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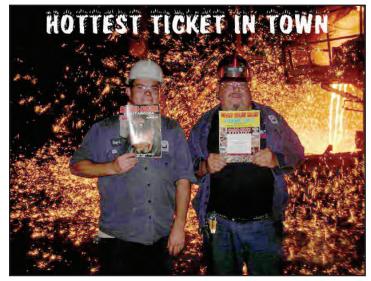
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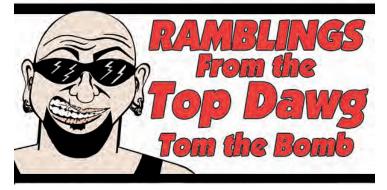


TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 04 Ramblings from the Top Dawg
- 08 Rock's Two Cents
- **10** Tears on Black Leather
- 13 Battle Creek Battle of the Bands
- 14 Counter Steer
- 16 Dog & Pony Show This Band Rocks!
- 18 This and That
- 19 Mystery Pic Contest
- 22 Motorcycle Event Listings
- 24 Weirdo's Flag Bike
- 26 Road Rash Advertiser Listings
- 30 A View from the Wing
- 32 Rah Rah On The Road
- 34 Joe Cool's Biker Health
- 36 The Newbie
- 38 Busa Doc's Tech Tips
- 40 Riding With The Road Rash Crew
- 42 The Hot Seat Ronny Land



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Here it is September. I know that means you are all recovering from the Road Rash Bash and gearing up for the Trail Of Tears Ride. Mostly, for me, it's a time of thanksgiving and retrospect. Why? Because it's Road Rash Magazine's 8year anniversary!

Throughout the last 8 years, we've met a lot of really cool people and made a ton of life-long friends. We've had the chance to help out a lot of really worthy causes, and do a lot of things most people only dream of. It's been a heck of a ride so far, and I don't think any of us are willing to stop any time soon. If the Lord is willing, I'm planning on staying on here until I'm too old and decrepit to continue.

There are scores of people that approach every staff member, expressing how grateful they are for the things we do, and it makes us all feel even better about what we are trying to do. If the truth were known, that's probably one of the biggest motivators that keep us all plugging along... On the other hand, there are certain people who hold us to unbelievable standards and are more than willing to cut us down and stab us in the back if ever we should slip up. Dealing with those type of people is always frustrating, and often times very discouraging.

For instance, about six months ago, we were scheduled to run a free ad in our magazine for a local poker run, sponsored by a local motorcycle club – The Freedom Riders Motorcycle Club. This same motorcycle club and it's members had received over \$1,500 worth of free advertising in this magazine in recent months, and they had no reason to believe this event would receive any less contribution from us as the others... but I

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Eddie Rahm Janet Wilson YOUR NAME HERE! dropped the ball, and their ad was not printed. It was an honest mistake. Basically, I was supposed to transfer a file, but got busy doing other things and assumed I'd already done it... As it turns out - I'm only human. When I realized my mistake, it was too late to change the magazine. Since then, we've changed our procedures.

Anyway, I apologized, and did everything I could to make up for it. We gave their event top billing (and their own page) on our Web site (www. roadrashmag.com), which sees around 7,000 unique visitors a week, went on two talk radio stations pushing the event, and sent out a number of mass emails, asking everyone to support their cause. I know in my heart, we did everything humanly possible to make up for the mistake, and thankfully, the event had increased participation, and they raised more money for the cause than they ever had. What's the problem then? Despite our efforts, the Freedom Riders are still extremely upset that we accidentally didn't give them what they thought would be enough free publicity. The president of the club would not accept my private apology, asked that I not make a public apology. and has launched a boycott against the magazine. Good friends of mine suddenly wouldn't look in my direction or talk to me. Members of the club have been rude to my partners and I, and club leadership will not return the phone calls or emails we've sent out

in an effort to work things out. They even organized a club ride on the same weekend as our recent anniversary party and demanded that their members attend it, as opposed to supporting us at The Road Rash Bash. Of course, all of this has flabbergasted and infuriated my partners and I.

In an effort to bring this third-grade drama to an end, we are asking everyone in our readership that sees eye-to-eye with us in this situation to act as our advocates and try to influence the members of The Freedom Riders Motorcycle Club they come in contact with to consider the things we've done for the motorcycling community (and their club) in the past, and do what needs to be done to put this behind us and move forward. In the mean time, please forgive us if we fail to include the FRMC in our publication.

In closing, I would like to thank our loyal advertisers who have supported us and the motorcycling community for the last 8 years, our God-sent contributors who make this magazine worth reading, and you - our loyal readers who give us so much guidance and encouragement! Please show our advertisers your support. We'll do the rest!

Keep it twisted!

Ronnie "Rock" Land

Rock@

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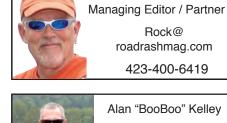


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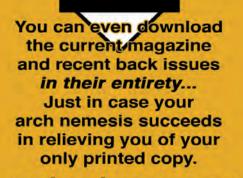
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Well, we're back, all safe and sound. To say the weather was perfect would be a gross understatement. We had lows in the 50s and highs in the mid 80s. No rain,

not one drop. The third day out the temperature reached the high 90s. That, and the next to the last day coming home were the worst. We covered nine states and 5300 miles in 9 1/2 days. Brutal by most people's standards, but fun in the Rock 'n Mole world. Not only was the weather great, but no one had any flat tires or other mechanical problems. There was a little sunburn going on, but not severe.

We had a last minute

addition to our line up. Our old friend Frosty asked if he could tag along for a couple of days. He was welcome of course, but he was on a Buell Ulysses, and I didn't think he would make it to Paducah. Now don't get me wrong, it's a fun bike, but it's got a small windshield and is not exactly a touring bike. Hey, if he can



hang, he's welcome. Frosty knew up front that I would set the cruise on 85 and not stop for at least 130 miles. Buy the ticket, take the ride. And a ride it was. Not only did Frosty



made Paducah, but I found out that he intended on going to Rapid City, SD. He would spend the night and then head back as we headed northwest to Missolua, MT. After an uneventful first day out, we stopped in Cedar Rapids, IA for the night.

The second day out was windy. Now, I just don't mean a little windy, I mean 40+ mph wind all day long. Gusts were probably in the mid 50s. BooBoo and I



were flying our Wings and unlike most motorcycles Wings are solid objects going down the road. There are no holes in them to reduce the wind pressure against the bike. In high winds they will move all over the place if you let them. Moleman was even having a hard time navigating his Electra Glide, and Frosty was hanging onto his Buell for dear life. It felt like I was flying the Wing on the wind currents. At one point, as I rode, it was as if I was flying a magic carpet. Powerful, smooth and quiet. The normal quietness was compounded by the foam ear plugs we used. We could still hear the radio, but sounds are toned way down to the point of almost being surreal. To pass a truck, you had to lean left, but as soon as the pass was completed you had to lean HARD right into the wind to keep from being blown over. At first it was a little disconcerting, but as the day went on, it started to be a challenge. The day long challenge was tiring but a heck of a lot of fun.

Yes, we got sucked in by the hundreds of Corn Palace signs and wasted a little time going there. It sucked. I don't



know what I was expecting, but that wasn't it. When you feel like you were ripped off for something you saw for free, you know there wasn't much to it. When the highlight of the visit was getting our pictures taken with corn you know it was a zero. How corny. Thank goodness we were stopping for gas anyway and it was only a mile down the road.

After we arrived in Rapid City, SD for the night I learned that Frosty had lost his riding glasses an hour or so before we stopped. Since he didn't want us to have to stop, he just kept on trucking. Now that's what I call riding above and beyond the call of duty. Booger would be proud of Frosty. We almost felt guilty as we rode along in decadent comfort as we watched Frosty's changing body positions all day a twelve hour day. I'll just say that Frosty impressed the h@!! out of all of us. You're one tough rider Frosty. Nuff said.

Day three was going to be a stone buster, 750 miles and temps in the mid 90s. The only neat thing about it was that the scenery would be changing dramatically. The huge snow capped mountains looming in the background and big sky



everywhere. Montana is called Big Sky Country. You have to experience BSC to understand it. Photos cannot do it justice. The day never seemed to end. It was 96 and we had 350 miles to go.

Even at our healthy speeds, that's a little over four hours. We were tired and beat. Dinner and bed were in order.

We would be up at 4 am, and leave at five heading to Glacier National Park. This time schedule would work for us for the remainder of the trip. Glacier was only a few hours away. It was Sunday morning and we would be riding through the temple of the Most High.

We hoped that our early departure would put us in Glacier before the sheeple. Sheeple = motor homes, campers, and seniors. Essentially, everyone except us. We wanted it all to ourselves. When

we arrived our calculations had been correct. Early morning = fewer sheeple. The scenery was magnificent. Photography can not even come close to representing Glacier. You must experience it. Next month



we will spend the night in Red Lodge, MT, tackle Bear Tooth Pass, ride Chief Joseph Highway, and cross the Big Horn Mountain range. Check out our 4,000 pics at www. roadrashmag.com. Click Event Photos/2009.

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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.

ORMOND BEACH -- Motorcycle mogul and Ormond Beach resident Bruce Rossmeyer was killed after his motorcycle collided with a pickup truck in southwestern Wyoming on Thursday.

The Wyoming State Patrol says the 66-year-old was trying to pass a pickup truck pulling a trailer when the two collided. Rossmeyer was thrown from his motorcycle.

Rossmeyer was the world's largest Harley-Davidson dealer, with an empire of 15 dealerships and stores across the nation, including his crown jewel, Destination Daytona off Interstate 95 near Daytona Beach.

He was also instrumental in bringing bike events, such as Bike Week to Volusia County.

"I've known Bruce for 37 years as a car dealer, a friend, a great contributor to our community, a real icon," said Daytona Beach Mayor Glenn Ritchey. "And obviously he will be greatly missed and our heart goes out to his family and friends. And it's just surreal."

Rossmeyer was a huge supporter of the Orlando Magic.



Alex Martins, the Chief Operating Officer for the Orlando Magic, released the following statement:

"Bruce Rossmeyer was a great fan, friend and sponsor of the Orlando Magic for the majority of our history. Our entire Magic family is shocked and terribly saddened. Our thoughts are with Bruce and his family. We will miss one of our greatest fans."







Next month's issue will have an update regarding new Race Team members and the latest results of our current members on the track. Also, for those who may be interested in pursuing track/ racing involvement, we are opening the team to Associate Members. Once a Track Day or Race is completed the Associate Member bumps up to Team Member.

Team Administrator, **Fast Eddie** eddierahm@roadrashmag.com







BattleCreek Battle of the Bands

If you didn't get out to Battle Creek Battle of the Bands in South Pittsburg, Tennessee, allow me to let you in on what you missed. If you were there, then I know you had a great time! The battle was four days of live music bliss stretched out over three weekends brought to you by Muddy Bottom Promotions. Everyone was welcome, even the little ones! The admission was low, the beer was plentiful, the location was beautiful, you could camp out (which we totally did on semi-finals and finals nights) and the bands gave it their absolute all. There were rock bands, blues bands, metal bands and some bands that broke the mold with amazing experimental sounds. Rock bands with a reggae edge, heavy bands that flirted with blues and punk edges. There was something for everyone for sure.

The bands that advanced to the finals on the first night, June 20, were Bastard Fish, Black Friday, Evervigilant, Furious Primates, Hwy 41 Blues Band, SelfServe, Speedball Alice and Turncoat Conspiracy. The night was filled with southern blues that demanded respect, rock with an intense reggae edge mixed with punk influence, serious metal, cool rock cover songs, and classic rock sounds. The bands that advanced to the finals on June 27 were 4 Seven 6, Abby Small, Attilla and The Huns, Howdy Joe Get'm, Infinate Orange, Keele Band, Opposite Box, The Fuze, Too Far Gone South and Unchained Fury. We enjoyed some very cool experimental mixes. They were rock meets punk with ska undertones, reggae edges met with hardcore metal edges, country met with blues and folk edges. It was indescribable.

The semi-finals were held on July 3 and the Finals were held on July 4. After all of the finalists played their hearts out, the judges played a concert, which was followed by an awesome fireworks display. The first place winner was Opposite Box from Chattanooga. They have layers of thrash, reggae, blues, punk, hard rock, and maybe even a few things we've never heard before. They really get the audience pumped with aggressive yet fun beats. These guys will be playing the Road Rash Biker Bash Saturday, August 15, so you're definitely in for something new!

Infinite Orange from Chattanooga took second place. These guys have a jam band sound with layers of funk and straight up rock. They have a sound that is all their own and they bring it hard. Third and fourth place went to Furious Primates from Nashville. This band mixes alternative, reggae, and rock sounds together to make some really amazing music. This band is upbeat and it really makes you feel good. Fifth place went to Hwy 41 Blues Band out of the Manchester TN area. This band plays blues and southern rock so well and so fine that it goes all the way down into your soul. You can feel it in there. They bring a traditional southern sound yet they totally own it. Black Friday won the crowd favorite. They had it rockin' and had the crowd cheering like crazy! These guys are a metal/southern rock band out of Rome, GA. Anyone that knows me knows that I LOVE Prince and I have to give these guys props for playing a really cool rock n' roll' cover of Purple Rain. Guitarist Mikey Maxwell even played the National Anthem at the end of their performance in honor of Independence Day!

In the end, everyone brought it and did their best. It was great to have been there and experienced it for myself. Everyone had a great time with fun, new and traditional sounds. Some made you sway your hips and others made you bang your head. It was a great way to spend the 4th of July for all of us. Check these bands out for yourself. Most of them have a MySpace or a Web site. These guys and others need your support. Always support your local music scene! Get out there and see a live band soon.

The full list of bands that competed: 4 Seven 6, Abby Small, Attilia and the Huns, Bastard Fish, Black Friday, Dose Mojo, Driven, Evervigilant, Furious Primates, Howdy Joe Get'm, Hwy 41 Blues Band, Infinite Orange, Keele Band, Kris Martin Project, NuBlooze, Opposite Box, SelfServe, Slim Pickins, S.M.I., Speedball Alice, Tear Down The Stars, Ten Years Apart, The Fuze, Too Far Gone South, Turncoat Conspiracy, and UnChained Fury.

Melanie "Melon Knee" Mumea









It was designed and built to be innovative and break the mold of the technology of its time, but after several years of engineering, development, construction, and a successful test flight, it was put

away and never flown again. It was the multi-million dollar Hughes H-4 Hercules aircraft, better known as the "Spruce Goose", and it was the largest plane ever built, past or present. In comparison to today's mammoth aircrafts, its 320' wingspan is 93' longer than the wingspan of the Lockheed Galaxy C5A Transport and 109' longer than the wingspan of the Boeing 747 Jumbo Jet. The Spruce Goose was so named by the Media since it was built primarily of wood (but not spruce) due to the lack of aluminum available for its construction during World War II. In 1942 the Allied army was suffering devastating losses in men and materials as a result of the sinking of transport ships by the German U-Boats in

the Atlantic Öcean and a new method of shipping war materials and men was needed. The idea was to build the largest airplane ever made, large enough to transport hundreds of troops





and tons of supplies from the United States to England. The mammoth airplane was the brainchild of Howard Hughes and Henry Kaiser. Hughes was involved in the aircraft industry and Kaiser was involved in ship lines business. Since Hughes was the ultimate perfectionist, he held up construction in order to make the plane perfect, hence the aircraft was not completed until after the end of the war, rendering it basically useless. The plane was successfully flown on its initial test flight by Hughes himself on November 2, 1947 and was never flown again. It was a classic example of a good idea that missed the mark.

In the motorcycle world there have been numerous examples of good ideas that missed the mark, but not

many as costly as 1970's era Suzuki RE5 Rotary. In theory the rotary engine is the ideal design, with no camshafts, no intake or exhaust valves, and much fewer parts than today's conventional reciprocating engines. In practice though, at least as far as Suzuki was concerned, building a rotarypowered motorcycle turned into



an incredibly complex and expensive engineering exercise. Where the engine was less complex in some areas it made up for it in other areas with more complexity. In order to adequately lubricate the vital parts a second oil pump system was needed. A special five pound carburetor with five linkage cables was required. It had a dual ignition system needed in order to stop loud exhaust popping noises during deceleration, and the list goes on. With the addition of all the special pieces the bikes weight escalated to 573 pounds and the fuel mileage was a poor 30-35 mpg, at a time when



American's were starting to think about better mileage. The production of the RE5 ceased after 1976 and there was talk that Suzuki Motor Company was so disappointed and angry regarding the RE5 flop that they took all the remaining parts and bikes from the factory and dumped them all into the Japanese sea. The adventure with the rotary engine cost Suzuki Motor Company millions of dollars and was another example of a good idea that missed the mark.

If we designed our own path for reaching Heaven, we might say it probably should start with treating our fellow man the way we would want to be treated ourselves. Then of course, we should live a good life of more good deeds than bad, maybe attend church on Easter and Christmas, and then leave the Earth a better place because of the time we spent here. Certainly nobody could argue against those admirable goals. Concerning organized religions, we might say that every religion has its own merits and as long as we try our best and are sincere in our beliefs, we will all end up at the same place (I guess called Heaven). These ideas sound good, and maybe make sense in our minds, but as other good ideas that missed the mark, this one does too. If we elect to believe in the God of the Bible, we have to go with what that God spells out for our salvation. Concerning salvation by works, the Bible says, "All man's righteousness are as filthy rags", and in relation to other religions the Bible says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me". The Bible is either the big lie, or the truth, and we must make the decision which one it is to us. If the other religions are correct, the message of the Bible is not. But if the Bible is your source for the truth, there is only one path to Heaven and it spells out one plan and one plan only. Admit you are a sinner, ask for God's forgiveness, accept Jesus' payment for your sins on the cross, and then trust Him daily to walk with you and direct your paths. It's THE good idea that always





hits its mark and will never let you down. Think about it.

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

Eddie Rahm

"Fast Eddie" eddierahm@roadrashmag.com

PS: After the one successful test flight of the Spruce Goose a hermitically sealed, temperature controlled, custom hanger was constructed by Hughes for his creation. Hundreds of full time workers (including pilots) were employed in order to keep the plane in "flight ready" condition at all times, anxiously awaiting on a call from Hughes for the next flight, a call that never came. In his later years Hughes went into seclusion until his death in 1976.







Dog And Pony Show: This Local Band Rocks!

Recently I took a trip out to JJ's Bohemia, this almost underground "hole-in-the-wall" place located East on M.L.King Blvd, populated mostly by the same crowd every night. The music has been eclectic to say the least, with bands ranging from this "get up and punch someone in the face" metal act "Night of the Wolf" to the more basic rock n' roll, North Chattfriendly groove of the "Bohannons." But on this particular night, I encountered a sound I hadn't heard in Chattanooga for some time.

The band "Dog and Pony Show" was already on stage a little before 9 p.m. on Saturday, in a free-form jam that must have lasted 10 minutes or longer. I knew I was in for a treat, so I rummaged around my bag for a piece of paper to start my chicken scratch of notes. There were only a few people hanging around before 9:30, when someone opened up the floodgates, and people started filling up the bar. With a beer in my hand, Dog and Pony Show started their set at 9:40. I was lucky enough to snag a copy of their set list to assist me in my note taking. I was in awe of how much sound could come from a three-piece.

Right off the bat, there was not one person standing still. If you weren't dancing, you were tapping your feet. If you weren't tapping your feet, you might have been unconscious. Throughout their set, the crowd witnessed guitar skills

Throughout their set, the crowd witnessed guitar skills somewhat foreign to the now metal-friendly scene of Chattanooga. Derrick "Cookie" Cook slung his 2000 Les Paul Standard he calls "Hilary" around like it weighed practically nothing. A cover of "If Heartaches were Nickels," a Joe Bonamassa original, was a crowd pleaser. "Cookie" threw his Les Paul behind his head seeming to channel Stevie



Ray Vaughn. I observed him playing the solo for "Runnin' Through the Rain," a Dog and Pony Show original, with the body of the guitar resting on his shoulder and the neck extended over towards the front of the stage, reminiscent of Buddy Guy. The show was filled with unbelievable dynamics during "Leave my Little Girl Alone" and note sustain on the guitar that was never-ending. The last song of their set was a unique jam lasting for 11 minutes called "Give It All to Me." "B" from the River City Hustlers joined the band to assist in some harmony before they broke it all down with the Jimi Hendrix classic "Voodoo Chile." Drummer Tony Byers held his own during an incredible drum solo during which all beers where in the air.

After the show I had a chance to talk with the guys of Dog and Pony Show about their performance and the band as a whole.

"The shows are all about communication between the three of us. No two shows are ever the same. We do that for our fans," Matt Dixon explained as he was putting away his 6-string Washburn bass and Weeping Demon wah pedal set-up.

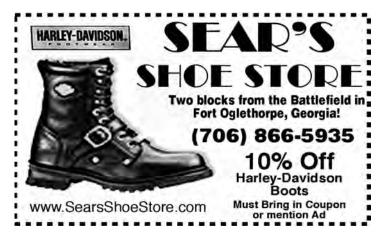
Derrick "Cookie" Cook took a minute in between drags of his cigarette and said "I want people to hear words when I play guitar. Kind of like I'm saying something without saying a word."

I believe that good musicians can embrace the crowd, and invite them to partake in the ecstasy that the band feels. Dog and Pony Show not only generates their energy from the crowd, but gives the crowd a reason to get rowdy. They played an amazing set, and I assured them that next time I would be front and center dancing with all the other fans with my beer held high.

Riss Merrill













This & That

We went riding early Sunday morning. Early as in earlier-than-usual, that is. We left at 7:30 a.m., only because riding in the heat of the day is not really what we enjoy. When traveling there is no escaping the heat. You have to make time and distance, and the only way to do that is to get up and go. And keep



going all day, despite the temperature. But here at home, the demands of distance riding are reduced. Riding up Ooltewah-Georgetown Road to Highway 60 through the early-morning dew is a great way to start the day. Morning mist hangs low over the valley; White Oak Mountain rises above the mist in stark dark-green contrast to the clear blue sky. A mystical experience, if you will. (Yikes! Is this a travelogue??!). There is something about the smells of farmland. Horses have their particular smell...cows do too. And of course fresh road kill has its own special odiferous punch. The combination of sight and smell is actually impossible to ignore. It's another allure of the ride. It kind of takes over and forces one to temporarily forget the crap the rest of the week may bring.

That brings me to another point. Road manners seem to be vanishing. Some scooter folk ride in a group at 5 to 10 mph (or more) beneath the speed limit. Passing them is almost impossible, for they will not break ranks and allow anyone else in. Afraid they'll get lost, I guess. They won't even ease over to the right third of their lane to help others pass. That's inconsiderate, rude, obnoxious and even smacks of being smug. Stretching the ranks is the best thing to do, I think, and waving others to pass keeps each rider in control of his immediate space and helps prevent any potential traffic build-up. Cars and trucks can work their way through the group and the group closes up behind them. No muss, no fuss. There may be some accepted rules to follow when riding in a group, but unless those rules are recognized and accepted by everyone on the road, then effectively those rules have no impact as regards to safety, and they may even serve to aggravate drivers. Slow traffic builds tension in the more aggressive cage-dweller (and some bikers I know). Tension leads to what? Road Rage. Uncontrolled road rage from a cage-dweller can lead to what? Road Rash!!! Let us keep our favorite magazine exactly as it has always been and strives to be: entertaining, informational and furthering the pursuit of safe riding. The other type of road rash is unacceptable. I don't usually ride all that slowly and at times I have been passed. I have no problem recognizing the fact that I am not the boss when on the road; as a matter of fact, I am the only one who can lose in any confrontation. So easing over to the right third of my lane and waving others on to pass is no big deal. Why not get out of the other fellow's way if he wants to go fast? It's merely courteous (if not really understood by most cagers). Actually, most drivers wave after they have passed. That keeps the roads safer for us and helps ensure that we will live to ride again. And there ain't nothin' like being able to ride again!

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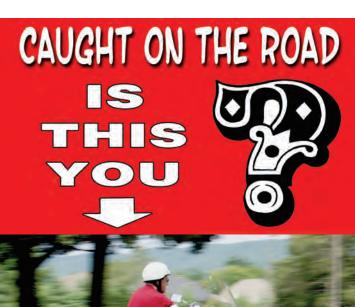
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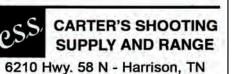
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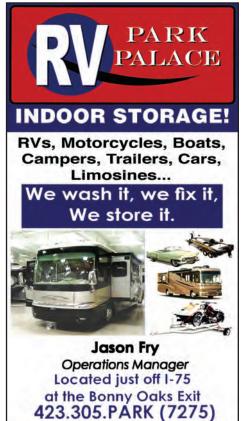


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In celebration of Road Rash Magazine's eighth anniversary, we decided to put the Spotlight on Road Rash. Eight years ago, "Tom the Bomb" Blevins along with Kim "HippyChicKim" Teems spotted a need in the Chattanooga area (and advertising marketplace) for an exclusive motorcycle-related magazine. Tom went to potential advertisers with nothing more than an idea. The magazine concept was well received and when enough commitments were made, they took it to press. Road Rash first hit the streets in September of 2001.

By 2006 the magazine had become a tremendous workload and was in need of some capital investment. Ronnie "Rock" Land and Jimmy "Moleman" Cornett, who were both involved with the magazine's writing and distribution, joined forces with Tom and were able to help make some needed changes.

The first change they implemented was going from "newsprint" paper to a full-color glossy magazine. This change helped with current and potential advertisers, and the magazine continued to grow. In September 2008, Alan "Boo Boo" Kelley was added to the starting line-up as Sales Manager/Partner. His role is to increase sales and grow the number of advertisers. Unfortunately, his job has been a little challenging since the country has slid into one of the worst economic periods since the Great Depression.

Now, on to the sales pitch! Road Rash Magazine is a great way to advertise your business. Our advertising rates are far better than any of our regional competitors, and we are the only LOCAL motorcyclerelated magazine! Road Rash distributes thousands of magazines each month and has just as many downloads off of our Web site. Our advertising rates are a great value: Prices start as low as \$65 per month and go up from there. Road Rash also advertises any charitable event free of charge and has donated over \$100,000 in free advertising.

Road Rash Magazine is committed to providing quality coverage of local motorcycle events. We support our community in many facets. We love riding and living in the Tennessee Valley. Support the local guys... patronize our advertisers, go to local events, and help make our magazine bigger and better!

Alan "BooBoo" Kelley





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Nash Norris is now 4 years old. When he was 13 mos. old, he was diagnosed with astrosartoma cancer in his spinal cord. He has had two brain surgeries and takes chemo treatments every Tuesday at Children's Hospital at Erlanger. He gets an MRI about every 3 months to check how his condition is progressing. He is the happiest child you could ever imagine, full of joy and laughter. He runs through our house chasing his sister, or playing soccer. Now with his new motorcycle gang as friends, every day is a good day for him.

He is the son of Jimmy and Robin Norris. He has a big brother Walker, and a big sister Karleigh. Nash has some friends that ride motorcycles and he is always wanting to sit on their bikes. He told someone that he was in a bike gang. So, on July 25th several local groups met at his grandmother's shop, Fancy Fanny's Bridal on Dayton Blvd., for what was called Nash's gang.

Rolling Thunder presented him with an honorary patch. Gary Grizzard and Billy Skiles presented Nash with a little custom chopper, a helmet, vest, chaps, a jacket and some patches. D.W.'s Cycle presented him with some gloves and Dicky Plemons gave him some patches and pins for his vest. The CMA (Christian Motorcyclist Association was there to bless his bike and presented him with his official 'bike blessed sticker'.

Nash's entire family would like to thank everyone for all their thoughtful pra yers and concerns and would like everyone who participated to know how grateful they are and how much they appreciate everything that was done. You can see Nash's Gang making the presentation to him on July 25th at the following web address: www.Choochoocma.Com.

MOTORCYCLE EVENT LISTINGS

SEPTEMBER 4 Chattanooga, TN SUNDOWN AT THE CREEK / GIVE A DOG A BONE Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson - 7-9:30 p.m. 423-892-4888 or www.thundercreekharley.com

SEPTEMBER 5 Cleveland, TN PANCAKE BREAKFAST Applebees (Paul Huff Pkwy.) Mike Mayo: 423-209-7180 or mikemayo@mail.hamiltontn.gov

SEPTEMBER 6 Rock Springs, GA REVEREND BOOGER MEMORIAL STOCKING FULL OF LOVE TOY RUN

Walker Co. Civic Center on Hwy 27 Reg. 11 am - FBO 12:30

SEPTEMBER 10-13 Atwood, TN HAWG HOLLER FALL BIKERS BASH 164 Clay Farm Lane

Phil Howell: 731-571-0125 or www.hawgholler.net

SEPTEMBER 11 Dalton, GA TWIN CAM JAM Mountain Creek Harley-Davidson - 7 - 9:30 p.m.

Mountain Creek Harley-Davidson - 7 - 9:30 p.m. 706-370-7433 or www.mountaincreekharley.com

SEPTEMBER 12 *Chattanooga, TN*

Ultimate Cycle (103 Jubilee Drive)-5 p.m.-10 p.m. 423-634-8151 or www.ultimatecyclescooter.com

Dalton, GA FIRST ANNUAL RIDE FOR THE FUTURE Poplar Springs Baptist Church - 9 a.m. Jeremy Mcmahan: 706-508-9175

Ringgold, GA ARVILLE "DOODLE" DRENNAN RIDE FOR SMILES Shops at Remco - 3 p.m. Shay: 706-937-2222, googoo227@catt.org or www.cfapa.org

Dahlonega, GA HIGH BEAMS MOTORCYCLE POKER RUN Riders Hill (3003 Morrison Moore Parkway East) - FBO: 10 a.m. 706-265-6257 or www.circleoffriends.com

Jasper, TN

SCOOTS FOR TROOPS Ronnie's Red Eye Saloon - noon Ashtray: 423-902-6654, Fast: 423-315-3214 or Pitstop: 423-285-5295

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Gore Fire Dept. (Hwy. 27) - 10 a.m. Jamye Dawson: 706-506-9516 or gfdcapt303@wndstream.net

Chattanooga, TN CMA TBA RIDE Sportsman's Warehouse - 10 a.m. Wayne Polk: 423-309-4226 or roadcaptain@cmachattanooga.com

SEPTEMBER 18

Chattanooga, TN OFFICIAL TRAIL OF TEARS KICK-OFF PARTY AND SUNDOWN Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson - 1-9:30 p.m.

423-892-4888 or www.thundercreekharley.com

Chattanooga, TN SOUTHERN ROCK ALLSTARS CONCERT (see ad page 12) Certified Powersports - 6 p.m. MLK & Hwy 27 423-305-7770 CertifiedPowerSports.com

Chattanooga, TN CLOWN CRUISE IN

CLOWN CRUISE IN Alhambra Shrine Center - 4 to 9 p.m. Perry Perkins: 423-488-0693, Alhambramail@bellsouth.net , www. alhambrashrine.com

SEPTEMBER 19

Chattanooga, TN OFFICIAL TRAIL OF TEARS REMEMBRANCE RIDE Ross' Landing - 8 a.m.

1-877-868-8747 or www.trailoftears-remembrance.org

Dawsonville, GA

K.A.R.E. FOR KIDS, INC POKER RUN Moto 400 - 8:30 a.m. Calvin Byrd: 706-216-5273, info@kareforkids.us , Carl Volk: 770-910-0330, csv1@windstream.net or www.kareforkids.us

McMinnville, TN CRUSING FOR A CURE

CRUSING FOR A CURE Larrys ATV & Cycle - 9 a.m. Larry Ashford: 931-815-3778, Anthony Green: 931-9342925, or larrys@blomand.net

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Dalton, GA RIDE FOR THE CHILDREN TEDDY BEAR RUN-SHRINER'S HOSPITAL

Patco Trucking - 7:30 a.m. Ga. ABATE Dist.1 West: 706-260-5594,www.gabated1w.com or Eugenebell2000@yahoo.com

SEPTEMBER 26

Chattanooga, TN ULTIMATE BLOCK PARTY Ultimate Cycle (103 Jubilee Drive)-5 p.m.-10 p.m. 423-634-8151 or www.ultimatecyclescooter.com

SEPTEMBER 27

Chattanooga, TN MAC'S TEDDY BEAR POKER RUN Mac's Pub - noon Yog: 423-570-0250, yogcmt@aol.com , or www.cmtabate.com

OCTOBER 2-4

McMinnville, TN HAWGS & HOOTERS BIKER BASH & TAILGATE PARTY 258 Bryan Nelson Lane Contact: Mike or Kim Pettrey @ 423-949-3878 - 931-205-9436 or 931-808-5882

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The Low Down: Make/Model: 1986 FLHTC Liberty Edition HD Electraglide Engine: 1340 Harley-Davidson Owner: Wierdo, Chattanooga, TN

Almost everyone in this area who is into motorcycles has seen this bike. It's owner, "Weirdo," rides it to all the cool parties and rides. The bike is more-or-less a tribute to his Uncle Bob. But I think I'll let Weirdo tell you about it in his own words... "Bob was born in West Virginia on June 18, 1947. At the age of 16,

Bob moved to Chicago to live with my Dad, Larry Wooldridge, and my Mom, Ramona Wooldridge. Bob entered the United States Army on September 14, 1966, returning home April 15, 1969. He then moved back in with my parents after he returned from Vietnam until he was able to get his own place and get on his feet. Throughout the years, Bob was like the big brother I never had. He and I did a lot of stuff together, some like the big brother I never had. He and I did a lot of stuff together, some that I'm proud of and some that I won't talk about until I find out the statue of limitations. Bob and I rode together for about 20 years and in 1998, my family and I moved to Tennessee. In September of 2004, Bob was to ride his bike down to ride the Tail of the Dragon with me and a friend (Bryan). Unfortunately, Bob passed away on August 3, 2004 due to congestive heart failure complicated by diabetes. In his will, he asked that his ashes be spread at Oak Street Beach in Chicago, IL. I am happy to say that we honored that wish. Also, in Bob's will, he left me his two motorcycles, A 1969 FLH Old School Chopper and a 1986 FLHTC Lib-erty Edition. After I got the bikes home, it bothered me to ride them so erty Edition. After I got the bikes home, it bothered me to ride them, so I let them sit most of the time and rode my motorcycle. At the end of 2007, I brought the bike to Kenny Hadorn, who owns Air-FX in Cleveland, TN, and explained to him how much my uncle

meant to me, how much the motorcycle meant to me, and that I wanted to honor my uncle, our troops, and our veterans. Kenny then spent six weeks creating a paint job that is a true tribute to Bob Wooldridge and all of our Armed Forces. In 2009, Charlie Wade of Ultimate Cycles in Chat-tanooga, TN, agreed to take on the challenge of doing a complete and total tear-down of the motorcycle so that I could have Jason Williams (from Auto-Cycle Powder Coating in Red Bank, TN) powdercoat the entire motor, transmission, frame, and front end, matching the rest of the bike. After the powder coating was complete, the crew from Ultimate Cycles reassembled the whole motorcycle. While the work was going on, Kenny Hadorn, Air-FX, spent another six weeks working his magic with an airbrush. At the same time, we also had Henry and the guys from Chopper Squad Customs in Etowah, TN, do some fabrication work on the motorcycle such as converting real hand grenades into highway pegs, mounting M16 bayonets down the front forks, and adding an eight-foot tall flag pole to the back.

On the front of the bike there is a portrait of my uncle, Bob Wooldridge, from when he was in Vietnam. Hanging from the dashboard is a small vial containing Bob's ashes and the sand where we spread his ashes, so that 30 years later, he and I are still riding together. On the bottom of the back fender are my father Larry and my Uncle Bob's dog tags painted side-by-side. This motorcycle touches many veterans and people who have someone serving in the military, but could not have people who have someone serving in the military, but could not have been transformed into what it is without the help of Kenny Hadom from Air-FX Custom Motorcycle Painting & Airbrushing of Cleveland, TN (423-715-5202), Ultimate Cycle & Scooter of Chattanooga, TN (423-634-8151), Chopper Squad Customs of Etowah, TN (423-263-6535), and Auto-Cycle Powder Coating of Red Bank, TN (423-463-4760). While my father, Larry Wooldridge, will always be my number one hero, Bob Wooldridge will always hold a special place in my heart. If there is anyway I could help anyone with this motorcycle please contact me at weirdo@bellsouth.net."

For many more detailed photos of this bike and much more, go to www.roadrashmag.com!

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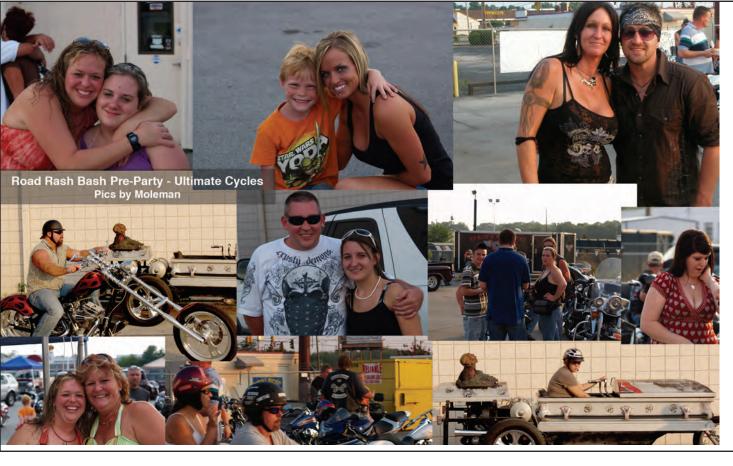
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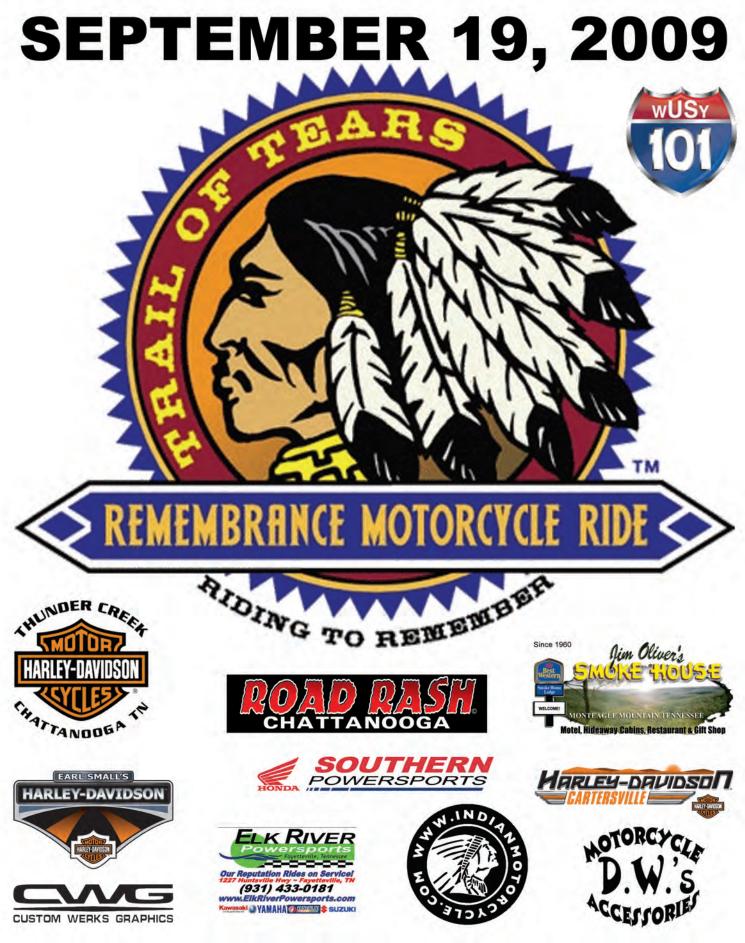








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THE VIEW FROM THE WING We Never Know

"Aren't those things dangerous?" "A little, yes they are." "So why tempt fate?" "Why not?" "You could get killed on that thing." "I could get killed in my bathroom. Studies show that it is the

most dangerous part of the house. Maybe I should get rid of mine." "But you need a bathroom, not having one would be stupid." "That's the point-if you are really a biker, you need a bike" "But aren't you afraid of dying?" "No." "No?"

No, I am not afraid of dying. I know that one day I am going to leave this life. Unfortunately we all must pass. The mortality rate is 100% in Chattanooga. It's the same all over so there is no place safe. Life is messy and no one gets out of it alive. We at the Road Rash community have experienced that too much lately. There have been large gaping holes left by people who were enjoying riding their bikes when an accident turned fatal and there are people who just went to bed, expecting to wake up the next day and never did.

It hurts when we lose people that we love. It hurts when we lose people that we don't know, but who were familiar to us leave this earth. We go for awhile and the people around us stay around us for years and years and we start to take them for granted. We forget how fragile and precious that this life really is. Then one day we get an email or see it on the news that someone that we know is gone.

The truth is that death is always around us. We expect it to be older people who have lived a good long life and are a



hundred and twenty years old. Or just look that old. Like Rock! We expect it to be gang bangers shooting each other over drugs or gang symbols. We expect it to be miles away from our lives. But it's not. It is right here. It always seems to be around those of us who ride bikes. Goes with the territory I guess.

As I write this we have had several people die that have been a big part of our motorcycling community the past few months. We have learned a little more about them and their lives in Road Rash. It is with great sadness that we read about the lives of these people and we feel the pain of the ones that were close to them but are left behind.

This has been an exhausting week of Michael Jackson news. A person that I never knew, who lived in a place called never, never land in his mind and in his own amusement park by the same name, has dominated my world in media. He was a talented entertainer, I guess. He was obviously loved by many around the world. I was not one of those. I am a few years older than him and although I would find myself singing some of his songs, I would be embarrassed and never admit it in public. He was also a very sick person trapped by his own fame and his own indulgences. Of course his multitude of devoted fans know that Michael could never do any of the things that people said he did. He was too talented to do that. Yeah right! And Janis Joplin never drank and Jimi Hendrix never did drugs and Elvis was a health nut and O.J. Simpson was innocent.

Rock and roll does not have its own heaven. It's nice to think that all of our rock stars are looking down upon us waiting for that great jam session in the sky, but the truth is that being a celebrity does not guarantee you of anything. If we were to examine the words and actions of many of these people, very few of them seemed to indicate a life devoted to God. Dying while doing what you loved to do is still death. I remember the funeral of a friend back home who had abandoned his family, rejected his daughter, rejected God, and



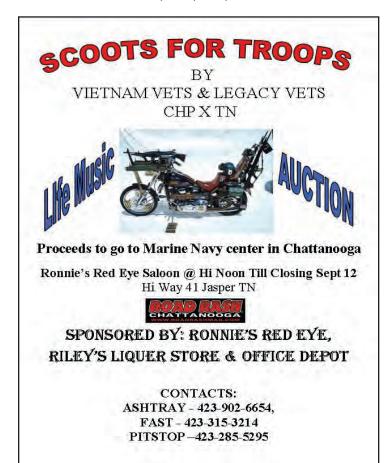


died while drunk on his bike. His many friends tried to console his upset teenage daughter by placing a bottle of Jack Daniels in his casket and telling her that her old man was better off now and that he died doing what he loved. I don't recall her being all that consoled.

I know where I will be. I will be in heaven. Oh, not because I am a better person that Michael Jackson. I may be, I may not be, but that doesn't count. It's not because of anything I've done. I am not deserving of heaven in any way shape or form. It was because the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who is God, came down to earth as a baby, and grew into manhood and then stood in our place and died on the cross for sins I committed, that I will be in heaven. Because the tomb could not contain Jesus, it cannot contain any who die while believing in Him. I have made Jesus, my Lord and Savior. He died for your sins, also.

So I will live for all eternity in heaven. Is heaven all that great? I think so. A perfect heaven will have to have perfect motorcycles. There will be no helmet laws as there will be no accidents and no death. People will talk behind your back only to say good things and encourage you. Every person that you come into contact with will tell you the truth. Curmudgeons like me will no longer gripe and complain. No one will have pain, emotional or physical. Because it will be heaven and everything will be perfect, there will be no trikes. {Again all emails go to Rock @ Road Rash.} My Cubs will be World Champions. There may, of course, be lawyers in heaven but they will have really useful jobs, like polishing our bikes. There will be Chicago deep dish pizza, which will be low fat and good for you. People who have gone to heaven will shed no more tears. Ever.

But we will. We are going to feel the pain of losing people until the day that we ourselves have gone. We are going to share the grief of friends that we know that have lost their loved ones and we will need to pick up the pieces. We need to learn



how to listen and just be there.

Most of us have the ability to choose what bike we ride, where we live and with whom we associate. We can choose our eternal destiny, also. Do you know 100% for sure where you will be for all eternity? You can. You can decide to spend eternity all alone tortured over and over again for every mistake that you have made. Or you can live forever in a perfect earth.

He is the answer to the question. He is offering you eternal security. He has done all of the work. All you have to do is invite him into your life and allow him to be your Leader and Savior. You can follow him or you can choose not to. The choice is yours. But I caution you to be very wise as this is one hell of a choice.

Gary Boyd

gboyd1800@yahoo.com





Rah on the Road

Letters to home

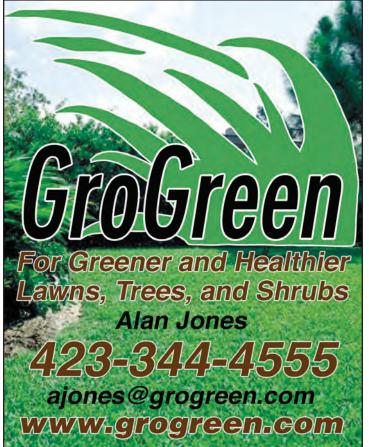
Maybe it was Booger's farewell article saying you could see him in the bridges, windmills and other items if you look for them. Maybe it was the Road Rash trip with 6000 amazing pictures, but nothing can take the place of actually seeing sights on the road,



particularly things you don't see in the Chattanooga area. I didn't really know how small Chattanooga is. I thought it was a relatively large city. Don't laugh, I'm a country girl! In my travels, I have seen really big cities and the big ones all have interstate loops around them. Chattanooga doesn't have that. There's something magical about the big cities at night, all lit up and sparkling and mystical driving by the abandoned skeleton farms out in Colorado.

Other things you don't see at home, for example, are water towers which look like a mushroom or a giant peach; suspension bridges; landmarks like the St Louis arch or the Cadillac stonehenge and goofy roadside sights like the biggest ball of string in the world or the covered wagon being pulled by 8 or so orange and white Fatboys on a pole in front of a boutique in Texas. Back in the winter, I drove into Flagstaff, where it was covered in snow and ice. As I drove off the mountain into Phoenix, it was 80 degrees! You don't get that on Lookout or Signal, now do ya?

I've seen Amish communities on the side of the mountain in Pennsylvania, at night, where every house had a single candle lit in a window; sweet little villages that looked like time had forgotten them with the little red school houses shaped like barns; cacti bigger than houses and bugs as big as small birds! (That's not something you want to see on a bike, especially if you don't have a shield.) The most amazing thing I've seen so far was driving into El Paso one evening. As I crested a small hill on the interstate, it looked like I was going to drive right into the middle of the moon.



And if that wasn't enough, I looked in my side mirror behind me and all I could see were the millions of colors that was the effect of the sunset. It was chilling and my words don't do it justice.

I could go and on. The point is, pictures are beautiful but when you SEE these things with your own eyes, you become part of it. You come to know how small you are in the whole scheme of things. The sight becomes a feeling. I would imagine that if I had gotten what I thought I wanted and was able to do this traveling on a bike, I wouldn't have gotten very far or seen all that I have because I know that I would want to stop and take lots of pictures. I do take some while I'm driving, but I can't stop a Freightliner every time I see something interesting and get out for pictures.

I think I needed to write about this because I'm feeling quite homesick and I needed to remind myself what a great opportunity I've been given and what a really great job I have. The sacrifices I have had to make for this job, at times, seem huge...I miss my families, my dog, my friends, having a front porch swing and, especially, I miss riding. I kinda look at driving a big truck as test driving the roads. There are many, many places I want to return to on a bike. Yea, even some interstates are bike-riding worthy. One in particular is close enough to Chattanooga that you might want to check it out if you haven't already...I-40 from Bristol into North Carolina is just beautiful. The mountains through Virginia and W. Virginia are breath-taking. See, I said I could go on and on.

I do, however, long for familiar sights like the Ocoee River, the climb to Cagle Mountain, the overpass at Fort Mountain, even the little ride down 41 and old Georgia 2 from E. Ridge to Dalton (one of my favorite local runs), and just riding around with my brothers and sisters in town to a meeting or dinner. I'm blessed, I know. I've seen more in the last nine months than most people see in a lifetime. I'll be home soon and back on a bike with the wind in my face and my soul renewed. Hope to see ya then.

Now, go ride and see new stuff or ride and re-visit the familiar. Just be safe! Miss y'all

RahRah

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Joe Cool's Biker Health

Hello Road Rash readers. Last month I wrote about diabetes and the consequences of the disease if left unchecked. One of the important treatments of diabetes is a proper dia

treatments of diabetes is a proper diet that controls blood glucose levels. Through a physician recommended diet and use of the "Glycemic Index" a diabetic can keep blood sugar under control as well as unhealthy body weight. This method of weight control is very effective even if you do not suffer from diabetes.

As I stated last month, a diabetic cannot make or properly use insulin. This leads to high blood glucose, or sugar, levels in the blood. Healthy eating helps to reduce blood sugar, which is a critical part of managing diabetes. Because controlling blood sugar can prevent the complications of diabetes and weight gain. Wise food choices is the foundation of diabetes treatment. Diabetes experts suggest meal plans should be flexible and take lifestyle and other health needs into account. A registered dietitian can help design a meal plan. Healthy diabetic eating includes; limiting sweets, eating often, being careful about when and how many carbohydrates are eaten, eating lots of wholegrain foods, fruits and vegetables, eating less fat and limiting the use of alcohol.

Not all carbohydrate foods are created equal, in fact they behave quite differently in our bodies. The Glycemic index describes this difference by ranking carbohydrates according to their effect on our blood glucose levels. Choosing low Glycemic Index carbs that produce only small fluctuations in blood glucose and insulin levels is the secret to long-term reduction of heart disease and diabetes and is the key to sustainable weight loss. The Glycemic Index can be a useful tool for food selection that do not increase blood glucose levels and body fat. High Glycemic index foods include many carbohydrates such as: white bread, pasta, rice, low-fiber cereals and baked goods. Low Glycemic index foods generally have less of an impact on blood glucose levels. People who eat a lot of low Glycemic index foods tend to have lower total body fat levels. Low Glycemic index foods includes: fruits, vegetables, whole unprocessed grains and legumes.

Remember a diabetic needs to control blood sugar because insulin is inefficient, but a non-diabetic person needs to control not only sugar but insulin release as well. Insulin is a strong anti-lipolitic hormone. Lipolysis is the breakdown of fat stored in fat cells for energy. Insulin inhibits this action. If sugar is in the blood so is insulin. Constant consumption of high rated carbs keeps the sugar and insulin levels high in your system. Therefore, body fat is not used for energy.

I have never advocated the Atkins all protein diet. It is unsafe without a doctors supervision and it is not a healthy eating life style. The diabetic diet, however, is a modified version. Carbs are not the devil, but are excellent sources of nutritious energy for the body in balanced portions. Consuming proteins and carbs rated low on the Glycemic index can be an excellent dietary habit that can keep unwanted weight under control for a life time.

You may not be a diabetic, but if you eat like one you can effectively lose weight and keep it off. Remember to take good care of your self. Because if you won't, who will?

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











35

What's Newbie?

I don't get it. I really don't. Why is it that the second you mention motorcycles, the very next words you hear will be something akin to "Everyone I know who's ever so much as seen a motorcycle has died?" Maybe that's a touch dramatic, but not much. I'm cool with the fact that people



are concerned about my safety – thank you very much – and most folks who open their yap know enough to warn me to watch "the other guy" because he's the true danger on the road. But somewhere in the conversation, and not too far into it, everyone has to relate some story about someone they know who died or almost died. Back in my days of dark ignorance (not to be confused with my current situation of "hazy gray ignorance"), I used the same line to keep things tidy and neat in my little cranial cortex. With great authority and wisdom I'd proclaim that "Everyone I know who rides has gotten themselves killed or close to it."

What bothers me is that those sage little warnings come across as simple minded scare tactics. We KNOW they're dangerous. I won't go so far as to say that that's part of the appeal – not for most of us anyway – but I will dare to say the inherent danger is a healthy part of what sets bikers apart in their own little social demographic. All of us who ride have taken stock of the risk and our comfort level and found we can accept the unique challenges riding present. Now, being the new guy, I can freely admit to my own sense of foreboding. When I first started talking about being interested in getting a bike, my friend Billy over at Mac's Pub warned me there were two types of bikers – those that had laid their bike down and those that will. I know it will happen, I just don't



AutoCyclePC@AutoCyclePC.com www.AutoCyclePC.com Se Habla Español know when. So I keep my eyes open and wait. But please, save the "highway boogeyman" stories. There are enough good things to look forward to, why spend your time waiting on something bad to happen?

Good or bad, there seems to be a lot of waiting that comes with riding. From stoplights to that first warm spring day, there's just a lot of waiting and anticipating. Sometimes we find people who make the waiting easier. I was on a plane back to the States after family vacation, and our seats weren't all together. One of my girls had a ticket for a seat next to a rough looking fella. I took her seat so she wouldn't feel uncomfortable. Shortly after takeoff he broke out a motorcycle magazine and started flipping through it. Between my less-than-subtle glances at his mag and my brand new Harley-Davidson Bahamas souvenir t-shirt, he caught on that I was interested in bikes. He let me read the magazine while he napped, and we spent the rest of the flight talking bikes and riding. I learned a little bit, and now have a new friend down in Mobile. If you're ever down that way and bump into a guy who goes by the name "Billy Billy", be sure to say hey for me. One of these days I'm going to take him up on his offer and ride down so he can show me around. He certainly made the time waiting to get home a whole lot more interesting.

As I've probably mentioned already, I'm not much of a mechanic. I'm working on it, but I'm no wrench-turner. Part of the reason I bought a Shadow is because more than once I was told I could ride it until I got sick of looking at it. All that to say, I don't look forward to mechanical problems, and find myself waiting – again with the waiting - for the first time I end up sitting on the side of the road. When I was riding through the ridge cut in rush-hour traffic one morning, I was not pleased to hear my engine start to sputter and miss and my power falling off and then surging back. Coming down the other side the engine just quit. I pulled over and managed to avoid being crushed by the lemmings herding toward the cliffs of downtown.



triple777studio@gmail.com www.triple777studio.com myspace.com/brenttriple7 Now I hadn't owned my bike for an entire week at this point. I knew they got good gas mileage, but didn't think about the fact that they have small gas tanks. I also knew my bike had a reserve feature, but no idea how it worked. Despite my ignorance – which by now you correctly gather to be immense – I did check the gas tank as soon as I stopped. I saw gas in it, so I ASSUMED that running out of fuel was not my problem. Most of you know where I went wrong....the reserve feature on my tank is NOT some sort of separate chamber or "tank within a tank". The level had just dropped low enough that I needed to switch over to reserve.

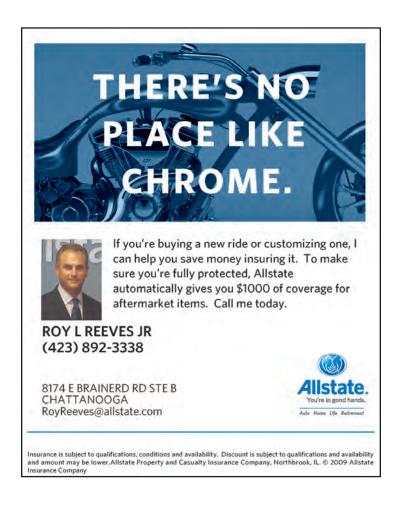
One of those helpful TDOT guys pulled over right behind me and strolled up as I replaced my gas cap. I asked if he knew anything about bikes, to which he replied that he owned three - my lucky day. First thing he asked was if I had fuel. I told him that I did, so he moved on with his troubleshooting. Finding nothing amiss, I called Ultimate Cycles for advice and/or a tow. I also called my buddy Lucky Man (formerly known as Mr. Cimo) and woke him to ask for help. Good thing I have patient friends! He told me to switch to reserve, fire it up and get to work. By this time I'd tried to relight the fire too many times and had killed my battery. Sweet. But it just so happened that it WAS in fact my lucky day. Lurch, the guitar player from the band I'm in, happened by and saw me sitting and bidding my time. He swung around, jumped the battery and followed me to top off my tank. I think I saw him laughing at me in my mirrors and I can't say I blame him. I'm betting more than a few of you get a chuckle out of my misfortunes... err....LEARNING EXPERIENCES - and that's alright. To top everything off, I had decided to wear shorts and managed to burn the crap out of my leg. I hope my wife finds scars sexy. My education is getting painful. My education is also a ton of fun.

I'm having a blast. Sure, I've scared myself a few times pushing the envelope a touch too much, but the anticipation of good stuff is much stronger. Good stuff like cutting up that beautiful bike. Lucky Man and Hevvy were looking at my bike the other day and started scheming with me about how to customize it. I've already admitted that I'm no knuckle busting wrench monkey. Being new to this whole deal, I don't know a bobber from a springer or what makes a chopper a chopper....but these guys do. They have me pretty excited about taking a torch to it. They were explaining to me how we could rip this off here and add this on there and drop that down and....etc. I'm anticipating making the bike mine. I've already stripped off a few "spare parts" and commissioned Hevvy to make me a pan seat. He's a metalworker by trade, and I foresee passing him a chunk of change as he fabricates parts for me and assists in my new customizing endeavors.

On beautiful days like we've had recently, I look forward to the long drives with no schedule and no place to be. I imagine all the side roads that go nowhere and exploring them all. I just can't wait for the next thing. I can't wait to get in the saddle for the next ride, be it to work or to church or - like a few weeks ago - to Nightfall for the first time. The next ride is always in the back of my mind, tantalizing me. I find myself daydreaming about my first road trip. Where will I go? What would I pack? HOW would I pack? I look at the magazines and try to figure out how people camp ofn these things. Where does the tent go? How do you carry a sleeping bag? Where does the beer sit? So much to learn, so many miles to cover. Recently I was invited to my first bike rally. Maybe you've heard of the band Motorhead? Big ugly guy named Lemmy? Well, I'm a fan and they're playing the Cherokee Survivor 09 rally in September, so Lucky Man and I are riding out. Pretty sure his lovely lady is going to ride with Roxy in the Pathfinder, so where to stash the beer and sleeping bags has been resolved and the first trip has been planned!

Now all I have to do is wait.... See you on the road.

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CHATTANOOGA'S MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

Busa Doc Tech Tips

Sport bike, touring bike, cruiser, scooter, mono bike, trike, etc. Do you understand the Cycle Matrix?

They say being a veterinarian is one of the hardest medical fields due to having to learn and understand so many different body types. I feel this type of stress in my job at Ultimate Cycle in Chattanooga,

because we specialize in servicing the rider, not serving certain types of bikes. I have to be ready for whatever you the rider brings us to repair. I have learned though, that all of us have a certain bike type that makes our heart go pitty-pat. I have some advice for you. When searching for bikes, whatever you normally ride, don't feel like the spectrum of bike is limited to one type or one category of ride just because that is what you have always ridden. Unknown to some of us, there are lots of really fun rides out there that some of us will not ride just because we are a little afraid that "other" type of bike might make us go pitty-pat.

I like to call this situation the "Cycle Matrix", similar to the Matrix movie. If you allow yourself to feel only a certain type or version of bike is your type of bike, the reality of what you might like will never be seen. Thus, you will be one of those riders confined to his or her own limitations and you, as a rider, will never reach the potential of having a true knowledge of where





your pitty-pat level is. Then again, maybe many of us really do not want to know about such things. If that is you, then just turn the page and read something else because this is fixing to get deep:)

Anyway, what we ride is often a symbol of our mindset and/or what those that we hang out with tend to ride. Lets face it, the guys and girls at Nightfall do not turn heads to say "hey,cool bike" as much if you ride up on a scooter, a stock cruiser, or a primered unknown smoke thrower. Now the Harley with the custom paint, or the Busa with the chrome swing arm and nitrous, and the cruiser with 45lbs of extra chome and great sounding exhaust says "hey stop by and check me out" all day! I want to make

and check me out" all day! I want to make it clear, this article is not picking on any brand or type of bike, just simply stating what we all know to be true. All those that will send hate mail, please understand I love (and ride) a lot of different bikes, scooters, trikes, and the likes everyday at my job. I love them all like newborn kids in a nursery. My point here is simply that we should all open our horizons (and minds) a little bit when given the chance to ride something new...just give it a try! Don't criticize the guy or gal who is in the middle of trying out something new and comes happily cruising your way. Don't shy away from something just because you don't think it would be cool at the local hang out. I think even Road Rash's own "Rock" has shown you with his recent new Goldwing purchase, that sometimes the pitty-pat you receive on wheels comes in a package that you just never thought you would ride! With this is mind, I want to outline some of the main

differences for those that may want to venture across the lines: The cruiser is a great any condition, any road, any rider,

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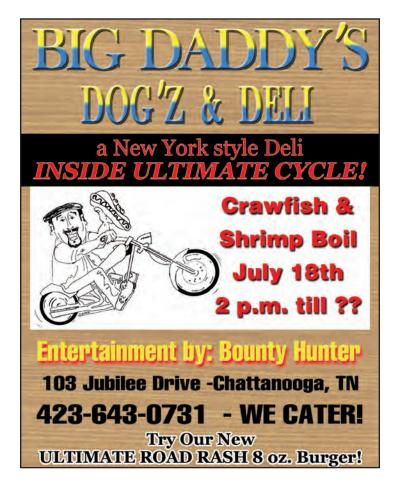
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flexible ride. In fact, riders of all experience levels love the overall versatile handling of the cruiser "floating" down the road. For some of us though, we suddenly wake up one day and realize that the cruiser just does not bring that certain need that we desire...maybe it is handling....maybe it is speed. If your desire is to have that great all around flexible leisure bike then this bike is for you. There are some great bikes in this arena that meet many needs. For example with a VTX 1300/1800, you can put mama on the back and go pretty much anywhere. You may get a little stiff on longer trips, and may wish for a bat wing fairing with a stereo at about 442.8 miles into that trip.... been there and done that! You will not have the entire creature comforts of home, but will have a great overall performer for most situations.

The touring bike is a great long trip hauler. Even though some of us use these machines to commute to work, the over all ride characteristic is long haul comfort with your passenger, communcations, a kichen sink, GPS, stereo, fairing, and fifteen buttons that we do not really know what they do. Those who love these big beast bikes love this virtual "couch" easing down the road with all 15,000 cc's purring. Ok, I am exaggerating on that one, but you get the point. This category of bike has some of the most comfortable and tough haulers you will find, for example the Goldwing, the Ultra, and the Royal Star. For the long trip, this is like taking the living room with you complete with remote control! For some of us though, after riding this rolling living room down the road for a while, we realize again we need something different...maybe its speed....maybe its handling....maybe its less weight..only you can answer the desire question. You can put mama on the back of this one and go across the US and beyond...as long as you give her the trunk box for all her things.

The sport bike is a great racer, or racer wannabe in some cases. Not quite the machine that takes the checkered flag at the tracks on a pro level, but pretty darn close for most riders'



ability. In some models here, you really got to wonder how much faster can this thing go. I mean at 200 mph things kinda get out of hand right? Made to be track bikes but legal on the street, most of these bikes go way to fast, have a weird riding position for any long rides, don't display chrome as a first impression, and go through tires by the time you finish reading this line. Again I exaggerate, but the average sport bike is not what the average rider really wants to ride. It is that pitty-pat thing again, that need or desire, we must feel that drives some of us to these bullet machines. The ability of this bike to handle turns at 140 mph as easy as one would at 40 mph on other bikes is a feeling that no one can tell you about until you do it. Unfortunately, many of us try this and do it only one time. Now get this straight...I am not advocating unlawful, dangerous, and highly irresponisble riding taken from the tracks to the street. But in the right setting with closed roads or a track, one can imagine this is awesome. If your need is that of speed and handling, this is your catagory to venture into. Now, just don't expect to ride off into the sunset with mama on the back for a week of sight seeing ... tried that, it don't work! If that is what your "desire" says you need, then reread the above Touring paragraph for advice. Just understand, there is no tour pak on a sportbike.

The scooter is a great commuter, gas sipper, runabout, and easy parking solution. While looks are not really its forte, the scooters of today are much better than what we used to think of as a scooter. Commuting to work at 90 mpg and 70 mph is something to brag about that no motorcycle can do. However, a lot of guys and girls out there just do not feel the "desire" to ride a scooter to meet their pitty-pat needs. However, this has changed somewhat with the advent of larger cc engines, larger chasis designs, better handling from larger tires and wheels, and some motorcycle type parts added such as HID headlamps, ABS brakes, LED lighting, etc. Those who ride some of the new scooters or "maxiscoots", as they are sometimes called, are generally impressed and tend to ride them in a manner to impress others (like passing you on the freeway). Here again, don't expect to get everyone's attention by whacking the throttle like we do on our big bikes. Tried that too, and ended up in the bushes thanks to the automatic transmission!

As I have tried to outline this month, there are many different rides out there with a different purpose and feel. In fact, many of the bikes coming out these days are kinda blurring the lines. One, for example, is the Kawi Concourse. Is it a sport bike, a cruiser, or a touring bike? If you have never ridden these cross over types of bikes, you are in for a real surprise and possibly some pitty-pat activity. They have done some homework and the crossover bikes will get your attention once in the saddle. All I am basically saying to you the rider is to ride with an open mind. If you have that little nudge to try the next category of bike, then do so without worrying what the guys and girls at Nightfall or the bar will say. If you see someone trying to feel out that desire, don't critize them for not being what you think is cool. We should welcome all riders at our events no matter what they ride. Now I will be the first to say there is a time and place for all bikes...and thats why some of us have a bike from each category. Try something new when you're given the chance. You just might open your eyes to the CYCLE MATRIX...and your own pittypat zone.

If you would like to try out some different styles of bikes, stop by and see me at Ultimate Cycle in Chattanooga. Watch for our "test ride" event coming in October. ALL riders, regardless of type, or style, are welcome in this rider shop.

Be Safe above all!

The Busa Doc

RIDING WITH THE ROAD RASH CREW

Let me give you an insight about what it's like traveling with the road rash crew. WOO-HOO!!! What an adventure! Before the trip even started, they were worried about my ass and if I would be able to handle riding the long days. Moleman got some beads for me to sit on and Rock got me a gel pad. I tried to take their suggestions the first day and would alternate which one I sat on. It didn't take me long to figure out that the Harley seat was great, so after the first day I didn't use either one of their suggestions.

On Thursday morning, we left at 5:30 am. I didn't realize that we would be up and on the road every morning before most people are even out of the bed. The first three days were hard as we traveled 700+ miles each day. I had never ridden without a helmet before, but after this trip I don't like the helmet at all. I had to figure a different way to tie my bandanna and how to braid my hair so that the wind was not tearing it out by the roots.

I knew we were packing our winter gear, but I had no clue that we would be using it as much as we did. It was July; who would think that it would be that cold. Not me anyway. We traveled 85+mph and only stopped for fuel and occasionally to eat, but most of the time we would grab something in the store and be back on the road within minutes. Our days were long, on the bikes for 12 to 13 hours a day which, by the way, I loved. It is such a free feeling riding in the wind.

On the third day, I was awe struck. I have never seen such beautiful country. The rolling hills with snow-capped mountains in the background, with lakes or streams running through the hills. Horses and cows dotted the fields and hills.

On the fourth day, we went to Glacier National Park. I believe that is one of the most beautiful places in the world. God did a fantastic job when he made that part of the world. The water was a blue like none other, the snow-capped mountains with the sun glistening off the water. It left me with my mouth hung wide open with amazement. Next we move on to Bear Tooth Pass. I had been told from the beginning that this is where I would need my winter gear, but it was warmer at 10,000 feet than what we had thought. Still there was snow that we could see and even touch. More than what we get in Chattanooga in the winter and this is July.

Then we moved on to Big Horn - what an amazing place. We were traveling down a great road, but then we rounded the corner into a magnificent display of scenery. Once again leaving my mouth wide open. I have never been to that part of the country and we would be going along with great scenery, but then we would ride into somewhere that is just a little more spectacular. We traveled on to Devils Tower, how this massive piece of rock is just out in the middle flat land. We saw people climbing the rock, which they looked like ants in comparison.

The Crazy Horse monument is an inspiration. The legacy that family has created is astounding and made me think about what I am doing with my life, and what it actually means. Next we were going to ride with the buffalo, we were riding through the park and I was beginning to wonder if we would find the buffalo, but we did. Seeing the babies playing and running in the field was great. I would not have thought they could move as fast as they can. Then hearing the male with his grunt and sticking out his tongue is an experience that I will never forget.

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be inside a gigantic sand castle? That's exactly the way I felt when we went to the Badlands. What an experience! Each day was packed full of places to see and miles to travel. Thanks Rock, Pebbles, Moleman, and Boo Boo for allowing me to be a part of your adventure. I had a blast. I'm ready to Rock 'n Mole again!

Robin Jackson



Little Man's Ride For The House SEPTEMBER 26th



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CHATTANOOGA'S MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

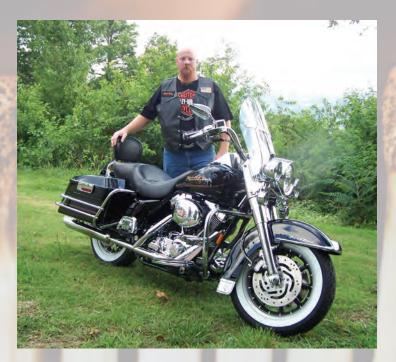


My name is Ronny Land and I was born in Dalton, GA. but have lived in Ringgold all my life. I graduated from Ringgold High School in 1991. I went into the construction business right after high school and still work in the industry. I have been married for five years to my wife Charlene and have one son, Jastin, who is ten years old.

I love to ride every chance I get and love to participate in all the benefit rides that I can. The rides for kids are the ones that are closest to my heart but like most bikers I am always willing to help in anyway I can. I also own a small bike detailing business that allows me to spend more time around motorcycles. It gives me the opportunity to meet new people and learn about each other through the stories we exchange.

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

A friend of mine started calling me Red a long time ago and the name kind of stuck. That's the only one I am aware of.





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

I was basically raised on the handlebars of a Harley Davidson. This is where I contribute my addiction to the steel horse. At the age of 10 I got my first bike, a Suzuki dirt bike. From there, I grew up and my bikes got bigger. My first street bike was a 1995 Harley Sportster. After five years of riding I moved to a 2000 Harley Road King which I still have.

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

The longest road trip was to Oklahoma. Though this was the longest trip, nothing interesting happened which was strange, because usually something funny happens. I have been to Daytona several times with my buddies and there is not enough room here to describe everything that happened.

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

My brother does now along with my cousin, niece and her boyfriend. My brother has a Harley Davidson Softail. My cousin has a Heritage Softail. My niece and her boyfriend have a CBR 600.

5. Have you ever had any serious wrecks?

Fortunately, no, but I have laid the Sportster down and received minor injuries.

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

I have never been discriminated against. Pretty much everywhere I go everyone seems pretty friendly.

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

We were in the Gatlinburg/Pigeon Forge area and the

hotel management let us park under the awnings so they could keep an eye on our bikes while we stayed at the hotel.

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

My favorite type of riding is through mountains and backroads and scenic routes. I ride to Telico and Ball River Falls every chance I can.

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

On average 6,000 to 7,000 miles every year, but due to the increase in work hours, but has picked up in the last year.

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

I would like to see people applying for a driver's license to be required to take and pass a motorcycle awareness safety course so they would have a better understanding of the dangers motorcyclists face everyday. Most motorcycle wrecks could be avoided if the cagers would take more time to look both ways.

We want to thank Ronny for taking the time to be grilled in our Hot Seat. Moleman was shocked when he met Ronny since his old friend and partner shares the same name, just spelled differently. Ronny and Ronnie Land and not related, but they both share a common interest in motorcycling and are both big and handsome.

If you need a good detailing job, give Ronny a call at 423-595-4887. He will be happy to detail you bike without you having to mortgage your house to pay for it.

If you would like to nominate someone that can handle the Hot Seat, contact moleman@roadrashmag.com or any of our other staff members.





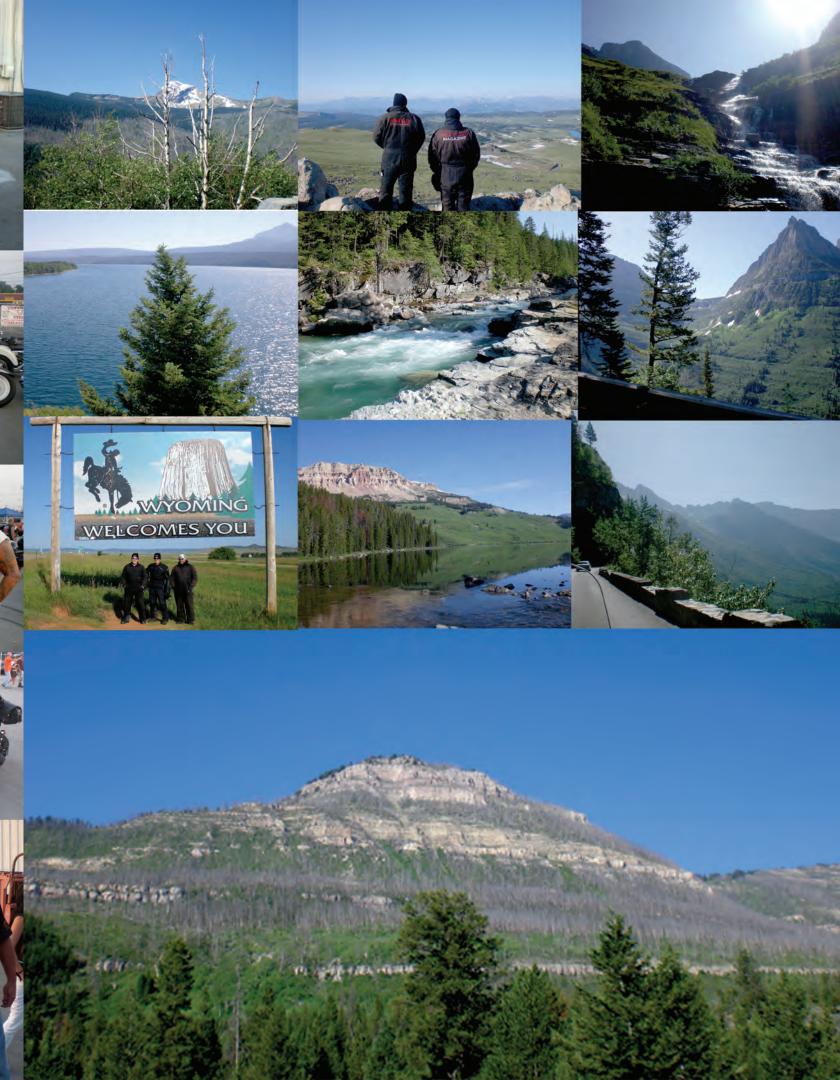






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4:00-5:00	BOUNTY HUNTER
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7:00-9:30	TOMMY CRAIN &
-	THE CROSSTOWN ALLSTARS

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