway around to Highway 276 and then head south. We were on the Parkway for about 30 miles and "wow" is all I can say. It has some great views and I would love to go back and ride the entire 400-plus miles of it. We rode on for a few miles then we came upon a "Road Closed" sign. We basically had to back track back down the mountain, which sent us in one big circle. But the roads were great, so we didn't really care. We turned on Highway 276, which looks relatively straight

on the map - but looks can be deceiving. Imagine taking a long spaghetti noodle and throwing it out on the table and then making a road that mimicked it. That's what that section of road resembled. We only saw two cars and one motorcycle throughout the entire 20 miles or so. We pretty much had the road to ourselves. If Deal's Gap has 318 curves in 11 miles, I would hate to even think how many curves there are on this section of the road. And, like the Dragon, there aren't any driveways or intersections to worry about. At the top of the ridge US 276 intersects with the Blue Ridge Parkway, which is where we should have come out originally. Our four-hour trip had taken us five, and we were still over an hour away from our destination. We were riding through small towns with some cool little shops and restaurants laughing the whole way about our lack of navigational skills. After passing through the towns, we came in to Caesar's Head State Park. Along this section there are lots of waterfalls and recreation points. Everywhere we looked, there are picnic tables and kids playing in the streams. Of all the waterfalls, "Looking Glass Falls" is probably the best known and sits right on the edge of the road. If you're hot, you can pull over and take a dip in the cold mountain water. Not far from Looking Glass is Sliding Rock, a 60-foot natural rock water slide that even the biggest kid can enjoy.

The entire route is great for motorcycles, but especially the

section that goes up Pisgah. If you're ever riding over in that area or are looking for somewhere new to ride, definitely check this one out!

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MCIC:

(Next Meeting: September 4 - Deadwood Station)

The August Motorcycle Clubs In Chattanooga (MCIC) meeting was held August 7, 2008 at Fireside Lounge on Hixson Pike in Chattanooga. Charlie from the Alhambra Easy Riders offered four numbered Budweiser memorabilia prints as a donation, and they were immediately auctioned off as a contribution to the MCIC. Afterwards, several people held the floor discussing upcoming rides, runs, rallies, parties and benefits. We discussed how clubs should support each other's rides and events because if we don't support each other, we cannot expect the rest of the community to support us. We planned an MCIC ride for Saturday, September 16, starting in the 58 Highway area at noon and ending at Ultimate Cycles Honky Tonk Saturday celebration. Tom the Bomb suggested we move the next MCIC meeting, September 4, to Deadwood Station by the Cherokee Tunnel in Red Bank, Tennessee. There was a vote taken and it passed. He also talked about creating a separate venue from the Nightfall concert series downtown that would be better suited for motorcycles, and asked if the MCIC would be willing to produce and promote a weekly event and reap the proceeds. The matter was passed until further discussion in September. After a few minutes of open discussion, the meeting was adjourned.

The clubs that were present for our August meeting were as follows: Outlaws, Black Pistons, Freedom Riders, A.R.M., Southern Thunder, Southern Journeymen, Christian Motorcyclists Association, Wings In The Wind, His Laboring Few, Bikers For Christ, AIBA, Aggressive Behavior, Steel Brothers, Alhambra Easy Riders, and Road Rash Magazine.











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There are over 20,000 wounded troops in VA hospitals. The wounded are flown to the hospitals with nothing personal, including clothes. We are collecting "Biker T-Shirts" to send to Operation First Response. They will distribute them to our wounded vets in the hospitals.

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RT Cycles, American Cycle, or Quick Tees.

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MOTORCYCLE EVENT LISTINGS

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SEPTEMBER 1
Rock Spring, GA
LABOR DAY CAR SHOW
Walker Co. Civic Center - 8 a.m. 706-638-1909 ext. 295

SEPTEMBER 5-7

Maggie Valley, NC
THUNDER IN THE SMOKIES FALL RALLY

Maggie Valley Festival Grounds - 10 a.m.
Chris Anthony: 828-246-2101, handlebarcorral@aol.com or www. handlebarcorral.com

SEPTEMBER 6

Trenton, GA MICHAEL MCMAHAN MEMORIAL RIDE FOR THE CURE

Trenton Square (at the Gazebo) - FBO: 10 Daniel Case: 423-322-8996 or michaelmemorialride@yahoo.com

EPTEMBER 14

Chattanooga, TN
RAY HAMILTON POKER RUN

Sick Boys Ink - 1 p.m. 423-991-7319

Chattanooga, TN.
BIKE AND HOT ROD HONKYTONK SATURDAYS

Ultimate Cycle (1604 Market Street) - 2 p.m.-6 p.m. 423-634-8151 or ultimatecyclescooter.com

Calhoun, GA REASON TO RIDE

Meadowdale Baptist Church - 8:30 a.m.

Steven Pearson: 706-629-9997 or doc@meadowdalemob.org

Chattanooga, TN

CHEROKEE HISTORY KEPT ALIVE
Sportman's Warehouse (Hwy 153 & Lee Hwy) - 10 a.m.

Wayne Polk: 423-309-4226, roadcaptain@cmachattanooga.com, or

cmachattanooga.com

SEPTEMBER 19-21 Bandera, TX RUMBLE ON THE RIVER Mansfield Park - 8 a.m.

Mike Murphy: 936-334-0558, mike@bikerralliesoftexas.com

or www.bikerralliesoftexas.com

SEPTEMBER 19

Chattanooga, TN

TRAIL OF TEARS KICK OFF PARTY (Big Mike Griffin)

Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson

423-892-4888 or thundercreekharley.com

Cartersville, GA

CHARLIE MAXWELL MEMORIAL RIDE (Pre-TOT)
Harley-Davidson of Cartersville - NOON
Ken Markham: 770-329-6067 or www.georgiatotride.com

Cherokee, NC
TRAIL OF TEARS PRE-RIDE

Group ride to Thunder Creek HD Mike Callahan: 336-889-6527

SEPTEMBER 20

Chattanooga, TN
TRAIL OF TEARS REMEMBRANCE RIDE

Exit on MLK then to Riverfront Parkway www.trailoftears-remembrance.org

Chattanooga, TN

LITTLE MAN'S RIDE KICK-OFF PARTY

Outlaw's Clubhouse - 7 p.m.

423-698-9125

SEPTEMBER 27 Red Bank, TN LITTLE MAN'S RIDE FOR THE HOUSE

Deadwood Station (beside the Cherokee Tunnel) - FBO: 1 423-698-9125

Chattanooga, TN AMERICAN DREAM CHARITY RIDE

American Dream Home Lending (4710 Hixson Pike) - 11:30 a.m. Mike Morrison: 423-595-9611, mike@americandreamhomelending. com or americandreamcharityride.org



Cannon County Rescue Squad

Saturday September 27, 2008 Event starts at 9:00 am on the Square in Woodbury 9:30

Poker Run Swap-Meet

Bike Show Registration 9:00 am - 12:00pm Bike Show Bike Show Starts at 3:30 pm

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Chattanooga, TN 3RD ANNUAL CVS/PHARMACY ST. JUDE POKER RUN

CVS/Pharmacy (HWY 58) - FBO: 9:30 Jeff Broyles: 423-894-7544

Woodbury, TN RESCUE RIDE

Dillion Park- 9 a.m.

Tim Bell: 615-904-5002, tbell@cannoncountyrescue.com or www.cannoncountyrescue.com (rain date: October 11)

OCTOBER 1-5

Myrtle Beach, SC
MYRTLE BEACH FALL BIKE RALLY

www.myrtlebeachbikeweek.com

OCTOBER 2-5

Cave In Rock, IL HOG ROCKTOBERFEST

www.hogrock.com

OCTOBER 4

Chattanooga, TN
COLORADO POKER RUN

Ultimate Cycle - FBO 11 a.m.

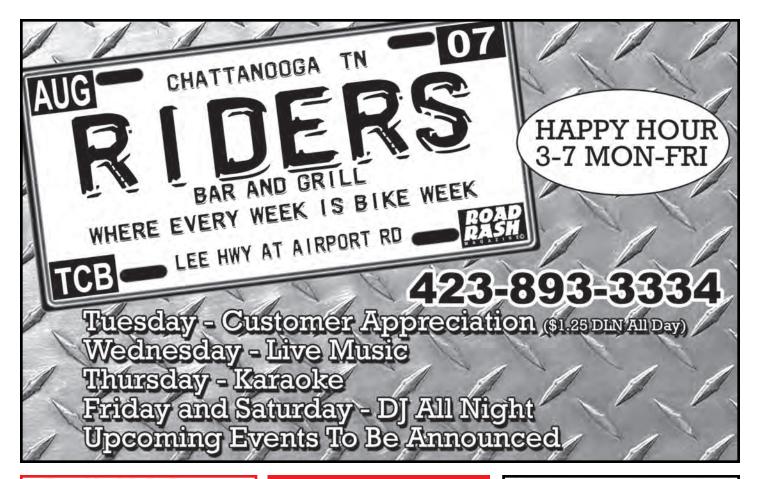
Tony Shrader: 423-593-5622 or orvonton1@comcast.net Ringgold, GA

ARVILLE "DOODLE" DRENNAN MEMORIAL RIDE Catoosa County DFCS - FBO -10 a.m. Shay: googoo227@catt.com or www.cfapa.org

OCTOBER 10-16

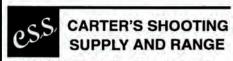
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SEPTEMBER 20, 2008



REMEMBRANCE MOTORCYCLE RIDE























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PART 2 of 3

Note: Parts one and two of this series explored downtown Chattanooga and a piece of history many locals are not aware of, the fact that the downtown area was once at a lower elevation and was brought up to the current level by a massive fill project. We explored the outside and inside of some of the old buildings impacted by this massive project. Part three explores some of the well-known and influential citizens that helped shape the city into what it is today.

General John T. Wilder was the first Union officer to order his troops to shell the city of Chattanooga in the Civil War. His artillery battery fired cannonballs from their position across the river near Stringer's Ridge to the present Market Street vicinity, at least one glancing off the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church (located in that area). After the war Wilder left his home in New York and moved to Tennessee, a land he considered to be the perfect place to

live. Wilder had become a wealthy business owner but had a vision for the city of Chattanooga and wanted to be a part of that vision. He would go on to become the Postmaster and then Mayor of the same city he had recently shelled. Chattanooga is a city with an unusual characteristic when it comes to its wealthy citizens; its wealthy share much of their wealth with the city and its resources. Let's talk about two of these families.

In 1899 young and broke Chattanooga attorneys Ben Thomas and Joe Whitehead traveled to Atlanta to ask Asa Candler to sell them the exclusive rights to bottle his fountain drink invention called Coca-Cola, which he did with the stipulation they must buy the syrup from him. At that

time Candler made
of believing nothing
bottling venture and
to acquire the bottling
attorneys were so
friend wire the money
Someone would need
pay for the expense
operation and that
entered the picture. As

the huge financial mistake would ever come from the later unsuccessfully sued rights back. The young limited on funds they had a for their train tickets home. to provide the capital to of building the bottling is where John T. Lupton a result of this partnership

Lupton soon passed both Thomas and Whitehead in wealth acquired from bottling the "liquid gold" and became one of the wealthiest men in the country. Through subsequent Lupton generations the Coke wealth has remained largely in Chattanooga, but the story doesn't end with the riches remaining exclusively within the family. Through various foundations the Lupton wealth has been infused into the city of Chattanooga in various forms including the Tennessee Aquarium and other downtown riverfront projects. The Luptons had a vision for the city and the current exciting







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downtown area is largely a result of that long-term vision. The Provident Insurance Company was founded over 100 years ago by Chattanooga citizen Thomas Maclellan and



has today grown to be the largest disability insurance company in the world. The company has passed through subsequent generations to the current heirs Hugh and Nancy Maclellan, well known for their generosity while themselves living a modest lifestyle. Hugh and Nancy have always driven

older mini-vans or cars and it is quite common to see Nancy planting flowers in the Chattanooga Christian School flowerbeds. The Maclellan family shares its wealth locally as well as internationally through the Maclellan Foundation, contributing to various Christian or family oriented agencies or causes. Of all the world's foundations the Maclellan Foundation is the single largest contributor to world missions. Unbelievably, the family gives away much more than they chose to keep, because they have a vision for this community and the world.

These are but two of the many wealthy families in the city of Chattanooga who share their wealth in ways most of us will never know. This sharing of personal wealth is what sets our city apart from many other cities. Chattanooga has experienced a past full of interesting historical events and people and the last chapters, yet to be written, look to be as exciting as the first chapters. With the vision of our current leadership (Ron Littlefield, Claude Ramsey, Bob Corker, Phil Bresden, etc) we now are looking at a new chapter that will be titled "Volkswagen- It's Chattanooga!". Who knows what

impact this new venture will bring to the city but it certainly promises to be good. It is my prayer if you are someone who is in need of a good job that you soon will be wearing a VW logo on your shirt. "Hats off" to those who made this new chapter come about and their vision of what our city can become!

If you are not currently involved in some type motorcycle group, ministry, or club, you may want to consider finding

one that shares your vision. In becoming a member you may just be the person they need to help them in reaching their goals, by being a part of their vision.

Do you have a vision for your life or is it your philosophy "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die"? It is my prayer that you will embrace a vision, and that vision is centered on the Lord and the plan He has for your life.



"Now go out and play in the streets!"

"Under His Wings"

Eddie Rahm

edtennga@bellsouth.net

PS: For more information of the prominent citizens of Chattanooga, their ancestry, and the impact they have had on the city I highly recommend the book Old Money New South by Dean W. Arnold.





Views & News from the Dragon & Skyway

What a ride I had yesterday. I've been veering off my usual routes a little. I toured the Smokey Mountain National Park including the famous Cades Cove loop. The park is located only

about 25 miles from the Dragon. Now, this is not one of my usual routes. It is too crowded with too many restrictions for me. For my riding style, it has too many mini vans and SUV's full of sightseers. But I am told that some folks like that kind of thing. SMNP is the most visited national park in the country and every mini van East of the Mississippi must have been there that sunny Sunday. Many bikes were also enjoying the scenery.

My tastes have changed over the years. I used to like to slow down, smell the flowers and view the views, but something has come over me these last few years living here in motorcycle heaven. I have the need to hang off the side of my Geezer Glide, as I look at the curves of asphalt, not the scenery.

July has been "Mike the tour guide" month. Each weekend I had riders/potential clients following me around my mountain twisties. One group of riders had three motor officers in it, but none of them challenged my lead or riding style. Actually, I was called "a legend" by one guy (who had never ridden with me, but had been told about my riding style). After two days of following me on twisty mountain roads through Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee, he thanked me for pushing him to be a better rider... and the legend will go on!

STEEL SIDES

STATE SIDES

STATE

We tried something new once with me coaching the new Dragon and Skyway riders on the radio. Only one didn't get it, and was choppered off the top of the Skyway. So I now start out the pre-ride meeting with the chant "This thing of ours is dangerous" just to get their attention. It seems to be working, as the feedback from the riders has been great. Several riders said I should be getting paid for my coaching and tour guiding. Yeah, I know I should be getting paid for writing too... Maybe someday. The whole idea of this 2WheelRealtor thing and me writing this column is to get paid. Perhaps 1 in 10 of these riders I show around my mountain twisties might get bitten by the same bug I was. The "Ineedtoridetwisties" bug! You see, some of these riders have said they envy me for living in such a nice riding destination. Duh... how about joining me? Then maybe I can continue to ride for a living.

Speaking of that, check out my new Web site, www. MotorcycleProperty.com. The site will specialize in motorcycle-friendly properties, not just homes, but biker businesses for sale also. Also, check out my new video and sign up for my mailing list. Then you can place a face and voice with these words.

The emails, comments and calls are still coming in from last month's column featuring the "Girl Scouts MC." It tells me you guys are reading my words. Keep the emails and calls coming!

Keep your head and eyes up and twist the throttle!

Mike Ginocchi

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Joe Cool's Biker Health

Hey Road Rash readers, did you know that you could achieve improved physical conditioning without ever entering a gym or health club? That is right. You do not have to spend money on

membership dues, sign long term contracts, use your valuable time and gasoline by going any where outside your home for a great work-out routine.

For many people, a health club is the best place to go for all their exercise needs. Most facilities will have all the state-of-the-art equipment designed to give an overall aerobic and anaerobic workout. Treadmills, stationary bikes, weight machines, free weights, and the ever-popular aerobic classes are offered to meet the needs of it's clientele.

However, there are many people who are not members of fitness clubs because it is not the best resource for them. Going to a fitness facility may not be convenient due to schedules, time constraints, or location. Some people do not like to exercise in a crowded gym. Some may feel intimidated and insecure due to a lack of experience with weight training equipment. Others may feel intimidated being in the presence of the muscle-bound patrons of the gym.

You can create an activity schedule that will effectively improve your muscle tone, increase your metabolism,

lower body fat, decrease inches, lower stress and gain self-confidence (the best feeling) within the comfort of your own home. It is very easy to get started. Set aside 30-45 minutes a day for yourself. Start with a brisk walk in your neighborhood. Ten minutes out your front door and ten minutes back gives you an effective 20-minute aerobic activity. Purchase some inexpensive hand weights (three to 10 pounds) for some light strength and endurance muscle training. Or you can use books, canned goods, milk bottles, or anything you can hold in your hand that you can move with resistance. Movement

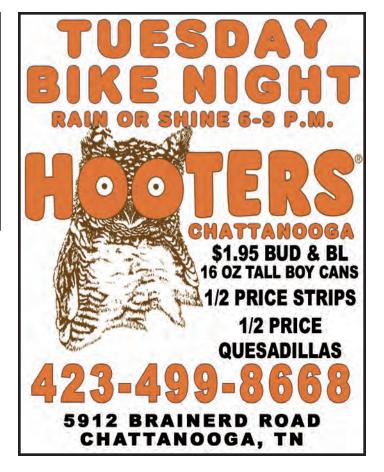
is not even necessary to improve your muscle condition. Contraction with out movement can improve muscle tone. Isometrics is the tightening of muscles without movement of connected joints. Push against a wall, press your hands together in front of your chest, or flex those buns will sitting in traffic. Muscle contraction can be achieved anywhere.

Push-ups, crunches, sit-ups, pull-ups, chair dips, squats, lunges or climbing the stairs are a few examples of ways to tone and reshape your body with out expensive equipment. Anyone with a video player and a little floor space can enjoy yoga, Pilates, or any type of aerobic class right in the comfort of your own living room. Or you can simply turn on your favorite tunes and dance all over the house. If you have the means to buy home exercise equipment, make sure it is being used as it designed. Also, exercise on the machine. Do not make it into a clothes hanger or let it collect dust in the corner of your den.

I train people in their homes regularly, and often my clients have no equipment. All that is needed is a little floor space and the desire for self-improvement. I can guarantee a rigorous and fun workout. Any regular activity that







expends energy will help to improve your health and wellbeing. Do not let excuses get in your way. If you exercise in the gym or at home, find something that you enjoy doing fits which into your schedule, then stick to it. Remember to take good care of your self. Because, if you won't, who will?

Be cool. Stay cool.

"Joe Cool" Wiram Exercise Physiologist Healthwize1@aol.com







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MY TRIP TO CANADA

This year, our group took a trip to Canada. We stayed in a wonderful private lodge on Indian Lake just past Vermillion Bay. The general format for our vacations is that my wife, Amelia, flies to a central location while I ride the beast to pick her up. This way she gets a full week with both leading and trailing weekends.

The (my) first day was a relatively easy 650 miles by interstate to Minunk, Illinois. I stayed there for the night and then went due west to the Mississippi. Actually, the route is "the Great River Road." The best was Highway 35 out of Dubuque. The route is exceptionally early Americana... however, if you want to make time, this is not the route to take. It has simply too much to see! And there are some great twisties along the way. It will take all of 13 hours non-stop to make 500 miles. I made it to Minneapolis the second day and stayed with my friends Mike and Mary. The next day, Mary picked up Amelia at the airport and we all had a great meal at the Blacksmith in Hugo, Minnesota.

The next morning, Jim and Jan came over and we left for International Falls. We crossed the Canadian border from there into Fort Frances after a visit to the "duty free" store. Crossing into Canada was a relatively simple process. Some bikers along the way had forewarned us that they had to show Canadian Non-Resident Proof of Insurance cards. We did not have them and had never heard of them. A quick call to our relative insurance companies verified that they could be required, so we had them faxed to our motel and proceeded on through customs without incident. Our guess was that since the other guys looked a little rough, they were questioned longer!

We then continued our ride to Dreyden, Ontario and met up with friends of our other two thirds. Terry and Pam are excellent cooks and we did feast indeed. They went with us to the lodge, brought food to prepare and again, we did feast. Canadian



barbeque ribs? Yeah!
They were outstanding!
We had that and a
fantastic salad, followed
by much merriment.
The liquid libation
liberally flowed and we
had an all-night sing
fest of songs of the
1950's and 1960's, all
accompanied by Terry
on acoustic guitar. All
this on an enclosed
deck overlooking
Indian Lake. It was

incredible. The lodge was approximately 4,000 square feet with two opposing lofts. It was exceptional in every way: hand-carved bar with recessed lighting, whole tree trunks for exposed beams the width of the lodge, etc. Terry and Pam went back to Dreyden the next day. The rest of us rented boats and took off in search of Macintosh Dam. There is a series of lakes beginning with Indian Lake, then Edwards Lake, through the chute to Whitney Lake, through the narrows to Cobble Lake, then Bladder Lake, more narrows to Boulder Lake and Little Boulder Lake then to the dam. Our first effort to follow the chain of lakes was rained out with really cold blowing rain, but the second day we had better luck.

We reluctantly left after three days and headed back to International Falls. Our route took us through Sioux Narrows, Ontario and by Rushing River falls. Lining the road everywhere in Canada are stone piles, which are known locally as inukshuk. These originally were used by the Inuit for guidance in the Arctic; now the locals attribute them to a summons to the spirits for guidance on a path of righteousness through life. The roads are great but the speed limits are quite slow, usually about 50 mph. The lakes are everywhere! All of them were crystal clear and you can see probably 30 feet down in many of them. Our day stopped in Virginia, Minnesota. We met up with Jim's sister Denise and her husband Gerry who joined us to ride for several days. We left Virginia on 169 North then 21 to 1 in Ely. We then followed Hwy 1 to 61 North on the coast of Lake Superior. We continued north

and stayed in Grand Marais, MN. The routes 21 and 1 were in really remote forests (almost enchanted, really). It is timber wolf country and truly desolate. Grand Marais, on the other hand, is quite nice. It was a very small town with many saloons and a lot of yuppies. Not us, of course! We merely took advantage of the watering holes.

Lake Superior itself is the largest freshwater lake in the world. All the lakes combined cover 94,680 square miles. The lakes are so vast that they create their own weather. We left Grand Marais the next day and took the scenic coastal route to Duluth. On the way, we stopped at Split Rock Lighthouse. Built as a result of the storm of 1908. Waves there have been known to break up to the top of the rock, which is over 100 feet tall!

Duluth is also a wonderful place, particularly in the Canal area. There is a bridge there which lets in mammoth oceangoing ships. The neat part is that the entire road lifts up on both sides of the canal to let the ships go through. We left Duluth the next day on Veteran's Memorial Highway. A remarkable monument in memory of all veterans overlooks some mountains. It consists of a circular wall about three feet tall. It has monuments all around it commemorating different events in history. If you stand in the exact middle, on the central stone, you can hear yourself speak in stereo. It's a really strange phenomenon!

We stopped at a small community (it had a bank on one side of the road and many folks on the other side). They were celebrating "Duquette Days." Kids were driving restored tractors and all were waiting to join the parade. Later that day, a four-wheeler pull would be featured. Caravans of trucks pulling trailers full of four-wheelers were everywhere.

On down the road a bit was another town: Kerrick. It had one building and it turned out to be "Lobo's Den." We stopped for breakfast, but couldn't make up our minds what we wanted. The owner suggested we try her special Bloody Mary, which

she made Saturday and Sunday mornings only. She said we probably would not want breakfast after finishing one of them! A huge glass filled to the brim accompanied by a beer chaser! It included cheese-filled celery, four green onions, a large spear pickle, several queen olives and some boiled shrimp! It was truly outstanding. However, each member of our group has a rather excellent appetite, so



we ordered breakfast anyway. I think we could have skipped breakfast, had our arms twisted (that's enough!) and stayed there a tad longer.

We went from there to Stacy's bar (Stacy, MN) where Gerry and Denise left us. Our original group then headed into Hugo (home base), retrieved some of our stuff from Mike's, and went to White Bear Lake and stayed with Jim and Jan. I left early the next morning (Sunday) to ride the beast back to Ooltewah. Amelia was taken to the airport for a flight back to Chattanooga. She arrived Sunday afternoon. I arrived Monday at noon.

In total, I put 3,650 miles on the bike. I used 81.18 gallons of gas and got 44.96 miles per gallon. That's on a Royal Star V-4 fully loaded, riding "two-up" most of the time.

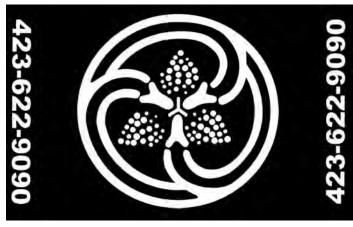
This is the third scooter vacation we have taken with these

This is the third scooter vacation we have taken with these friends. The first was the same route Rock took this year out west. The second was through Arkansas and the Missouri Ozarks. We are already contemplating our next adventure.

Sandy Hodges

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ROAD RASH MAGAZINE - CHATTANOOGA AREA MOTORCYCLE EVENTS

WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

Imagine you are having a heart attack and go to the hospital. As you go through Emergency room, you are told that they are calling in the "Cardiac Cath Lab" team. There is a rush of emotions running through your mind. Who are these people? What are they going to do to me? Are we going to get along? Do they get along with one another? The next thing you know, a couple of guys come in and introduce themselves as RN's from the Cath lab. A series of background questions are asked. The procedure is explained. Then, as you are heading down the hall, the question comes out, "Do you guys ride?"

That last question is asked a lot of times. At the Parkridge Medical Center Cardiac Cath lab, you'll find that most of us are motorcycle enthusiasts. Out of the nine who work in the lab, five ride. We have several types of bikes. Dave has a new Goldwing, Doug and Jim have their Kawasaki's, and Jeff and I rumble away on our VTXs. Even those at work who don't own a bike still like to ride or are affiliated with someone who does. One the girls has a husband who races motocross and qualified for the Loretta Lynn Nationals last year. Everyone always comes back to work after their day off talking about where they rode, or what they've done to modify their bike. We are always talking about modifications that we want to do or going to do to our bikes. We just enjoy riding and doing things with our bikes. We don't care what you ride - just as long as you ride.

It's an interesting combination of professionalism and personal enjoyment when we find out one of our patients ride. Many times while we getting a patient prepped and we have been talking about riding you can see their anxiety level go down. We talk about rides, listen to their rides and take mental notes for future rides. There have been many times when patients have told us, "I feel better knowing you guys ride/have motorcycles." We ask; "Why?" The usual answer is we as motorcyclist are a family and take care of one another. We will take care of anyone who comes through our doors but there is that personal connection you when you have the same interests as your patient.

The job itself is stressful. Many times a patient's life maybe at risk, so it helps to have common interests with the people you work with. We go on rides together. We will go to each other's homes to help with an upgrade or a fix. All these things bring us closer together as a team and as friends. Just a couple of weeks ago, a few of us took the day to go for a ride. We rode the Foothills Parkway, and the Tail of the Dragon before lunch. Then we came back via The Hellbender and the Cherohala Parkway. It was a great day of riding and friendship. Others from the lab have rode the Blueridge Parkway and to Florida a couple of times. Later this year, we plan on going to Myrtle Beach Bike week. While we're on the road we like to eat! A rule of thumb is if there are cars there - it must be pretty good.

Although, we would prefer to meet you on the road, if you need us, we'll be there. And usually, it is our bikes that get us there.

Kevin Rich BS,RN,RCIS



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I Met Carlton the Door Man

By James M. Dunn Jr.

Biketoberfest is an event that occurs in Daytona Beach, Florida the third weekend of October. This event originated in 1993 and has grown into an attraction for approximately one hundred thousand bikers annually. Biketoberfest is one of the premier biking events that occur each year. Bikers talk, making plans, from the time Bikeweek ends until time to leave for Biketoberfest in October.

For those of you that aren't familiar with bikers, they are not the villains you see in the movies or on television. Bikers account for thousands of dollars in charitable contributions throughout the United States each year. They spend countless hours working for veterans rights, legislation on behalf of POW/MIA's, and motorcycle safety. They present an image of the tough, rough, and rowdy, due largely to the wearing of the denim and leather. This dress is chiefly for protection in the event of an accident. Bikers tend to stay to themselves, at least most of them. They will generally speak when spoken too, or some even instigate conversation. Most bikers are just normal people who stick with their own, people of a like mind that enjoy motorcycling.

My wife and I, being the motorcycle enthusiasts we are,

My wife and I, being the motorcycle enthusiasts we are, made the trip to Daytona in October 2000. I had to ride to Daytona. No way we were going to trailer the bike to this event, and it was a nice ride. I achieved a nice sunburn on my face and it got a bit nippy on Wednesday night from Atlanta to

Macon, but it was enjoyable.

We arrived in Daytona at three in the afternoon. A friend that made the trip with us was to meet another friend at the Harley dealership, and they were going to camp for the weekend. This should have been an indication as to how our weekend would progress. The person he was to meet never materialized. So he accompanied us to our hotel. At the hotel he called a cell number, with no success. Many of our other friends were staying at this same hotel, so the friend that had ridden with us visited with them until he finally reached the individual with whom he was camping.

That evening was nice. We went to Main Street, where motorcyclists line the street with their motorcycles. They line each side of the street as tight as you can park. All night other bikes ride up and down Main Street. You see some pretty bizarre things. We saw a guy that had his cat riding with him. The cat was across his helmet, and of course the cat had his helmet and goggles on as well. You have the ladies that wear their chaps with thong bathing suits, maybe, and the occasional breast flash. Beer vendors line the street with courtyard taverns set up and scantily clad women serving beer from large coolers. People sit in the taverns listening to music and watching other people wander up and down the sidewalks, or the bikes in the street. The wanderers shop the bikes lined on the street, or stop in at an occasional vendor to look at the leather goods.



They are all bikers: all friends due to common interest.

The following evening we had plans to go to dinner with a few of our friends. We were to meet in the lobby and walk the few blocks to a restaurant. Since I was ready to go and my wife was almost ready, I walked over to the door to step out and wait on the porch. I reached for the doorknob, turned and pulled. Nothing happened. The door wouldn't budge. I checked the lock. It was unlocked, so I turned and pulled again still nothing. We were locked in our room. The room was on the second floor and about midways out to the beach. This meant we were almost three stories up. I yelled across the room to my wife with explanation about the door, so she came over immediately. At once she tried the door, thinking me the inept fool she usually thinks that I am. That probably comes from me joking around quite a bit. She tugged on the door and guess what, it wouldn't open. So at that moment she concluded I might be right, something was wrong with the door. We decided that we should call the front desk and see what they recommended. Keep in mind that I have an image to uphold as a big, tough biker... and I couldn't even get out of the room. So, I had the wife call the desk. When she explained the circumstance to the desk clerk, the other end went silent for a moment. Then she said, "They're laughing." When the clerk came back on line, she told my wife that they would send maintenance to our room. In the mean time we called our friends and explained to them that we were locked in our room. It was getting a bit embarrassing.

After a wait of about fifteen minuets we heard a knock at

the door. I went to the door and said, "yeah." The reply was, "maintenance, what seems to be the problem?" I explained that the door was stuck, or the knob mechanism will not disengage. He chuckled and went to work trying to turn the knob and open the door to no avail. The door would not open. Cleverly he noted, "The door won't open." A sign of warning, I assure you. He continued working for a few more minutes and with the help of his screwdriver he managed to open the door. He came into the room, shut the door and said, "There. It was just stuck." Standing before me was a fellow in cutoff shorts, shoulder length hair, and a faded t-shirt that must have been five or six years old. His wardrobe did not include shoes. He looked as though we had just pulled him from preparations to take his surfboard straight to the beach. His speech was a laid-back southern surfer-boy drawl. I looked at him and stated, "You just shut the door." Without any emotion he turned and twisted the knob and pulled on the door. It would not open. He chuckled and said, "It won't open." I threw up my hands and shrugged. Now there were three of us locked in the room and one of them was the maintenance crew of one. As he scratched his head and pondered the situation, a sudden realization came to him, and in a half-stoned voice he said, "I'll remove the hinge pins." He wasn't necessarily talking to us as much as he was talking to himself. Then he chuckled to himself again and removed the pins. Using his screwdriver he pried the door from the frame. Setting the door aside he turned and with a look as though he had just accomplished world peace he said, "There!" Thinking another moment he said, "I will get another knob and replace this one, back in a jiffy." We told him we had friends waiting for us, but he disappeared down the porch walkway. Here we sat in our room with no door. Every passerby could look into the room. I kept waiting for one to walk in to see if anyone was home.

We called our friends to tell them of our latest adventure and that we would be just a few more minutes. We sat, looked down the walkway, and waited. Twenty minutes later still no Surfer maintenance man. Finally after thirty minutes he came stumbling into the room, appearing as though he had a refurbished high. He then replaced the door knob, tried it a few times to be sure it would open and close, handed us the new key, and he was gone.

James M. Dunn Jr.



ROAD RASH MAGAZINE - CHATTANOOGA AREA MOTORCYCLE EVENTS



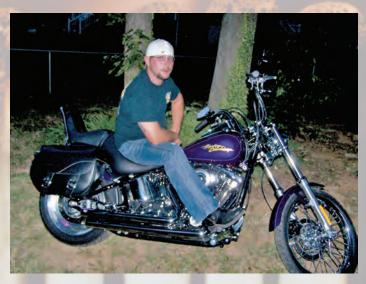
My good friend Lana Farmer nominated Bridgeport Alabama diesel mechanic Brandon Rogers for our Hot Seat feature quite a while back, and I apologize for not getting him in here sooner. It's just that some people are harder to track down than others. Luckily, I'm a crack shot with a tranquilizer gun and after just a few months of monitoring his every movement, I was able to "arrange an interview." Let's see how Brandon does answering our 10 infamous Hot Seat questions:

1) Do you have any nicknames, and if so, how did you get them?

Well... I have been called several names, but I'm not so sure they were nicknames. I was a little wild in my teenage years. However, that's all changed now.

2) When did you first start riding motorcycles, and what was your first bike?

I got my first bike at the age of 4, and my wife and I just bought our first Harley in December 2007. It's a 2008 Softail Custom.





3) What was your longest road trip on a bike, and did anything interesting happen?

To my hometown Murphy, North Carolina. It's a beautiful place and an awesome ride. I plan on going to Sturgis this year.

4) Do any other members of your family participate in motorcycling?

Yes, my dad has a Harley, but it's a Papaw bike. My wife Lindsey rides with me. Our daughter Havyn also likes to ride.

5) Have you ever had any serious wrecks?

Not on a motorcycle, but I have had several fourwheeler accidents. I've suffered a broke back and collar bone.

6) Have you ever been discriminated against because you ride a motorcycle?

Not really. A lot of people give you dirty looks just because you look like a rough biker. Biker's are very good to our community. There are always bike rides for someone in need.

7) Have you enjoyed special benefits because you ride a motorcycle?

Yes I have! A very good benefit is putting only four gallons of "liquid gold" into the tank.

8) What is your favorite type of riding and what is your favorite local route (within 100 miles)?

I like to ride wide open! I am a "throttle junkie" as my wife would say. My favorite ride is through the Ocoee. It's a beautiful ride in car, but on a bike it's awesome.

9) On average, how many miles do you ride

each year?

I haven't owned my bike for very long, however, I have a 200-mile round trip drive to work everyday so I will be putting many miles on the bike in years to come. On pretty days I always ride my bike to work. It's much cheaper on gas and I enjoy the ride.

10) If you could change one thing about the motorcycling community, what would it be?

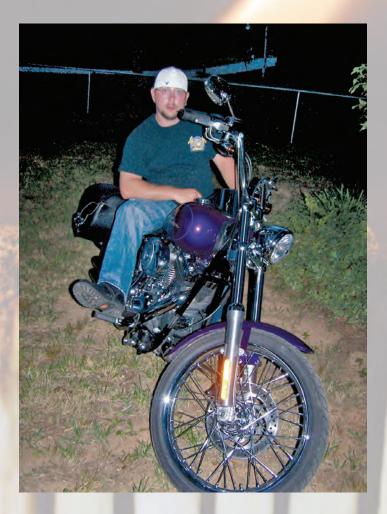
I would have to say drunk drivers operating automobiles and motorcycles. Also, older drivers who do not pay attention to bikers.

Well, it looks like Brandon did pretty good answering our questions. I'd like to thank his lovely

wife Lindsey for luring him out in the open, and for providing the photos you see here. We couldn't have pulled it off without someone "on the inside!"

If you know of someone you'd like to nominate for our Hot Seat feature, or if you have any other suggestions, shoot an email to me at tomthebomb@roadrashmag.com or give me a call at 423-322-0223.

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