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Admission is \$30/person in advance, \$40/person at the gate. NO EXTRA CHARGES.

Admission includes primitive camping (no RV hook-ups), Free HOT SHOWERS, and entertainment all weekend. No children under 21, no pets, no glass containers, no attitudes, no kidding.

For sponsorship, general event information, and directions, go to www.roadrashmag.com, e-mail tomthebomb@roadrashmag.com,

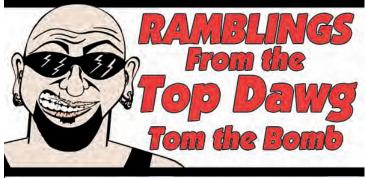
> or call (423) 322-0223. For vendor information, call 423-400-2635.



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I would like to ask all of our readers (21 and older) to come help us celebrate eight years of Road Rash Magazine at our anniversary bike rally, The Road Rash Bash, August 14-16 in South Pittsburg, Tennessee. We will have close to a dozen live bands, a bike show, motorcycle rodeo events, biker games, crazy contests, primitive camping, hot showers, cool venders and a really good time - all within an easy riding distance and for one low price. If you buy your tickets now on our Web site, you can get them for \$30 a piece (opposed to \$40 a piece at the gate). I don't know of a better time or a friendlier bunch of people to spend a weekend with. Still not sure? Check out the pics we have posted from last year. We have at least five Bash galleries on our site including some great pics of people you know mud wrestling, sucking pickles, waddling around with plungers between their knees, and partying hardy in the campground. We are also looking for more volunteers... so if you don't mind working the gate, security or clean-up detail, let us know and we can waive your admission fee! Our "Find The Lost Tag" contest we've been running for the last few months has gotten a really big response. We have been

Our "Find The Lost Tag" contest we've been running for the last few months has gotten a really big response. We have been taking a custom made motorcycle tag and hiding it somewhere in our distribution area, giving clues to it's whereabouts in the magazine, and offering prizes to whoever can return it to our office. I can't tell you how many people have come up to me asking if anyone had found it yet that month and begging me for more clues. The staff and I have had several discussions on rules and regulations for the contest... and it's injected some more fun and excitement into an already fun job.

The contest also caught the attention of J.D. Oliver (owner of Jim Oliver's Smokehouse Restaurant and Resort) and he

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

"Tom the Bomb" Blevins Reverand Booger Gary Boyd Sandy Hodges Ronnie "Rock" Land Rah Rah

Eddie Rahm Keith "Angel" Riddle "Joe Cool" Wiram Robert Zorn YOUR NAME HERE

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHY

"Tom the Bomb" Blevins Jimmy "Moleman"Cornett Alan "BooBoo" Kelley Ronnie "Rock" Land Bruce Pirtle Eddie Rahm approached us asking to be a sponsor. So... Now I'm pleased to announce J.D. has really upped the prize packages! Now, for finding and returning our "Lost Tag," (thanks to J.D.'s generosity) you'll also win dinner for two at the Smokehouse Restaurant, a night's stay in one of their really cool cabins (queen or king sized bed, mountain stone fireplace, hot tub... see the center spread of the June issue) and a sixpack of beer or soda. I mean ... if you've been wanting to take your ole lady, ole man or whoever out for a mini vacation but don't want to spend the money - all you have to do now is be the first one to figure out our clues! Most people who check out the Smokehouse have agreed it's just as much or more fun than spending a night in Gatlinburg and a lot easier on the pocketbook.

Still too difficult for you? How's this... We've simplified the rules, narrowed down the area to search, and will give clues starting from one location. Starting this month, we will keep the lost tag within 25 miles of Jim Oliver's Smokehouse (on Monteagle Mountain), ask that you return it to Jim Oliver's (instead of our office), give our clues starting from the front entrance of their restaurant, and immediately announce when we have a winner by posting it on our Web site (www.roadrashmag. com) and sending out a notice to those who have signed up on our email list. Check out the ad on page 6 for more information, and get ready for some friendly competition!

This time of year is always chocked full of motorcycle-related events. One look at our Event Listings will show there are plenty of rides, runs, partys and benefits every weekend to keep even the most energetic of us occupied and entertained. Please do your best to participate in as many organized events as you can. Not only are they fun social events, but they also raise money for worthy causes and offer the general community a more honest look at our (motorcyclists) character.

Also, please make it a point to know and patronize Road Rash advertisers, as their support pays the magazine's bills and makes it possible for us to do the things we do for the community: offering news, entertainment and information as well as furthering worthy causes and the local motorcycling lifestyle. This month, if each of our readers were to let at least one of our advertisers know they appreciate their efforts; it would make a world of difference. Will you do your part?

Well... I'm releasing you into your own custody. Don't forget to take time smell the roses. This month, take some time out, let the sun warm your back and say a prayer of thanks, because bikers have more fun than people do!

Keep it twisted!





"Tom the Bomb" Blevins Top Dawg / Editor / Partner

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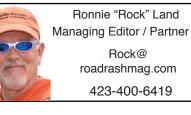


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Julie "Pebbles" Land Proof Reader &











CAP or BEENIE!

LEELVOD SYL LEOT ESTOR! EXICUS

We will be hiding the Road Rash lost tag each month.

Find it and win a FREE CABIN FOR A NIGHT, DINNER FOR TWO, and a SIX PACK from our good friends at Jim Oliver's Smokehouse.





Take 41 Alt S .8 mi. Go Left. Go 8 mi. then Right. When you start up the mountain (about 6 mi.) start looking to your right. You're almost there, keep looking!



Turn the LOST TAG in to the cashier at the Smokehouse to redeem your prize & get your pic taken with JD Oliver for the next month's magazine.

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RoadRashMag.com



Location: Rock's garage at Quick Tees. Time: 8:30 A.M., Monday, May 25, 2009

Rock's HD: Hey Wing, what's this I overheard about Reverend Booger's bike writing an article for the Rash in June?

Rock's Wing: Yeah, I heard something about that, but I haven't got to read it yet.

HD: What a crock of crap! Why haven't we been asked to write something, after all, we belong to the managing editor? We should have more pull than the Boogster.

Wing: I know, but Rock is so opinionated, he'll never give up his space to give us a shot at stardom.

HD: I know he won't give me a chance. I've only been around for seven months, but, my relatives have told me all about him. He's been riding them for years. They've told me all his dirty little secrets and I can tell you that they're not pretty.

Wing: Yeah, I've only been around for a few months, but I've

heard things too. He's a real piece of work. HD: By the way Wing, where did you go last weekend, I haven't seen you since Friday.

Wing: You know that daddy likes me best. I had the pleasure of hauling him and the Mrs to Asheville on Saturday. BooBoo



and Little Bit came along flying my twin. It rained, but you know how good I handle in the rain. Not to mention the added protection of my cozy cockpit. Daddy was as snug as a bug in a rug.

HD: Shut up nerd. You're not a real motorcycle, you're just a passing fancy. My tribe has been in his blood for decades, me or one of my relatives will always have a place in his garage. You, on the other hand, could be gone tomorrow. You better be on your best behavior, you know he's got a temper and has very little patience with screw ups. Wing: Don't get so cocky, tough guy, you better hope he





never has to choose, you might just be out on the street. Then he'll replace all those Harley t-shirts with Winger Wear. **HD**: No way Jose. If he got rid of his Harley tees, he'd have nothing but Road Rash clothing to wear. I can tell you for a fact that he doesn't even have one Honda shirt in his closet. **Wing**: I'll give you that, but give him time. He'll be sporting a Honda wing on his chest before it's over. On the way to Asheville we all stopped in Dillsboro for lunch. When he took off his coveralls he had a HD shirt on under it. I have never been so embarrassed. A guy coming out of the restaurant even had the nerve to say something to daddy about it. Dad just quipped that he wears what he wants to wear, end of story. The guy laughed and shrugged it off.

HD: He would never embarrass me that way, he has more respect for me than that.

Wing: Oh yeah, well tell me that you weren't embarrassed when I rolled in next to you a couple of months ago. I know that must have gotten your goat.

HD: Moleman had more trouble with you than I did. He was in shock for weeks. As far as I'm concerned it's just more nap time for me. A little down time never hurt anyone.

Wing: I have noticed Moleman looking at me more and more with a lustful look in his eye. I know he wonders what I'm all about. He knows that his ole friend doesn't impress that easily, so there must be something more to me than just a pretty face.

HD: You're a fancy pants, I'll give you that.

Wing: You know I'm going to be the "chosen one" for the big trip this summer.

HD: He wouldn't do that to me. Well . . . maybe he would. I haven't been on a long trip since you showed up.

Wing: There's a reason for that big guy. If I have to explain,

you couldn't understand.

HD: That's a copyrighted Harley saying Wing nut. It's sacrilege for you to even think those words much less say them out loud.

Wing: Lighten up Hauly, I said "couldn't understand" not "wouldn't understand". Besides, haven't you ever heard of the First Amendment?

HD: That doesn't apply to machinery, pretty boy. **Wing**: Well, it should, I've got a lot of controversial things to say. I may look mainstream, but I'm really a rebel rouser, a wolf in sheep's clothing. I eat other touring machines for lunch.

HD: Ok, Ok, I've heard enough Wing ding, I might just have to kick your a##.

Wing: Bring it on trailer trinket. Catch me if you can. **Rock**: What the h#*#, pipe down in here, I couldn't get anything done for all the chatter.

Wing: Daddy likes me best, daddy likes me best. HD: NO, dad likes me best.

Rock: I've got work to do guys, why can't you both just get along? I'm turning off the light, go to sleep. I'll ride you home tonight HD.

HD: (sticking dipstick out) I told you dad likes me best.

Until next month, LTRNTT

Rock & Kids

rock@roadrashmag.com









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.



My wife Martha Rouse died as a result of our Harley wreck April 28, 2009 in Pensacola, Florida. We were on route to Gulf Shores, Alabama for a couple of nights and then on to Panama City for Thunder on the Beach. She had ridden with me almost 81,000 miles since 1993. She loved to ride the back roads and that is where we traveled. Unknown to us, the rear tire would fail as we crossed under I-10 on old Highway 29. Something entered the tire and exited out the sidewall causing a large hole and an instant flat with the tire coming off the rim.

If she were here today she would say, "Ride on my friends. Enjoy every mile as I have. If you have to leave this earthly life, be doing something you love. Watch out for others, ride smart, avoid the rain, darkness, fog, other drivers, and avoid every road hazard - as it could cost you your life."

A memorial fund is being set up in Pensacola to create housing for people who find themselves in need while loved ones are in ICU. It will be called "Martha's Vineyard." It is going to be a LLC 503-c endeavor, so any donation can be tax-deductible.

Thank God the Christian Motorcycle Association (many chapters) turned out to house and care for me and my family members during the 14 days of critical care.

So many roads, so little time! You can contact me at Rousest@charter.net.

Thanks, **Steve Rouse**



After a sun-filled day fit for anything outdoors, the evening of Friday, May 29 promised to be an evening of music, food, friends and relaxation as the inaugural 2009 Sundown series, presented by Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson, was set to kickoff for the summer. Riders from across the area were beginning to converge on Thunder Creek in anticipation of recovering from the work week's problems,

burdens and sundry activities. Among that number, were Jimmie and Floyd DeVaney. Jimmie served as 2009 Director of the Thunder Creek Harley Owners Group Chapter and anxiously looked forward to kicking off the riding season with this annual social gathering.



Jimmie and Floyd rode their own bikes that night, bolstered by 40+ years of riding experience and enjoyment.

As anyone riding two or three wheels knows, danger can be lurking around the next bend in the road or just over the next hilltop. Such was the situation that Friday evening with Jimmie and Floyd as they were making their way to Thunder Creek H-D by way of Mountain View Road, which closely parallels I-75 in the Ooltewah area. They had just topped a slight rise in the roadway and as they approached the intersection of Mountain View, Ooltewah-Georgetown and Blanche Roads they encountered a vehicle crossing Mountain View road directly in their path. Often times, everything that happens in this kind of situation is never known and we only see the resulting action. Jimmie and Floyd both took evasive action in an attempt to avoid the vehicle and steer themselves to safety. Sadly, in spite of their best efforts and reactions born from years of training and experience, they both were unable to avoid colliding with the vehicle.

Jimmie suffered very serious head injuries and Floyd sustained numerous broken bones and lacerations. Both were airlifted to Erlanger Hospital in critical condition. Floyd underwent emergency surgery to correct problems from his injuries while Jimmie tenaciously clung to life in the Trauma Intensive Care Unit. For several days, multitudes of people descended upon the hospital to support Jimmie and Floyd's families while prayers for their survival and recovery were offered through tears of hope. Sadly, Jimmie could not overcome the seriousness of her injuries and succumbed to them peacefully Wednesday, June 3. Floyd continues to slowly travel his long, arduous road to recovery in a local hospital.

In addition to the hundreds of friends Jimmie made over the years, she left behind her husband of 34+ years, Floyd DeVaney, a sister, Lisa Denham, stepmother, Lois Ford, brother-in-law, David DeVaney, sister-in-law, Caroline DeVaney and several nephews.

Those who knew Jimmie knew of her vivacious person-

ality and zest for life. Jimmie was extremely tender-hearted and compassionate towards her friends, children of all ages and pets, in spite of her image of "riding a motorcycle". Jimmie fed many passions in her life including her family and friends, her dogs and riding her motorcycle. Particu-



larly close and precious to Jimmie's heart were the kids and families that struggle daily with muscular dystrophy. Jimmie nurtured numerous close relationships with many of the kids through her years of support of MDA, considering every one of them her personal heroes.

Jimmie was the first female Director of the Thunder Creek HOG Chapter, as well as the first female Road Captain. Jimmie relished her roles in the HOG Chapter through the years and considered the hundreds, if not thousands, of men and women she met through the Chapter and motorcycle riding community, in general, to be her close knit family. Jimmie possessed the type of personality that meant she never met a stranger and could always find common ground with everyone she met and relate to what they were dealing with in



their lives. Equally blessed, she had Floyd right beside her in everything she did as her strongest supporter and cheerleader. While Floyd's personality tends towards the quieter, but, strong side, Jimmie was the outgoing never-meet-astranger part of the partnership. Between the two of them, they enjoyed each other's lives and successes, as evidenced by 34+ years of marriage.

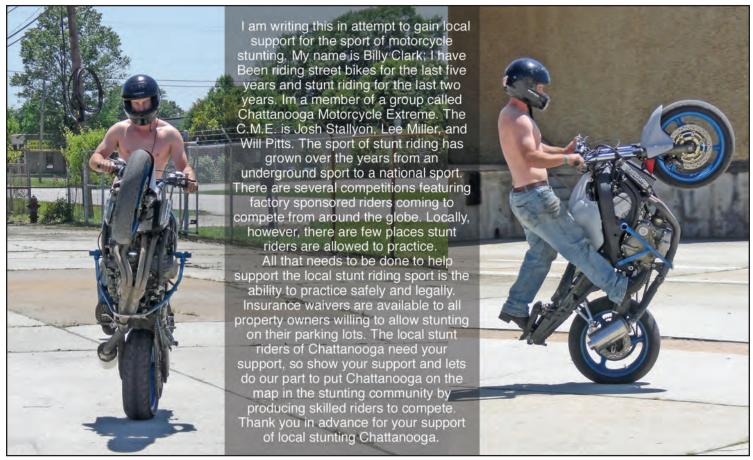
Jimmie enjoyed life to the fullest and cherished every moment with the ones she loved, while giving everyone she met her trademark smile and hug. Even in death, Jimmie continues to give life. She was an organ donor to several individuals who improved their quality of life and continue to live through Jimmie. Jimmie will be sadly missed by everyone who knew and loved her but her spirit and memory will ride with us all every time we straddle the saddle of a motorcycle.

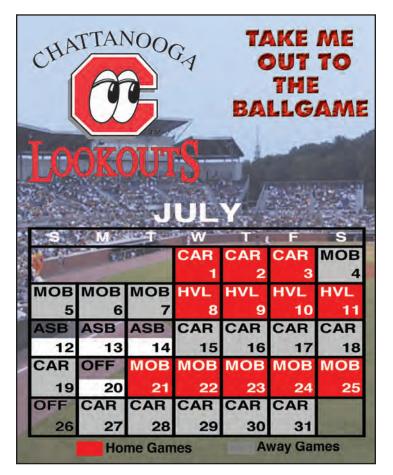
Multitudes of friends and family members continue to support and encourage Floyd as he begins his road to recovery. A memorial celebration of Jimmie's life will be announced at a later date. In the meantime, anyone wishing to remember and honor Jimmie can make donations to her favorite organization, the Muscular Dystrophy Association, 2115 Chapman Road, Suite 163, Chattanooga, TN.

In her monthly HOG Talk column, Jimmie would always close with a phrase, quote or words of wisdom that demonstrated her love of life and understanding of its frailty. Her favorite quote was – "We are each of us angels with only one wing. And we can only fly by embracing each other." – Luciano de Cresceno.

Ride Free Jimmie!













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Those of us who are involved in the production of Road Rash must continually seek new and better ways of entertaining and enlightening our faithful readers by making attempts to improve our

material. Personally, I would like to see more coverage of sport bikers and their activities, as well as those folks who ride all types of bikes who are not currently involved in a biker group of any type. I also would like to see more in the way of contests or games, to pep things up a little for our readers. So on my behalf, next month I will be adding some new inputs to our always good, but always improving

magazine. My new efforts are the following:

Mystery Photo - Next month's issue will display a mystery photo of someone "Caught on the Road" in our area. I will be scouting out spots for shots of bikers on the road and I will select





one to appear in the hard copy of Road Rash. If the owner identifies himself, including the place and date of the pic, he will receive a Road Rash prize from Quick Tees. Additionally, the mystery rider's name will be published in the



following issue of Road Rash Magazine. All of my "Caught on the Road" photos will be on the Road Rash web site for free downloading. Photo downloads are always free and our service to you.

New Faces - Next month I will begin a collage of pics taken



by me around town of folks with their bikes. Hopefully, these folks will be some new faces not currently involved in our local groups, already covered regularly in Road Rash. From folks at Nite Fall, to someone I meet





at Hardees at breakfast time, or cycle buddies at their every morning convenience store hang out, or maybe just someone fueling at the gas station. You may even see a neighbor or work



associate that you didn't know rides bikes.

Sport Bikers - This month I start on an effort to bring the sport bike crowd into our Road Rash community by adding a new section on the Road Rash web site dedicated solely to pics of sport bikers. The pics can be submitted to me via email to edtennga@bellsouth.net or may be taken by me personally.

Road Rash Racing

Team - This month I begin an attempt to start a Road Rash Racing Team. To qualify for this team, bikers must have participated in at least one Track Day, raced in at least one officially sanctioned WERA





event, or have completed at least one run at a sanctioned drag strip. Those in the club will receive some type of Road Rash Racing Team stickers for their bikes, free publicity regarding their racing efforts (including photos), and possibly



discounts for parts at some of the local dealers. Only those who qualify and who conduct themselves properly will be invited as members of the Road Rash Racing Team. Ultimately, if the proper leadership comes forward, we

would like to have formal meetings of the group.

I hope these new efforts will further enhance the appeal of Road Rash to our current readers, plus bring new folks into our family. Of course I will continue to write my Counter Steer series for those who are entertained or challenged by them.

"Now lets go out and play in the streets!"

Eddie Rahm Road Rash Magazine edtennga@bellsouth.net



Donnie Roberson - Owner 14430 Dayton Pike - Sale Creek, Tennessee (423) 451-7036

REVERAND BOOGER'S TWO-WHEELED PULPIT

Well, hello.

I would hope by the time this is being read that the rain has stopped and summer is in full swing. I have had my feel of rain for this

year. Now don't get me wrong, it didn't keep me from going anywhere I wanted to go, I just got wet going there. I know that we need the rain and that after two or three years of drought that I might have gotten a little spoiled, but enough is enough. I am sure the local weather dudes have no idea how frustrating it is to hear we have a three inch rain deficit right after you have poured three inches of water out of your boots. I have noticed that they have backed off announcing what the rain deficit is. So I can put my voodoo dolls away and let go of that resentment. With that said and before I get off on my monthly sermon. I would like to send my prayers and thoughts out to the family of Jimmie DeVaney. I had the pleasure to meet Jimmie on several occasions and she was one of those people that brought joy to everyone she met. I was terribly saddened when I heard the news. The motorcycling community lost a true ambassador.

Ok, I know most of you have ridden Highway 129 through Deals Gap, most commonly known as the dragon. If by some chance you have not ridden it, go now and we will wait for you. Now that everyone is on the same page, I feel



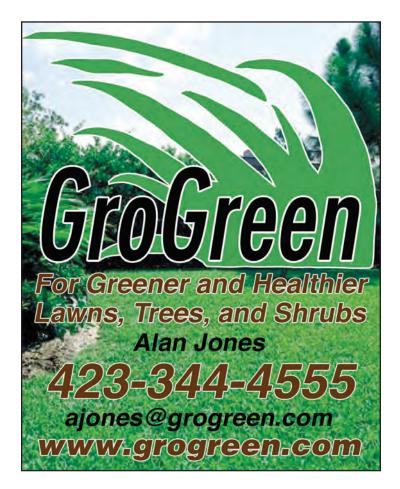
like I can discuss my thoughts on this. I have gone up and down this road several times, have led groups over it that came from out of town just to ride it, and have discussed it with people from all over the nation. Yes, it is a cool road to have a fun ride on but it is not the only road there that has that many curves in it and it is not by far the most technical road in the area to get a motorcycle up. So what has made it so popular? I enjoy a good ride

up Signal Mountain on Roberts Mill Road, which can be a real treat, but you never see t- shirts with "I survived Roberts Mill Road" printed on the front. So Deal's Gap has a better PR agent. I guess what I am getting at is next time you or your group of friends go riding and find one of these other roads, I am sure you have enough t-shirts so it shouldn't bother you that you can't buy one at the top.

Now I know that some of you are saying "but Reverend Booger we don't know where to go." Well, I will give you a sample route that should satisfy the curve junkie in all of you. Start out heading toward Signal Mountain on Highway 127, and then turn left on Suck Creek Road right before you start up the mountain. This will take you over Suck Creek Mountain and into Whitwell. Pick up Highway 108 in Whitwell and stay on it until it ends at Highway 56. Turn right and this will take you through Beersheba Springs and then down one awesome road with several switchbacks. From what I have seen, there is a park at the top where people hangout in-between runs up and down this road. At the intersection



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of State Highway 127 (watch for signs) turn right, stay on this road until you intersect Highway 30 (Spencer Highway) then turn right. Now this is one killer road and it takes you all the way back to Dayton. After a climb up the Cumberland Plateau into Spencer, it then drops down and through several valleys until it drops you into Pikeville. After Pikeville it climbs back up and across Dayton Mountain and drops you into Dayton where you hit Highway 27 south and head home. So there, go out and find some of these hidden roads out

there. Instead of wearing a t-shirt with the roads name on it, just tell your buddies that it was a blast. Ok before I close, I want all of you to look at the picture of my Sportster that hopefully made it



into this month after getting left out last month. Till next month

from our hearts to yours

- Est. 1996 -

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This & That

On a recent vacation, my wife Amelia and I rode to Cape Girardeau to meet some friends who were coming down from Minneapolis. We went through Land Between the Lakes, which is a great ride and over to Mammoth Cave for an overnight stay. We wandered around for a day or so. If you like to rough it,



take the day-long wild cave tour that goes through the mole hole. I did this back in my youth, and it was something that obviously I'll never forget! We then rode to the Cape, met our friends at Broussard's (excellent Cajun fare) for lunch, and subsequently rode to northeast Arkansas. We took all the back roads we could find.

Many dry counties make for a long ride, but finally, when we had expected never to see a watering hole, there was a cinder-block building in the woods with a beer sign. Weary and hot, we anxiously dismounted our machines and went in. We three guys bought a 6-pack and the girls all got premixed Margueritas. The sales clerk, about our age, added the booze, ice and mixed the drinks! Don't forget: this is basically a C-store in the woods. At any rate, she said we should go around to the side of the building to consume these, as it was illegal to do imbibe on the premises. We obliged, and around to the side of the building was a fire pit about 15 feet across encircled by two-high cinder blocks. There were obviously some serious bonfires at this place! We were eagerly consuming our libation when an old, rusted





out Chevy pulled up. Three teenage boys in various stages of dress jumped out of the bed. Another got out of the passenger side. They all went into the store. An old woman, a skinny, snaggle-toothed old broad (probably 35 but looked 55-60) in Daisy-Duke cut-offs, wife-beater undershirt and sneakers with no socks came over to talk. We chatted a while and she asked why we were sorta hiding our drinks. We told her and she said "...you're in the mountains now...we make our own laws". Deliverance déjà-vu! I'll try to relate the images that statement brought up in my mind: I doubt those teenage boys were her kids. Harrumph! We did not linger: we rode on to our destination post-haste.

We stayed in a log cabin in a small town (pop. 21) on the bank of the Buffalo River, rented canoes the following day and took a five hour trip down the river. Absolutely wonderful! No sounds, few other people, and very peaceful. One of the girls from Minneapolis said all was ok so long as there were no snakes. Well, to keep her calm, I told her not to worry. No sooner had I said that, the front half of a water moccasin came floating by. The back half had been eaten by something else. Well, she missed a shift! She was petrified! I tried to calm her by saying that snakes were not the problem; it was the critters in the water that ate the snakes you had to look out for. That statement apparently was not comforting.

We took Highway 7 south toward Hot Springs then circled back north to Eureka Springs. This town has changed a tad since the last time I was there in 1966, but still rather quaint. We then rode through Branson (couldn't get out of there fast enough) and went on to Lake of the Ozarks. We looked for the Horny Toad, a small bar just north of town. We circumvented golf courses and townhouses for at least two hours before seeing a sign saying "shuttles to Horny Toad" at the entrances to several parking lots. Undaunted, we persevered; we had come this far and invested this much time and were not going to be swayed in our quest for libation! We pressed on regardless. Finally, we came to a five story building surrounded by a marina with at least 350 slips. This was the Horny Toad. It had gone from a lazy biker bar in the woods to this sprawling thing! We were not pleased. Mike mentioned it had changed a tad since he had last been here. Really.

The ride back to Chattanooga was reassuringly uneventful. We stayed in Jackson, TN and then came on back home. There is a quality to this area that I cannot describe. The western U.S. is not to be missed and is stunning in its tranguility and beauty. The mountains dwarf the hills here; the desert and buttes are so foreign that they are awe-inspiring. Even the Pacific is much more impressive than the Atlantic, and, of course, the Pacific coast is beyond comparison with any other coastline. The plains are impressive (albeit boring), with farms extending as far as you can see. There are several ranches in Montana and Wyoming that extend several miles on both sides of the highway. No telling what their total acreage is! As impressive as all that is, there is always something comforting about returning to the unending green of the Appalachians and our foothills.

RIDE ON Sandy Hodges



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The new location is for service on all brands. Karen and Albert have three technicians on staff: two certified Harley technicians, and one certified metric technican. They can service your bike and add any accessory you want. They carry Kuryakyn Chrome, Corbin Seats, Mustang Seats, Custom Chrome, Vance & Hines, and Cobra Pipes. If you are looking for something not mentioned, just ask and they can get it for you. "Service is our focus at this location," Albert said.

Karen and Albert have also opened a riding apparel and accessory location located in Etowah, TN. It is located at 122 9th Street. If you are heading north on 411, take a left when you reach the first traffic light. It will be the second building on the right.

Karen enjoys riding her '98 Road King, and Albert rides his '01 Road King whenever they can get away from work long enough to rack up some miles. Get by and see them for all your motorcycle needs, you won't be disappointed! I'd like to thank them for taking the time to be in the Spotlight.

Boo Boo





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BAMA BIKEFEST SUMMER RALLY

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Chattanooga, TN **ULTIMATE CYCLES BLOCK PARTY**

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Chattanooga, TN **MOTORCYCLE AWARENESS RIDE**

Ultimate Cycle - 2 p.m. Yog Moore: 423-570-2050, yogcmt@aol.com , Scott McClopin: 423-432-2708, legislative@cmtabate.com or www.cmtabate.com

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Thunder Creek HD - noon Yog: 423-570-0250, yogcmt@aol.com- www.cmtabate.com JŬLY 24-26

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Chattanooga, TN SUNDOWN AT THE CREEK Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson - 7-9:30 p.m. 423-892-4888 or www.thundercreekharley.com **JULY 25**

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Chattanooga, TN SUNDOWN AT THE CREEK Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson - 7-9:30 p.m.

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FROM ROCK'S MAILBOX

Rock,

I just wanted to comment on your article about the purchase of your Honda Gold Wing. I completely agree with you. Riding should not be about what bike you ride but the ride itself. I have been in a motorcycle family my entire life and not just Harley's. My dad rode a Gold Wing for years and loved it. It was his dream to own a Harley one day and a few years ago he bought one. Although he loves his Harley, he would be the first to tell you there is no comparison between it and his Gold Wing, they are as different as night and day. It is really sad and very closed minded to believe there is only one kind of bike out there for everyone. As we both know, that is so untrue. When he rode his Gold Wing, he took crap from Harley owners and when he bought a Harley he took crap from everyone else. I believe that a true biker is someone that is comfortable and free spirited on whatever he/she is riding. The biker community is a great group and any real biker knows that its the feeling you get when you're out on the open road and the cares of the world are left in your dust, not about what brand is blowing the dust. All of those "bikers" - and I use the term loosely - that only ride their bikes to and from the bar on Saturday night need to hit the open road and see what owning a bike is really all about. Maybe then they would realize it's not about bragging to your yupple friends about buying a bike, it's about the feeling you get when you straddle that seat and just ride. - Monica Y.

Rock,

I have just finished reading your June two cents. I wanted

to let you know that I couldn't agree more with what you wrote. I am proud someone had the balls to make those comments in a biker rag. I, like you, have been riding for about thirty five years. I have always ridden Harley's and still love them to this day, all the good with the bad. I remember when I knew everyone in town who owned a Harley. Dr Dave working for Pate's had to ride to Nashville just to find an OEM part. He##, now that I am writing this, I sure miss those days. I am trying to get to the point here. About a year and a half ago I got the itch to do something different, I purchased a Triumph Tiger. I have always ridden long distance over the years and was longing for something a little different, the Tiger fit the ticket. In the last year or so my Harley riding buddies are looking at me strange. The Triumph makes me smile from ear to ear every time I ride. I still own a Harley and may buy a new one some day, if the mood hits me. Just wanted to let you know I agreed with your article. PS. I to will be passing thru Glacier next month on my Tiger, on the way to Alaska and back. Ride Hard, Shoot Straight, and Speak the Truth. - John

Hi ya Rock,

The ride for Faces Saturday was once again a blast. We found the ride through Ringgold especially moving. The multitude of flags flying on the lawn of the Ringgold Court House was inspiring. We just had to go back on Sunday

to snap a few pictures. Hope you enjoy this Harley / Honda moment. Sandy Hoffman





THE VIEW FROM THE WING

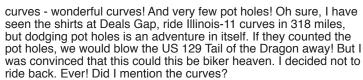
I am not old enough to ride a GoldWing. Really, I am not! Even though I am a grandfather and in my fifties, I am not in my mind old enough to be riding a GoldWing! And this is my second one! I am young. I am full of life! I ride in rain and snow and cold and heat and I ride like



I stole it! But I love this bike. And I love the people who ride them with me. But I am telling you flat out that I am not old enough to be riding an old man's bike. GoldWings are for really old people, ... like Rock.

It's a 2002 GL1800 with over 135,000 miles on it. And it's black! I love the bike as it scratches all of the itches for me. But I love all bikes. If money were not an issue I would have sport bikes, cruisers, naked bikes (the bikes would be naked - not me), sport touring bikes and many other touring models. But alas, money is always an issue. Do you have any idea how much writing for Road Rash pays? Here is a hint; if you get a ten percent raise each year, you still end up with the same amount. So I bought a bike that would satisfy all of my needs: my need for touring two up (if Momma ain't happy, ain't nobody happy), sportier riding (it is a very large sport bike), just cruising around, and something that would not break the bank to keep running. I did not consider the cost of tire replacement when I was running the numbers!

But here I am riding a "Wing." And I am also a card-carrying member of the GWRA. I am not sure how that happened. I am from the Chicago area and would ride with about 26 different bikes and friends up north, mostly Harley's, a few metric cruisers, and me on the Wing. Heavy investments were made in leather. When I relocated to Chattanooga, I rode down here and discovered that there was a place with less traffic, less winter, great roads, and



But I had no one to ride with and I decided to check out the GWRRA. I always thought that they were a bunch of old geezers, riding motorized Strato-loungers with every appliance that Sears sold strapped on to them. I was wrong. They now also have every electronic device made, strapped on to them and what cannot be strapped on or lit up is now carried in the matching trailer. Circuit City would have survived had they learned how to tap into the Wing Market.

I used to make fun of the Golden Age Wingers. Okay, I still do. But I love these people. Some of them actually have toilet paper roll holders on the back of their trunks. They call them trunk lid handles but I know what they are really for. The others just wear Depends! They show through the leather chaps, which is why a lot of people are wearing the armor riding suits nowadays. Safety first, I always say! And one of the funniest things that I ever saw was at Niehaus Cycles in Litchfield Illinois on old RT66. There was this steel bar protruding out of the trunk/backrest area of this older GL1500 GoldWing. It came straight up and then at the top was a curved piece of metal. Inside the curve was Velcro. TV antenna? Ham radio? Somewhere to hang your laundry at the campsite? No, the lady laughed when we asked and explained that she often fell asleep and that the Velcro placed on her helmet when held against the bar kept her head from falling and her neck from getting sore. It looked crazy, but then her husband does not have a permanent crease in the back of his neck from his wife's visor nailing him every time he slows down. That really hurts. I have a permanent crease in my neck. I just can't talk myself into attaching that contraption onto my bike.

So, in desperation, I joined the Old Wingers Association and went for my first group ride. It was a long ride from Chattanooga all



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the way to the Ocoee River, maybe 75 whole miles and we did it in about three hours. We rode in a formation that was death defying. No one had ever ridden in group formation at that time. I was not sure that any of them had ridden by themselves before. It was like a mini Trail of Tears ride. There was a 30 second space between each bike. Our group was slowing up farm implements. We were actually going slower than any other traffic on the road. Oh the humanity! I left with another couple and we continued that ride for about 300 more miles that day. Now that was a ride. And trust me, we did not slow anybody down!

I was sure that I was not ever going to ride with that group again. But as the group got bigger, the average age decreased. That's right, the average age of our members is now around 50 where the old average was around 90. The 1800 is sportier and the riders are sportier and the skill level has dramatically increased! These guys can ride now! And today we can go places and only lose one or two bikes per day. We would lose more bikes but the CB radios keep some people with us. Others hear us calling but their minds have drifted off and so have they. But we now have some very skilled riders who know where all of the ice cream eateries are located! Without GPS!

And it is an older group that I ride with now. Of course I am fiftythree and should soon stop doing wheelies and burn-outs and ride as a mature biker should. NEVER! Bikers in every genre are the same. They are some of the best people to hang out with no matter what they ride, or where they come from. I seriously have never ridden with any bikers that I did not like. There may be some quirks from time to time, but on the whole there is not a greater bunch of people than the ones who ride bikes.

Notice that I said, "ride bikes." There are a growing number of people who own bikes but do not ride. These folks are nice enough to wait collectively until the Trail of Tears, where they can all take their first ride together. There are people who only ride occasionally. Time of life and family responsibilities force them into a passive state that allows for only sporadic jaunts with their bikes. And then there are the people who ride scooters. Scooters are cute. But there should be a law that all scooter operators should be forced to wear fluorescent green helmets. With matching jackets! And purses! I don't like to wear helmets as a rule but the least that they can do is to make scooter riders stand out in a crowd. And Scooters should never be allowed to be on a road where the machine is incapable of going the speed limit. I discovered this first hand riding down Snow Hill Rd. in a 45 mph suggested speed zone, in a line of cars running less than 25 mph behind a scooter that was pedaling as fast as it could... in the middle of the road. Move over, Rover!

I remember sharing those opinions with a couple of older gentlemen, in their mid 70's, who had just ridden up on a couple of scooters up to the Cracker Barrel restaurant that I was going to eat breakfast at while travelling through Indiana. Matching scooters. It really was kind of cute, these two old friends with matching helmets and matching scooters and matching leather jackets. They told me they used to have matching GoldWings, but they got rid of them when their wives quit riding with them. I wondered aloud if their wives matched. They laughed and told me that as a matter of fact they did! They had married a set of twins. My left foot was now deeply inserted in my mouth. Trying to recover, I asked them how they liked the scooters. They said that the scooters were a blast. And they were easier to handle around town than their other bikes. I asked them what they rode, waiting to hear Shadow 750's or some other middle weight bike ... They showed me the pictures of their Boss Hosses! Matching Boss Hosses of course. With matching big engines! It's really hard to eat breakfast with both feet firmly entrenched in your mouth.

Of course I still like the fluorescent green helmet idea for scooters! Of course with the fluorescent green you still run the risk of confusing them with a GoldWinger! But relax; the GoldWing is the one with the flat screen TV!

Gary Boyd

gboyd1800@yahoo.com





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Life on the Road (or Livin' the Dream)

It was about a year ago that I got the idea to travel the country on my bike. The more I thought about it, the more excited I got. I am not a person of means, so the financial end of it was always my brick wall. I



had figured out how I would keep going once I got out there, but could never get the initial funds together. At first, I kept this dream a secret. I thought everyone would think I had lost my mind. Then, I shared it with a couple of my closest friends and they were supportive. As I began to share with more bikers, I found out that it is a quite common dream in our circle. Let's face it, bikers love the freedom of the open road and the exhilaration of that 'destination unknown'. I have realized that dreams don't always work out the way you plan but if you step out on Faith, life opens up the world for you to explore.

I am reminded often that I AM living my dream. It just has more wheels than I had originally planned. There are many parallels to riding a motorcycle and driving a semi, and there are advantages to being able to see the country from the seat of a Freightliner over that of a bike. I guess the biggest advantage is that I always have a warm, dry place to sleep. Another biggy is that the company I work for pays for my fuel AND pays me to go from point A to point B. Sure, I don't get to choose my direction but nonetheless, every day is still an adventure. Most days, I don't know where I will be heading until I get my assignment. I get a charge waiting to





see where I will land up tomorrow. Since I had never been outside of the Chattanooga area much, every new place I get to go is like Disney Land to me. I truly feel like a kid in a candy store most of the time.

There are disadvantages, too. If I miss my turn, I can't whip this tractor and 53' trailer around just anywhere! Getting 'lost' on a bike ride is usually kinda fun and finding your way back proves to be quite the adventure in itself. Not so much in a rig. You get lost in a rig, you're on the clock. Not fun. Truck stop coffee is okay, but Starbucks don't have parking for big trucks. True of many places a bike might go, like the boutiques "Harley stores", a little dirt road that leads to a creek, and side roads you run upon while riding up winding mountain roads. Nonetheless, I am getting to see the country and I am still getting to ride. Which leads me to my next topic...still shopping for my next bike.

Since last months issue, I have been able to test ride several bikes, thanks to my Brothers and Sister around the country. I rode a 1200 Sporty in Paris, TN, which was fun. In Wisconsin, I rode a really cool chopper, a Heritage with 18" apes and 4" risers, an Últra, and a Honda VTX 1300. (Thanks Mikey, MonkeyMan, and Pumpkin) Memorial Day weekend, Booger let me ride his Dyna. All rides were incredible. I really enjoyed the personality of the Dyna. It is, as Booger describes it, a true work horse bike. Riding the chopper was an experience, too. Fun! The Heritage had a comfortable feel as I could sit flat-footed on it like I was sitting in a chair. The Honda was an easy ride and handled well. I can see it is going to be hard for me to choose. But, most likely, I won't have to. I think the bike that comes to me when it's time will be the one for me. No matter what it is. In the meantime, I am having a ball seeing what's out there. Thank you all who have entrusted me with your prides. I know how huge it is to be offered to ride someone's bike. I'm still pinching myself!

If you have a dream, don't keep it a secret. Tell your friends, take action and watch it unfold. You might just be surprised at the support you get along the way. You might even find that you are living your friends' dream, as well. That's about it for this month. Just one last thing...I had the honor of meeting Booger's Mom last month and I just wanted to say hi and thanks for your continued support. Til next time......

Ride often and be safe!

RahRah

harleysnjags@yaoo.com



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Joe Cool's Biker Health

How many times have you awakened to a horrific hang-over and swore that you will never drink like that again, only to forget your oath the following week-end? I'll not lecture

following week-end? I'll not lecture on the evils of consuming adult beverages, (I have done my fair share of Jager shots at many biker rallies), but I will help you decrease the physical misery and mental anguish of a night of Jager shots and Bud chasers.

The excessive consumption of alcohol may leave you feeling like someone has driven a spike through your skull with a sledgehammer. Every sound and movement is magnified one-thousand times which causes a new species of pain through-out your body. The debilitating abdominal nausea and rancid smell emanating from your mouth leads you to believe that you must have eaten a dead buzzard from off the road. Your memory of the previous evening is.....What memory? Fortunately, your fellow partiers preserved last night's memories with high definition photography. Likely to be posted on the net. So, when you see yourself on YouTube with underwear on your head, (which are clearly yours, because you have dropped your jeans and the pink, lacy thong panties you are now not wearing), you might rethink the amount of alcohol consumption at the next biker bash. However, you may have an easier morning after if you remember some of the following anti-hangover tips.

First, lets take a look at the of what causes a hangover. As alcohol (ethanol) is consumed it passes through the digestive system into the blood stream. The ethanol enters the brain and causes pleasurable relaxed sensations, which lower inhibitions, thus, increasing the need to put on women's underwear. Remember, alcohol is a toxin and the body must process it and remove it. The liver metabolizes the alcohol and the by-products are excreted in the urine by the kidneys. This explains the frequent "pee" breaks. Liver enzymes convert alcohol into a toxic substance called acetaldehyde. This makes the drinker feel sick and is one of the three causes of a hangover.

The second cause is dehydration. Fluids must be used to flush toxins from the body. For every four ounces of beer consumed, six ounces of fluids are refunded. The third cause is congeners. These are organic molecules that are present in varying amounts in hard liquor and beer. The congeners effect the central nervous system and the blood sugars. This plays a big role in hangover headaches.

Now that you know what causes the hangover, let's discuss how to prevent them. Do not drink on an empty stomach. Have a sensible meal with fats and starches, which will soak up much of the alcohol. Since fluid loss is significant in flushing alcohol toxins, drink more water. Sport drinks and fruit juices may improve rehydration as well. Take vitamins, particularly B-complex vitamins; they can make a big difference the morning after. Try to consume only one drink per hour. Remember, two or more drinks consumed per hour is considered binge drinking. Beware of the over use of aspirin, antacids, and other pharmaceuticals, which do not always react well with alcohol. Lets not forget the ever popular "hair of the dog". Consuming more alcohol is not always the best way to find relief from hangover symptoms.

The most reliable hangover prevention is alcohol abstention. However, if you choose to drink, enjoy your adult beverages in moderation. Maybe we can hoist one together at the Road Rash Bash. Take care of yourself. Because if you won't, who will?

Be cool and stay cool, "Joe Cool" Wiram Exercise Physiologist Healthwize1@aol



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The Newbie This is the story of a new rider.



I swore I'd never ride. Everyone I knew who rode ended up wrecking,

and I owned a Jeep so I figured I was already in the wind. Who needs a bike? Who needs the risk? Isn't life dangerous enough without putting yourself straight in the crosshairs of every last idiot on the road? So I was rather adamantly against motorcycles. My only defense is that I was just a kid.

I had almost zero experience with bikes. I'd sat on the back a couple of times as a kid, and one of my roommates in the Corps had a bike and pulled me a couple times. That was fun – trying NOT to hug all over this guy or topple off the back. I just don't think two guys are supposed to ride together. Now I'm real new at all this, and I could be wrong. Maybe I'm just a touch homophobic. The only time I ever rode by myself was one day after chow. "Beaz" asked if I wanted to try, and not wanting to look cowardly, I accepted. I got 'er going without stalling, got about 30 yards, freaked, jammed on the brakes, stalled it since I had no idea how to shift, and almost dumped it. Shortly after that, one of our buddies went and got himself all but dead in a bike wreck, so after visiting him and seeing him all busted up I fairly well cemented my assumption that bikes = suicide. For the next 16 years I hardly thought about a bike. When I did it was only



to scoff at how dangerous they were.

I have no idea what changed. Seriously – no idea. I don't doubt that \$4+ a gallon gas influenced me, but it was more than that. Something was just different. Last year I decided I wanted a bike. I NEEDED a bike. I hurt so badly for one I was sick. So I started looking. Understand that I had NO idea what I was looking for or what I wanted. I knew I didn't want a touring bike or a crotch rocket (apologies to those who like 'em – they're just not for me...), but other than that I was a babe in the woods – and I had no money. So my dream was just that and no more. Fast forward to this year.

I'm driving to work one morning and see a "new" bike shop just two short blocks from my house. A few weeks after this I met a guy who just moved here from Charleston, SC. Goes by the name Captain Mike - tall guy with a big bushy white beard. Maybe you know him, or maybe you've seen his picture on these pages before. He's been around. So he sees me and my tattoos and Mohawk and asks if I'm into bikes. After my affirmative answer he takes me under his wing and starts teaching me the ways of the bike. Let's just say I'm a slow learner.... For example: I did not know I had to have a biker name. I did not know that one does not shorten or abbreviate said biker tag. "Cap" is NOT an acceptable abbreviation for "Captain Mike" - oops. The list of my ignorance and faux pas goes on ad nauseam. Captain Mike tells me that he's checked out the local biker scene some and wants me to come visit this bike shop: Ultimate Cycle and Scooter. Just so happens that's the "new" shop two short blocks from my door. Little did I know that they'd been around for a few vears but just found themselves a new home.

My first day there, Captain Mike and this guy Kittle



inform me that no, I may NOT have a Honda Shadow. They're fine bikes, but I wouldn't look right riding one – whatever that means. Again, I claim ignorance on the matter. They say a Harley Sportster or even a V-Star would fit my "look" – whatever that means. So I start looking at bikes. I still have no money, but I'm getting an education.

I drug my lovely wife into Ultimate so she can meet the crew and eat a hot dog out back at Big Daddy's Dogz and Grill. I'll admit that I'd been obsessing about this whole biker name thing. It seemed like a big deal, and I'd been warned that if you didn't have one, someone could GIVE you one and you'd be stuck with it. I didn't want to end up with some lame tag, so I wore out all my friends asking them their opinion on this matter of crucial importance. (I have mentioned that I'm real new to all this, right?) I decided to walk into the lion's den and just ask Gotti for an opinion. I'd been told that he was ruthless about names and allowed no one to escape without a tag. So I swallowed my pride, choked back my fear and asked Gotti what he thought. Before I could offer him any of the fine names I'd been weighing, he cut me off and dubbed me "Angel". He turned to my bride and christened her "Roxy". Before he could explain his choices he saw something shiny and was off, never to return. Those of you who know the man know this is hardly unusual. To this day, months later, I still have no explanation as to why we got tagged with what we got, but I'm not complaining - it could have been much worse.

At this point I'm still looking at bikes, and my new friends are still showing me the ropes when fate and timing collide: my wife tells me that I can use our tax return for a bike. Wow. Did I pick a winner or what? So now I'm not just looking, now I'm SHOPPING for a bike. Captain Mike and Kittle start looking for a deal for me in earnest. Kittle calls me one day



about a bike. Despite what he'd said earlier, he had a 2007 Honda VT750CD Shadow that I could, in fact, ride without looking bad. If I did look bad, at least it wouldn't be the bikes fault. But it was more than I had in my wallet. So I kept looking, kept learning. Then Mom came through with a few extra bucks. Despite her trepidation about my riding, she dropped enough into the mix to make up the difference.

So last night I bought my first motorcycle. Charlie over at Ultimate sold me that fine looking Honda Shadow and my buddy Mr. Cimo drove it home for me – I didn't even know how to start the thing. After a few short lessons he had me up and running, riding (and stalling) up and down my road. I'll tell you that there have been few things as incredible in my entire life. I loved my old Wrangler, but it had nothing on this fine machine. I can't wait to get back on it and take my next ride. I'm like a kid at Christmas.

My next real step is the basic rider course over at Chatt State in a few weekends. I'm excited about getting an in-depth class with loads of hands on. Sounds like a good foundation for years of riding.

So maybe I'll keep everyone updated on the progress of Chattanooga's newest rider. Watch as my terminology changes and adapts. Who knows – maybe I'll even sound like I have some clue what I'm talking about.

Until then remember that not everyone was fortunate enough to be born with handlebars in their hands, and you all started somewhere.

Thanks to everyone who's guided, patiently explained and corrected me along the way. See you on the road.

Keith "Angel" Riddle



CHATTANOOGA'S MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

Busa Doc Tech Tips

Motorcycle Batteries:

Well one thing most of us can agree on is that your motorcycle battery is one of the most important components of your bike's systems. So why is it that we don't pay more attention to this

major component? Simple...it is out of sight and out of mind. We trust it will always work....right? We need to pay more attention to this important component.

Modern batteries come in many different shapes, sizes, and designs. No longer is the rider tasked with keeping up the level of acid or adding water. Many modern batteries are sealed and require no maintenance at all...until they go dead. But that only increases the need for the rider to periodically check voltage and charging system readings. Dry cell batteries are the best way to go and give you much better reliablilty. Sometimes cost is a factor in the type battery you ride I understand. But whatever the type, proper storage and charging is a must to increase life of the battery. If cost is no factor, one of the best batteries for tough usage is the "Odyssey" brand. These are one of the only deep cycle batteries for motorcycles. The cranking amps maintained for the first 3-5 seconds are the most important



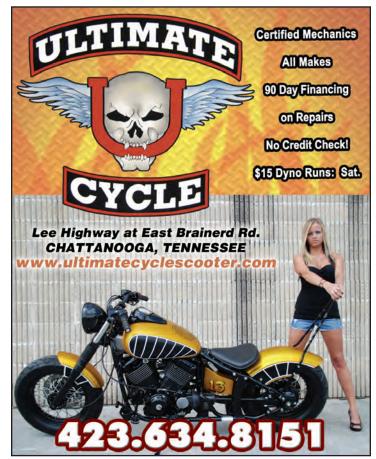


and only a deep cycle battery can do this over and over in harsh conditions. We all do not need the Odyssey battery for sure, however if you ride a high compression engine you might consider this as a good choice.

Batteries begin a downward sprial of discharge once they are put into use. Without proper care and charging, a new battery can become a dead battery in short order. A battery will lose its ability to maintain enough charge overtime unless kept on a smart charge or "tender" system. These systems are cheap and work great. Most range from \$35-\$40. As batteries

become discharged or worn down, the percentage of water to acid becomes greater and is more prone to freezing... or boiling. With a 100% charge, the battery can withstand temps well below freezing and not be affected. Batteries that get into this state will experience a condition known as sulfation. Sulfation is the build up that occurs when sulfur molecules in the electrolyte coat the plates. Overtime, this condition will cause the battery to actually resist charging. Replacement is really the only remedy at that point. Thus, your favorite experienced mechanic is correct when he/she talks about regular charging and maintenance of batteries... even if it is a "no maintenance battery."

So the lesson here is regular charging and maintenance of the battery cables/posts. Charging while the engine is running should be no less than about 12.5 volts and no more than about 14.5 volts. You can easily measure this with any volt meter. As stated, maintenance charging should be from



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tender or smart charger for maintenance charging. Don't just hook your battery up to any battery charger in the garage when it seems low unless you have to. Tender type systems use a simplified plug and a fused ring connector attached to your battery that stays in place. These systems deliver approximately 750mA as a slow charge while they also monitor the battery with an onboard computer. If the battery needs replacement the system will let you know. When the battery is at its correct charge the system will turn off.

Overcharging the battery is big no-no and happens all the time unknowingly by hooking up a fast charger with no auto cutoff feature. Your battery can literally boil and be damaged by overcharging. A tender system makes it simple to keep the battery at peak and will greatly extend the life you get out of the battery by regular usage of the tender. We sell the "Battery Tender" brand, but there are many on the market that are good products.

If you have questions about battery care or replacement, come see me at Ultimate Cycle. I will check you charging system and battery condition for free!

* Side Note - If you do choose an Odyssey deep cycle battery for motorcycles, you must use a special tender system, which operates at 6 amps. These batteries will not charge from a normal 750mA tender. I can show you these at anytime. Be Safe!

The Busa Doc Robert Zorn





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CHATTANOOGA'S MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE



My name is Scott Abston. I was born in Crossville, TN but grew up in the Chattanooga/Ringgold area. Shortly after graduating high school, I joined the Navy. I spent 20 years stationed at Naval Air Station North Island in San Diego, Cal. The Navy gave me the opportunity to travel and see the world. I retired in 2003 and moved back home to Ringgold. I love to fish, so once I retired I took a few years off to relax and take my boat out everyday. I went to work for Loomis and I am currently the Vault Manager. I have my father to thank for my love of motorcycles. I grew up around them and the passion continued to grow once I was able to get my own. I am currently divorced. I traded my time with a wife for time with my bike. I recently started entering bike shows and love it. I enjoy meeting new people that share the same passion.

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

Since I have gotten older, I don't have that many nicknames, at least none that is appropriate to tell. Growing up my family would call me "Scottie". I have friends and family that call me "Scooter". The kids in the family have always called me "Pappa". Other than that, I don't have any other names that I go by.

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

I have been around motorcycles since I was a kid. I started riding mini bikes at the age of 6. Growing up I have had numerous





dirt bikes. The first motorcycle I got was a 1974 450 Honda that I purchased from my dad. Since then, I've had a Honda 650 custom, a Honda 1100 Shadow, and a Kawasaki 1500 Vulcan. My baby now is a 2006 Honda VTX 1800 R. I have spent a great amount of time on getting this bike to where I want it. I only have a few things left and it will be just right.

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

The longest trip I took before my retirement was from San Diego, Cal to Chattanooga. I then went back from Chattanooga through Las Vegas to San Diego. I rode over 7,000 miles in 28 days. The longest trip after my retirement is tied between two. I rode with my dad from Chattanooga to Higginsport, Ohio and back to visit family. The other trip happens to be my favorite. I rode again with my dad to Daytona, FI and back. We went to visit Destination Daytona. Both trips were great rides, but it was the time I got to spend with my dad that made both trips memorable. I hope that I can add to my list of trips soon. My dad said he is wanting to go on a ride through Blue Ridge Parkway, so I am just waiting for him to tell me when.

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

As I have mentioned earlier, my dad, Ron, has been riding for as long as I can remember. If I am out riding local or going on a trip, you can almost bet that my dad is with me. I have even gotten him interested in going to shows with me. I also have two brothers, Wayne and Rodney, that ride. Wayne doesn't ride as much as he used to, but he still owns the 1967 305 Honda that belonged to our dad. My newest addition to the riding family is my 8 year old grandson Dakota. He loves to go on rides with me. He has his own Honda 50, but is ready to trade it in for a bigger one.

5) Have you ever had any serious wrecks?

I wish the answer to this question was no, but I did have an unfortunate event. On Sept. 19, 2008, I was on my way home from work and had a serious wreck. I was coming through an intersection and a lady was trying to beat the light and made a left hand turn in front of me. I tried to miss her, but I couldn't. I slammed into the back end of her car. Once I hit, the bike and I slid about 50 feet. Although I was pretty banged up, I was lucky to survive it with only the injuries I had. Most of the impact happened on my right side. The impact caused the brake lever to wedge my hand between it and the handle bar. It basically crushed my index finger. It broke it at both knuckles and completely broke all bones in the tip of it. It also broke my middle finger and caused a bad laceration in my ring finger. I had to undergo multiple surgeries to try and

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repair the bones. I also had to have stitches in all three fingers. I had months of therapy and still only have about 30% usage of my index finger. I have about 60% usage of my hand. The fingernail on my index finger has luckily not tried to grow back because if it does, I will have to have the whole tip of my index finger removed. I guess I can say that the wreck did help me in a way. Once I saw the damage to the bike, I decided then that not only did I want to get it back looking good, but I wanted to do more and add more. So far, I have added every after market chrome part available and now I am working on custom parts to make it show worthy.

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

I have never been discriminated against that I have noticed or remember. There are always those people out there who portray bikers with a bad image. I just wish those people would take time to get to know some of us. They would see that bikers are some of the most down to earth nicest people around.

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

Like I said earlier, there are people who portray bikers as bad, however with everything else, there are those people who bend over backwards to help us with anything. There were two times on our trip to Destination Daytona, that I encountered special benefits from these people. While in Daytona, we stopped to eat at Joe's Crab Shack. The restaurant sits out on a pier, which is a ways from the parking lot. A man who worked at the restaurant approached us as we started to park. He said that we could just ride the bikes down onto the pier beside the restaurant. This would allow us to eat and keep an eye on the bikes. This man did not have to walk out to the parking lot just to approach us and tell us this. For that matter, he didn't even have to let us park on the pier. Then on the way home, it started raining on us. We pulled into some little mom and pop store. The lady working told us to hurry and pull our bikes under the awning so we didn't get wet. It is acts of kindness like this that make riding more pleasant.

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

No matter whether I am going on a local ride or long trip, I take back roads. I prefer to take back roads because I can take the time to enjoy the scenery and actually enjoy my time riding. I hate freeways and highways. If able, I avoid them at all times. Everyone is in such a hurry and darting in and out of lanes that you are constantly having to watch for traffic and cannot enjoy the ride. I don't have one specific route that is my favorite. I enjoy nice days riding through the mountains. I like to take roads I don't know just to see where they take me. When I get out riding, I don't have set times to be places or to be back. I just get out and enjoy the ride.

9) On average, how many miles do you ride each year?

I ride year round and now that my dad and I have started taking more long trips, I would have to say I average somewhere between 12,000-15,000 a year.

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

First off, I don't mean to offend anyone with my answer, this is just my opinion. I have had Hondas and Kawasakis. My dad has had Harleys and Hondas. My best friend rides a Harley. No matter what bike we have, we all still ride together and enjoy it. If I could, I would change the discrimination people pass by what make of a bike you ride. I have a Honda and ride with my dad who has a Harley. It would make shows and events a lot less segregated if everyone could just accept the person for the person and not by what bike they ride.





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