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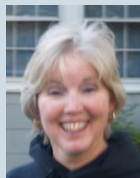
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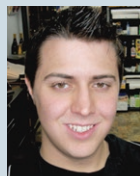
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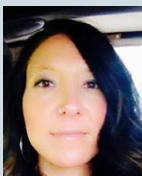
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Garth Milan/Red Bull Content Pool

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Young Japanese couple
names unknown



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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello Riders,

Well, it's that time of year to starting planning that once in a lifetime trip that you've been promising yourself that you'd make someday. I know I'm looking forward to my return trip to Bear Tooth Pass and the Black Hills this year. The last time I was there was in 2009 and I'm excited to ride with the Buffaloes again in Custer State Park and see the progress made on Crazy Horse Mountain.

For those of you who only wish and dream, but never ride that "trip of a lifetime", I try to bring you stories by people that do, in hopes of encouraging you to "just do it." I can promise you that once you ride a long trip, the chance of you doing another is almost inevitable. It's an addiction.

This brings me to our cover this month. My long time friend John Wheeler Jr. is featured on the cover with his bike at Big Sur, California. John, who has owned many motorcycles thirty or so years ago, just recently purchased a used Harley Softail. Like I said, he hadn't ridden at all in three or four desades. So, what does John do? He takes off on a 9000 mile solo trip to California and back and camps 90% of the time.

I must say that John has impressed me to no end. It takes real testicular fortitude to even undertake a trip like this, much less solo while camping. I have taken dozens of long trips and have ridden many hundreds of thousands of miles, but I'm not much of a camper. I have ridden long solo trips, one to Sturgis and back. Riding a long solo trip is an experience unto itself. It's almost a religious experience and at times a little intimidating.

This month John shares his fourth installment of his big adventure. We

featured Part One is our October issue, Part Two in December and Part Three in January 2015. If you weren't hip to them before now you should go back and start from the beginning. You can access them by clicking the issue mentioned above or go to page 49 and click on the cover for the issue.

John will share his final installment next month, so give it a read. John is a published author and has written a series of books about his life and times as a drug dealer and his redemption through Jesus Christ. Read my review on page 33 and an ad for his books on page 34. Thanks John for sharing your awesome motorcycle trip with us.

We finally had someone find the C-Note for December/January. It was at large for about 45 days and it was found by a non Southern Cruiser for a change. My old friend Kent "Frosty" Adams found it. Frosty told me that he underestimated his time and it was dark and cold by the time he found the cash. Then, he had to ride all the way back home with heat packs in his boots and gloves. Frosty, buy some Gerbings heated gear please.

It's still cold out and you treasure hunters will have a real haul this month. BooBoo and I hid it on one of our favorite multi state routes. Dress warm, cause you are going on a ride people. All I can guarantee is that it's a beautiful and fun route. Good luck to you all.

Make sure and check out all of our local event pics by photographers Frank Pate and Greg Cook. We feature dozens of pics in each issue with a link to the entire gallery of each event. All the photos are available for you to download for free for non commercial use. Make sure and thank Greg and Frank for what they do when you see them at your event.

Yearly event dates are filling up fast, so if you are planning an event you need to try and select a date that doesn't compete with a large established yearly event for best results. Remember, we offer FREE full page ads for any club or charitable event. All you need to do is email us your flyer. Send it to rock@kickstandup.com and it will appear in the next magazine. You can also add your event to our online Events Calendar on page 25. This listing is also free to all club and charitable events.

Ride Safe and Ride Daily.

Rock

Rock@kickstandup.com

KSU VIEWING TIPS

On Your Computer:

Some readers will want to download our magazine to their computers for future viewing. Most computers use Adobe Reader to view pdf documents.

To have KSU display correctly (with two pages showing,) you will need to make a change in Adobe Reader's settings.

Windows or Mac OSX.

1. Launch Adobe Reader
2. Open the KSU pdf
3. Go to the View menu
4. Select Page Display
5. Set to Two Page View

KSU should now display properly with two pages open.

On Your Smartphone:

Open your browser and type in kickstandup.com

Click the mag cover on our homepage.

On the iPhone you can click the box with the up arrow on the navigation bar at the bottom of the screen. Then click the Add to Home Screen button. This will add a KSU link to your home screen which acts like an app. To access the magazine in the future you only need to click your KSU screen icon, then click the current cover on our site to read the current issue.

Other smart phones have a similar option, or you can simply add us as a bookmark which will act in the same way.

Once the magazine opens you can turn your phone sideways and the magazine will display properly where you can scroll through the pages.

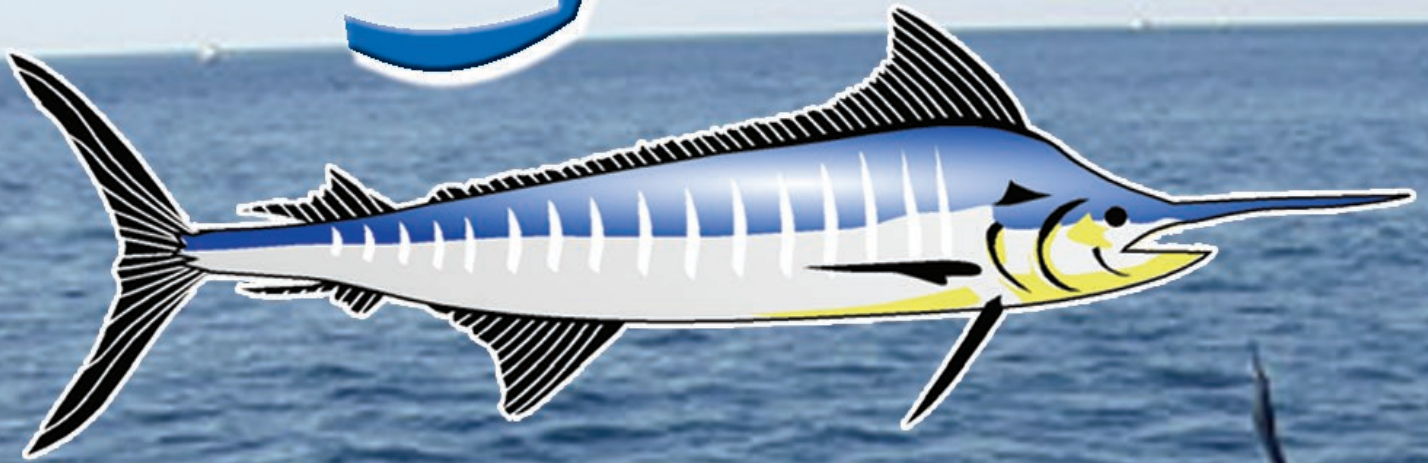
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Greg "Troutrider" Tirey's Great Uncle is far left and his Grandfather is standing next to him.

... IN ACTION



No you're not seeing double. Marc Marquez, Valentino Rossi, and Alex Marquez put their bikes through their paces at the 2015 Valencia test. Alex Marquez was rewarded for winning the 2014 Moto3 championship by getting to ride Marc's backup Repsol Honda. Marquez brothers = Double Trouble.



Jim Olwers

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A Wing . . . and a Prayer

by Gary Boyd

We went for a ride this past Saturday. It was the middle of January in Tennessee. The skies were blue and the temperatures actually hit around 60 degrees. A perfect day for a ride.

The idea for the ride started on Monday night, January 12, after checking the weather, my friend, Bobby Shoemaker, posed the question, who wants to ride? My question to him was who doesn't? He then made Wayne Clements, his son in law, put a ride together. He also made Wayne clean his bike. Wayne had to wash his truck. Wayne really loves his wife, Destiny. He must to keep making Bobby happy. And he put together a ride. He decided to start in Chatsworth, GA. at the Ingles on Highway 52.

A lot of our friends live up north from exotic places like Chattanooga and Cleveland, and there was even a Yankee from Athens, so we decided to have a second meeting place at the McDonald's /Exxon station on 64 just off 411. Twenty-seven motorcycles and 40 people showed up and our first official impromptu Facebook Riders ride of the year.

It was a great ride. I measure rides based on who I ride with. This was a great group and there were several who had never ridden with us before. And with each ride there is a little adventure. You know, the kind of adventure where someone gets a road name.

My good friend Marie Stoop Turner just got a trike. It's pretty new to her and while she has just started riding, I am very impressed by how well she is doing. I shouldn't be as she is very impressive in all that she does.

As we were bringing up the rear, I noticed her slowing down rather quickly. I thought her husband, Marty, was going to run into her but he was just pulling along side to see what was wrong. Something was very wrong as her Harley trike was quickly slowing down.

I had told them to buy a Honda Trike but nooo, they had to have a Harley and it was broken down a few miles before lunch and I was hungry. I get hungry a lot. I knew this would be the end of me. I would soon be found like countless Ethiopians in the 80's, on the roadside a victim of starvation.

She was out of gas. Not even Hondas run without gas. I apologized to the Harley. The problem was that she was excited and nervous and couldn't really see the gas gauge because of her water bottle. Water Bottle is now her road name. And she actually got quite the ovation when they finally walked into the restaurant. Her good friend Tina Shoemaker had informed the entire group of Marie's big adventure. Now, that's what friends are for. I saw the standing ovation from the window. There wasn't enough seating inside for me they said. I could sit on the front porch and eat they said. There was no empty chairs inside they said.

It looked like they were having a good time as I pushed my nose against the window wishing I could be inside. They were laughing and talking and it looked like a typical Facebook Riders event. From outside.

The waitress brought me table scraps and water. She was a kind soul. Destiny had told her to bring me them. She had caught Marty Turner stealing hush puppies from everyone's plate and sent them out to me. God bless you, sweet Destiny. (She could see I was near starved to death.)

My friends, or those that I thought were my friends, took pictures of all of the happy people inside. I watched as they gathered together and I wondered about the many empty chairs. With tears running down my face I sat in the bitter cold, 60°, front porch. All alone. It was a good day. Facebook Riders rides are always good days. Unless you are the one outside.

Gary Boyd

gary@kickstandup.com

The other night I spent another evening in a hospital room. I was there with close friends, family really, as a loved one lay in MCIU. I was there to pray with them and to give them what little support I could.

A man's life held in the balance.
He was being kept alive by the

marvel of modern technology and by the various gifts and abilities of the medical team that was working on him.

A mother, a sister, niece and a girl friend wept quietly for him. The good men in their lives stood by supporting them.

And we prayed. That is all I know how to do in those situations. I try to give encouragement and hope. But I never want to promise something that God may not do. I will not give false hope.

So I give the only encouragement that I can. The hope that is found in Jesus Christ and the sovereignty of God.

God is in charge of all. He does things and allows us to go through things that make us question why.

Ephesians 3:14-17 ESV

For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith—that you, being rooted and grounded in love,

So that Jesus Christ may dwell in your hearts.

The Alpha and the Omega. The beginning and the end. Jesus.

As of this writing, we do not know how God will answer this prayer for his life and the prayer for his salvation.

The only thing I know for sure is that He heard our cries and He hears them this morning. And my cry is for each of you to know Jesus.

In Jesus Name.



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Facebook Riders January Ride





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Start at Garry Griffith Cycles - Dodds Ave

This is about 4 hrs round trip (no lunch stop)

- L out of parking lot
- L @ 1st light
- R @ 2nd Red Light
- R @ 4th Red Light
- L @ 1st Red Light
- R @ 1st Stop sign
- L @ 1st Red Light
- R @ 2.3 mi.

- R @ 1st Stop Sign (reset odometer)
- L @ .8 mi.
- L @ Stop Sign
- R @ 3.2 mi.
- R @ 1st Stop Sign
- R @ Red Light (reset)
- L @ 5.8 mi.
- L @ Stop Sign

- R @ Stop Sign
- L @ Stop Sign
- R @ 1st Stop Sign
- L @ Blinking yellow (reset)
- @21.8 mi. - Pull in and look for surveyor's post



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Kent "Frosty" Adams found the C-Note for December/January. He under estimated the time and ended up getting there after dark . . . and it was cold. We waived the bike in the pic because Frosty couldn't get his bike in the picture since it was dark.

to taken at the hiding place, (with their bike in the picture) while holding the "C-note"
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SHINY SIDE UP

Not Just a Number

I remember back in my academy days some 20 years ago learning how to become a Police Officer. Much of what I learned has stuck with me throughout my career, some lectures are a little bit hazy to me, and some stick out like I attended the class yesterday.

One of those I vividly remember was when our instructor began to introduce us to a study about officers violently killed in the line of duty. Some of those were caught on a camera of some sort, some were simply crime scene photos. All of them were impactful to everyone in attendance. The instructor started out by explaining that we were going to look at these tragic deaths with an opportunity to learn from them. He said we can honor the dead by studying their lives, learning what they did properly, and learning from their mistakes. If we view the tragedy and learn nothing from it, we haven't honored those who have gone before us and in fact have compounded the tragedy. In many cases we learned the officer had made egregious errors in judgment and response to the obvious threats to their lives. In many others, the officer did everything right and still died at the hands of their attacker. We walked away from those lessons with heavy hearts but enlightened minds, and God willing we won't make the mistakes of the past.

In the same manner, as a Motorcycle Officer/Traffic Cop and a motorcycle enthusiast, I look at the case files of motorcycle wrecks with an eye to honor those who have ridden on, yet stop and look to see what could have been done differently, if anything, to prevent such a tragic outcome. We examined the last ten years of motorcycle fatal crashes in the city and examined the root causes of these terrible crashes. As I thumbed through the case files, my heart was heavy as several names of victims were very familiar to me. I knew several riders in this list that have gone on before us, and in fact three of those I had known, I was the lead investigator for their crash. And like in my academy days, I learned that many made mistakes that caused their crash, while others did nothing wrong and could not have done anything differently to prevent their crash.

As always, for the respect of family and loved ones left behind, I never mention names in this publication, and never will. Instead I will summarize what we found, looking at numbers.

Over the past ten years in the city limits of Chattanooga, (from 2004 to 2014) there have been 287 lives lost in traffic crashes on our city streets. Out of those, 46 were riding on motorcycles, which equates to 16% of our traffic fatalities. That's a high percentage when you look at what is actually on our roadways - motorcycles do not make up 16% of our traffic. In looking at national statistics, motorcycles account for roughly 4% of the traffic fatalities nationwide. (Compared to other mid size and larger cities, the 16% rate is not necessarily very high for an urban environment).



In our study we looked at the fatal traffic crashes involving motorcycles, and were dismayed at the breakdown of numbers. It's important to note - some of these crashes involved a combination of speed, alcohol, and/or an improper rider response.

Twenty-eight percent of those crashes involved impaired riders, and many of those were more than double the legal limit for alcohol. Riding even a little bit impaired is very dangerous - at the early stages of impairment the first things to go are judgment and fine motor control skills. If there ever was a form of driving that calls for sound judgment and delicate control inputs, riding motorcycles is it.

An astounding 43% of all fatal crashes involving motorcycles involved high speed, and in many cases extreme high speed and/or racing on public roadways. And these weren't just the rockets. A lot of big bike riders were in this mix too. If there's one thing we as riders have to be aware of, we're damn near invisible to other motorists. And when we start to turn it up a little, there are very few people who are going to see us coming! Back 'er down a hair! Another 28% of all the crashes studied involved only the rider and no other car. These riders either failed to stay in their lane and ran off the road, or improperly negotiated a curve.

Not surprisingly, 37% of all crashes involved a vehicle turning left in front of the motorcyclists, whereas the other driver failed to see us and elected to turn in our paths. What was surprising was seeing the investigator's notes on some of those crashes. Some found that the bike was traveling too fast, and some investigators noted rear wheel only skids, indicating a lack of proper braking (using the front brake), which could have undoubtedly either allowed a rider to completely avoid the crash or at least significantly reduce the impact speeds and potential for serious injury. And out of those 17 crashes involving other vehicles, almost half were noted by the investigator that the rider did everything correctly, and sadly still lost their lives doing what we all love to do.

These people aren't simply numbers. They are our family, friends, loved ones. Our neighbors and our co-workers. If we can do anything to honor their memory, we can go forward, ride responsibly, and honor them by living long lives, retelling our riding stories from our rocking chairs at a nursing home somewhere.

Ride safe.

Joe Warren

... IN ACTION





Facebook Riders Christmas Dinner

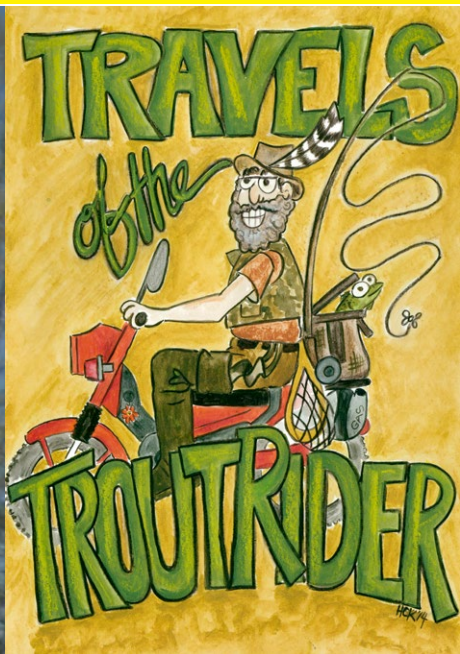


Photos by Frank Pate



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PICS**





Run for Seafood

It usually starts with a phone call. This time my brother called. It was midwinter and we both had cabin fever. For those of us who ride it is also called PMS...."parked motorcycle syndrome". He mentioned that we hadn't spent much time riding in Alabama and that a state line trip to Florida might be just what the doctor ordered for a mad case of Spring Fever.

And so it began, 250 miles apart we both broke out the Gazatteers and began mapping the tiniest, twistiest, most desolate route we could find to get from Chattanooga to Apalachicola for some proper seafood. We decided that to fully enjoy the trip, we should break it up into two days each way. Opelika, Alabama seemed like a good midway stop. The first year was perfect weather and perfect ride. The second year we had a crazy yellow and red blob on the radar follow us for the first day and a half. I remember riding at high speed for hours with a parting of the seas dishing out of my front tire while looking at both ditches overflowing. My brother's high dollar Aerostich suit was giving him a serious pool in his underwear after riding in a puddle for the first day and most of the second. We started and finished the first day in a driving rain and we left the Opelika Waffle house at 7:00 am the second day in rain so hard we could barely see the road we were venturing onto. This is pretty much what you can expect in the early spring. The unexpected.

The ride starts out of Chattanooga through St. Elmo. A beautiful early morning ride through Chattanooga Valley and into Mountain Cove Farm. It is one of my favorite roads that follows the valley between Lookout Mountain and Pigeon Mountain. Back in 1984 I had a small apartment in Lafayette, Ga. I rode my bike in the front door and parked in the living room. I rode out the back door and out to the road. I used to spend every afternoon exploring the local roads and usually ended up in Mountain Cove. I guess I have a bit of history on these roads. At the end of the little valley you will ascend Dougherty Gap and to the T at State Hwy 157. Left turn and a few miles down the road appears the little mountain community of Cloudland, Ga. It's hard not to like this little community in the clouds. When you come to the stop sign at Highway 48 you go straight across and follow the brow road all the way to Highway 35. At the highway you can turn right and head towards Little River Canyon or turn left and head towards Blanche and Highway 273. For me it depends on the weather. Rain calls for another valley ride while nice weather calls for riding the full length of Little River Canyon. This is well worth the ride if the weather permits. Either way takes you to the town of Centre, Alabama. Good place to grab a biscuit or top off the gas tank if you need it.

Leaving Centre, Alabama take Highway 9 south. This is a nice little road that takes you to Piedmont, Al. A right turn followed by an immediate left turn in Piedmont puts you on right back on Highway 9 as you see a bit of the old homes in town. Highway 9 is a pretty ride with sweeping curves that follow the mountain base all the way to Alabama Highway 78/4. Turn left and go about a mile and turn left onto the Talladega Scenic Motorway. This road provides spectacular views of the area for miles and is mostly deserted road. Follow it all the way to Highway 49 just before Cheaha State Park. The Park is a nice place to spend a few hours or a night. Highway 49 to Lineville is one of my favorite stretches of Alabama Highway. It is a splendor of sweeping curves and panoramic woods and farmland.

I stopped in a church parking lot in Lineville some years ago and the County Sheriff pulled in behind me. Dreading what was sure to come I

pulled my helmet off and waited for it. The Sheriff got out of his car and swaggered up and started asking me questions about my bike. We stood there and talked for 20 minutes while I stretched my legs. He was a rider and was merely curious about my trip and where I was heading. It seems that no matter where you stop in Alabama you are greeted with friendly people who might ask a question or just give a friendly wave and hello.

Heading South out of Lineville on Highway 49 takes you through more sweeping curves and deserted roads. From here there are a couple of options to get to Opelika. I chose to stay on Highway 49 to Horseshoe Bend National Military Park. This is a good stop to check out as well as have a picnic/rest stop. I discovered a lot of these roads while riding with my good friend David Haynes when he was researching his book "Motorcycling Alabama". This book is a must have for anyone looking for good routes in the great State of Alabama. Quite a bit of this ride was based on suggestions from David before his book hit the shelves. It is still my go-to manual when I start looking south for a riding weekend.

Opelika is a great place to spend the first night with plenty of lodging and restaurants. Highway 51 heads south out of Opelika. Stay on Highway 51 for most of the next day as you head south. At the town of Clio turn southeast on Highway 10. Follow 10 into Abbeville. Abbeville is a neat little town with a really cool restored gas station. Find Highway 95 in town and head south. As you get closer to the Florida Line you will probably pass a guy on an old bicycle. He will be wearing a nightshirt and have at least 10 dogs on leashes spread out across the road. I have seen this guy on every trip down there. Some day I will stop and talk to him and maybe get a picture. Chattahoochee State Park is on the left just before the Florida State line. It's a quiet little park with little traffic. Good place to stop and catch your breath. Heading south from there you come into Chattahoochee, Florida. This town has more azaleas than any place in the U.S. If you are lucky enough to show up during the blooming season, you will see entire abandoned houses engulfed with blooming flowers. We

hit it perfect on our first trip and should have spent more time there taking pictures.

Heading South out of Chattahoochee on 270 there are a couple of options. Both are pretty rides and pretty much deserted. Either one will get you within a few miles of the coast. We always choose St. George Island. The Buccaneer Inn on St. George is very reasonable and biker friendly. Next door is a great restaurant and tiki bar on the beach. A block away is a fully stocked convenience store with your favorite beverage.

You can spend the night or a few nights. From there you can take a great ride across the panhandle and into mainland Florida. Or you can head back the way you came or you can head to Dothan and back North for a one day return trip. There are lots of options in every direction. The great thing about this trip is it can be a long weekend or a multi-day ride. It can be whatever your head requires. That's what it's all about anyway isn't it?

Greg Tirey

troutrider@kickstandup.com



Rock's Book Review

The Cadillac Dave Series was written by a good friend of mine, John Wheeler Jr. aka Dave Jackson and is a story of his life, centered mainly in the 60's and 70's. It is a real life adventure and one that many of us can relate to, especially if you grew up during this era in Chattanooga.

John grew up in Chattanooga and was a Brainerd High School Rebel school mate of mine. I knew most of the people he writes about in the series and I was included in one or two of his stories since we were engaged in similar activities, and ran in some of the same circles.

John used aliases for most of the people for reasons that will become apparent once you start reading. After all, the participants are now all grand parents (or dead) and most

didn't want their past paraded before their offspring.

John contacted me early on and told me that I was going to be included in the series and asked if I wanted him to use an alias instead of my real name. He also sent me an un-edited advance copy to read so I could give him my opinion about the series.

I loved it! It was like a trip in a time machine for me. I could not stop reading until I finished the entire thing. I told John to go ahead and use my real name as did my partner at the time who was also included. After all this was all ancient history and the statute of limitations had already expired.

Originally, it was one book, but since it was so long a decision was

made to divide it into four separate volumes. It is an exciting book filled with sex, drugs, smuggling, and rock and roll. However, in the end there is redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ. John and I both made it out alive.

Make sure and read John's second installment about his first solo motorcycle trip on page 35. Not many people have the stones to set off on a six week motorcycle trip . . . solo. Especially someone that hasn't ridden much in the past 30 years. John covered 8,894 miles during his six week excursion. Hopefully, he will share more of his trip in future issues.

Watch John's C-Span Interview Here

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VOL. 1: Rebel Child Running Wild

Dave Jackson

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Cadillac Dave

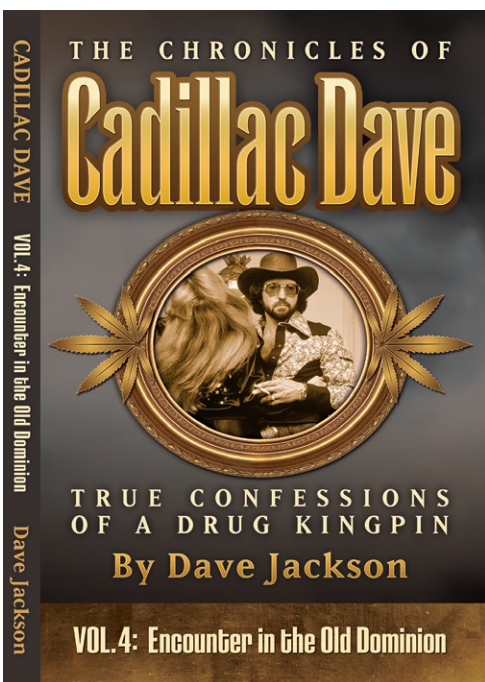
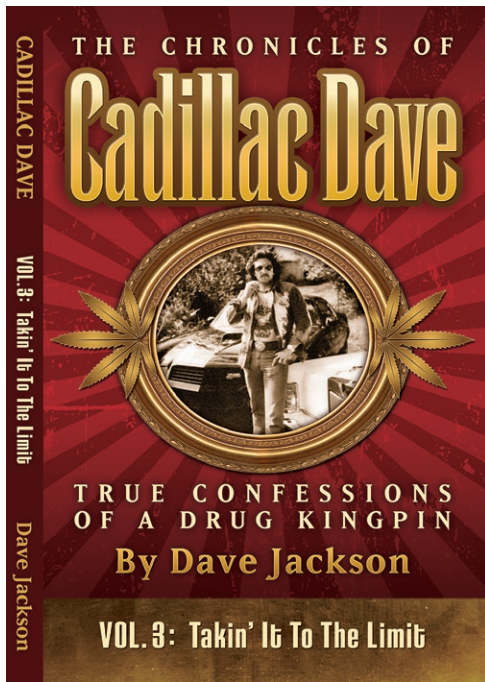
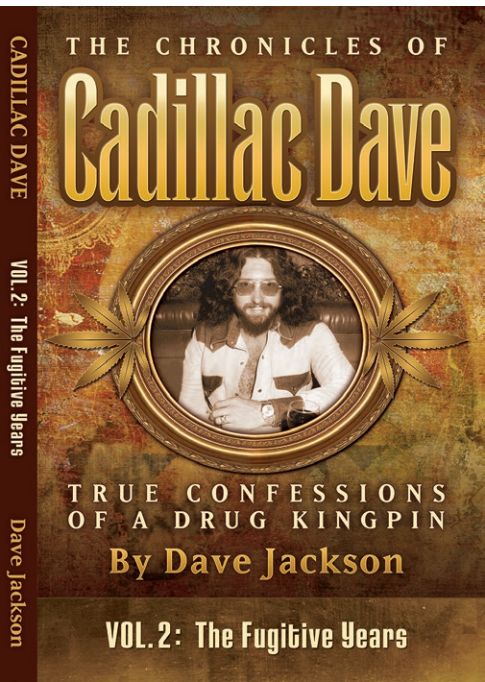


TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A DRUG KINGPIN

By Dave Jackson

VOL. 1: Rebel Child Running Wild

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California Dreaming

Road Trip Record, Part 4

By John Wheeler Jr.

Continued from last month

I spent the next week traveling in the state of California, from north to south.

It was Saturday, August 23rd, and since Spanner had sped on ahead, I was riding alone again. Somewhere around Eureka I stopped for late breakfast at a Denny's restaurant. This meal was a welcome respite, and the waitress obligingly charged my cell phone behind the counter while I ate.

Then I continued to ride south on US 101 until I came to the Humboldt Redwoods. There I took the Avenue of the Giants aka Rockefeller Redwoods, riding leisurely for miles in the dark shadows formed by the canopy of giant trees. I had planned to camp there, but this campground was in a California State Park and their cheapest tent spot with no hookups was \$35 per night. I considered that rate outrageous so I rode on, although the daylight was getting away now.

Leggett is just a wide spot in the road at the top of a mountain, where California Highway 1 turns off to the right.

This narrow, isolated byway is the northernmost end of the Pacific Coast Highway that thereafter runs along the coastline for almost the entire length of the state. The next 30 miles of unremitting switchbacks took me more than an hour to traverse, the first half shrouded in a cold misty fog and the last half cloaked with early darkness for good measure. By the time I got to the bottom of the mountain I was exhausted and chilled to the bone, literally shaking.

I gratefully pulled off at an overlook just above the beach

and parked the bike. Then I knelt down beside it and thanked God for getting me there safely, and I was not overstating the case. The breakers thundering against the rocky beach below were barely visible in the dim moonlight. I tried to take a picture with my cell phone but all I got was a black screen.

The lights clustered a mile ahead turned out to be a privately owned campground at Westport Beach, which place of refuge was another answered prayer. The office was just closing at 9 p.m., but the lady unlocked the door and got me settled into a grassy campsite conveniently located right next to the bathhouse. Since I usually needed to exit my tent multiple times each night

to answer the call of nature, this placement was providential. Rain fell softly during the night but I stayed dry and slept soundly.

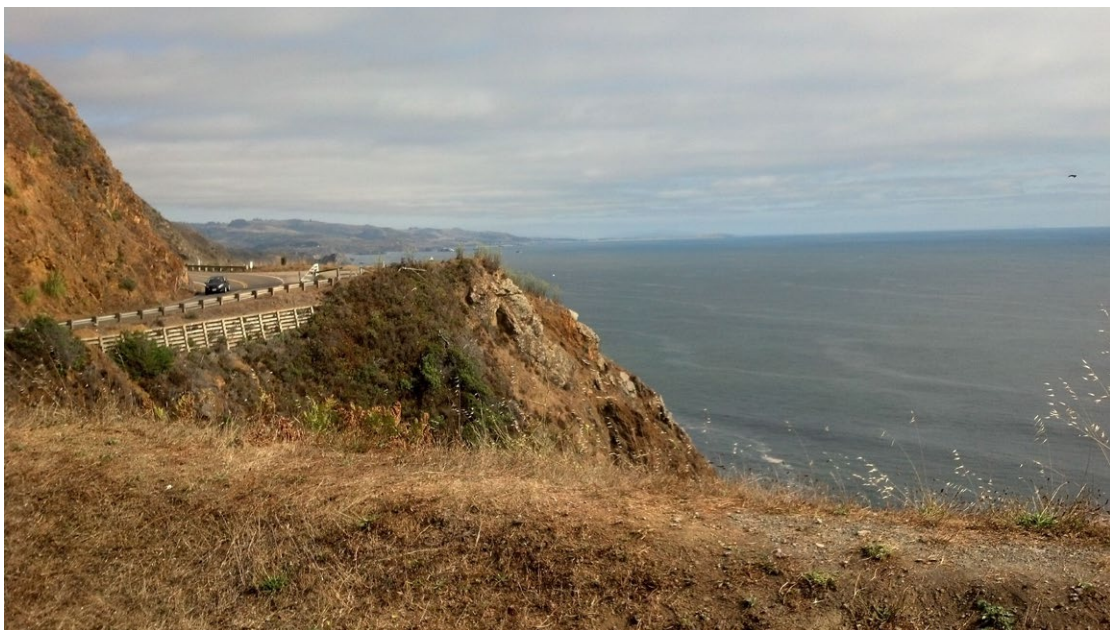
Sunday morning was gray and misty but the rain had stopped. I repacked all of my gear and headed south along

California 1N

the Seacoast Highway. Even in this remote region of sprawling horse farms in the coastal highlands, traffic soon crowded the road, increasing as the day went on. There was always some daredevil in a BMW who thought he was on a high-speed freeway instead of a treacherous narrow road winding along high bluffs over the ocean. These self-absorbed narcissists loved to live dangerously, recklessly passing in blind curves and speeding heedlessly on to endanger others. This continued all day long as I navigated the constant curves and switchbacks. It was a lovely scenic vista but the ride was harrowing at times.



John at Big





By the time I reached Bodega Bay, the afternoon sun had brightened the day considerably. I stopped at Bones Roadhouse, a pirate themed pub overlooking the ocean, where I sat by the big window and consumed

Sur, California what was probably the best hamburger I have ever eaten. At a mere \$10 for the meal, it was also one of the more reasonably priced items I found anywhere in California.

I bought gas and confirmed with the attendant that the highway ahead was still passable, despite the earthquake that had shaken the entire region the night before. He assured me that the main damage had been to the freeway around the epicenter in nearby Napa Valley, although the quake and its aftershocks had shaken him from his upstairs bed. So I continued south, past Mount Tamalpais and Mill Valley, of which I still had such vivid memories from more than four decades before.

It was past 7:00 p.m. when I joined the densely packed lanes of traffic crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, my bike feeling very small, buffeted by gusting winds off the Pacific. The stop-and-go traffic on the south side of the bridge was wearing me out. Other motorcycles were splitting traffic, pushing between the slow moving cars by the narrowest of margins. I didn't learn until later that this almost universally disapproved practice was actually legal in California. Finally I cleared the congestion, leaving behind the ancient hillside houses and moving freely again.

As darkness descended at Pacifica, I got gas and coffee and a Bear Claw pastry at a convenience store. I also picked up a free magazine with discount motel coupons. The closest one that I could use was for an America's

Best Value Motel in Santa Cruz, which I finally reached at midnight. I parked the bike beside the motel office window and collapsed into my bed. It was \$50 well spent, I assured myself.

On Monday I rode through sprawling irrigated lettuce fields and made the mandatory tourist stop at Monterey Bay, cruising around the quaint bayside city before exiting south. I took the scenic self-guided tour past Fisherman's Wharf and Cannery Row. Sadly, though, I couldn't drive the highly touted "17 Mile Loop" through Pebble Beach Golf Club. The nice lady at the Visitors Center informed me – somewhat snarkily, I thought – that motorcycles are "not accepted" there.

I moved on down the road toward Big Sur, where a helpful Japanese teenager took my picture at the famous pullout overlooking the ocean. At 3:30 p.m. I was eating a tasty but overpriced lunch at the Big Sur River Inn, a rustic but fashionably rundown restaurant with large coniferous trees growing up through the outdoor dining deck. It was in this same area, almost out of gas, that I finally paid \$5.99 per gallon for Super Premium. I had refused to pay \$6.99 a little earlier, but now I had no choice. Gasoline in California was consistently between \$4 and \$5 per gallon.

In the late afternoon I drove past the Hearst Castle and saw the elephant seals on the beach at San Simeon, and



Monterey Bay

at dark I finally stopped in a sleepy fishing village called Morro Bay, where I was able to use another one of my discount hotel coupons to get a comfortable room just a block off the waterfront. I was planning to go on south at least as far as Malibu, if for no other reason than to revisit my old beachfront digs next door to Archie Bunker on Broad Beach Drive in Zuma Beach, where I had hung out briefly 35 years previously, in another lifetime.



of postcards a couple of weeks when a man gave me and gave me and said enviously

This was just the course of my life again, people would ask me where or where I was, I wish that they were striking a response were yearning for their unsatisfactory just doing what I was out of the divorce back coming alive

About four hours in Yosemite Valley to stay for two days coming up and with people. A the helpful people camping spots

(Anyone who is interested can read all about those ancient adventures in my true-life memoirs, *The Chronicles of Cadillac Dave*.)

But by the next morning, upon further reflection, I had changed my mind. There was nothing waiting for me in Malibu now, except more crowds and congestion and overpriced tourist traps. I had been on the road for exactly four weeks and it was time to turn the handlebars back toward the Eastern Seaboard.

So I left Morro Bay and headed north on US 101 through the fertile farmland that once had been the setting for *The Grapes of Wrath*. At Salinas I stopped briefly at the National Steinbeck Center just to acknowledge the gifted writer who had been such a powerful literary influence on me years before.

It was still daylight when I pulled into the pristine town of Danville about 8:00 p.m. My 83-year-old Aunt Juanita, my Daddy's younger sister, was expecting me. That night and the next day I had a pleasant reunion with her and my two cousins, Dennis and Debbie. After two nights' solid rest and lots of good food, I repacked the bike. I had ridden a total of 5,350 miles in 30 days, and now I was heading toward home.

Before I departed Danville, I stopped at the Post Office to mail my kids a stack

Pacific Vista North

Thanks to my Senior Discount, t



I set up my tent and spent some time in Yosemite Village. It was like a time and several restaurants, stores and a Fi service left a lot to be desired. I seemed frustrated with Internet

I spent the next day riding through the park, taking pictures of the breathtaking scenery and meeting people. There were groups of German tourists and as always lots of Asians around the campgrounds and stores and restaurants. But I noticed numerous younger generation Americans day-hiking all over the park and climbing the rock faces. This was the most crowded park that I visited on my journey, probably because of all the major population centers within a few hours' drive.

Yosemite National Park had been the special love of the original environmentalist John Muir, who also founded the Sierra Club in the 1890s. Its natural beauty is striking and its popularity is well deserved. Unfortunately, it also has the worst park roads I encountered. The Tuolumne Highway in particular had numerous

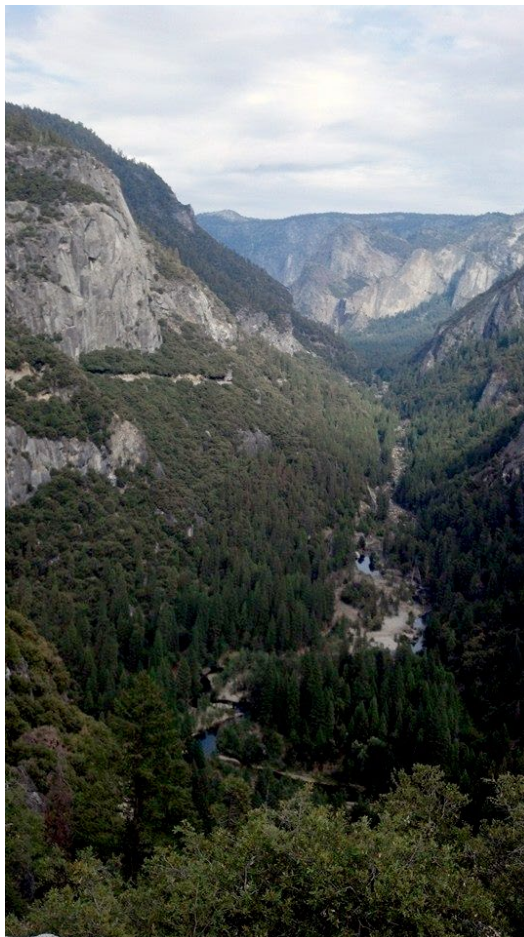
Morro Bay

that I had accumulated over the past weeks. I was coming back to the bike getting into his pickup truck stopped for a long look. "I wish I was going," he said. He obviously meant it from his heart.

One of many such incidents during the six-week-long road trip. Again and again he came up to me to admire the bike, where I had been or where I was going to come from, and to express their fervent hope I could do what I was doing. I was a responsive chord in a lot of people who were looking for freedom from the constraints of their daily lives. For my own part, I was glad that I personally needed to do to break through the normal funk that had set in following the trip home. I was moving freely and I was doing it again.

Hours later I was pulling into the Tioga Campground, where I was hoping to stay for two nights. Labor Day Weekend was on and the place was already jam packed. After juggling some paperwork, the park ranger was able to secure me a spot for two nights. I seized it immediately. The entire stay cost me only \$20.

My time exploring the amenities at the resort, with a swimming pool and common areas. Their free Wi-Fi was slow, though, and most people I saw had connection problems.



Yosemite

potholes and uneven sections of grooved concrete pavement that I had to dodge; these multiple road hazards are downright dangerous to a motorcycle, and I do not doubt that someone will wreck badly if they aren't improved.

On Saturday, August 30th, after spending eight days in sunny California, I exited the park at Tioga Pass and descended the western slope of the Sierra Nevada's in an exhilarating downhill ride through sweeping curves with breathtaking long-range mountain vistas. At the bottom I ate fried chicken at a bustling truck stop beside Mono Lake while contemplating my next move. I had old friends in Reno who were encouraging me to come and visit, and I was tempted to do so. But taking that route would put me eventually crossing the Rockies further north than I wanted to be.

I had other ideas in mind. So I folded up my maps and struck out due east across the barren desert toward Nevada.

(to be continued next month)



Pacific Coast highway

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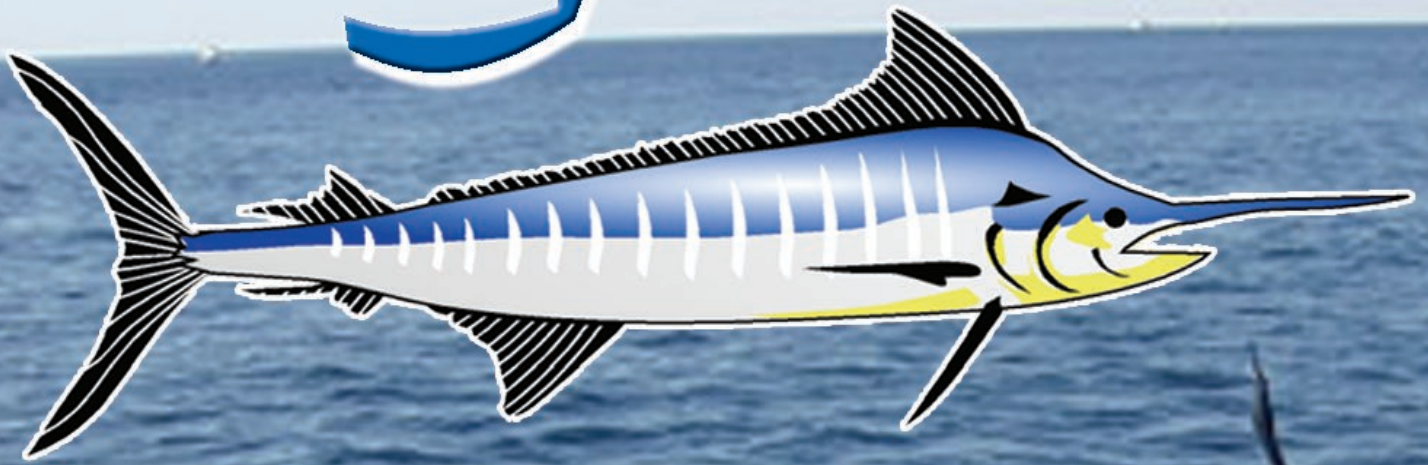


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The Trials of Alan Shirley



You wanna know a little secret? Alan isn't a lifelong rider. He didn't get started on a dirt bike as a tot, like most of ya'll did. He grew up with 4-wheelers and plenty of dirt, and didn't actually set out on 2 wheels until he was 20 years old!! How's that for amazing and inspirational?

People interest me. Motorcycles interest me. Riders interest me, all types, all styles. From Jason Britton to Joe down the street, I am watching. I am waiting, waiting on that one thing to consume my interest, and change the way that I look at fellow riders and their skills.

Alan is just one of the amazing talents that make up On The Edge 2 Wheel Action Shows. With the guidance of owner Tom McNeal, and fellow bike stars Dave Campbell and Nigel Kohring, and moto riders Aaron Thistle and Alexander and Adres Neiderer.

When I first heard the word "trials" I was like: "What?" "What are trials?" Well, as good ol' Wikipedia states: "Trials is a non-speed event on specialized motorcycles. The sport is most popular in the United Kingdom and Spain, though there are participants around the globe." Apparently a lot of riders in the motocross circuit also use this to cross train, requiring extreme precision on throttle, balance, and over all machine control.

The super team of skilled riders travel cross-country to ooh and ahh spectators from all backgrounds. From state fairs to Monster Jams, they've got the moves. How does one become a riding superstar, you may ask. Well, Alan Shirley wants you to know just how it can be done, and encourage anyone that thinks that cool to check it out and give it a try. A try you say? Yeah. Try it out. For fitness, to pass the time, or to be the next big deal--There just so happens to be a place that offers lessons, and the gear to get your trials on.

Okay, now that we have had our mini lesson, let's take a second to think about this sport. Pretty cool, huh? We're in the South, not in Europe. We don't just walk around running into cool guys like this, and this isn't the kind of thing that we can get into, right? What if I told you that you would be not just wrong, but WRONG!

The Trials Training Center, or TTC is located in Sequatchie, TN and is ran by experienced rider and Owner Dan Brown, rider and Manager Charlie Roberts, Allison Smith, Administrative/Events Coordinator, and Catherine Bedley, Special Events Coordinator. The TTC is home to not only where one can get lesson info, but can also purchase their trials bikes and gear.

What does a trials pro look like? Young? Strong? Disciplined? I'd check yes to all, and beside that, I'd place a picture of Alan Shirley. Georgia's very own trials superstar, and I am proud to introduce him to you, if you haven't already had the honor of meeting him.

TTC is an "all- inclusive" motorcycle resort that offers



camping on premises, rental bikes, gear, and offers on site instruction for those who may not have the gear or base knowledge needed to get started. The location spans an enormous 650 acres for your ultimate riding experience, and well worth the drive.

So hearing descriptions of trials riding and seeing are two entirely different things. You've read about it, now let's see it in action. Here's a sample of what it's all about. This video shows Alan Shirley in Australia doing a demo and interview. (Video property of Youtube and it's member poster Secretgardenproject)



Whether you are 8 or 80, (yes, there are some around these ages), trials is something low speed/ low impact that anyone who wants, can do. All it takes is the desire to learn and proper riding gear. Trials is not only an amazing sport, but can help strengthen your core and your overall skills as a rider. Trials is a great activity for families who ride, and want to share lasting skills and memories. Trials--Fun, challenging, and super cool. You wanna get your trials on? Now you know how to make it happen!

For more info on the TTC and rates and dates for camping, gear, classes, or events, please visit them at www.trialstrainingcenter.com, or give them a ring at 423-942-8688.

Jen

jen@kickstandup.com



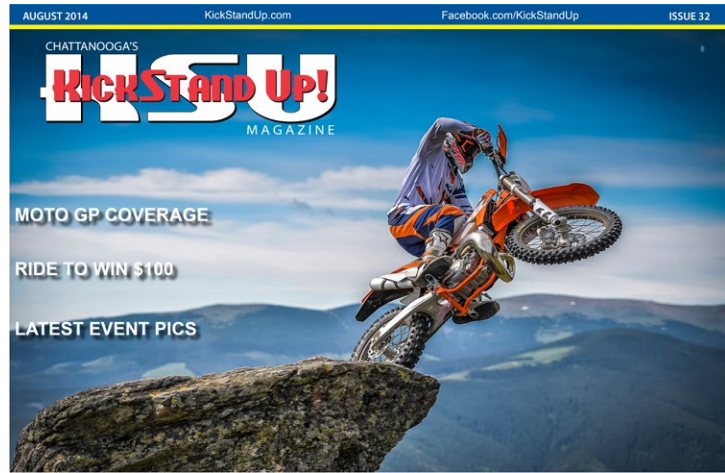
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Valerie Thompson Breaks Her Own Land Speed Record

Woodcliff Lake, NJ – October 29, 2014. . . Valerie Thompson, seven-time land speed record holder and one of the world's fastest BMW racers, returned to Beeville Texas October 24 - 26 for this year's second Texas Mile top speed competition. Thompson broke her personal best top speed of 212 mph, set at the March 2013 Texas Mile, with a blistering run of 217.7 mph on her record-setting CTEK Battery Charger sponsored BMW S 1000 RR.

The Texas Mile is a bi-annual motorsports festival created in 2003 for high-performance vehicle enthusiasts, welcoming a wide variety of racing vehicles, including race cars, modified street cars, land speed racers and motorcycles. Event organizers claim it is the fastest and most challenging 1-mile track in the world. The October event set a new record in number of competitor entries and spectators.

Thompson made seven runs during the three-day extravaganza of speed, each over 200 mph, making her one of two females with a best top speed on a motorcycle. This is Thompson's last motorcycle competition of the year, but will race a land speed racecar with The Maxx2Racing Team at the Mojave Air and Space Port Runway 'Invitation Only' event on November 1.

"We've enjoyed a successful year thanks to my sponsors and team members. We had to do a complete bike inspection at Go AZ Motorcycles after setting a new record at Bonneville, so we had a real thrash just to make



this event. I thank Kerry Alter for his awesome tune ups and my crew chief, Ray Garcia, for making all the right calls at the track," said a smiling Thompson. "Our goal was to go 215, so I'm delighted by our results. We added Magic Bullet to our fuel which I know really

helped our performance," added Thompson.

This was Thompson's third time racing at the Texas Mile and according to her, "it just gets better and better." Thompson's CTEK Battery Charger sponsored team provided free battery



Valerie Thompson Background

Valerie is a seven-time land speed record holder and owner/driver of the Valerie Thompson Land Speed Racing Motorcycle Team who has also competed in the All Harley Drag Racing Association and National Hot Rod Association drag racing series. She is often referred to as “America’s Queen of Speed.” Thompson set a personal best top speed of 217 mph on her BMW S 1000 RR during the October 2014 Texas Mile speed competition. Valerie is an official member of the BUB Speed Trials 201 MPH Club, Mojave Magnum 200 MPH Club, ECTA 200 MPH Club, Texas Mile 200 MPH Club and the famed Bonneville 200 MPH Club.

Mile has grown rapidly since its inaugural event in October 2003. Participants come from all over the US, Canada and Mexico to test themselves and their motorized equipment on the fastest and most challenging 1-mile track in the world. They achieve their top speed on a 1-mile course and with a shut-down area measuring a half-mile.

Texas Mile Background

This bi-annual Motorsports Festival is created for high-performance vehicle enthusiasts, welcoming motorcycles, performance streetcars, racecars and land speed racers. The Texas

maintenance services for competitors and event attendees throughout the three-day speed festival.

For complete video





2015 SCHEDULE

- Jan 3** Angel Stadium
West Anaheim, CA
- Jan 10** Chase Field
West Phoenix, AZ
- Jan 17** Angel Stadium
West Anaheim, CA
- Jan 24** O.co Coliseum
West Oakland, CA
- Jan 31** Angel Stadium
West Anaheim, CA
- Feb 7** Petco Park
West San Diego, CA
- Feb 14** AT&T Stadium
East Arlington, TX
- Feb 21** Georgia Dome
East Atlanta, GA
- Feb 28** Georgia Dome
East Atlanta, GA
- Mar 7** Daytona Intl. Speedway
East Daytona, FL (With FIM World Superbike Final)
- Mar 14** Lucas Oil Stadium
East Indianapolis, IN
- Mar 21** Ford Field
East Detroit, MI
- Mar 28** Edward Jones Dome
East St. Louis, MO
- Apr 11** NRG Stadium
West Houston, TX
- Apr 18** Levi's Stadium
West Santa Clara, CA
- Apr 25** MetLife Stadium
East East Rutherford, NJ
- May 2** Sam Boyd Stadium
East/West Las Vegas, NV

Supercross Recap

This Supercross Season is off to an exciting start! This season started off with drama with James Stewart not being able to race, because they found something in his system (probably just Adderall if you ask me) . There have already been 2 points leaders in the 450 class. Canard and Reed are stirring drama in the 450 class. Bowers is stirring drama in the 250 class. There is so much is going on that it is impossible to get to it all.

Ryan Dungey JUST took over the points lead from Suzuki rider, Ken Roczen, although he hasn't won a single race. Ken Roczen came strong out of the gate in the first race of the season at Anaheim, and has continued to surprise and impress by staying ahead of such a stacked field of riders. Unfortunately at round 4 at Oakland, he came short on a huge jump, and it looked PAINFUL when he landed. He nailed the chin bar of his helmet against the handlebars as he landed. He pulled over and got out of the way before wincing in pain, adjusting his goggles, and getting back out on the track. He showed real guts and perseverance by getting back out there even though he had little chance at defending his points lead. That's a champion's attitude. Meanwhile, Ryan Dungey, the diesel, Mr. Consistency was able to take over the points lead by scoring another podium. Despite not winning a single event so far (as I write this), he has not finished further back than 4th place, and has been on the podium in 3 out of 4 races.

You don't have to win a single race to claim that championship trophy at the end of the year, but I expect Dungey to put his KTM on the top step of the podium before the season is out. He and Roczen will be battling it out, but Trey Canard and Eli Tomac also threaten to take the lead who are just 14 and 16 points behind, respectively.

Drama in the 450 class ensued when Honda rider, Trey Canard misjudged Chad Reed's line and jumped on top of him, taking them both down. We would have all forgotten about it by the next week except Chad Reed then decided to retaliate and bump Canard as he went by. Canard, adjusting his goggles, was caught off guard. He lost balance, ran through a tuff block, and crashed again. Chad Reed was immediately black flagged and pulled off the track. The two shared some heated words after the race. Canard called Reed a "crybaby" and Reed expressed his disgust on Twitter about how the situation was handled. According to Reed, race officials should have never pulled him off the track. He compared Supercross to "professional" sports like Formula One where you would never see a driver pulled off the track in the middle of a race. Instead, they would review the incident after the race. By pulling him off the track they did not allow him to give his side of the story before punishing him. While he does seem to have a point, I don't believe an appeal would have resulted in anything but disqualification. It also didn't help that the incident happened right in front of a high-ranking race official. Both riders put this behind them and had

their best finishes of the season the very next week. Canard got his first win in 4 years and Reed got his first podium of the season in third. They both seem to have found their groove and I expect these guys to be top 5 riders for the rest of the season, but then again, this class is stacked with talent.

Similar drama is going on in the 250 class. Tyler Bowers comes from an Arenacross background, and those guys know how to push and shove. Now Tyler is bringing all of that aggression to Supercross, and he isn't making any friends. He might even be losing friends. Cooper Webb and Bowers now sit one and two in the points chase, Bowers just 8 points behind. That means tensions from them are mounting and they just keep knocking each other over. First, Bowers knocked over Osborne at Anaheim 1 by making a pass that raised some eyebrows. Osborne broke his thumb. His answer to criticism was that Osborne pushed him first and that he didn't come to Supercross to be "pushed around" . Then he and Cooper Webb got into it at round 2 at Phoenix. Bowers just came in beside him and took him out. Next week, Cooper Webb and Tyler Bowers were battling for 1st on the last lap! Webb cut to the inside. Bowers didn't check up enough and ran off the track, forfeiting the first position and settling for second. Finally, at Oakland round 4, Webb and Bowers were battling again. Bowers tried to cut into the inside of Webb, but was carrying too much speed. He slid sideways into Webb, knocking him off balance and into the dirt. Webb charged back and "blew his doors off" (Webb's own words) as he passed Bowers. Webb described Bowers' aggressive riding as "kind of bull crap" before going on to give his podium speech for the night. That makes 4 races and 4 incidents for Bowers. Whether you think it is just racing or he should be in trouble, he's definitely stirring some controversy.

We are still early in the Supercross season and there are a lot more exciting races to come. For many of us, we will be able to view 2 live races in Atlanta in person, and that's always a great one to watch. I really cannot wait to see how this season unfolds especially since us Griffiths have the KTM team to root for! Keep watching and thanks for reading.

Jeff Griffith

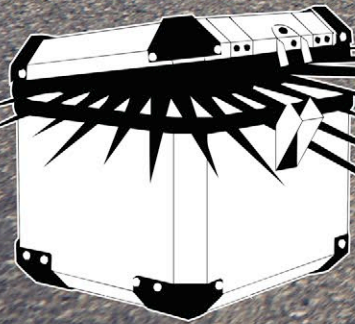
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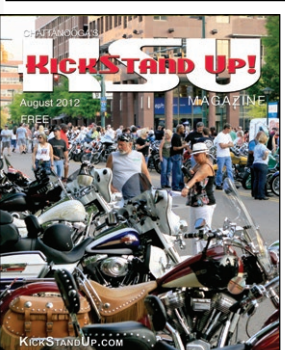
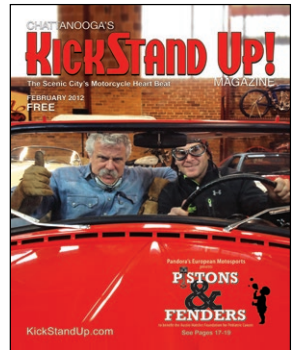
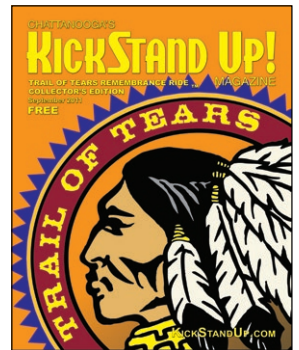
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2015 CALENDAR

2015 Season

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 Argentina	19 Apr
 Spain	03 May
 France	17 May
 Italy	31 May
 Catalunya	14 Jun
 Netherlands	27 Jun
 Germany	12 Jul
 Indianapolis	09 Aug
 Czech Republic	16 Aug
 Britain	30 Aug
 San Marino	13 Sep
 Aragon	27 Sep
 Japan	11 Oct
 Australia	18 Oct
 Malaysia	25 Oct
 Valencia	08 Nov



MARQUEZ WINS ON DIRT!

Marc Marquez has ended a spectacular year in style by winning Saturday night's Superprestigio DTX in Barcelona. The MotoGP™ World Champion came out on top following an entertaining battle with Jared Mees, the reigning AMA Grand National Champion, as Kenny Noyes completed the podium.

A star-studded line-up consisted of no less than ten World Champions from various motorcycle disciplines around the world, with the competition being split up into the Superprestigio and Open categories as well as featuring talents of the future in the Junior tier. At the end of the night, eight top riders from across Superprestigio and Open went to battle in the 12-lap Superfinal, with proceedings taking place in Barcelona's Palau Sant Jordi for the second time within the space of a year.

Contact into the first corner saw France's Thomas Chareyre taken down in a multiple-contact collision which also involved Marquez, as FIM CEV Repsol Superbike Champion Kenny Noyes took advantage to seize the lead. As the race neared its closing stages, the Barcelona-based American was overhauled by both Marquez and Mees who proceeded to go head-to-head. To the delight of the Catalan crowd, it was Marquez who came out on top around the 200-metre dirt track lap by just 0.298 seconds, with Mees and Noyes completing the top three; this marked Noyes' second consecutive rostrum result in the event, coming through a Last Chance Qualifier (LCQ) round just as he had done in the January edition.

The rest of the top eight was rounded out by Spaniards Gerald Bailo and Dani Ribalta plus Great Britain's Oliver Brindley and Bradley Smith (Smith having won two of his earlier heats), while Chareyre recovered to eighth place. Last year's winner Brad Baker (2013 AMA Grand National winner) was ruled out of action earlier in the day, having dislocated his left shoulder in a practice crash. The event also featured Moto2™ and Moto3™ title winners Tito Rabat and Alex Marquez, as well as Scott Redding who was making his debut in the Superprestigio.

Southern Cruisers Polar Bear Ride





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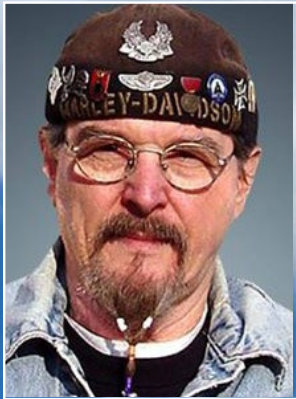
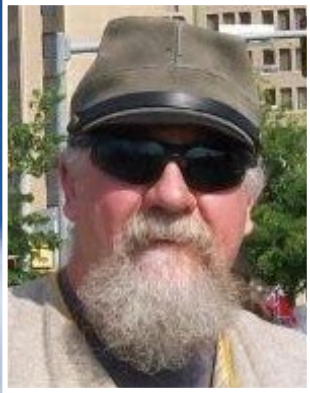
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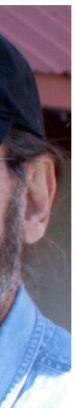
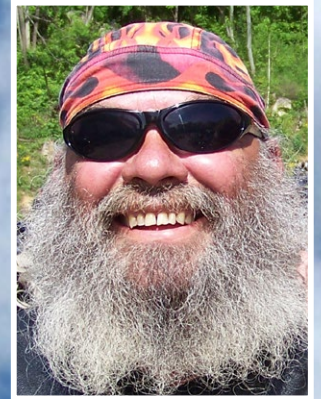
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